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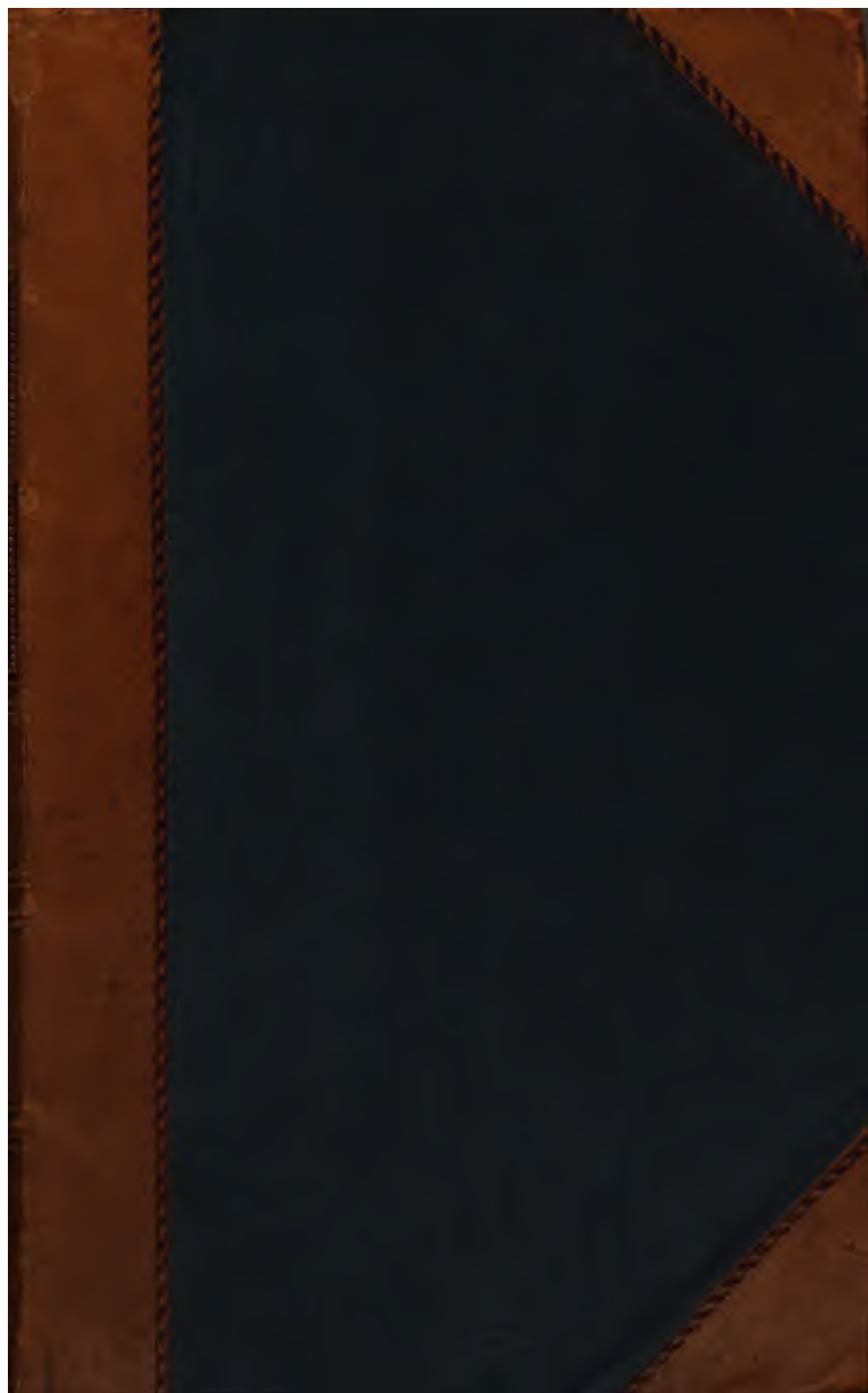
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Vol. LXX.

OUR ANCIENT DEALINGS WITH THE DANES.

SOME cynic philosophers assert that everyone is punished as much (or more) for the faults of others as for his own. Such certainly was the case with the playmates of the young princes of former days. When these last neglected their tasks, or gave displeasure to their tutors in any way, the poor favourite received the merited whipping. Such certainly is the case with the tenants of extravagant nobles who chose to live in cities distant from their ancestral estates. Such at present is the case with the Sovereign of the British empire and her ministers. The C.O.I.R.'s and head centres who assume the styles and titles of our harmless legendary heroes are punishing them for political crimes committed by the representatives of the Henrys and Edwards who lived and sinned centuries ago. Austria and Prussia have punished and maltreated the quiet Danes of the nineteenth century for the barbarities perpetrated by their ancestors a thousand years since. The fact is, that no crime can be committed without punishment waiting on some one. The learned and patriotic Mr. Worsae may tell till he grows hoarse how his northern philosophers civilized our islands by fire and sword; he cannot convince us of the philanthropy of his brazen-scaled and remorseless apostles. Perhaps at no period of their history have the British islands suffered so much as during their struggles with these pes-

tilent marauders whether they were named the White (Norwegian) or the Black (Danish) Strangers.

A knowledge of history is considered an essential portion of the mental acquirements of every gentleman and lady, but it is for the most part a disagreeable, and in many respects, a slightly immoral study, if we apply the same criterion to it which we do to its relative, romance. Moral lecturers on fiction instruct us that any novel or romance which centres its chief interest in wicked men or women, and devotes the greater portion of its pages to their proceedings, is an immoral, or at least an unedifying book. We need not waste pages or lines here in pointing out what sort of designs or deeds enter into the tissue of historical narrative, but as (the above reasoning notwithstanding) history is, and will continue to be, a popular and engrossing study, it is of importance that we be acquainted with the true nature of past events.

DESIDERATA FOR A GOOD IRISH HISTORY.

With regard to our own country we have not in this case been well favoured. Those histories which have appeared in print, rest for their authority on hitherto inedited MSS., many portions of which are of a legendary and romantic character. It is evident that it is only when all these MS. chronicles, that are worth

the trouble and expense, are published and compared with each other and with foreign contemporary history, we can arrive with any certainty at the truth or probability of past events, the existence or otherwise of some semi-mythic heroes, or truthful chronological arrangement.

For the coming history of Ireland we are thankful that preparations have been making. We have had Keating's history badly translated for three half centuries. He compiled it in the seventeenth century from MS. documents, some of which are unhappily not now in existence. Dr. O'Connor was enabled through the munificence of the Duke of Buckingham to get into print accompanied by a Latin translation, the "Annals of Tighernach," a Monk of Clonmacnois, in the eleventh century, and a portion of the "Annals of Ulster," but these books are nearly as inaccessible as the original MSS. "The Annals of the Four Masters" (the O'Clerys of Donegal Abbey, early part of the seventeenth century), edited by the late Dr. O'Donovan, have been issued in a costly style by the Firm of Hodges and Smith. For about a quarter of a century our Archæological and Celtic Societies have been publishing, with translations, papers of great value, and at last, though at the eleventh hour, Government has lent a hand in bringing before the public valuable materials for the future historian of Ireland. These consist of a portion of the ancient Irish code—the "Senchus Mhor," the "*Chronicon Scotorum*" edited by Mr. Hen-

nessy, and the "Wars of the Gael with the Foreigners"* (with translation), edited by Rev. Dr. Todd. This, we trust, is only an earnest of what Government means to do. We hope to see in succession the "Annals of Tighernach," of "Lough Cé," of "Ulster,"† and others issued at the moderate price adopted.

The deeply read and zealous editor of the work just quoted below, would prefer to have been exercised on some of the others. We quote his own words.

"The editor cannot but regret that this tract, so full of the feelings of clanship, . . . should have been selected as the first specimen of an Irish chronicle, presented to the public under the sanction of the Master of the Rolls. His own wish and recommendation to his Honor was, that the purely historical chronicles, such as the Annals of Tighernach, the Annals of Ulster, or the Annals of Loch Cé, should have been first undertaken. The two former compilations, it is true, had been already printed,‡ although with bad translations and wretchedly erroneous topography; and a rule which at that time existed, prohibited the Master of the Rolls from publishing any work which, even in part, had been printed before. This rule has since been judiciously rescinded, and it is hoped that his lordship will soon be induced to sanction a series of the Chronicles of Ireland, especially the two just alluded to, which, it is not too much to say, are to the history of Ireland and of Scotland, what the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle is to that of England. The Annals of Loch Cé (pr. Kay) belong to a later period. They begin with the Battle of Clontarf, and continue the history, with some few gaps, to 1590."

Nothing can be more to the purpose

* "*Cogadh Gaedhel re Gallaibh*. The War of the Gaedhil with the Gaill; or the Invasions of Ireland by the Danes and other Norsemen." The Original Irish Text, edited with Translation and Introduction by James Henthorn Todd, D.D., A.B., M.R.I.A., F.S.A., Senior Fellow R.C.D. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans and Co.

† Tiernach O'Braoin, Abbot of Clonmacnois, died in 1088. The Annals that bear his name are continued to the fourteenth century. They exhibit great conscientiousness on the part of the writer who never gives way to Bardic enthusiasm. The other chief books are the "Annals of Inisfallen," probably begun by Maol Suthain O'Carroll, Secretary to Brian Borumha, the "Annals of Boyle," the "Annals of Ulster," compiled by Charles Maguire, a learned ecclesiastic at the Isle of Shanat in Lough Erne. His death occurred in 1498. The Annals begin at A.D. 444, and are continued to 1541. The "Annals of Loch Cé," compiled by Brian MacDermot, relate events from the battle of Clontarf to 1590. The "Annals of Connacht" include all that passed from 1224 to 1562. The "Annals of Clonmacnois" were translated from the Gaelic into English in 1627, by Connla Mac Egan; the original is not extant.

‡ The Annals of Ulster are given only to the year 1131. The Dublin MS. extends to 1503. The "*Chronicon Scotorum*" is not here mentioned, because it is already on the list of the Master of the Rolls, edited by Mr. W. M. Hennessy.—Note by Rev. Dr. Todd.

or better worthy of attention than the sequel of this passage.

"Until these and other sources of history are made accessible, it is vain to expect any sober or trustworthy history of Ireland. The old romantic notions of a golden age, so attractive to some minds, must continue to prevail. . . .

"The authors of our popular histories were avowedly ignorant, with scarcely an exception, of the ancient language of Ireland—the language in which the real sources of Irish history are written. It was as if the authors of the history of Rome had been all ignorant of Latin, and the writers of our histories of Greece unable to read Greek. Even this would not, however, fully represent the real state of the case as regards Ireland. *Livy* and *Tacitus*, *Herodotus* and *Thucydides*, are printed books, and good translations of them exist. But the authorities of Irish history are still for the most part in manuscript, and unpublished, untranslated, and scattered in the public libraries in Dublin, Oxford, and London, as well as on the Continent of Europe. Hence our popular histories leave us completely in the dark, and often contain erroneous information. Wherever the Irish names of places or persons are concerned they are at fault. They are entirely silent on the genealogies, relationships, and laws of the clans and their chieftains—a subject so essential to the right understanding of Irish history."

The most popular of our histories is that translated from the Irish of the learned Dr. Geoffry Keating by Dermot O'Connor, and first published, Westminster, 1726. It was but indifferently done. Dr. Todd gives a decided preference to that lately executed by O'Mahony, and published in America. His Fenian aspirations and occupations prevented the full attention of the translator from being given to the book, and moreover his text was very imperfect. Dr. Todd gives his readers the pleasant information that two perfect copies of the original Irish, executed by John Torna O'Mulconry, a contemporary of Dr. Keating, are preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.

THE MSS. OF OUR DANISH CHRONICLE.

The narrative in the work under

notice embraces two centuries, ending with the battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014. Of the two hundred pages devoted to the subject, the wars waged by Mahon of Thomond and his younger brother, Brian Borumba, occupy a hundred and fifty. The fact is accounted for by giving the authorship to Mac Liag, Brian's chief bard, or some other devoted filea or seanachie of his house, who survived the great day at Clontarf. The learned editor furnishes ample accounts of the MSS. used in the work, and we proceed to make use of them for the information of our readers. A very small portion of it, to wit, one leaf, folio size, closely written on both sides in double columns, is preserved in the Book of Leinster.* The contents of this leaf are given in the appendix.

The second MS., also defective, is preserved in the Library of Trinity College. We copy Dr. Todd's reference to it.

"This copy was found about the year 1840, by the late eminent scholar, Mr. O'Curry, bound up in one of the Seabright MSS. formerly in the possession of the celebrated antiquary, Edward Lloyd. There is nothing except the appearance of the MS., and its hand-writing, to fix its age, but judging from these criteria, we cannot be far wrong in supposing it to have been written about the middle of the fourteenth century. It is imperfect both at the beginning and at the end. . . . There are also some intervening defects arising from a loss of leaves."

The MS. in which the valuable fragment is preserved is marked H, 2, 17.

"The third MS. is a paper copy preserved in the Burgundian Library, Brussels, which has the advantage of being perfect. It is in the hand-writing of the eminent Irish scholar, Friar Michael O'Clery, by whom it was transcribed in the year 1635. This appears by the following note at the end.

"Out of the Book of Cneonacht O'Daly, the poor Friar, Michael O'Clery, wrote the copy from which this was written, in the Convent of the friars in Baile Tighe, Farannain (Multifarnham), in the month of March of this year 1628, and this (the present) copy was written by the same Friar in the Convent of Dun-na-n Gall

* The Book of Leinster was written by Finn, Bishop of Kildare, for Hugh Mac Griffin, tutor of that antetype of Henry VIII., viz., Diarmuid Mac Murroch. It is a collection of narratives, tales, genealogies, and poems; some of these last attributed to Fionn Mac Cumhail and his son Oisín. The death of its compiler in 1160 is noticed in the *Annals of the Four Masters*, under the date A.D. 1160.

(Donegal) in the month of November of this year, 1635."

The learned Friar copied or introduced into his history catalogues and poems not to be found in the Dublin MS., and there are passages in the last not to be found in the Brussels copy. The chronicle now printed is, of course, the more copious, as it contains everything to be found in either.

It was not till some time after the discovery of the Dublin MS., by Mr. O'Curry, as recorded, that the existence of the Brussels copy became known. Dr. Todd proceeded to that city in August, 1848, and copied all the portions not to be found in the one at home. Afterwards, as he observes—

"Through the influence of the Earl of Clarendon, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he obtained from the Belgian Government a loan of this and some other MSS., and in 1853, caused a complete copy of it to be made by Mr. O'Curry, for the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. These transcripts have been carefully collated in forming the text of the present edition."

WHO WROTE THE CHRONICLE?

The authorship of the work is attributed to Muriertach Mac Liag, the chief bard of King Brian, but no sure conclusion can be come to on this point. It is certain, however, that it is the production of a zealous Dalcassian, and that it was composed soon after the battle of Clontarf. We copy the curious circumstance which proves to certainty that the original compiler was contemporary with the concluding event of the narrative.

"It is stated in the account given of the battle of Clontarf, that the full tide in Dublin Bay on the day of the battle, 23rd April, 1014, coincided with sunrise, and that the returning tide at evening aided considerably in the defeat of the enemy.

"It occurred to the editor on considering this passage, that a criterion might be derived from it to test the truth of the narrative, and of the date assigned by the Irish to the battle of Clontarf. He therefore proposed to the Rev. Samuel Haughton, M.D., Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Geology in the University of Dublin, to solve for him this problem:—'What was the hour of high water at the shore of Clontarf in Dublin Bay on the 23rd of April, 1014?' The editor did not make known to Dr. Haughton the object he had in view in this question, and the coincidence of the

results obtained, with the ancient narrative, is therefore the more valuable and curious."

The result of Dr. Haughton's calculations communicated to the Royal Irish Academy in May, 1861, was this:—

"The tide along the Clontarf shore, when not obstructed by embankments and walls, could not have differed many minutes, on the 23rd April, 1014, from 5 hours 30 minutes, A.M., the evening tide being full in at 5 hours 55 minutes, P.M."

"This proves that the author, if not himself an eye-witness, must have derived his information from those who were. 'None others,' as Dr. Haughton observes, 'could have invented the fact, that the battle began at sunrise, and that the tide was then full in.' The importance of the time of tide became evident at the close of the day, when the returned tide prevented the escape of the Danes from the Clontarf shore to the north bank of the Liffey."

In the chronicle the author makes a distinction between races of the invaders, viz., the dark-haired Danes and the fair-haired Norwegians. The word *Lochlann* (lake land) is applicable to Norway with its numerous fiords, to which the ancient Irish writers applied the name of *locha*. The epithet *gormglasa* (bluish green) was probably applied to the plate armour worn by some of them.

Of course, the circumstances in which the author found himself prevented him from displaying, in his treatment of the invaders and the invaded, that calm, impartial spirit so affected by some modern historians. If he was preceded by a Gaelic Hume, or Knight, or Macaulay, he evidently did not deign to cultivate the thoughtful style of the two former writers, and in aiming at the picturesque, word-painting manner of the other, he overstepped his limit. For a fine, richly-hued but harmonious picture, he presented an assortment of gaudy hues, strong lights, and deep shadows, with no quiet hues for the eye to repose on, the repetition of the same hues at intervals being the chief characteristic of his art. The copiousness of Gaelic epithets nearly synonymous, was a great temptation in the way of the old chroniclers or writers of historic romance, —a temptation they were unable to resist, except in few cases. There are certain beauties both in word and colour-painting, of which a sparing

use gives pleasure to the eye of taste, but produces nausea when too frequently used. The hot glare proceeding from a burning house in one part of a picture, and the pale moon radiating cool blue light in another, produce a striking contrast, especially when the rest of the picture is in deep shade. But about thirty years since, a man with good eyes could not take his promenade wherever furniture-shops were grouped without having his sight blasted by this trick of colour.

STYLE AND SPIRIT OF THE WORK.

The following passage will furnish a fair specimen of the style of the chronicle, besides exhibiting the misery of a country divided into small kingdoms when a ferocious band of foreigners chose to make a lodgment in it.

"In a word, although there were an hundred hard-steeled iron heads on one neck, and an hundred sharp, ready, cool, never-resting, brazen tongues in each head, and an hundred garrulous, loud, unceasing voices from each tongue, they could not recount, nor enumerate, nor tell what all the Gaedhil suffered in common, both men and women, laity and clergy, old and young, noble and ignoble, of hardship, and of injury, and oppression in every house from these valiant foreign, purely pagan people. Even though great were this cruelty, and oppression, and tyranny—though numerous were the oft-victorious clans of the many-familied Erin—though numerous their kings, and their royal chiefs, and their princes—though numerous their heroes, and champions, and their brave soldiers, their chiefs of valour and renown, and deeds of arms—yet not one of them was able to give relief, or alleviation, or deliverance from that oppression and tyranny, from the numbers, and the multitudes, and the cruelty, and the wrath of the brutal, ferocious, furious, untamed, implacable hordes by whom that oppression was inflicted, because of the excellence of their polished, ample, treble, heavy, trusty, glittering corselets, and their hard, strong, valiant swords, and their well-riveted long spears, and their ready, brilliant arms of valour besides, and because of the greatness of their achievements and of their deeds, their bravery and their valour, their strength, and their venom, and their ferocity, and because of the excess of their thirst and their hunger for the brave, fruitful, nobly-inhabited, full of cataracts, rivers, bays, pure, smooth-plained, sweet, grassy land of Erin."

Little can the mere English reader, who may look on much of this as mere bombast, feel the charm which such substantives and epithets as the following had on the original hearers or readers of the work—"Luireach, lainndearda, luchtmarra, tredualach, trom, trebhraid, taitnemach" (*Loricas*, polished, ample, treble, &c.)

CAUSES OF THE INVADERS' SUCCESS.

The editor, alluding to the defeats suffered by the Irish forces on many occasions, finds no great difficulty in accounting for them, and this without the slightest reflection on their innate courage or skill in the use of their arms.

"The whole body of the clan were summoned to decide upon the question of war or peace. Every petty chieftain of every minor tribe, if not every individual clansman, had a voice not only in this primary question, but also when the war was declared, in the questions arising upon subsequent military operations. . . . The kings or chieftains were themselves chosen by the clan, although the choice was limited to those who possessed a sort of hereditary right, often complicated by a comparison of the personal merits of the rival claimants.

"The army was a rope of sand. It consisted of a number of minor clans, each commanded by its own petty chieftain, receiving no pay, and bound by no oath of allegiance to the king or chief commander. Each clan no doubt adhered with unshaken fidelity to its own immediate chieftain, but he on the smallest offence could dismiss his followers to their homes even at the very eve of a decisive battle. . . . These facts must be borne in mind if we would rightly understand the inherent weakness of warfare in ancient Ireland."

Thus many of the faults we choose to impute to our ancestors and their supposed natural propensities, should be rather imputed to the circumstances in which they were placed than to themselves. A tribe could not reckon upon a continuance of peace with neighbours or strangers for a single week. A chief enjoying the strength, and courage, and wisdom of manhood, was essential to their well-being, almost to their existence. The heir apparent of the chief for the time might be a child or an incompetent youth. In this case it was but sound policy to elect during the chief's life his brother or other near relative to

assume the command immediately on his decease. This was done, the election being restricted to the Duine Uasals (gentlemen) of the tribe. The scrutiny might be distinguished on occasions by the usual disagreements of an election, but it prevented the inconveniences of an interregnum.

THE DANISH PROCEEDINGS BEFORE BRIAN'S TIME.

The mere Irish were never much benefited by the nominal capital of their country. The Norwegians getting it into their possession in 836 or 838, built a fortress there in 842, and the Danes after a preliminary visit in 851, returned for reinforcements, and their king, Olaf the White, was recognised as supreme chief of all the foreigners in Ireland in 856, and made Dublin his head quarters.

There was a comparative rest from foreign invasions for about forty years, but Ireland's troubles began to thicken in the early part of the tenth century. Crowds of foreigners assembled, and the brave King of Ireland, Nial of the Black Knee, collected all the forces he could from Meath and the North, and attacked their united strength at Kilmashogue in the mountains beyond Rathfarnham. But the foreigners much outnumbered the natives, and the heroic king with twelve petty princes perished in the battle.

The ferocious invaders did not confine their attentions to Dublin and the north; they ravaged the pleasant south country, and feelingly does the chronicler describe the hellish mischief they committed. Overcome by his subjects he sometimes even neglects his darling alliteration.

"They rent her (Erinn's) shrines, and her reliquaries, and her books. They demolished her beautiful, ornamented temples; for neither veneration, nor honour, nor mercy for Termounn,* nor protection for church or for sanctuary, for God or for man, was felt by this furious, ferocious, pagan, ruthless, wrathful people. In short until the sand of the sea, or the grass of the field, or the stars of heaven be counted, it will not be easy to recount, or to enumerate, or to relate what the Gaedhil, all

without distinction, suffered from them. . . . Alas, many and frequent were the bright and brilliant eyes that were suffused with tears, and dimmed with grief and despair at the separation of son from father, and daughter from mother, and brother from brother, and relatives from their race and from their tribe."

One of the most terrible of these southern descents was that made by Imar son of Ivar (Ivar) and his three sons,—Dubhceann, and Cu-Allaidh, and Aralt, (Black Head, and Wild Dog (Wolf), and Harold). These worthies took possession of Limerick, and high and haughty were their proceedings.

"Such was the oppressiveness of the tribute and rent of the foreigners at large and generally, that there was a king from them over every territory, and a chief over every chieftainry, and an abbot over every church, and a steward over every village, and a soldier in every house, so that none of the men of Erin had power to give the milk of his cow, nor so much as the clutch of eggs of one hen, in succour or in kindness to an aged man or to a friend, but was forced to preserve them for the foreign steward, or bailiff, or soldier. And though there were but one milk-giving cow in the house, she durst not be milked for an infant of one night, nor for a sick person, but must be kept for the steward, or bailiff, or soldier of the foreigners. And however long he might be from the house, his share or his supply durst not be lessened. And although there was in the house but one cow, it must be killed for the meal of one night, if the means of a supply could not be otherwise procured. . . . And an ounce of silver Findruni was paid for every nose besides the royal tribute every year. And he who had not the means of paying it, had himself to go into slavery for it."

The alternative was the loss of the organ just mentioned.

BRIAN'S EARLY STRUGGLES.

But we have got to the tenth century, and the two youthful brothers destined to give a disabling blow to Danish tyranny, are learning the profession of arms in their father's fortress in Thomond (*Tuaithe Muimhain* North Munster). These were Mathgamhain† and Brian, sons of Cenne-

* Church lands having the privilege of sanctuary.

† However the people of the tenth century pronounced this word, modern scholars are content to sound it Mahoun.

An old Munster king Oilliol Oluim appointed in his will, that the descendants of his

digh (Kennedy) chief of the Tribe of Dal-Cais. The first naming of these princes in the chronicle brings out an alliterative and patriotic glow on the pen of the enthusiastic chronicler.

"There were then governing and ruling this tribe, two stout, able, valiant pillars, two fierce, lacerating, magnificent heroes,—two gates of battle, two poles of combat, two spreading trees of shelter, two spears of victory and readiness, of hospitality and munificence, of heart and strength, of friendship and liveliness, the most eminent of the west of Europe, viz., Mathgamain and Brian, the two sons of Cennedigh, son of Lorcan, son of Lachtna, son of Corc," &c.

Their cousins, the Eoganacht, having the lion's share in the government of Leath Mogha, the following were the principal privileges of the Dalcassians—

"It is the privilege of the host of Lugaidh's race
To lead the battalions of the hosts of Mumhain,
And afterwards to be in the rere
In coming from a hostile land.

"It is not fealty that is required of them,
But to preserve the freedom of Caisel.*
It is not rent, it is not tribute, as hath
been heard;
It is not fostership nor fostership's fees.

"And even when there is not a king
Out of you over Erinn of hosts,
Only that you would not infringe on
right,
No human power could prevail over you."

Early in their lives the princes entered on a skirmishing warfare with the enemy; and when Mahon, weary of the resultless struggle, entered on a truce with the enemy, Brian still continued to harass them, and as his zealous biographer says, when he could not injure them on any day, he did it next night, and every inactive night was followed by a destructive day. He and his followers lived in temporary huts, and continued to kill daily and nightly their enemies "by companies, by troops, by scores, by hundreds, and (in case of a bad day or night) by quaternions."

"Great were the hardship and the ruin the bad food and bad bedding, which they inflicted on him in the wild huts of the desert, on the hard, knotty, wet roots of his native country, whilst they killed his people, and his trusty officers, and his comrades—sorrowful, wretched, unpitied, weary, for historians say that the foreigners cut off his people, so that he had at last but fifteen followers."

Mahon, finding his brother in this wretched state, appointed a meeting, and a conference was held, given in verse in the text, Mahon gently chiding Brian for exposing the lives of his brave followers to certain death; Brian delicately hinting that such and such of their ancestors would not be so patient of the presence of the foe in Thomond as he (Mahon) chose to be.

"Mahon. Alone art thou, O Brian of Banba (Erinn)!
Thy warfare was not without valour;
Not numerous hast thou come to our house;
Where hast thou left thy followers?

"Brian. I have left them on Craig Liath,†
In that breach where shields were cleft.
Birnn (Biörn)—it was difficult to cut off the man—
Fell there with his people.

"Our fight at the Fergus was not soft;
Weary of it were we on both sides;
Our fight in the combat was no weak combat,
Thirty with Elius fell.

"These are our adventures, O man,
O son of Cennedigh, the fair skinned;
Often did we deliver ourselves with success,
From positions in which we despaired of escape.
Cennedigh for wealth would not have been,
Nor would Lorcan, the fruitful, have been
So quiescent towards the foreigners,
As thou art, O Mathgamhain."

The result of the conference was a general gathering of the native fighting

two sons, Eoghan and Cormac Cas, should sway the sceptre of the south in alternate succession. A very unwise proceeding, as future events proved.

* The residence of the kings of the south assumed the title of Caisiol (Cías, tribute, oil, stone).

† Carigles (Grey Rock) near Killaloe, seat of Aoidhín (Aoine, Venus?), the Bean Sighe of the Dalcassian chiefs.

men to Cashel, and soon a general engagement took place between themselves and the foreigners at Sulcoit, in which these last sustained a terrible defeat. The chronicler then relates with much zest the march to Limerick, its destruction, and the treatment of the conquered.

"They carried off their jewels, and their best property, and their saddles beautiful and foreign, their gold and their silver, their beautiful woven cloth of all colours and of all kinds, their satins and silken cloth, pleasing and variegated, both scarlet and green, and all sorts of cloth, in like manner. They carried away their soft, youthful, bright matchless girls, their blooming, silk-clad young women, and their active, large, and well-formed boys. The fort and the good town they reduced to a cloud of smoke, and to red fire afterwards. The whole of the captives were collected on the hills of Saingel. Every one of them that was fit for war was killed, and every one that was fit for a slave, was enslaved."

FAMILY QUARRELS.

A remnant of the Danish forces maintained a position in Inis Cealtra, (Scattery Island) under Ivar, and six years later this chief induced the chiefs of the O'Donovans and O'Molloys to aid him to destroy the power of Mahon, now the acknowledged King of Munster, and even to take his life. These princes were of the Eoganacht branch of the royal line of Cashel, and therefore not friendly-disposed to the present Dalcassian monarch. (See *ante*.) There are two differing narratives of the murder, with some poems interpolated, and a guess only can be made at the truthful succession of incidents. The editor presents as probable a version of the facts as can be got at among the confusion of the original accounts.

Mahon unfortunately accepted an invitation to O'Donovan's house at Bruree on the river Maigue, probably to bring about a more friendly feeling between the two rival branches of the descendants of their common ancestor, Oilliol Olum.

The Bishop of Cork being active in the matter, and the Eoganacht chiefs having sworn neither to attempt his life nor blind him, he seems to have been quite unsuspecting. We next find him met by O'Molloy's people in a pass between Kilmallock and Cork, and about to be put to death. One

of the accounts says that he had the Book of the Gospels of Barri (belonging to the Cathedral of Cork) on his breast, but that as soon as he saw his death determined on, he flung it the distance of a bow shot away in order that it might not be stained with his blood. A cleric witness of the base deed, denounced this curse on the O'Molloy (Maelmuadh).

It is Aedh (Hugh) that shall kill thee, a man from the border of Aíð,
On the north of the Sun with the harshness of the wind.
The deed thou hast done shall be to thee a regret;
That for which thou hast done it thou shalt not enjoy.
Perpetual shall be its misfortune; thy posterity shall pass away,
Thy history shall be forgotten, thy tribe shall be in bondage;
The calf of a pet cow shall overthrow thee at one meeting;
Thou shalt not conquer it, Aedhan shall slay thee."

"The north of the sun with the harshness of the wind" implied the burial of the treacherous chief on the north side of a hill, where the sun's rays would not reach his grave.

The denunciation of the bishop noticed the erics payable for the murder of the king, but so atrocious was the deed that Brian would not accept any recompense but the life of the culprit.

We extract a portion of the elegy made by Mahon's blind bard on the melancholy occasion.

"Loud to-day the piercing wail of woe
Throughout the land of Uí Toirdhelbhaigh
(Torloch).

It shall be and it is a wail not without cause,

For the loss of the hero Mathgamhain.

"Mathgamhain, the gem of Magh Fail,
Son of Cennedigh, son of Lorcan;
The western world was full of his fame,—
The fiery King of Boromha.

"The Dal Cais of the hundred churches remember

How we overran Gaeth Glenn,
When upon the illustrious Fergal's shield
Mathgamhain's meal was cooked.

"Although calves are not suffered to go to the cows

In lamentation for the noble Mathgamhain,

There was inflicted much evil in his day
By those who are in Port Arda."

The custom of the Gael in matters militant, was to appoint the time and place for battles—however enraged one party might be with the other. Brian sent mortal defiance to Molloy, threatening to besiege him in his own dun if he did not attend the notice. Murchad, Brian's eldest son, and the Osgur of his day, defied the caitiff chief to single combat. So the challenge was accepted and the battle took place, a large body of the Danes fighting under the banner of Maelmuadh. This chief was slain either by the hand of Murchad, or put to death in cold blood by Aedhan in a lonely hut after the fight. In this latter case he lost his eyesight in the field of Bealach Leachta through the curse pronounced on him, and was subsequently killed in the hut as mentioned.

A few lines of the poetical invitation to battle sent by Brian are worth quotation.

"Go, O Cogaran the intelligent
Unto Maelmuadh of the piercing blue eye,
To the sons of Bran of enduring prosperity,
And to the sons of the Ui Eachdach.

"Say unto the son of Bran that he fail not
After a full fortnight from to-morrow,
To come to Belach Lechta hither,
With the full muster of his army and his followers.

"Whenever the son of Bran son of Cian
shall offer
The Cumhal (blood fine) of my brother
unto myself,
I will not accept from him hostages or
studs,
But only himself in atonement for his
guilt.

"But if he do not come from the South
To Belach Lechta the evergreen,
Let him answer at his house
The Dal Cais* and the son of Cennedigh.

"For him shall not be accepted from them,
Gold, nor silver, nor land,
Nor hostages, nor cattle, O man:
Tell them this, and go!"

THE FIGHT AT DUNLAVIN.

There now remained no obstacle to the placing of the crown of Leath Mogha,† the southern portion of the

island, on the head of the brother and avenger of Mahon. He took hostages from the chiefs of Desmond (*Deas*, South, *Muimhe*, Munster), allowed sundry Danish groups of people to occupy places of trade, and finally in the year 998, came to a conference with Malachy II., King of Leath Cuinn or northern portion of Erin. We have no objection to Brian's triumphant procession up the Shannon, but are not clear about the privilege assumed by his Dalcassians, of making hostile visitations to districts on each side as they went up stream. However Malachy had set them a bad example a short time before.

The natives and Danes of Leinster getting up an insurrection, soon after this treaty with Malachy, Brian proceeded towards Dublin to bring them to their duty. They met him at Glean-Mama (Glen of the Gap) near Dunlavin, but sustained signal defeats at that pass and other points where they afterwards rallied. The curious in topographical details will find much to interest them at pages cxliv., &c., of the introduction. The editor has made himself well acquainted with the natural features of the neighbourhood of Dunlavin, having received some valuable information from Rev. Mr. Sherman formerly R.C. curate in the neighbourhood. The site of the old fort is marked by an ancient cemetery, pagan tumuli, and fragments of stone circles called by the inhabitants, — Pipers Stones. We must here make use of one of Dr. Todd's many and valuable archæological notes.

"The Danes expected to reach Dunlavin, and perhaps to encamp there to meet the forces of Meath (under Malachy) and Munster. But Brian met them in the narrow defile of Glen Mama, thus cutting off their retreat. Here there was no room for a regular engagement, and the flight must have been immediate. The main body of the Danish army flew across the sloping land through Kinsellastown, to the ford of Lemmonstown, where a stand seems to have been made by them, and where it is said thousands fell in the conflict. To this day their bones are turned up in the fields about the ford, and some mounds on the banks of the stream are so filled up with them, that the people leave them untiled,

* This name imports the "Tribe or Family of Cas."

† The boundary line of these portions connected the bays of Dublin and Galway.

as being sacred repositories of the dead. The remnant of the defeated army fled to Hollywood, about a mile to the east of the ford, and thence to the ford of the Horsepass on the Liffey, about Poul a Phouca (the Pooka's Hole), where they were utterly routed. At the close of the last century the wild lands of Upper Crielpe were reclaimed, and many relics of this retreat were brought to light, chiefly in a line from *Tubber Glen* (Well of the Glen) to Lemmonstown ford. The workmen coming on the pits where the bodies of the slain lay buried, left them intact, closing them up again. In the delfle of Glen Mama, during the first week of May, 1864, one of these pits was accidentally opened, bones were turned up, and also the fragments of a Danish sword (now in the possession of Dean Graves, Pres. R.I.A.) The clay was found black and unctuous, as if thoroughly saturated with human remains."

In the now nearly unknown cemetery of Crielpe lie the remains of Harold the Danish prince, by the side of a granite post, furnished with an aperture for a wooden shaft, to convert it into a cross. It is called *Cruisloe* (*Crois laech*, warrior's cross), and serves as a rubbing post for cattle.

This was considered one of the most important victories gained over the foreigners, both from the number of the slain and the spoils recovered—"Gold, silver, bronze (*finndruine*), precious stones, carbuncle gems, buffalo horns, and beautiful goblets. Much also of various vestures of all colours was found there likewise," for, in the words of the text—

"Never was there a fortress, or a fastness, or a mound, or a church, or a sacred place, or a sanctuary, when it was taken by that howling, furious, loathsome crew, which was not plundered. . . . Neither was there in concealment under ground in Erin, nor in the various solitudes belonging to Fiana* or to fairies, anything that was not discovered by these foreign, wonderful Denmarkians (*Danmargaigh*) through paganism and idol worship."

The tables were now completely turned on the foreigners. Instead

of the state of vassalage in which they had held the natives, we now find the following state of things:—

"There was not a winnowing sheet from Benn Edair (Howth) to Tech Duinn† in Western Erin that had not a foreigner in bondage on it, nor was there a quern (hand-mill) without a foreign woman, so that no son of a soldier or of an officer of the *Gaedhil* deigned to put his hand to a flail or to any labour on earth. Nor did a woman deign to put her hands to the grinding of a quern, or to knead a cake, or to wash her clothes, but had a foreign man or a foreign woman to work for them."

We regret that they did not endure prosperity more meekly.

It was to be expected that the battle which had such important results should have been honourably mentioned by the poets. One of their warlike lays thus concluded—

"The battle of Magh Rath,‡ as it is described,
Or the great battle of Magh Ealta,
Are not equal in prosperous results,
Nor to be compared with this one battle."

UNEDIFYING DOINGS AT KINCORA.

After a sojourn from Great to Little Christmas (Feb. 2) in Dublin, Brian returned to Kincora (*Ceann Coraidh*, head of the weir). Meantime Sitric, son of Anlaf, the defeated Danish prince, fled to the Court of Aedh at Aileach (N.E. of Donegal), and afterwards to that of Achy, King of East Ulster, at Downpatrick, but neither King would afford him protection, such was the awe of Brian's power. So, like a brave and wise chief, he proceeded directly to the court of his conqueror, and requested peace and friendship. These were immediately granted, both from the inherent nobility of Brian's disposition and his desire to have a friendly and devoted governor for the distant city of Ath Cliath.

To strain the bonds that held his new ally to him still tighter, he gave him his daughter in marriage. This

* Here is evidence of the existence of legends of the Fianna in the early part of the eleventh century.

† *House of Donn*,—the locality of the shipwreck of Donn, son of Milesius, in the S.W. of Kerry. Donn was venerated as a fairy chief after his decease, the same as Aenghus of the Brugh, Mananan, Mac Lir, &c.

‡ The battle of Magh Rath (Plain of the Fort, Moyra) has been already noticed in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. As to Magh Ealta (plain of flocks), Dr. Todd remarks, "No such battle is recorded in the Irish Annals, unless the battle of Clontarf be intended."

might be prudent or the reverse, but to take Sitric's mother Gormflaith (blue-eyed noble lady) for his second wife showed little wisdom. This lady, sister to Maelmordha, King of Leinster, had for her first husband Olaf Cuaran, to whom she bore the Prince Sitric. Her next spouse was Malachy, King of Leath Cuinn, already more than once mentioned. After presenting him with a son, Prince Connor, she was repudiated, and, very little to Brian's domestic comfort, he was selected for her third experiment in matrimony. After sharing his royal bed and board for a season, she was repudiated the second time, and then probably went to add to the discomfort of the fortress of her son in Dublin, or her brother at Naas, or Dunlavin, or Diinn Righ (Ballyknockan, near Leighlin Bridge).

"The *Njal Saga* calls her Kormlada, and describes her as the fairest of all women, and best gifted in everything that was not in her own power, i.e., in all physical and natural endowments, but she did all things ill over which she had any power, i.e., in her moral conduct."—*Burnt Njal*, ii., 323.

We find at the period in question frequent marriage alliances between Irish and Danish families. In fact when a foreign family or tribe had contrived to secure a footing in the country, and the first bitter dislike had blown over, the native chiefs began to look on them as they did each other, and in many cases a stronger feeling of friendship connected the foreign chief and his people to some neighbouring native prince or flaith, than prevailed among themselves. This was also the case afterwards between natives and Anglo-Normans. Nothing could exceed the strength of ties that bound the individuals of a tribe to each other and to their chief, and in most cases the chiefs to the provincial kings, but enthusiasm for the cause of the Ard-Righ or for the general

weal of the island was an exceedingly scarce commodity. The same indifferent spirit still exists.

The great chief's proceedings for some time after these occurrences seem to have been prompted as much by ambition at least as by a national spirit. Still he did not depart from the generally observed rule among Gaelic kings and chiefs, i.e., sending warning to those on whom they intended to make war, and appointing the time and place of battle. He gave Malachy plainly to understand that he should cede to him the dignity of Ard-Righ. The astonished sovereign claimed time to consult the princes of the North and his own chiefs, but neither from the Kinel Conaill* nor the Kinel Eoghain could he get due encouragement, and he was obliged to acknowledge the humiliating fact to the Southern chief. Still the latter was not disposed to take the brave prince at a disadvantage, and gave him a twelvemonth to mature his plans. The interview took place in Brian's camp, Malachy being accompanied by twelve score horsemen, and when the agreement was made, the Southern King proceeded homewards, first making a present of 240 horses to his future vassal. The Meath warriors would not deign to conduct each a led horse back to the Royal fort, and Malachy was unwilling to offend Brian by refusing them.† He therefore begged of Murchad to accept them in token of his good will, and the prince graciously assented. Malachy was not in a better condition at the year's end, and so the sovereignty of the island passed into Brian's hands without bloodshed. We have not space to treat in detail his after *visitations* to the North, and his circuit of the kingdom to receive hostages, and confirm his authority. When at Armagh he gratified the ecclesiastical powers there by a donation of 20 oz. of gold, and by directing his secretary, the

* In the original is given the poetical adjuration of Gilla Comghaill O'Sleibhin to Hugh, King of Hy Conaill, to join Malachy in his opposition to Brian. This King of Munster is treated in it as the King of Saxonland in aftertimes by a bard of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. For a wonder the Ulster King did not yield to the power of poetry on that occasion.

† Petty chiefs or princes paying tribute to their superiors, received in turn gifts from the great men, in fact were obliged to receive them—a genuine Irish procedure.—(See the "Book of Rights.")

Abbot O'Carroll, to make this entry in their book in the Latin language. The curious may still read the original at page 16, BB, in the Book of Armagh, a collection begun in the eighth century :—

"St. Patrick going up to heaven, commanded that all the fruit of his labour, as well of baptisms as of causes and of alms, should be carried to the Apostolic City which is called *Scotice* (in Gaelic) *ARDD MACHA*. So I have found it in the Book Collections of the Scots (the Gael). I have written (this), that is (I), *Calvus Perennis* (*Mael-Suthain*, Bald for Ever) in the Sight (under the eyes) of Brian, Emperor of the Scots; and what I have written, he has determined for all the Kings of *Maceris* (Cashel or Munster)."

COMPENSATIONS.

If there is extant a thorough believer in all the facts related by the bards, he had better refrain from questioning the editor on the subject of the beautiful and innocent maiden of the gold ring and snow-white wand. The chronicler coming to this point in the history thus expressed himself :—

"After the banishment of the foreigners out of all Erin, and after Erin was reduced to a state of peace, a lone woman came from Torach in the North to Clíodhna* (*pr.* Cleena) in the South of Erin, carrying a ring of gold on a horse-rod, and she was neither robbed nor insulted. Whereupon the poet sang,—

"From Torach to pleasant Clíodhna,
And carrying with her a ring of gold,
In the time of Brian of the bright side,
fearless,
A lone woman made the circuit of
Erinn."

It cannot be denied that Brian was a usurper with respect to Leath Cuinn; but how much better was it for the people of the whole land to be under the undivided sway of one wise, noble-minded, and energetic prince, assured of peace, and opportunities of carrying on the ordinary business of life undisturbed, and improving their condition, than to be merely enduring life from

day to day, not knowing the moment they should be called on to go on a marauding expedition, or to defend their corn, their cattle, and their own lives, from a marauding party. We quote a few of the peaceful exploits of the best and greatest of our ancient princes.

"By him were erected noble churches in Erin and their sanctuaries. He sent professors and masters to teach wisdom and knowledge, and to buy books beyond the sea and the great ocean, because the writings and books in every church, &c., had been burned, and thrown into the water by the plunderers from the beginning. And Brian himself gave the price of books to every one separately, who went on this service. . . . By him were erected the church of Cell Dálua (Killaloe), and the church of Inis Cealtra (Scattery Island), and the bell tower of Tuam Greine,† &c., &c. By him were made bridges and causeways and high roads. By him were strengthened the duns and fortresses and islands . . . and royal forts of Mumhain. He built also the fortification of Caisel of the Kings, . . . and Cean Coradh, and Borumha in like manner. He continued in this way prosperously, peaceful, giving banquets, hospitable, just-judging; wealthily, venerated, chastely, and with devotion, and with law, and with rules among the clergy; with prowess and with valour, with renown among the laity, and fruitful, powerful, firm, secure for fifteen years in the chief sovereignty of Erin, as Gilla Maduda (O'Cassidy, Abbot of Ardbreccan) said—

"Brian the flame over Banbha of the variegated flowers,
Without gloom, without guile, without treachery,
Fifteen years in full prosperity."

In order that the next quotation may be intelligible, it must be premised that after Gormfaith's repudiation and departure from the Munster court, her place was filled by a third wife (daughter of Cathal O'Connor, King of Connaught), whom at the point of time to which we have arrived, say 1009, we find in the tomb, and Gormfaith again at Kincora, probably occupying a suite of apartments to herself but not reinstated in her once high and happy position. Brian, from a wish to keep up cordial

* *Cleena* was in the first rank of Munster Fairies. Her visits were much disliked by the people. *Tonn Clíodhna* (*Cleena's Wave*) in one of the Kerry bays was the dread of the native seamen.

† Fort of the Sun—Tomgreany in Clare—a copy of one of the *Danan Round Towers*. There is at present not a trace of it.

relations with her brother Maelmordha, might have merely tolerated her presence, and the domestic arrangement have been the same as we find in the chronicles written by those truthful and grave historians of modern times, Balzac, Dumas Fils, and Feydeau. Our own chronicler can give an historical sketch in a terse and befitting style when not carried away by a torrent of assonances and alliterations; so we copy a short narrative of an event, the starting point of disagreeable circumstances which culminated in the terrible strife at Clontarff.

THE SMALL STORM CLOUD.

"Maelmordha, son of Murchadh, King of Leathlin, set out to convey three masts of pine of the trees of Fidh Gaibhli (parish of Clonsast, King's Co.) to Cenn Coradh, viz., a mast from the Ui* Failghe, and a mast from the Ui Faelain, and a mast from the Ui Muiredhaigh. But a dispute took place between them when ascending a boggy mountain, whereupon the king himself, viz., Maelmordha, put his hand to the mast of the Ui Faelain, having on a silken tunic which Brian had previously given him, which had a border of gold round it and silver buttons. The tunic was on him, and one of the buttons broke with the exertion. Now, when they arrived at Cenn Coradh, the king took off his tunic, and it was carried to his sister to put a silver button on it, viz., to Gormlaith, daughter of Murchadh, Brian's wife; and she was the mother of Donnchadh son of Brian. The queen took the tunic and cast it into the fire, and she began to reproach and incite her brother, because she thought it ill that he should yield service and vassalage, or suffer oppression from any one, or yield that which his father or grandfather never yielded; and she said that his (Brian's) son would require the same thing from his son.

"Some peevish words followed between him and Murchadh the next morning, arising out of a casual controversy at chess, for as Murchadh and Conaing (son of Brian's brother, Donnchuan) were playing at chess, Maelmordha was teaching against Murchadh, and he advised a move by

which a game went against Murchadh. Murchadh became angry, and said, 'It was thou that gavest advice to the foreigners when they were defeated.'† Maelmordha said, 'I will give them advice again, and they shall not be defeated.' Murchadh said, 'Have the yew tree made ready for thee to sit on.'‡ Maelmordha became angry and retired to his room. (Next morning he left the palace without taking leave.)

"This was told to Brian, and he sent a messenger after him to detain him until Brian should converse with him, and until he should carry away with him cattle and pay. The messenger overtook him at the end of the plank-bridge of Cell Dalua on the east side, and he was mounting his horse there. A dispute ensued between him and the messenger, and he turned on the messenger, and gave him a stroke of a yew horse-switch on his head, and broke all the bones of the head! It was necessary to carry the messenger back to Cenn Coradh. And Cocaran was the name of the messenger. Some were anxious to pursue him (Maelmordha) then, and not allow him to escape until he made submission. But Brian said it should be at the threshold of his own house he would demand justice from him, and that he would not prove treacherous to him in his own house."

After this there was no cordiality between the sovereign and the dwellers in Leinster, whether natives or foreigners; and in 1013 we find Brian and his forces encamped before Dublin from Saint Cearan's festival in autumn till the "great Christmas" when for want of provisions they returned home.

THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES.

Towards the festival of St. Patrick in the ensuing spring, all that had remained loyal to the reigning monarch were directing their course to the plain before Dublin. Sitric, and his mother Gormflaith, and Maelmordha, busied themselves collecting allies from all quarters. Sigurd Earl of Orkney came to the aid of his countrymen on the condition of getting the privilege

* *Ui* or *Ua* is simply from the German *Von* or the Latin *de*, implying remote descent, grandson or great grandson, as *Mac* infers immediate descent. It has been long displaced by *O*.

† We prefer Keating's version of the angry address—"Had you given as good advice to the Danes at Glen Mama, they would not have lost the day."

‡ After the fight of Glen-Mama, Maelmordha was taken from his hiding-place behind, or in the thick foliage of a yew tree. The *Mael* prefixed to proper names means noble, or else bald, i.e. tonsured and devoted to some saint, e.g. *Maolmuirre*, Mary's servant.

of being Gormflaith's fourth husband, the second and third still living, and one being near eighty years of age. Brodar, about whose name and the locality of whose earldom there is some uncertainty, was also a postulant for her hand, and Sitric made no scruple of promising it, expecting, as may be supposed, that one of the wooers, after doing good service in the battle, might be very indifferent on the subject at its close.

"Brodar, according to the Njal Saga had been a Christian man and a mass-deacon by consecration, but he had thrown off his faith, and become 'God's dastard' and worshipped heathen fiends; and he was of all men most skilled in sorcery. He had that coat of mail on which no steel would bite. He was both tall and strong, and had such long locks that he tucked them under his belt. His hair was black."

This fierce-looking renegade commanded the foreign Danes and auxiliaries in the front of the battle, being supported by Earl Sigurd and other chiefs. A battalion of the Dublin Danes had their position in the rear of these, supported by the chieftains of ships. Maelmordha and his chiefs occupied the rear, commanding the North Leinster men and the forces of Hy Ceansalach* (Wicklow and Wexford).

Directly opposed to Brodar's front battalions were the tried men of North Munster, the Dalcassians under the command of the invincible Murchadh. The battalion behind this front array consisted of other Munster troops commanded by the Prince of the Waterford Decies. The nobles of Connacht with their brave tribesmen occupied the rear of the Irish war force.

The patriotic chronicler having brought the combatants face to face on the field which was to be the crown of his work, felt all his poetic rage arise against the foreigners, whom he abuses as heartily as Goldsmith's bailiff did the French.

"These were the chiefs, and outlaws, and Dannars of all the west of Europe, having no reverence, veneration, respect, or mercy, for God or for man, for church or for sanctuary, at the head of cruel, villanous, ferocious, plundering, hard-hearted, wonderful, Danmarkians, selling and hiring themselves for gold, and silver, and other treasures as well. And there was not one villain or robber of that two thousand (the troops of Brodar and his brother Anlaf) who had not polished, strong, triple-plated, glittering armour of refined iron, or of cool uncorroding brass, encasing their sides and bodies from head to foot."

In the description of the arms and armour of the combatants we suspect our authority of some inaccuracy. Avoiding the forest of epithets bristling all over the glowing description, we are told that the blue-green, hard-hearted pagans used crimsoned, murderous, poisoned arrows anointed and browned in the blood of dragons, and toads, and water-snakes, and otters (the poor otter! he did not deserve this), and scorpions. They had barbarous quivers, yellow-shining bows, green, sharp, rough, dark spears, polished, pliable, triple-plated corselets of refined iron and uncorroding brass. Their swords were heavy, hard-striking, strong, and powerful.

To the Gaelic warriors he allows glittering, *poisoned*,† well-riveted spears, with beautiful handles of white hazel; darts furnished with silken strings, to be cast over hand; long, glossy, white shirts; comfortable (comfort in battle!) long vests; well-adjusted, many-coloured tunics over these; variegated, brazen-embossed shields, with bronze chains; crested, golden helms, set with precious stones on the heads of chiefs and princes; glaring, broad, well-set Lochlann axes, to hew plate and mail. Every sword had about thirty glorious qualities attached to it.‡

The inferiority of the Irish warriors in defensive arms gave little concern to their historian. Armed or unarmed, they were a match for the

* The first chief who bore this name had killed a druid, accompanying the sacrilegious deed with a fiendish grin on his features. "That vile expression on your face," said the dying man, "shall give a name to your posterity while grass grows." *Ceann salack* is literally *dirty head*. Other great families have not escaped nick-names. *Cameron* is crooked nose—*Cromwell*, crooked eye. (*Hy Kinsala* is Kinsella's country.)

† *Venomous* and *poisonous* in the bardic lays were mere epithets applied to weapons from their aptitude to inflict mortal wounds.

‡ It is somewhat strange that the Chronicler has not afforded even the *luireck* (the leathern jack with its iron or bronze scales) to his heroes. These loricas are frequently mentioned in the old lays.

world. (This under certain conditions is our own belief.)

"Woe to those who attacked them if they could have avoided attacking them, for it was swimming against a stream, it was pummelling an oak with fists, it was a hedge against the swelling of a spring tide, it was a string upon sand or a sunbeam, it was the fist against a sunbeam to attempt to give them battle or combat."

THE DAY AT CLONTARFF.

The battle began with a single combat, there being a previous challenge in the case. Plait, the foreign warrior, came before his lines and shouted, "Faras (*where is?* an attempt at Danish) Donall?" "Here, thou reptile!" said the Irish champion. The battle was sharp and short, the two warriors falling on the sod at the same moment, their left hands clutching each other's hair, and their hearts transfixed by their swords.

Heaven and earth are ransacked for sublime images to give an idea of the dread struggle that took place between the iron-covered and the defenceless warriors on each side.

"To nothing small (we quote our text) could be likened the firm, stern, sudden, thunder motion, and the stout, valiant, haughty, billow roll of these people on both sides. I could compare it only to the boundless, variegated, wonderful firmament that had cast a heavy, sparkling shower of flaming stars over the surface of the earth, or to the startling, fire-darting roar of the clouds and the heavenly orbs, confounded and crashed by all the winds in their contention against each other."

It was a terrible spectacle without doubt,—the din and clang of sword and axe on shields and helms, the cries of the combatants, and the lurid flashes from the polished surfaces of the arms, and the effect of all intensified by dying groans, and the sight of bodies writhing in agony as life was about to quit them. It is not so easy to understand, taking distance into account, how the following circumstance could occur.

"It was attested by the foreigners and foreign women who were watching from the battlements of Ath Cliath, that they used to see flashes of fire from them in the air on all sides."

Malachy's forces remained inactive during the main part of the fight at least. Dr. Todd acquits him, how-

ever, of treachery to the national cause. We quote some passages of a description of the fight imputed to him.

"There was a field and a ditch between us and them, and the sharp wind of the spring coming over them towards us. And it was not a longer time than a cow could be milked that we continued there, when not one person of the two hosts could recognise another. . . . We were covered, as well our heads as our faces, and our clothes, with the drops of the gory blood, carried by the force of the sharp, cold wind which passed over them to us. . . . Our spears over our heads had become clogged and bound with long locks of hair, which the wind forced upon us when cut away by well-aimed swords and gleaming axes, so that it was half occupation to us to endeavour to disentangle and cast them off."

Were we a powerful, well-armed warrior standing by the side of Maol-seachluin (Malachy) on that day, we would certainly have endeavoured to find a better occupation for his hands. Hear this bit of Pecksniffism uttered by him:—

"It is one of the problems of Erin whether the valour of those who sustained that crushing assault was greater than ours who bore the sight of it without running distracted before the winds, or fainting."

Conaing, Brian's nephew, and Maelmordha fell that day by each others' swords. The Connacht forces and the Danes of Dublin assailed each other so furiously that only about a hundred of the Irish survived, while the Danes scarcely left a score. Murchadh's exploits, could we trust the Chronicler and Malachy, could be rivalled only by those of Achilles of old. He went forwards and backwards through the enemies' ranks mowing them down even as a person might level rows of upright weeds. He got his mortal wound at last from the knife of a Dane, whom he had struck to the earth. He survived however till he had received the consolations of religion.

About sunset the foreigners, notwithstanding their superiority in armour, were utterly defeated. Striving to escape by their ships they were prevented by the presence of the full tide, and those who flew towards the city were either intercepted by the same tide or by Mael-

the foreign chiefs during the Danish wars, and an abstract of the fortunes of several of these kings. The accounts of the Battle of Clontarf differed so much in form in the two MSS., i.e., the Dublin and Brussels copies, that instead of pointing out the various readings in notes to the body of the narrative, the editor has removed the account in the Brussels MS., purported to have been given by Malachy, to the end of the book. Passages are worth preservation as literary curiosities. If Malachy felt any ill to Brian for wresting his independent sovereignty from him, there is not a trace of it discoverable in his narrative. Thus he speaks of the noble heir apparent, Murchadh, who disdained to wear even a shield.

MALACHY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE.

"The Royal Warrior had with him two swords, i.e., a sword in each hand, for he was the last man in Erin who was equally expert in the use of the right hand and of the left. . . . He would not retreat one foot before the race of all mankind for any reason in the world, except this reason alone, that he could not help dying of his wounds. He was the last man in Erin who was a match for a hundred. He was the last man who killed a hundred in one day in Erin. His step was the last step which true valour took. Seven like Murchadh were equal to MacSamhain," &c.

Then the writer indulged in a heroic series in geometrical progression, each hero being worth seven such as the man who preceded him, and the greatest of all being Hector of Troy. All native bards, schoolmasters, and schoolboys, who have flourished since first the Siege of Troy was heard of in Ireland, have fixed on Hector as the matchless model of heroism, chivalric faith, courtesy, and tenderness; most of them have borne a cordial hatred to the son of Peleus. Has the feeling originated from the pseudo work of Dares the Phrygian priest, having arrived in the country before Homer's "Tale of Troy Divine"? The theory in the text would make Hector many times superior to Hercules, the heroic terms in the sevenfold progression being Murchadh, Mac Samhain, Lughá Lagha, Connall Cearnach, Lughá Lamhfada (*Long Hand*), Hector! After the list comes this rather startling asser-

tion: "These were the degrees of championship since the beginning of the world, and before Hector there was no illustrious championship."

"Murchadh was the Hector of Erin, in valour, in championship, in generosity, in munificence. He was the pleasant, intelligent, affable, accomplished Samson of the Hebrews in his own career and in his time. He was the second powerful Hercules, who destroyed and exterminated the serpents and monsters of Erin. . . . He was the gate of battle and the sheltering tree, the crushing sledge-hammer of the enemies of his fatherland and of his race during his career.

"When this very valiant, very great, royal champion, and plundering, brave, powerful hero saw the crushing and the repulse that the Danars and pirates gave to the Dal Caia, it operated upon him like death or a permanent blemish; and he was seized with boiling, terrible anger, and his bird of valour and championship arose, and he made a brave, vigorous, sudden rush at a battalion of the pirates, like a violent, impetuous, furious ox that is about being caught, or like a fierce, tearing, swift, all-powerful lioness deprived of her cub, or like the roll of a deluging torrent, that shatters and smashes everything that resists it; and he made a hero's breach and a soldier's field through the battalions of the pirates. And the historians of the foreigners testified after him, that there fell fifty by his right, and fifty by his left hand in that onset. Nor did he administer more than one blow to any of them; and neither shield, nor corselet, nor helmet, resisted any of these blows, which clave bodies and skulls alike. Thus three times he forced his way backwards through the battalions in that manner."

Sitric, the Danish prince, married as before mentioned to a daughter of Brian, is described as looking at the fight from his Dublin watch-tower, with his wife at his side. Seeing the mass of plumages and hair shorn off by the gleaming weapons, and flying over the heads in the wind, he exclaimed, "Well do the foreigners reap the field, for many is the sheaf whirled aloft over them." But in the evening he was obliged to endure the sight of his foreign friends and allies fleeing into the sea "like a herd of cows in heat from sultry weather, or from gnats, or from flies. And they were pursued quickly and lightly into the sea, where they were with great violence drowned, so that they lay in heaps and in hundreds and in battalions." Sitric's wife had not yet learned to feel strong sympathy

with her husband's politics; and if he had insisted on her presence in order to be a spectator of the defeat of her countrymen, he was sadly disappointed.

"Then it was that Brian's daughter, the wife of Amhlaibh's son, said: 'It appears to me,' said she, 'that the foreigners have gained their inheritance.'* 'What is that, O girl,' said Amhlaibh's son. 'The foreigners are only going into the sea as is hereditary to them.' 'I know not whether it is on them, but nevertheless they tarry not to be milked.'

"The son of Amhlaibh was angered with her, and he gave her a blow which knocked a tooth out of her head."

Murchad's death after a fatiguing day of fight has been already related. While the fierce struggle was going on, thus was the brave and devout old monarch employed.

"When the combatants met, his cushion was spread under him, and he opened his psalter, and he began to recite his psalms and his prayers behind the battle, and there was no one with him but Laideen, his own horseboy. Brian said to his attendant, 'Watch thou the battle and the combatants while I recite my psalms.' Brian then said fifty psalms, fifty prayers, and fifty paters, and he asked the attendant how the battalions were circumstanced. The attendant answered, 'I see them and closely confounded are they, and each of them has come within grasp of the other. And not more loud to me would be the blows in Tomar's wood if seven battalions were cutting it down, than are the resounding blows on the heads, and bones, and skulls of them.' Brian asked how was the banner of Murchadh. 'It stands,' said the attendant, 'and the banners of the Dal Cais round it.' . . . His cushion was readjusted under Brian, and he said fifty psalms, fifty prayers, and fifty paters, and he asked the attendant how the battalions were. The attendant said, 'There lives not a man who could distinguish one of them from the other, for the greater part of the hosts on either side are fallen, and those that are alive are so covered—their heads, and legs, and garments, and drops of crimson blood, that the father could not recognize his own son there.' And again he asked how was the banner of Murchad. The attendant answered, 'It is far from Murchad, and has gone through the hosts westward, and it is stooping and inclining.' Brian said, 'Erinn declines on that account. Nevertheless so long as the men of Erinn shall see that

banner, its valour and its courage shall be upon every man of them.' Brian's cushion was readjusted, and he said fifty psalms, fifty prayers, and fifty paters, and the fighting continued during all that time. Brian then cried out to the attendant, how was the banner of Murchad, and how were the battalions. The attendant answered, 'It appears to me like as if Tomar's wood was being cut down, and set on fire, its underwood and its young trees, and as if the seven battalions had been unceasingly destroying it for a month, and its immense trees and its great oaks left standing.'

A DANO-GAELIC ROMANCE.

In Appendix D., which includes the genealogies of the Scandinavian chiefs concerned in the Irish invasion, there is an outline of a narrative capable of being worked into a fine historic romance, only that no living novelist or romancer would be found of courage sufficient to write an Irish romance of the days of "Muirchertach of the Leather Cloaks," tenth century. This able and ambitious prince had his residence at Aileach, not very far from Londonderry; and once, when finding it convenient to make circuit of Leath Cuinn, he was exceedingly careful to attend to everything that might secure success. So as well as providing his followers with the best arms and armour procurable, he effectively consulted their comfort by getting a good leather cloak made for every individual. We find him on his return laden with tribute, accompanied by hostages, and sending a loving greeting to his queen, with a hint to have the large hall well strewn with rushes, and many vessels well filled with curds and whey for the refreshment of his trusty followers and his much-valued hostages. The interest of the story, however, does not rest with himself, or his useful mantle, or his curds and whey.

The fair MacIcorca (our authorities being Scandinavian writers, have rendered the name needlessly harsh), daughter of the prudent and valiant prince, was taken captive, fell into the hands of a Slavonian merchant, and was by him sold to Hoskuld of the line of Olaf the White. Oppressed with melancholy for the change in

* Sitric had used that expression at an early hour of the fight, when he imagined the Danes were gaining on their enemy.

her state, she feigned to be deaf and dumb. A son being born to her, she could not refrain from uttering a mother's endearing expressions to the babe when she supposed no one to be within hearing, and so her secret was discovered. She always conversed with her son in her native speech, and when he was eighteen years of age, she sent him to the court of his grandfather, and with him a gold ring and other trinkets, which her family would recognize. This youth was called Olaf Paa (*Peacock*) from his great beauty. We may well imagine the cordial welcome he met with at the stone caisail of Aileach. The romancist who gathers these few indices for the coming story, will be careful to make young Olaf's visit be paid previous to 943, when his grandfather was slain in battle, fighting against the Danes. The presents made by the handsome young Irish *Lochlannach* to his betrothed, the fair Gunnar, were a gold armilla, one of his grandfather's famous cloaks, and an Irish hound, *Sav* by name (summer or happy). If the coming man wishes for more particulars let him consult *Landnama*, the *Nial Saga*, *Burnt Njal*, and the *Heimskringla* (World's Circle) of that unedifying and turbulent writer, Snorri Sturlason, a work so well translated and edited by S. Laing.

LATER EXPLOITS OF SITRIC OF THE SILKY BEARD.

It has been seen that Sitric of the silken beard, though Brian's son-in-law, and enjoying the rank of king, forgot the manners of chiefs and kings so far as to knock out one of his wife's teeth. He was intimately connected with Irish royal families by marriage. Son of the Danish chief Olaf Cuaran and the Leinster princess Gormflaith, and husband of a Munster princess, his and his wife's bonds were still more tightly drawn by the union of his mother to her father; yet this did not prevent that unseemly box on the face of his queen which took place on some tower in our city. This same Dublin now existing is linked to the past by many touching, and interesting, and tragic situations and events, yet probably there is no city of Europe whose

living inhabitants feel so little interest about the things which have occurred within its precincts. However, in beginning this paragraph, we did not contemplate alluding to this family failing, our design being merely to glance at the future fortunes of Sitric, whose manners and beard so badly corresponded.

A year after the battle, Malachy assaulted Dublin, and burned all the buildings outside the fortress, within which Sitric lay secure. In 1018 he blinded Bran or Braoin, his own first cousin, son of Maelmordha, thus incapacitating him to rule. The poor prince subsequently went abroad and died in a monastery at Cologne. This Bran was ancestor of the *Ua Brain* or O'Byrn of Wicklow. Next year he went on enlarging his bad ways by plundering Kells, slaying many people in the very church, and carrying away spoils and prisoners. In 1021, his Danes and himself got a signal defeat at Derne Mogorog (Delgany), by the son of Dunlaing, King of Leinster. In 1022 he was again defeated by King Malachy in a land battle, and at sea by Niall, son of Eochaidh (*pr. Achy or Uchy*) King of Hy Conaill. In 1027 he made an unsuccessful raid into Meath, and next year went on a pilgrimage to Rome. Let us hope that he made one good general confession. Two years later he attended the funeral of his mother Gormflaith. His pilgrimage had not quenched his thirst for forays, for in 1031 he plundered Ardraccan, and carried off much cattle. Next year he was victorious at the mouth of the Boyne over the men of Meath, Louth, and Monaghan. In 1035, twenty-one years after the great fight, he abdicated in favour of his nephew Eachmarcach (Rich in Horses), and went abroad (where is not said). His death as well as that of his daughter Fineen, a nun, is recorded in 1042, the last seven years of life having probably been spent in religious retirement.

Irish historians and archæologists will find valuable assistance in the appendix whenever they are occupied with the genealogies of the Irish or foreign kings and chiefs who flourished during the two centuries preceding the Day at Clontarf.

NEVER—FOR EVER.

CHAPTER LII.

TWO LETTERS.

AND the days crept by there, the quiet, peaceful days—what blessed days they seemed to Lily—and Jack was there, always near her, always kind to her. How strangely pleasant it was! But those quiet days were very dull to him; he was bored beyond endurance with their sameness and dullness. He had nothing to do; he hated this humdrum kind of life; he found that old house very wearisome.

Lily had been a fortnight in her old home, but she was getting no stronger; day after day the little snowdrop lay there by the window, breathing the sweet scented air, and yet gaining no new strength.

Morning after morning, when the sun was bright and the birds were singing, she sat outside among the flowers, seeing the green leaves grow greener and stronger, watching the trees and shrubs all springing into life, and yet there was coming no new life for her: and my little heroine was beginning to weary of her weakness.

Every day, too, Lily in her bath-chair was driven through the garden-walks, along the green lanes sometimes, and often into the glen. She was growing no stronger, and Aggie, always near her, always watchful and gentle, was beginning to grow more and more anxious as the days went by.

Jack had been twice up to town in that fortnight, just a little race, two days at a time—that was all. He came back always—he didn't desert her; but Lily knew that he was longing for his town life, for his club, and for other things of which she hated to think; and while he was away the jealous little soul would grow restless and pettish—would lie a' day on her sofa, thinking until she had fallen into a troubled, foolish dream, all about him, and his neglect of her, poor little thing; poor silly little woman—in her weakness she was making troubles for herself where there were none.

It was a pleasant spring morning, the dew was still lying on the grass and falling in little tear-drops from the leaves on the house wall, and Lily and Jack were together in the cool, shady drawing-room. In his hand Captain Jack held a letter, over which his head was bent. Two red spots were in Lily's cheeks, and a look of pain was in the soft face. That letter came from London—oh, what a cruel, heartless letter it seemed to Lily! It came from Lady Georgina. It bade Jack leave his poor, sickly little wife, and come to town for a while. There was so much going on, it said, "and the Foulkeses are still here. You must manage to come; she cannot be so selfish as to expect you to bury yourself so for so long"—and then the poor selfish little lady leant her head back among the cushions in a kind of despair.

"You will go?" she said at last; still there was a kind of hope in her heart. He didn't answer; he tapped his foot upon the floor; he gnawed his moustaches in silence. "You will go, I suppose, Jack?"

"Well, you see yourself it's a kind of command, and—the old lady doesn't like being disobeyed; she has been very good to me, too—you know that. I suppose I must go—eh?"

He looked at her inquiringly; he didn't want to vex her, but he did want very much to make that little expedition, and he had quite made up his mind to go.

"If you think so, I suppose you must, and you will enjoy it too—I am sure you will, and—and while you are enjoying yourself with—other people, you will forget me, Jack—oh! I know you will."

The red colour had faded in her cheeks, the hope had died away in her heart.

He was contrite then, as he looked into her face. "No, no," he said, gently taking her hand, "I am always thinking of you, darling; you are always in my mind." Then she sat

up, she looked full into his eyes, she tried to read something there, but she couldn't.

"Jack, if I thought so, I could let you go now; I should be perfectly satisfied to lose you for a little while."

He smiled. "My dear," he said, "you are very foolish, very, very foolish; you are always questioning my love; I don't know what to do to satisfy you; you are too exacting—a great deal too exacting."

Poor Jack, he was sadly perplexed; he couldn't understand her at all.

"Perhaps I am—perhaps you are right," she said, and then she buried her face once more among the cushions, that was all. Jack had stood up while he spoke, and was looking out into the pleasant cheery light, thinking he must go; there were many reasons why he should do this thing; and after all, he had been very good to his wife; he had hidden himself away in this stupid old place quite long enough; he must amuse himself sometimes; it wasn't right of her—it wasn't just to expect him so to give up everything; he couldn't do it.

Another letter had come by that morning's post; a big square envelope, directed in a bold, large hand, and the post-mark was Llanaber. The letter was for Aggie. Charles Okedon—patient Charlie—through all the long winter time he had lived on, trusting, hoping still, and yet doubting and fearing ever in his old cowardly way. He had waited all that time. He had given her all those months; he had been trying her; but now that the pleasant spring days had come; now that the summer time was drawing on, the young squire made up his mind to wait no longer.

The sun shone on the Manoir house, on the bright spring fields, on the far away blue sea, as he stood all alone on the terrace walk, leaning on the stone balustrade, and thinking of Aggie; and as he stood there looking away over his broad lands he was telling himself that after all that long time she should know how he had loved her—how passionately he had loved her—all through those old summer times when they had been together; how faithfully he had gone on loving her through the lonely winter months, never once forgetting

her, or changing towards her; how he loved her still—better, more desperately than ever; how unbearable his life was to him without her. She should know it all—and then, should she refuse him—should she hold back her love from him—why, then his heart stood still within him; he couldn't look beyond; he daren't look further. Poor, cowardly Charlie! His strong, brave heart half failed him as he thought how frail his chance had grown. And this was how he wrote that letter which Aggie read, quietly, carelessly, at breakfast, in the old house. Quietly—apparently careless as to its contents, she opened the envelope, she read the whole letter through, never speaking, never even changing colour, and then she passed it on to her father.

"He wants to know whether we can have him here for a while. I suppose we can," she said, pouring out the tea, and not looking up, but a light had broken in her heart, an old hope was rising there once again, and she was speaking in a dream. After all, he did like her, then. Why else should he come all those long miles to visit their quiet home? That story which she had read in his honest eyes a long time ago in Llanaber—had not deceived her. He did love her after all; and then in her heart of hearts she thanked God that she had been so faithful to him; she was very thankful for the strength which had been given her, for that purpose which had enabled her to cling on so to her hope, casting aside the love of others so that she might still have it in her power to worship him, and him alone. He loved her; she knew he did as well as if she had heard him speak the words, and with that one thought in her mind, the whole world seemed changed and beautified. So it was settled that he should come, and once again she wrote to him, coldly, formally as before, and he was satisfied. And Aggie—gentle, ministering Aggie—daily watching her little sister fading slowly, couldn't think of such a sorrow—couldn't bring it home to herself that where she had gained so much, she was also to lose much. Even while within her there still spoke out the voice which told her that here her love was powerless—that days, and weeks, and even months might go by, bringing with them

great joys for her, and that still in this one great thing her love was powerless to save that little spring flower from fading away and dying, —even then she could not realize such a trouble to herself. Daily she was watching, ministering, in her gentle way, to all the little invalid's wants, never wearying, never flagging in her watchfulness; often tried, often perplexed, but never complaining; bearing with many little ills; "troubled about many things," but never trying to lay her burthen upon others, never growing faint or weary.

Are there angels that go smiling and gliding through the world, unchanged and unspotted by the sin and sorrow all around them; who pass through the dark places, bringing

with them light and peace? I think there are. I think that those patient, ministering spirits, who go their quiet rounds of charity, soothing the poor troubled hearts; bringing light and life into the poor dark souls. I think they are very nearly angels, who stand for ever in the presence of angels through their good works; who live their lives, not for themselves, but for other people; who take up their crosses meekly, and bear them to the end uncomplainingly; who murmur not, and are never dissatisfied; in whose hearts there is always the gentle, patient spirit which says, "Not my will but thine be done." These are the world's imperfect angels, which hereafter, in the world to come, shall be made perfect.

CHAPTER LIII.

IN THE SUNLIGHT.

AND Jack was to go away. It was all settled. He was to leave his poor, sickly, little wife here in her old home for a little while, and then he would come again.

In the bright morning he had drawn Lily in her bath-chair along the pleasant spring lanes, down into the churchyard. That country churchyard was a very bright little spot; there was nothing dreary or desolate about it; it was a little green corner walled in, hedged in by high thorn hedges, shadowed over by branchy trees—a quiet, sequestered little place, very lonely, with a melancholy calm all around it. On this spring morning, when the sun shone very brightly, when the air was scented with the smell of the meadow-sweet and May blossoms; when the sparrows were all singing in the ivy on the church-tower,—Captain Dashwood brought his young wife in her bath-chair to see this old familiar little spot once again.

The days had gone by, many days they were now, and still Lily had never been strong enough to make this little journey; but on this May morning, when everything looked bright and pleasant, she felt so strong, so different, that together they had planned to make an expedition down into the valley, down into the green fields; and at the gate Jack helped

her out of her chair, and she walked through the grass with him beside her.

Strange to him was that country church, strange the song of the birds, strange the gravestones and wide-spread trees; but they were all familiar things to her, they had been before her often, mingling in her day-dreams scores of times in her London home—the very breath of the meadow-sweet was dear to her. Among the gravestones and by the grass mounds they walked together, but they didn't speak much. Then she led him into the church, under the porch—into the quiet, old-fashioned little church.

Jack had no eye for the picturesque—he saw no beauty in this primitive little house of prayer, in the faded picture-windows and high-walled pews; he was only thinking how bad the colours were in those saints' and martyrs' robes—how dim the light was, and how uncomfortable those narrow pews would be to doze in. Then Lily, still leading him on, holding his hand, drew him on to where the light from those painted windows fell on a fair marble image, a sweet face raised in prayer, a cold, changeless face—a kneeling figure, clasped marble hands. Then she paused:

"SACRED to the MEMORY of LILLIAS

FREMANTLE, who departed this life in the 24th year of her age, June, 1848.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write: from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours."

They were standing there together, looking on this monument, and Jack was touched by it. Thoughtless Jack!—there was that in the cold, impassive, marble face which woke his pity; there was something within him which whispered to him and bade him draw his Lily closer to him, and hold her there, not letting her go, not losing sight of her. Close in his he held her warm, soft, living hand; and he didn't know why, he couldn't tell himself why, at that moment she was dearer to him than ever she had been—dearer far than she had been even on the long-ago morning when in another quiet little country church, under other painted windows, he had knelt beside her, holding her hand, and loving her very, very much.

He was going to leave her on the morrow, going to lose sight of her for a while, and, standing there then, he almost repented having so arranged to go; but he had given his promise to his mother—he must go now—go where pleasure and pleasant friends awaited him; but he would not forget her, he would be very true to her, always thinking of her—so he told himself then, standing by her, holding her hand, and fearing he knew not what, as he looked into her soft, delicate face, and thought of her weakness.

"Is she buried here?" he asked presently.

"No, outside in the vault; but papa put this up in remembrance of her; isn't it a beautiful face, dear? Long ago, when I was a little girl—a very thoughtless little girl—sitting over there in our uncomfortable old seat, I usen't to listen to the sermon, I used to spell over that verse over and over again; I used to look up at this beautiful face, and wonder was mamma so like an angel when she was alive."

He didn't answer her; he, too, was looking at the angel face, and Lily went on.

"I wonder will anyone so remem-

ber me when I am dead—remembering only what was good of me—thinking of me as of an angel? I am afraid not."

"What a little day-dreamer you are," he said, drawing her hand under his arm; "the most romantic little woman in the whole world."

"Am I? well I suppose I am; but I do wish that, I do indeed. I should hate dreadfully to be forgotten, or remembered only as a very useless troublesome person. I should like all my faults to be forgotten, and only my good parts remembered. Jack, when I am dead will you think of me so, darling?"

But he only said, "Hush, my child, you mustn't talk so, it's very foolish, very wrong of you." Then she sighed.

"Perhaps I am wrong; I may live to tease and trouble you for many, many years to come; but I may diesoon, Jack, no one can tell those things."

"So may I die to-morrow for all I can tell; but I don't think it's on the cards, it's not a likely thing to happen."

"But I am so weak," she argued still.

"You will soon be strong again. The fine warm summer weather is coming, and then my darling will be her old self again."

"I hope so, Jack."

And then she led him out again into the bright sunny light, away from the faded windows and the marble face.

A little breeze had sprung up; it was ruffling the green leaves on the tree tops, and swaying the long grass this way and that; it brought a soft colour into Lily's cheeks, and a lustre to her eyes. She looked wonderfully pretty, Jack thought, looking upon her. He was sorry to leave her, but he had been very good to endure that fortnight's dullness all for her; he couldn't have borne another two such weeks in that terribly monotonous place for any one. He must amuse himself for a while; he would return all the fonder of her in another fortnight. He had made great resolves to be a very well behaved proper person while away; no flirting or foolish talk; no afternoons at Lady Mary's; this town visit should be spent at his club; he would live there *en garçon*, seeing very little of

any lady's society. This vow he made to himself in that country churchyard. But he never spoke it, he never told it to Lily; he left her in ignorance of all his good resolves. And so the doubt still lived in her heart; she still distrusted him, and couldn't trust him away from her. Why didn't she tell her doubt? What a world of sorrow and trouble might have been spared! But she didn't, and so they went on just as scores of others have gone on before them—misunderstanding each other, making great mistakes and troubles out of very little things.

All day Jack sat and talked to his wife; he devoted himself to her, he was very good to her; he petted her; but the poor silly exacting little thing, she wasn't satisfied; she was longing to speak her doubt, but she daren't, and so his pleasant words and kindly acts lost half their sweetness for her.

By-and-by when the evening was stealing on, when the sun was sinking nearer and nearer into the pine forest, when the sky was all gold and red, poor foolish Lily thinking over this coming parting, and sitting with Jack in the pleasant drawing-room, said—

"Jack, you must promise me one thing; if I should get any worse, if I send for you will you come to me?"

"My child, how can you speak so to me? Lily, have I ever neglected you? have I ever been unkind to you?"

Then sitting close to him in the golden light, looking into his handsome eyes, she answered, "No."

And he was satisfied. Why didn't she tell him her trouble then? Why didn't she speak all that was in her heart? Why don't people always do what is right and best for them? What a deal less of misery and unhappiness there would be in the world; but they never do.

The golden light was still in the sky, the pine trees were still gilt and painted with the last warm sun rays, when Charlie Okedon came at last.

Up the gravel walk, past the flower beds and groups of evergreens, he stalked, with his hands in his pockets, and his eyes bent upon the ground. Big, ungainly, handsome fellow, he felt very shy and awkward; his hat was well pressed down over his eyes,

his boots were dusty; he had walked from the town that his arrival might be quieter and less noticed. But Aggie saw him from among the green leaves out of her little lattice window. She was looking down upon him as he strode along. He was the same big, awkward fellow, the same handsome, manly young fellow who had won her heart long months ago; who had been the cause of so much trouble and despair to her; who had treated her so badly, walking with her, talking to her, looking love upon her with those tender gray eyes of his, and yet letting her go away from that Welsh village, uncertain of his love, unconscious of his truth and faithful purpose. How often since then had my brave young saint vowed within herself to forget him, to cast the thought of him far away from her, to have done with him for ever, and how often with those wild plans had come the hope of seeing him once again, of hearing his pleasant kindly voice, and looking into his happy, treacherous eyes; how she had dreamt of this meeting, how she had planned her cold indifferent greeting to him; up to this moment, how brave she had been; and yet now, now looking down upon him, and loving him as hopelessly and despairingly as ever, she forgave him for the injury he had done her: she only loved him the more for the misery he had caused her.

Unconscious Charlie, with his modest eyes bent upon the ground, never once looking up, never allowing himself to think or hope that that grave, sensible little girl would ever dream of watching for his coming, walked straight up to the door, and stood under the leaves waiting. Foolish Aggie! why didn't she run down then and open the door to him? why didn't she show him in this one little way that she had been looking for him, and was glad to see him little prude? She wouldn't have had him think such a thing for worlds; she wouldn't let him know, in even this one little way, how glad she was to see him; and the sun was quite hidden behind the pine trees, the song of the sparrows in the ivy was hushed, the light had nearly gone in the quiet drawing-room before Charlie held her hand in his, and heard her gentle greeting, with his heart swell-

ing with joy, and a mist rising in his honest eyes. No one could see that mist, no one could see how pale he grew, the light was too dim and faint, and no one saw the colour come and go in Aggie's soft cheeks ;

no one saw her lips tremble as she spoke her greeting to him, the evening was so fast turning into night ; and this was what she had waited for, not trusting herself, having no faith in her own strength of will.

CHAPTER LIV.

OLD TIMES.

AND Jack went up to town with his heart a little heavy. She was growing no better, that poor, weakly little wife of his ; she was fading away, growing thinner and paler, as the days went by, and he couldn't shut his eyes quite upon the truth ; but warmer days were coming, brighter, milder days ; and then—then he told himself she would grow quite herself again ; she would gain new strength in the summertime, and her beauty would come back to her. In the meanwhile, she was very well where she was, the quiet suited her, she wanted rest, and Aggie understood her better than he did. She wasn't fretful or cross with her as she was with him ; she wouldn't be always whimpering and complaining when he was gone, and he thought rather bitterly of their little disagreement and quarrels ; she certainly did try him often, no one could deny that ; but he never grew cross or unkind to her. He only laughed at her little follies ; he treated her like a spoilt child, as she was. He had been wonderfully good and kind to her, he told himself that day, hurrying away from her in the train, with a kind of foreboding of ill before him and a weight on his heart. But he had never been intended for a hospital nurse : he couldn't so sacrifice his whole life for such a thankless task ; some one else might take a turn now ; he must have his holiday at last, only a very little holiday too, two short spring weeks, and then the humdrumming and grumbling would begin over again ; he sighed as he thought of it. Why was she always ailing now ? why was she always complaining, never satisfied with his love ? Then before him rose a thought ; in his heart of hearts there came a doubt, which told him how in great things, in perfect truth, he was wanting. Did she doubt him ?

did she distrust his love ? What had he ever done to give her cause, if so ? Alas ! as he thought thus, many, many things rose up before him—little wrongs, of which she knew not ; idle thoughts, words, and deeds of which he was ashamed to think—all of which were irretrievable, bygone things, of which it was useless to repent ; but then they were ills of which she knew not. So he thought then, hurrying away from her.

All day Lily lay on her sofa ; she was tired, and out of sorts. Little fool ! she had cried herself quite weary after Jack's departure ; but there were strong loving hearts all round her here in her old home—true, changeless hearts, which loved her none the less for her weakness and fading beauty, which would be always true to her to the end. All that day her old father was with her, coaxing her, soothing her, striving to amuse her, and blaming that heartless gentleman who had so forsaken his little wife, very, very much. And so Aggie was left to entertain Charlie through the garden walks. Among the flowers she brought him, she showed him all her favourite places and things up the glen, under the shadowy trees, among the ferns and rocks, by the mill-stream,—she showed them all to him. She told him many little anecdotes of by-gone times, of summers and winters past away. She touched lightly over them all. She even spoke of Tom—of good, honest Tom Foulkes—little thinking how eagerly Charlie was listening to it all. Once or twice, as she spoke walking by him, not looking at him, had he turned to look upon her, to try and read something in her face ; but that face puzzled him ; he never could read anything there ; it told no stories, and so he couldn't know whether those past times, those days

spent with Tom had been fairer, better days than any others; the soft Madonna face told nothing, and the gray eyes were bent on the ground. She didn't know then that while she spoke so, she was raising up a doubt in his heart. She never once thought that this quiet, young squire was as observing as he really was.

Round those past times my saint was hanging such a glory and a gloss. She spoke so tenderly of them, that poor cowardly Charlie felt all his hope gliding away from him, and all his old fears coming crowding up again in everything he heard of Tom. It was Tom who had planted that bed of lily-of-the-valley and forget-me-not inside the garden-gate. It was Tom who, long ago, had cut those crooked letters on the ash-tree in the glen, his and Aggie's close together. It was Tom who had walked with her, talked to her, and loved her then in these pleasant places; and Charlie, thinking all this in his mind, felt like a traitor. "They two had been together from the first"—so he thought, and why had he now come between them? What would Tom think of him for so betraying his confidence? But he couldn't help himself, he was no better than other men, he was open to temptations, and he was tempted much in this thing; he had striven against it, he had tried very hard to give her up, but he had failed; every new day of his life only made him feel more fully how impossible it was that he could ever learn to forget her. He had given Tom what was by right his own; he had allowed him to plead his cause fairly; he had waited patiently through long months of loneliness, hoping, trusting still, and after all, where was his reward? Walking by her now, it was of Tom she spoke—Tom's words and deeds, his jokes and plans; he was mixed up in everything, he was foremost everywhere. It was very hard; he didn't know what to say; he was very low-spirited and despairing; it was so very hard to bear, and he was always such a desponding, cowardly fellow. So Aggie rambled on in her quiet way, unconscious of the mischief she was doing.

So it was that Charlie, listening to her pleasant recollections, thought within himself that it was only na-

tural she should love Tom; he had grown up with her, he had been with her from the first, he had loved her from the first, he loved her still—Charlie knew he did; and then he asked himself whether she returned that love, and he couldn't answer; he didn't know, he couldn't understand her conduct; he was such a foolishly modest fellow, he had such a very poor opinion of his own worth, that he never once thought it possible that she could prefer him in any way; he had thought so often of her, he remembered so well all the pleasant, happy hours spent with her in those Llanaber days which were past; but he couldn't remember one word or act of hers which might have led him even to hope that she was not wholly indifferent to him; she was such a very discreet young lady, she had her feelings under such wonderful control.

Under the shadowy beech-trees by the little, singing stream they walked together chatting pleasantly. Aggie was so happy then, forgetful of all her doubts and troubles; forgetful of the long months which had separated that summer time from this spring day. She was so thoroughly happy walking beside him, and listening to his voice once again.

Lily was watching for them, on her lounge-sofa in the window, waiting, poor little thing. She was very tired of lying there; so much, her life was becoming a burthen to her, her weakness was troubling her so.

"How long you have been!" she said wearily as they stood by the window under the leaves.

"Have you been lonely, darling?" Aggie asks gently; "I am sorry I left you."

"I am used to it, quite used to it," the invalid says; "no one cares to sit with me;" and the red lips pout, she is fretful to-day.

Then Aggie lays her gentle hand on Lily's arm, she speaks softly to her, and tells her of the pleasant walk in the glen; tells her how green the trees and ferns are looking; how Charlie admired it all. And Lily listens, the fretful look fades away out of her face, she smiles presently.

"I am so glad you like it," she says to Charlie, "so glad you have seen it all."

And then they sat chatting, those three ; and Lily's old merry laugh made pleasant music. She had cheered up ; it did her good to look at big, honest Charlie's face ; he was so kindly too, so gentle to her.

"I would like to show you our little church, Mr. Okedon ; I will bring you there myself to-morrow morning ; mayn't I, Aggie ? We can all go, I in my bath-chair."

Then Charlie smiles and says—

"Yes, we must make that little expedition ; I can pull the chair too, if I may."

"Oh, how kind, Mr. Okedon ! what fun it will be !"

And Lily was in high good humour now, the prospect of that expedition was so pleasant to her.

How good he was ; how kind and cheery. All that evening he sat by the lounge-sofa chatting to Lily, keeping her in such good spirits.

He made her forget her loneliness, he kept her from thinking. A thousand times fairer and more lovable he seemed to Aggie on that evening, as she sat watching his kindly face, and listening to his pleasant voice ; a thousand times more worthy of her love than ever. He was so gentle to Lily, so thoughtful, so watchful of her ; and silently my saint sat working, with her grave face bent ; and Charlie's eyes were turning ever to that soft Madonna face, dwelling always on it. And while he looked Lily was watching him ; she was reading something in his expressive face ; she was beginning to find out his secret, and with the discovery came great joy and hope into her heart. He was so good and kindly she thought ; and that night in her prayers, Lily prayed very earnestly that this thing for which she hoped so ardently might come to pass.

CHAPTER LV.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

CAPTAIN DASHWOOD was making the most of his holiday. While Charlie was sitting talking to Lily, while he strove to amuse the poor lonely little soul, Jack was living in a whirl of excitement and pleasure. Lady Georgina was so proud of having him, of having succeeded in taking him away from his foolish little child-wife. She took him everywhere, she made much of him, and Captain Jack was enjoying himself immensely. But alas for all his good wise resolves ! alas for the vain idle promises which he had made to himself in the country church among the graves ! he forgot them all. Everywhere Captain Dashwood was seen, and everywhere was he with pretty piquant Miss Foulkes. People began to talk ; old ladies, with troops of well-regulated daughters, shook their heads, and wondered what Lady Mary Foulkes meant by allowing her daughter to make such a fool of herself ; and the well-regulated young ladies drew themselves up and looked with shocked propriety on the pretty little culprit, when they came upon her in retired little corners and out-of-the-way places, sitting with that handsome gentleman whose wife was

away, no one knew where, breaking her heart in solitude. Thoughtless, selfish Jack ! he was falling almost unconsciously into this net which was set for him ; he never paused to think—he gave himself up to the pleasure of the moment, thinking not of the ills to come, careless of the future. He was flattered and pleased by Fanny's preference. He admired her, and liked talking to her and dancing with her, but he wasn't in love with her ; in that one way he was still true to his wife ; he wrote very tender, loving letters to the little recluse ; he told her all his news, but while she read them—the jealous little lady—her heart failed her, he was enjoying himself so thoroughly away from her ; his letters were such gay, cheery ones, and he spoke not of his return ; he never mentioned the Foulkes's either, but Tom wrote letters—long, chatty letters—to the little invalid. "We see Dashwood every day," he said ; and then my young heroine, making all kinds of strange pictures for herself, thinking all kinds of things, would cry quietly to herself over these troubles, seeing no hope ; and so it was that while the summer days were coming on,

when the spring was far spent, and the days were long and warm, Lily was only growing thinner and paler, getting weaker and weaker. Poor little soul! she was fretting and wearing her life away over her troubles. All day she sat in the garden under the chestnut trees; all day Aggie and Charlie sat with her, chatting to her, trying to amuse her, but she would not be comforted; she was pettish and dissatisfied in those days, but they were very patient with her, making great allowances for her weakness.

They made a great pet of her; Charlie and Aggie spent all their time with the little invalid. Lily saw more of Charlie in those days than did Aggie. Still waiting, still hoping and fearing in his own cowardly way, he was watching Aggie day after day in her quiet home among her many little duties; he was watching her as she ministered always to the wants of others; he saw how those weak spirits leant on her strong one, how they turned ever to her for help and support, how they looked always to her for advice; and he saw how she bore her burthen, never murmuring; and he watched her still when she went her little rounds of charities, labouring still for the good of others, putting out her talents, making them of good account; he saw her in those humble cottages—homes where she was well known, where entering she filled the house with sudden light; he saw her still among her village schools, teaching and labouring, never wearying or growing faint-hearted, always hopeful, always patient; and he loved her all the more with a reverend, perfect love, seeing through her the brightness of heaven. Poor fretful Lily! she was rather selfish in her way, she looked for more attention and tenderness than others would have expected, she grumbled and fretted if she was left ever so short a time to herself, and still—the foolish little thing—I think she would have given almost anything to see Aggie and Charlie happy.

It was one of Aggie's choir days, when my saint went to practise her psalms and hymns with her little choir in the old church among the trees—a bright June day, a clear, sun-light day, when the birds were all

singing with gladness, and the trees were covered with leaves, and Aggie was standing close to Lily's garden-chair, looking down upon the delicate childish face with her grave eyes.

"I will come back soon," she was saying; "I must not desert my little choir, you know."

And Lily said, "Oh no, they couldn't get on without you, darling—I know that; but then no more can I remember, and don't be long."

"You have Mr. Okedon, you won't be lonely."

"Oh! I thought perhaps he was going with you."

"No."

"Why not?"

"He didn't ask to, and besides, he would be sadly in my way."

"Oh, Aggie, Aggie! what a very cold-hearted young lady you are!—I'll engage the poor dear fellow would give one of his eyes this moment to make his little expedition with you; you're very hard on him."

And Lily laughed one of her gay, merry laughs, as she saw the mild reproof in those gray eyes which were bending above her.

"Nonsense! you little romantic thing; you're always making castles in the air, dreaming foolish dreams; you won't make me believe you, I'm too sensible."

"You're so very sensible, my good Aggie, that you won't see the truth, that's all."

Aggie only smiled, but she bent down and kissed the pale face, and then she turned to go. "I won't be long," she said, and Lily watched her as she hurried away over the bright grass. Romancing, castle-building Lily, she was making up a whole world of good things, which were in store for that gentle, pretty sister of hers; she was planning out a long happy life for that good patient little girl, who was hurrying on under the chestnut trees. There was one thing for which my little invalid hoped very ardently, and she was determined to scheme and plot so that that great thing should be brought about, and so, some half hour later, when Charlie sat beside her on the garden chair, Lily said—

"I am sure you would like a walk, Mr. Okedon."

"No, no," he interrupted; but she said, "Yes, you would; I know you

would. Will you fetch Aggie from the church? You know the way."

Then Charlie, blushing, in his stupid way, murmured, "Yes, if you think she'll like it," and he glanced nervously at Lily's bending face. Had she found out his secret already? he wondered; but no, the little pale face was very innocent looking, and she said—

"Of course she will be glad of a companion, and I'm sure you'll like the walk. Go; she'll be coming back directly."

And then he went under the chestnut trees. Lily watched him as he strode along, she had taken such a fancy to that big honest young squire, who was so gentle to her in her weakness, who watched her so tenderly, anticipating her every wish. What a good husband he would make, and very fervently she hoped that her wish would be fulfilled. "If I could see it all accomplished," she thought, "before—before I go away." And then, thinking so of many things, of days and years which were as yet far off, there came a doubt into my little heroine's heart that she might never see that time, that the "going away" of which she spoke often, might mean more than any of them thought. Poor little soul! her weakness was beginning to make her very thoughtful; and while she watched Charlie pacing away through the trees, big tears came swelling up into her eyes, and a great despair and regret was in her heart. She had been so unfortunate in her life, things had gone so ill with her, that the thought of all that happiness which was in store for others only made her cross seem a heavier one and harder to be borne. She had built up such glorious castles in the air for herself once on a time, she had painted scores of brilliant pictures; she had dreamt such happy dreams, but they were all gone; and while she sat there in the shade so thinking, she was telling herself that perhaps it was better as it was—better that she should so fade away and die, while she was yet young, before her husband's love should have quite gone from her. That morning she told her doubt. Her old father, standing by her, was thinking his darling looking better to-day: there was a warmer colour in her cheeks, a

brighter light in her eyes, and they had been chatting together quietly, when she said—

"Darling, do you think I shall ever be strong again?"

"My child, you must be patient. You are better even now—much better."

His hand was lying upon hers, and he pressed it closer while he spoke. He was trying to still a fear within himself.

"They all tell me I must be patient. The doctor told me so three months ago. He said that when the spring days came I should be strong and well again; it's summer now, and still I'm no better."

He was silent. He sat by her, with his hand on hers; but he didn't know how to comfort her, and his fear was only growing greater.

"Perhaps it's as well," she said again, "perhaps it's better I should die. I haven't been very successful in my life. I've only been a burthen and trouble; everything has gone wrong with me."

He knew what she meant. He had seen and judged for himself, and there was anger in his heart against that handsome gentleman who was away amusing himself in town.

"My little woman, I'm sorry I ever let you go from your old man. I shouldn't have been so ready to part with you; it was a mistake, a great mistake."

But she checked him.

"No, no, darling, you musn't say that. He has been a very good husband to me; but every one has their trials."

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," he said then. "If we could always so think, our trials would be lightened an hundred fold. Seeing God's love ever through our troubles, they wouldn't seem like troubles at all."

"I wish I could think so. Oh, darling, I wish I was good like you, but I'm not."

And then the poor weary little head was hidden away on his breast.

"I've been so foolish and troublesome—I've worried him so, I know I have—I never tried to make his home pleasant for him, and—that's how it is—that's why we never got on very well. It was all my fault. I was always such a fool, I

couldn't manage properly, and—and we're in debt now—I know we are—I couldn't keep out of it. I don't know how it was, we were both so ignorant, and Jack never helped me—and so, darling, I'm afraid it was a mistake. I never could make him a good wife; that's why I sometimes think it would be better for us both, if—if I was—to die."

Closer still he drew the little figure to him. He saw it all, she had been such a pet at home, she was such a frail little flower, so ill-suited to the wear and tear of life; things against which stronger spirits could have fought and done battle, only crushed her and weighed her down completely.

"My little woman," he said soothingly, "you musn't talk so, it is for Him, the good God, to judge whether you are fit to die, whether your time has come; we are all in his hands, our lives are not our own."

She was crying softly now, gentle tears. His soothing voice went home to her heart, his good patient words touched a chord there.

"I am very wicked, I know I am; I am not fit to die yet; but oh, darling! I am very tired of living, its

such an endless battle, and I'm so weak."

It was the truth, and he didn't answer her. He sat by her there in that shady place, clasping her very close to him, and that great fear was growing greater and more terrible. He knew she was fading away from him; he knew that he was about to lose her, and yet he found it very very hard to say "Thy will be done." He was a good man, and he had borne many of the world's trials; he had accepted much ill and sorrow in an humble spirit, seeing God's love through it all; but this cup was a very bitter one. He couldn't help praying and trusting that in mercy it would be taken from him. He blamed himself much for all this sorrow. "I should have guarded her from all those ills," he said to himself, "I should have been more careful of the treasure committed to my care." But it was too late now for repentance, the time had passed; he could only stand afar off, waiting, trusting, and praying that God in his infinite mercy would see fit to spare his treasure to him for yet a little while longer.

CHAPTER LVI.

A LITTLE NEARER.

Down the pleasant green lanes Charlie walked by himself to the church. He walked on in the sunlight past the green hedgerows, the bright fields, and groups of trees. It was such a bright joyous day, the sun shone so warmly on everything, the birds were all chirping and singing as he went along. But there was a load on his heart which all this gladness could not lighten, there was an uncertainty which troubled him terribly.

Over the wooden stile, through the long grass he walked; on the still air the organ notes came ringing to him; he paused to listen, it was the "Ave Maria," and he stood under the shadow of the church wall listening to the sweet thrilling voice within, only for a moment; then he stepped into the church quietly.

There by the organ, all alone, he saw her sitting; over the slight figure and bright hair there fell a

whole rainbow of light. Through the picture window in the aisle, on the angel face and devotional eyes there was a brightness as of heaven. Looking and listening, Charlie thought that of such bright beautiful beings the angels of the kingdom should be, and that with such sweet thrilling voices the choirs of heaven should be made. He had stolen in so quietly that she never saw him; he stood hat in hand watching and listening as the sweet solemn music rose and fell. Then, when the song was over, when the voice was still, before the swell of the organ had quite died away, he crept out again into the churchyard to wait.

And it was there among the graves that Aggie found him when she turned to go home. All by himself he was sitting waiting for her, on the little stile close to the gate. She gave a little start at sight of him,

she hadn't expected to find him there; she had been thinking of him too while she played, but she only said—

"You here, Mr. Okedon? How did you find your way to our little out of the way churchyard?"

She was smiling as she stood close to him, her gentle eyes looked deep and soft as they turned on him, and he lost his presence of mind, as he always did when she looked at him so; he grew confused and began murmuring some unintelligible sentence, but she interrupted him,—"I thought you were going to keep Lily company this morning."

He was hurt, he flushed a little.

"She sent me here," he said, fumbling with the latch of the gate; "I told her that I thought very likely you wouldn't thank her for doing so, but she made me come."

"Oh, I see—thanks."

And Aggie passed through the gate and stood beside him on the road.

"I've been listening to you singing, too," he continued, desperately, "I've been watching you though you didn't see me. There's no harm in that, is there?"

He spoke gravely, but she laughed lightly as she answered,

"Oh, none at all, a cat may look at a king, you know, and listen to a king singing, too, I suppose. But why didn't you speak to me, Mr. Okedon?"

"I don't know; I was spell-bound, I suppose. I was on enchanted ground, listening and looking in a dream. I didn't want to break the charm."

They were still standing by the wooden gate together, and Charlie saw, or fancied he saw, the faintest ripple of colour creep into the fair cheeks, just a little wave of a deeper red, but the provoking little mushroom hat was bent lower, and Aggie only said, "Oh, I see"—and then there was rather an awkward pause, while Mr. Okedon plucked nervously at some long burdock leaves close by, and Miss Fremantle poked holes in the gravel with the top of her parasol. Then Charlie spoke again.

"I don't know whether you'll laugh at me, or think me a great fool, when I say that your music has made me feel very good and thoughtful. I don't know how it is, but it touched some chord, it awakened up some good thoughts within me; it has made me

less miserable and despairing than I was."

She didn't answer him, the mushroom hat was bent lower, and she let him ramble on.

"I should like often to hear you singing so. I think looking at you and listening to your voice does me good, makes me better, leads me nearer to heaven. I don't know how it is, I can't explain it to you, but perhaps you understand it all yourself?"

The mushroom hat was raised, the deep grey eyes looked full upon him, and Aggie said,

"I do; I've felt it all scores of times. I know exactly what you mean. I shall be very proud of my music always now."

She was smiling again—one of her gentle, quiet smiles—on Charlie, and he was silent.

"And now we must hurry home," Aggie said cheerily, gathering up her dress and turning to go,—*"we have been dawdling here too long. My music and organ always tempt me into staying here twice as long as I intended; it's my great recreation."*

Then along the green lanes he walked beside her still, silently. He had been so near, so very near telling his love to her in those few minutes standing with her by the wooden stile, but his faint heart had overruled him—he had been too cowardly to speak then—he stood in too great awe of her. He never suspected that she had guessed his secret long ago. He would wait still, he thought, watching her, hoping and trusting that in the end all would come right. He had been so bold in speaking to her even as he had done to-day, he was surprised at himself; he had done quite enough for one day—he would be patient, and let time do the rest. All this he planned, walking by her along those pleasant country roads.

That evening, by the drawing-room window, they sat with Lily. It was a still, sultry night; not a breath was stirring the leaves of the westeria which covered the wall, and clustered round the window, a long French window, which served also for a door in summer time, and opened on to the smooth-mown lawn grass outside. On this warm evening the glass door stood wide open, and the breath of the flowers was filling the air with

scent. Lily's lounge sofa was drawn a little back from the window, but she liked lying there, looking out into the twilight, and breathing that sweet scented air. Charlie was sitting there too, big kindly Charlie, and Aggie, on a low stool close up to the open window, with her white hands lying crossed on her lap, for once idle, my saint, too, was enjoying this sweet summer's evening; in her dreamy way she was leaning back among the curtains, thinking.

"And so you have really only been four days here, Mr. Okedon; it seems such an age," Lily was saying.

Charlie laughed. "Is that meant for a compliment, or otherwise," he said.

"No, I was only thinking I have been here three weeks; I was thinking how slowly the days go by now."

Aggie came out from among her curtains now; the pretty face was turned smilingly to that lounge sofa.

"Really, Lily," she laughed, "you're most uncomplimentary."

"Am I? I dare say I am; but invalids are always privileged people, aren't they? I don't mean anything rude."

"Only four days," Charlie said; "they don't seem long to me."

Almost unconsciously he glanced at Aggie as he spoke. The soft Madonna face was turned a little up, the grave eyes were roused with that devotional look in them. Aggie was gazing out dreamily into the night; she hadn't heard him. Charlie thought she was thinking of something else.

"Such peaceful happy days," he continued; "I have enjoyed them so very much."

Lily was watching him while he spoke; she saw how his eyes rested on Aggie's gentle face, and she said softly—

"I am so glad."

Then they sat there silently by the open window, each with their thoughts, until Aggie thinking that the air was growing a little chill and damp, and fearing ever for the invalid, said—

"And now, darling, we must shut

the window, and keep the night air out; we mustn't forget you."

And then Charlie shut to the glass doors, and Aggie went over to her tea-tray.

Later on, when the candles were lit, and the blinds drawn down, my saint sat down to sing; and Charlie, still sitting by the little invalid, was watching silently the sweet angel face, the golden hair, the wonderful thrilling voice—his dream always; he could have sat watching her so for ever; he never tired of gazing on her, and listening to her voice, he never wearied of thinking and dreaming so of her, she was so good and beautiful, so perfect, so he thought; and yet after all how cold-hearted she was, too, how distant and formal with him, he made no way with her, he didn't understand her, good, beautiful, and gentle as she was, still he didn't give her credit for all the real tenderness of her nature; he couldn't see beyond that coating of indifference, he didn't know what a very foolishly romantic young lady she really was, how soft her heart was, and how loyal her affections were when once engaged; he judged her carelessly, as the world always judges, he read her character from appearances, never trying to see beyond, and he condemned her as cold and heartless. My poor misjudged little saint! what a very illused little person she was, to be sure.

And so this evening passed away, as those others had done before, leaving Charlie no nearer to his hope, carrying away with it precious moments, never to be retrieved; and Aggie, in her peaceful little room that night all alone, thinking over the events of the day, only felt the gulf between them growing wider, the distance greater, and more terrible, and bravely, earnestly she prayed that night, that new strength might be given her to fight over again that great battle which she had fought against herself in those past winter times; a battle against her own foolish heart, which even yet rose up in arms against her, and defied her proud brave spirit.

CHAPTER LVII.

TOO LATE.

AND Jack was enjoying himself immensely; his two weeks of holiday time were over and past, and still he lingered in London. There was so much going on; such balls and dinners, and pleasant evenings in Chester-street. Irresolute Jack! There had been many such evenings lately; syren songs had led him away into a new strange land of dreams; brown eyes, wonderful brilliant eyes had spoken strange things to him, had cast a spell over him, the magic circle had been drawn round him while he lingered on those enchanted grounds, the enchantress had whispered her incantation over him, and behold, he was spell-bound.

Thoughtless Jack! how far was this weak vanity of his going to lead him astray? how much of anguish and remorse would it bring to him by-and-by? He never thought, he never dreamt of any ill as he strayed off so into that enchanted land, he only wandered on from day to day, never thinking, fearing nothing; he would have opened wide his handsome eyes had any one told him that in those syren songs there lay for him a beauty and a spell which was to be the ruin of him; he would have been strangely surprised had some one told him that in consequence of his folly, a certain foolish, blue-eyed little lady was breaking her poor jealous little heart in that far-away old place near Cheltenham. Captain Jack was a very thoughtless young gentleman, he never paused to consider whether things were good or bad for him, he only consulted his own wishes, he never denied himself anything for which he had a liking, if it lay in his power to gratify his wishes; and yet he wasn't such a very heartless wicked man either, there was a great deal of good in him; but there was no one to take him in hand, and lead him in the way he should go, there was no strong spirit to take the mastery over his weak one, and reclaim all the ill. And so he was still wandering away from the narrow way, he was still erring in many small ways, and all because there was no one to help him, no one to take him by the hand, and lead him into the

light. His holiday was over, he had been away a whole week longer than his time, and still he couldn't tear himself away from his pleasant town life, he couldn't quite make up his mind to return again to the terrible monotony of that old house among the roses; yet a little while he would still enjoy himself, and then back again to his duty.

This June month was very nearly over; the flowers were all in bloom in the country gardens, the sun shone ever on bright fields and shady trees, and in London there was dust and heat; but Captain Dashwood preferred the town to-day, when the afternoon was growing late. Captain Jack had driven through the streets with Georgie by his side in the open carriage, and they had gone to pay the Foulkes's a visit in Chester-street; Lady Mary was "at home" every afternoon at five o'clock, and Captain Dashwood had acquired a new taste for tea at that hour.

In the pleasant, cool drawing-room, behind Venetian blinds, they sat late that day, he and his little sister, with Lady Mary and Fanny, chatting so pleasantly. There had been a great ball the night before, and there were dresses and figures and faces to be picked to pieces, and laughed at. Miss Foulkes was such a mimic, she was such a terribly sarcastic young lady, few things escaped her; she saw hundreds of little things which no one else saw, and she couldn't help laughing over her friends' little imperfections and misfortunes; she couldn't help enjoying their troubles.

"Didn't you remark," she was saying over her tea to-day, "why Lord John was quite cold to Miss Crampton? he only danced once with her; and that a slow one, although the poor little thing was better dressed and cleaner than usual. He left her standing in a corner all night, while he dragged that great lumbering niece of Lady Wallace's all round the room."

"How cruel of him," said Miss Georgie, with her wild eyes opened wide at this enormity; "what an odious person he must be."

Fanny laughed. "Not at all," she

said, "quite the contrary—a charming man; a little bit of a flirt, I grant you—most men are—but none the worse for that."

"You like flirts?" Georgie asks, aghast; the little romantic thing! she is startled by this new doctrine.

"As a rule, yes," Fanny answers calmly, laying down her cup and saucer. "A man who can't flirt isn't worth anything, I think; a person requires to have some brains to know how to flirt properly; it's just as much an accomplishment as singing well or dancing well; don't you agree with me, Captain Dashwood?"

Jack bites his moustaches uneasily, for Georgie's inquiring eyes are turned full upon him.

"I don't know," he says undecidedly. "I never studied the subject."

Fanny is looking down, but the faintest smile is on her lips as she says, "some people have the gift by nature, and can't help themselves, they can never be cured; and others, again, can never learn the art; those are the dull ones, I suppose." She laughs again.

"Well, I don't agree with you at all," Miss Georgie says in her impulsive hot way. "I hate flirts, I always have hated them, and always shall; they're the wickedest people in the world, they cause more misery than anything else."

"Dear me, how hard you are on these same poor flirts. One would think you had some cruel experience, my good child," Fanny says.

Georgie doesn't answer, she looks down; she doesn't blush, she never blushes, she is too pale, but she looks uneasy.

"No, I haven't," she says at last; "but I've seen a good deal of it, and I don't approve; I never shall."

Georgie had stood up while she spoke, it was growing late, and she was pulling on her gloves. Fanny came over to her, she passed her arm round her, and said quietly—

"Then, my dear, take my advice, don't go out to balls, keep quietly in the back ground, well out of the way, for, let me tell you, my poor good little goose, all your heroism and propriety wouldn't pay. You're a great deal too candid and true to get on in the world."

And then she kissed the pale face, and was silent.

That evening, as Jack and his sister drove home, Georgie said—

"Suppose we make a little round, Jack, and drive through Bedford-street?"

And Jack said, "if you like." He had grown thoughtful after that chat over Lady Mary's tea, and so they made the round. Over the pavements clattering along, and past that big sombre lodging-house, where Jack and his young wife had spent the past winter months together. The blinds were drawn down in the long, narrow drawing-room windows, the mignonette was faded and dead in the green boxes on the window-stools, and Georgie sighed, as she said—

"Ah, Jack, how desolate the house looks."

"Awfully," he answers, shortly; but there is something in his heart echoing the words, and he feels rather regretful, as he looks up at the familiar windows, where so short a time ago a young soft face had looked out daily for his coming home.

"Is she growing stronger, Jack?" Georgie asks, presently.

"I don't know," he answered, dejectedly, "she is such a delicate little thing, always ailing. I had no idea when I married her that she was so delicate; she didn't look like it, did she?"

"I think she did; she was so slight and fair."

"I hope she will be all right soon; we must be patient; it's only weakness, the doctors say; this glorious summer weather will set her on her legs again in no time."

"Poor little thing," Georgie sighed, and then they drove on in silence through that sombre street, past the dingy lodging-houses. Jack had grown thoughtful; he wasn't happy, his conscience wasn't clear, and he was trying to make up his mind to make a sacrifice.

"When are you going back to her, Jack?"

And the question makes him uneasy.

"I don't know," he answered; "soon, I think."

"Indeed, Jack, if you don't mind my saying it, I think you ought to go back very soon. She's so weak, she must miss you, I'm sure."

"Oh, nonsense! she can't be such a baby as all that, she has her sister and father, she can't be lonely."

But while he spoke he felt that he was trying to deceive himself, he knew that she couldn't be happy without him; he knew how she loved him better than father, and sister, and home, and everything, and he was half angry with his sister for confirming him in his consciousness of being careless of these things.

"She couldn't expect me to settle down in that old mole-hill of a place, never seeing a soul or hearing any news; why, bless my soul! Georgie, you can't imagine the dullness of that place, it's something perfectly infernal, I can't describe it."

"Why don't you take her away somewhere?"

"So I will; I've been thinking if I could manage it; if her ladyship would let me have a couple of hundred pounds I should like to take Lily abroad somewhere for a bit; but I can't do it without. I'm run so tight just now, I haven't a brass farthing own; but if mother would help I could bring her off somewhere. I know it would cure her at once; do you think she would?"

"I don't know."

"I'm sure she might, she has never given me sixpence since I married; and she knows, no one better, how poor we are; three hundred a year isn't much, is it, for a fellow brought up as I have been!"

"No, indeed."

"And yet she never offered to give us a lift; it's d——stingy, that's all."

"Perhaps if you were to speak to her and tell her that Lily's health depends on it, she might relent, Jack. I think she would, she couldn't be so hard."

"I'll try her."

And then there came another silence, which lasted a long time. And it wasn't until the carriage was close to Lady Georgina's house in Park-lane that Georgie spoke, and then she said, very gently—

"Will you go home, I mean to Lily, Jack, at once; will you settle something with mamma this evening, and don't stay away any longer. Ah, Jack! the poor dear little thing, you ought to be with her now, you oughtn't to leave her for so long; indeed, indeed, you oughtn't; she's very ill I'm afraid, worse than any one thinks, perhaps; and you're so fond of her, Jack, I know you are. You

don't mean to neglect her, but when people are ill and weak they imagine all kinds of things, and I'm sure she's worrying her life out thinking of you; and—you're not angry with me for speaking so, are you, Jack? I'm only saying what I have been thinking for a long time; I'm sure I'm right."

"No; oh, no, I'm not the least angry."

"And I think, perhaps, she doesn't like you're going so much to the Foulkes's—Fanny is so"—

"By Jove! I think you're mad, Georgie, and most confoundedly impudent too; pray why shouldn't I pay visits wherever I please? The idea of Fanny Foulkes, a girl I've known all my life, such humbug."

And Captain Jack frowned defiantly down.

"I didn't mean anything, Jack, I only said"—

"Yes, you only said a devilish impertinent thing; of course you meant nothing, but I should be just as well pleased if, for the future, you just thought a little before you spoke."

"I have thought," Georgie said, hotly. "It's just because I have been thinking so much lately that I speak now. I think Fanny Foulkes is a wicked little flirt, and I think she's doing her best to make you forget your poor little wife, and—and oh, Jack, you won't believe me, but indeed I am in earnest. I am advising you for the best when I tell you to go back to Lily, I think you would understand her better now, that's all; I can't help it if you're angry with me; I'm only doing it for the best, indeed I am."

Then there was a pause, Jack was looking down still, and at last he said—

"Georgie, you're a good little soul, if there were more like you the world would be a better place; I think you're right too, I'm a fool."

"No, no," Georgie whispered, "you're a very good fellow, if you would only think sometimes. You have a good heart; but I don't think you thought of all this before."

Then Jack said—

"I never think. I'm always putting my foot in everything, somehow or another. I'm such an unlucky fellow, everything goes wrong with me."

But Georgie comforted him.

"Everything will go well now," she said. "You will understand Lily better, you won't think her so exacting."

Then Jack looked full into his sister's face.

"Georgie, you don't think she distrusts me; you don't think she's jealous of Fanny?"

"I don't know, Jack; I used to think sometime that perhaps she was; in the winter time, when she was ill, I sometimes fancied that that there was a doubt in her heart, but it may be my mistake; I can't say."

He didn't speak, there was sorrow and remorse in his heart, he would have given worlds then to retrieve something of that past time; to live it all over again, quite differently; and he didn't speak any more words, he sat there thinking until the carriage stopped. He made up his

mind; there was some time yet left; how long a time he daren't ask himself, but he would take his wife away to some pleasant place, where they too might begin their lives over again, better, happier lives, understanding each other as they had never done before. In some far away foreign country he would begin this new way of living; so he planned to himself that day. Did the discovery of his mistake come to him too late? Had he lost his way further than he thought, from the fair path upon which he and his child-wife had set out together? I am afraid he had. I am very much afraid that my idle, good-for-nothing hero, could never content himself in that paradise which he was planning out; he would weary very, very soon of that peaceful dream; and so, perhaps, after all, it was better as it was, better that this new hope came all too late.

GIPSY LANGUAGE, WITH OTHER GIPSY ITEMS.

THEIR ORIGIN, AND FIRST VISITS TO US.

THERE are some few problems likely to remain unsolved till our planet sees the last spark of animal life on its surface extinguished. Among these may be reckoned the early history of the stone-using people of Europe, the condition of the unilluminated half surface of the moon, and the condition of the Gipsy people before they made their first unwelcome visit to Europe. An additional problem, though of less importance might be—"How have they existed as a separate people on the profits of cheap tin ware, horn spoons, and wooden platters, and on miserable thefts (they seldom aspire to highway robbery)? It seems an established fact that the ancestors of our European vagrants disturbed at some remote time the inhabitants of a border country of Northern India. Their next halting place was Persia, which country returned (ought at least) fervent thanks on being assured of their departure to lodge for a season among the Asiatic Greeks. Thence into Europe was an easy transit; and such is the tenacious vitality of the

folk, that at the present day their entire population amounts to five millions, half a million being quartered on Europe. To the philologists deep versed in the Sanskrit and the Indo-European tongues, we are indebted for any certainty of the above progress. Were we to rely on their own reports, Egypt was the cradle of the people. Mr. Walter Simson, who contributed papers to *Blackwood* some forty years since, and corresponded with Sir Walter Scott on this subject, endeavoured to secure as their ancestors the motley multitude who went up with the Israelites out of Egypt. He was self-convinced that these shadowy wanderers strayed away to India, and quitting that country after many generations had been united to mother earth, proceeded westwards to add one to the existing amount of insoluble problems.

An Austrian monk first recorded their presence in Europe under the title of Ishmaelites and braziers. Then as now, they carried on the peddling business, and kept moving from place to place. They are mentioned at various periods between the

twelfth and sixteenth centuries as making their appearance in sundry parts of Europe in large bodies, and not a little astonishing the folk whom they honoured with their visits.

One of their most remarkable avatars occurred before Zurich, a short time after the Council of Constance, where they appeared in a body one thousand strong. They adapted their plausible narrative to the imaginative and devotional spirit of their hearers. "They were from the land of Egypt, they had been conquered by the Saracens, and forced to renounce their Christian belief; a better time arrived; the Christians recovered Egypt, and restored liberty of conscience, but the Pope imposed a severe penance on them for their apostacy. They were to wander abroad for seven years, and never to sleep within dwelling-houses."

Some hands improved on the narrative. Their ancestors in Egypt had shown the reverse of hospitality to the Holy Family during their sojourn in that country, and so they, the descendants of these sinners so far removed, in time, were obliged to endure this severe punishment. One of the mysteries hovering round the memory of these ancient gipsies is the affluent appearance made by the new visitors on several occasions, and the speedy subsiding of the gangs into poverty. Unlike Burns' "Poor but honest Soldier," "their hands soon became stained with plunder;" and severe enactments were put in force against them. Even so late as 1748, Thomas Carlyle's Frederic the philosopher ordained that every gipsy caught in his realms should be hanged. Henry VIII. and Elizabeth were among their bitterest ill-wishers. The good Maria Theresa of Austria looked to the education of their children, endeavoured to convert themselves into steady tillers of the land in Hungary and Transylvania, and had rows of houses built for them on the outskirts of towns, and the title of "New Peasants" conferred on them. Only partial success followed the efforts of the benevolent empress. Gipsy nature is intolerant of restraint,

as the good clergyman, George Crabb and his people found to their chagrin, in their model gipsy colony at Southampton in 1832.

Mr. Walter Simson, already mentioned, long persisted in procuring materials for a satisfactory treatise on the history, language, and spirit of the people, especially the Scottish tribes, but his labours were not published till 1865,* some years after his death. The unwillingness of the tribe that anything about them should appear in print kept Mr. Simson's hand back till he could glean every possible bit of information from the many individuals to whom he had shown kindness.

George Borrow himself was not more enthusiastic about these wandering folk, nor more interested in their welfare. Some instances will appear in this paper; but first, order requires that we should say something of the introduction of the vagrants into Scotland, and their after struggles for permission to stop in the country.

HOW THEY IMPOSED ON JAMES IV.

The earliest authentic document relative to the abode of gipsies in Scotland, is a letter from James IV. to his uncle the King of Denmark in 1506, requesting him to give shelter in his dominions to a certain Antony Gavin and his people, who had told him a story similar to that with which their Continental brethren had favoured the foreign princes and nobles.

"Most illustrious, &c., Anthonius Gavino, Earl of Little Egypt, and the other afflicted and lamentable tribe of his retinue, whilst through a desire of travelling, and by a command of the Pope (as he says) pilgriming over the Christian world according to their custom, had lately arrived on the frontiers of our kingdom, and implored us that we, out of our humanity, would allow him, &c., &c. He has sojourned here, as we are informed, for several months, in peaceable and catholic manner. King and uncle, he now proposes a voyage to Denmark to thee. But being about to cross the ocean, he hath requested our letters, in which we would inform your highness of these, and at the same time commend the

* A History of the Gipsies, with specimens of the Gipsy Language. By Walter Simson. Edited, with Preface, &c., by James Simson. London: Samson Low, Son, and Marston.

calamity of this tribe to your royal munificence. But we believe that the fates, manners, and race of the wandering Egyptians are better known to thee than us, because Egypt is nearer thy kingdom, and a greater number of such men sojourn in thy kingdom. Most illustrious," &c.

The gipsies must have put a certain restraint on their darling propensities for several years, for in 1540 we find a writ issued in favour of John Faw, their Riah or King for the time.

In this paper the chivalrous James Fitzjames of Scott's noble poem, enjoins his sheriffs, provosts, aldermen, bailies, &c., to aid "our loved John Faw, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt, to assist him in execution upon his company and folk conform (*sic*) to the law of Egypt." The writ directs all these officers to help the loved gipsy chief in securing, imprisoning, or giving up to Mr. Faw, any of his stray subjects, chiefly, Sebastiane Lalow and his fautorers,—Satona Fingo, Philip Hatscyggaw, Demco Macskalla, and other rebellious knaves with unpronounceable names. The government after lending a gracious ear to the first Egyptian visitors and allowing them to make pilgrimages from St. Finian's spring to St. Rule's cavern and wander from fortalice to burgh at liberty, found the pious strangers more given to petty depredations than to singing pious songs or using their beads in prayer. Nearly five times seven years had passed since their entry into the land, and King Faa or Faw was pressed to bring the devotional excursion of his people and himself to an end, and quit Scottish land for good. Hereupon the apparently well-disposed chief bitterly complained that the above and other self-willed malcontents had renounced their allegiance, had intruded with, and despoiled him of valuable commodities, to wit,—plate, clothes, coin, coined money, jewels, &c., and would not return with him into Egypt, whither he had wished for a long time to conduct his living lieges, and bear an account of all that had died on their pilgrimage. Some trace the quarrels of the two ruling gipsy powers in Scotland, the Baileys and Faas to this period, but it is probable that the whole thing was a well-devised thimble-rigging scheme between Faa and Sebastiane to throw

dust in the eyes of the ruling powers, and secure their stay.

Next year, 1541, according to a tradition in which we have no great faith, the following strange incident occurred. The king being on one of his Haroun Al Raschid expeditions, equipped in gaberlunzie fashion, fell in with a gipsy party in a cave near Wemyss in the kingdom of Fife. Acting the part of an amorous and sturdy beggar to the life, one of the gipsies resenting his approaches to one of the ladies, struck him on the head with a bottle, and so incensed the company with him, that they made a slave of him for the time, and when they started loaded him with their travelling gear, and worked him to such a pass that he fell, exhausted by fatigue. Either on this or another occasion he was obliged to attend to the ass belonging to three of his masters while they were carousing in a tavern at Milnathort. Procuring a slip of paper and writing a few words on it, he induced a lad, by a bribe of half-a-crown, to bear it to Falkland. His nobles learning by the pencil scrawl that the "Guid Man of Ballengeich" was in vile bondage, they rode ten miles in hot haste to his rescue, hung up two of the gipsies at the king's nod, and let the least ruffianly of them go free. James was so enraged at the result of his ragged expedition that he decreed the death of two out of every three gipsies who should be found together. So much of the narrative is given at its value, but without any doubt an edict was made the same year, which being read at the market crosses of burghs, &c., any gipsy found loitering in the kingdom thirty days after, was liable to be put to death. The poor heart-broken monarch dying in 1542, the laws ceased to be put in full force.

THE ENGLISH SOLOMON A PERSECUTOR.

There was such lack of good order in Scotland from the death of James V. to the accession of James VI., and such excesses were committed by partizan bands that the less heinous offences of the gipsies seem to have been overlooked. However the Solomon of his day on assuming the crown issued a decree that all idlers, gipsies, or their imitators, who

used jugglery, fast-and-loose, foretold things, or used such other fantastical imaginations, or made themselves fools, or practised as bairds, should be put in prison, and supported on their own money while it lasted. If there were no moneys in question they were to be fastened to a tree by their ears which were then to be cut off, themselves banished the kingdom, and hung if they ever attempted to return.

At that time the gipsies had better men than themselves as associates in adversity. The same Act denounced "minstrels, songsters, and tale-tellers, not avowed by licence of lords of parliament or great barons, or by the high burghs and cities for their common minstrels." With these were reputed "all vagabond scholars of the universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, not licensed by the rector and dean of faculty to ask alms."

School-masters, penny-chroniclers of giant gooseberries and conflagrations in newspapers; minstrels patronized by the successor of Catnach, moderate your self-pity! University scholars in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries begged their bread.

Other severe statutes succeeded this one, the most stringent being that of 1609, and seasons of relaxation and severity succeeded each other till the present century, the proscribed assuming in times of trouble some clan name, and when severely handled in one chieftainry, making their escape into the territory of some other hostile one. At different times they assumed the names of Stuart, Gordon, Douglas, Graham, Ruthven, Hamilton, Drummond, Kennedy, Grant, Bailey, Shaw, MacDonald, Robertson, &c. The chieftaincy of all the tribes has been from the beginning vested in the Faas or the Bailies. During the high tides of punishment when dozens were executed at once, the women were put to death by drowning.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THEIR SPEECH.

In 1782 Rudiger having carefully studied their language, decided on their Eastern origin. His judgment has been confirmed by several other philologists since his day, among whom figure Grellman, Pottinger, Domeny de Rienzi, Bishop Heber,

and George Borrow. Professor Pott of Hall has given to the world in his *Zigeuner-Sprache* (Gipsies' language) all that is of any value connected with their language. The tongue used by the people when they dwelt in Hindoostan must have received many additions in the countries where they afterwards pitched their tents, and set up their pots, and must have suffered many losses. They have never secured it in a grammatical form, in manuscript or printed book. They use it not when conversing with non-gipsies, or with one another when strangers are present, yet it is still preserved; and when their past and present circumstances are considered, this preservation must be reckoned among the most inexplicable things which have for a long time occupied the attention of modern philosophers.

It could not be expected that our wanderers of thievish propensities would refrain from appropriating the cant and slang used by thieves, and beggars, and vagrants of all denominations, outside their tribe. However it is but to a small extent. Those who take a large circle through our islands, and possess a facility for acquiring languages, conceal their intentions from the Lowlanders by conversing in such Gaelic as they have acquired. If the members of a family are intelligible to each other in Welsh, their conferences are safe from the grasp of a Yorkshire man, and so on. They have made out many useful words by vulgarizing mere English or French ones, thus *test* (tête) is head; *klistic* a soldier, probably comes from enlist; *chatters* teeth, from the quivering action of these agents; *wiper* is napkin; *aizel*, ass, is the German esel; *blinker* window is another manufactured word; so is *stufan*, a tobacco pipe; so is *mypers*, shears; *shan drom*, bad road, seems taken from the Irish *sean*, old, and *drum* outside, back, or surface; *beenlightment*, daylight was easily manufactured; *bing* the devil probably comes from bang; *vile*, village, is the Latin villa or the French ville; *kairer*, baker, has its root in the French cuire, which itself traces its line from the Latin coquere to cook.

GIPSY FAILURES IN LITERATURE.

Dearest of all the things that separate the gipsy from the races among whom he dwells is his language. This, enlarged and diminished, as described, by change of residence and corruptions to which all spoken speech is liable, is spoken among themselves when no stranger is nigh. It is spoken by little boys and girls, and like the secret Masonic signs, forms a ready communication between Asiatic and European gipsies when they meet in their wanderings.

Different writers have come to very different conclusions concerning the perfection or imperfection of their faculties in making analyses of sentences. "Nothing," says George Borrow, "can be more useless or more hopeless than the attempt to attain possession of their vocabulary by inquiring of them how particular ideas and objects are styled in the same, for with the exception of the names of the most common things, they are totally incapable of supplying the required information, owing to their great ignorance, the shortness of their memories, or rather the state of bewilderment to which their minds are brought by any question which tends to bring their reasoning faculties into action. Though frequently the very words which have been in vain required of them, will a minute subsequently, proceed inadvertently from their mouths."

The latter part of this passage is a quotation by Mr. Borrow from a Spanish writer. His own experience does not support the assertion. He says,—

"I recited to the gipsies the Apostle's Creed, sentence by sentence, which they translated as I proceeded. They exhibited the greatest eagerness and interest in their new occupation, and frequently broke into loud disputes as to the best rendering, many being offered at the same time. I then read the translation aloud, whereupon they raised a shout of exultation, and appeared not a little proud of the composition. The truth appears to be that they are not at all incompetent to afford information concerning their language, but exceedingly unwilling to impart it."

This he sufficiently proves by his narration of the literary attempt in which he engaged two of the Spanish Gitanas, Pepa and Chicaroná. He

had translated the whole of the New Testament into the Spanish Rommany, but hoped that his wild and wayward clients would take more interest in it if done by some of themselves, and a version be thus made, "conceived in the exact language in which they express their ideas." So he thus commenced his labours merely as their amanuensis—

"The women made no objection. They were fond of our tertulias (evening entertainments), and they likewise reckoned on the one small glass of Malaga wine with which I invariably presented them. Upon the whole they conducted themselves much better than could have been expected. We commenced with Saint Luke, they rendering into Rommany the sentences which I delivered to them in Spanish. They proceeded as far as the eighth chapter, in the middle of which they broke down. Was that to be wondered at? The only thing which astonished me was that I had induced two such strange beings to advance so far in a task so unwonted, and so entirely at variance with their habits, as translation." (They could neither read nor write.)

On reading the chapters over to them they pronounced them with acclamation, *laco* and *jucal* and *misto* all highly complimentary epithets. Pepa however committed a theft very soon afterwards, which made her seek a retreat for a fortnight. The translation however had nothing to do with the mistake. Mr. Borrow finished the translation of that Gospel in Rommany, and had it published. He made another version of it in Basque, and though the circulation of both was prohibited, two copies were purchased for every library in the kingdom as having merit in a literary point of view.

"The Gitanos of Madrid purchased the Gipsy Luke freely. Many of the men understood it, and prized it highly, induced of course more by the language than the doctrine. The women were particularly anxious to obtain copies though unable to read, but each wished to have one in her pocket; . . . for they all looked upon it in the light of a charm, which would preserve them from all danger and mischance." (Some even prized it more highly than the loadstone.)

Gipsies intermarrying with native folk living in houses, keeping shops or following any lawful pursuit, still lovingly retain their hereditary language, but guardedly refrain from making use of it, except to a trusted

friend of the tribe. Once a Gipsy becomes a member of ordinary society, his dislike to be reputed of the proscribed race is extreme.

PURSUIT OF THE GIPSY SPEECH UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Mr. Simson endured a large amount of trouble and disappointment not mentioning expense, in order to enlarge his vocabulary of Gipsy language. An elderly woman was in the habit of calling twice a year at his house, in order to get rid of her horn spoons and other light ware. He was liberal in his purchases and generous in the matter of little presents, such as Gipsies and all tramps highly value, and all he asked in return was some initiation into her native language, which he designated the *Mason* tongue, as he feared to alarm her susceptibilities by pronouncing the hateful word *-Gipsy*. For four years she would not confess the slightest knowledge of the language; for the next three she made a promise to give a lesson next time; till tired with his importunities and reasonably grateful for his past kindnesses, she gave way.

"She said she would not allow any one in the house to hear her speak to me but my wife. I took her into my parlour, and on being desired, she without the least hesitation or embarrassment, took the seat next the fire. Observing the door of the room a little open, she desired it to be shut in case (for fear) of her being overheard, mentioning that she had no objection to my wife being present, and gravely observing, that husband and wife were one, and should know all one another's secrets. She stated that the public would look upon her with horror and contempt, were it known that she could speak the Gipsy language. She was extremely civil and intelligent, yet placed me upon a familiar equality with herself, when she found I knew of the existence of her speech, and could repeat some words of it. Her nature to all appearance seemed changed. Her bold and fiery disposition seemed softened and subdued. She was very frank and polite, retained her self-possession, and spoke with great propriety."

Mr. Simson's mode of proceeding in breaking down the barriers between himself and his philological victims at the beginning, was sufficiently ingenious. He had got several words from the vocabularies of the *Tschengenes* of Turkey, the *Cyganis* of Hungary, the *Zigeuners* of Germany, the

Gitanos of Spain, and the *Gipsies* of England; and taking a suspected Gipsy unawares, he would accost the party by some simple phrase, in an easy off-hand manner. As several of the fraternity may be found respectably dressed, and in the ranks of citizens, an answer would be unreflectingly returned in the same dialect, and though the speaker would be much chagrined when it was discovered that the gentleman was not a genuine tinkler, some progress would be made. As a general rule ingratitude is not in the category of Gipsy faults, and a good deal of the information procured by Mr. Simson was obtained by his considerate and kind treatment of individual tinklers. Still the harvest was scanty enough, a fact thus satisfactorily accounted for:—

"Besides the difficulties mentioned in the way of getting any of their language from them there is a general one that rises from the suspicious, unsettled, fickle, restless, and volatile nature by which they are characterized. It is a rare thing to get them to speak consecutively for more than a few minutes on any subject, thus precluding the possibility, in most instances, of taking advantage of any favourable humour in which they may be found in the matter of their general history, leaving alone the formal and serious procedure necessary to be followed in regard to their language. If this favourable turn in their disposition is allowed to pass, it is rarely anything of that nature can be got from them at that meeting, and it is extremely likely that at any future interviews they will entirely evade the matter so much desired."

Sometimes the interviews ended uncordially enough. A young Gipsy imagining Mr. Simson to be one of the tribe, furnished him with an abundance of words and their meanings, and sung various songs, one of which celebrated a robbery committed on Lord Shandos, and another a Gipsy battle in which the courage of the women while enduring the rattling of the cudgels on their heads was much lauded; but observe the bitter element rising in the fountain of delights.

"Like the Gipsy woman with whom I had seven years' trouble before getting any of her speech, this Gipsy had in about an hour's time, become very restless and impatient to be gone. The true state of things had in this instance dawned upon his mind. He now became much alarmed, and would neither allow me to write down his songs,

nor stop to give me any more of his words and sentences. His terror was only exceeded by his mortification; and on parting with me he said that had he been at first aware I was unacquainted with his speech, he would not have given me a word of it."

Gratitude in many instances rendered the poor Gipsy impulsive, and he became forthwith too liberal of his linguistic stores. However when the enthusiasm of the moment was over, remorse for betraying that which was the secret of the whole tribe, seized on all his faculties and he hated and despised himself for the unpremeditated treachery.

One of Mr. Simson's most valuable prizes was obtained from a genuine chief to whom he was recommended by many deeds of kindness done to the tribe on his grandfather's farms. A manufactory of horn spoons was conducted in the old gentleman's residence, and much welcome was shown to his visitor, but three several failures occurred before he would unburthen himself. Like most of the fraternity, he considered Ethiopia as their native country, and looked on the language as much more melodious than the Gaelic. He said it was a copious language, there being several names for the same thing, but it had neither alphabet nor grammar. On hearing it remarked that it would under these circumstances soon die out, he replied that would not be, while two Gipsies remained alive in Scotland. Great care was taken to teach the children the language, and they invariably use it when no strangers are within hearing. As in the instances already mentioned the whole family became depressed beyond measure when the interview came to an end.

THE IRISH VARIETY.

More than once we have seen a tinker family settle down by the roadside in the country, the bellows set up, the little daughter blow it, the master of the family with all the damaged pots and cans of the village about him, mending away, the matron carrying her tinware from house to house, and the peasants' wives keeping their eyes very well opened during the progress of a bargain. The ass grazed in the dry dike of the road, and the sunburnt family when con-

versing with each other used the Irish tongue. I distinctly remember the word "sheadh" (*seid*, blow) used by the grand tinker to his daughter when he wished her to put the bellows to its use. The neighbourhood was not in its usual quiet security while they remained. If our memory is trustworthy they got lodging in a farmer's outhouse. We have no recollection of a tent, though there was a green spot by the roadside nicely adapted for it. These were Gipsies in all probability.

Mr. Simson met more than one group of Irish stragglers who he is certain were gipsies, though their ordinary discourse marked them as genuine Paddies and Peggies. In one instance an O'Reilly and a MacEwan (M'Keon ?) were committed for being drunk and disorderly, and the after-sentence was banishment from the little burgh somewhere north of the Forth. M'Keon asked the gaoler on entering his mansion which part would be the easiest to break through. The answer received was that the watchman would shoot him if he made any attempt at evasion. However, the worthy custodian at his next morning's visit found the lock lying on the floor, and the cell empty. O'Reilly condescended to abide his time, and the sequel is too rich for abridgment :

"When the officers were completing the other part of his punishment—banishing him from the town—the regardless, light-hearted Irish tinkler went capering along the streets with his coat off, brandishing, and sweeping, and twirling his *shillalah* (*sic*) in the Gipsy fashion. Meeting his late judge in this excited state, the tinkler with the utmost contempt and derision called out to him, 'Plase your honour, won't you now take a fight with me for the sake of friendship?'"

If this story be genuine it would prove that even Gipsy nature can be modified and influenced by the genius of the people among whom they reside.

SANSKRIT AND ROMMANY.

Returning from this digression to the language of our subjects, and the theory of its Hindoo origin, a fact strongly corroborative of the fact is related by a clergyman named Stephen Vali. He said that when studying

at Leyden, middle of last century, he became acquainted with some young Malabars, of whom three are obliged to remain there till relieved by three other Eastern natives. He wrote down upwards of one thousand words from their dictation, and afterwards repeated them to the Raber Gipsies (some place in Austria), who were able to explain them to him. This perhaps proves too much; the Sanscrit language has little or no relationship to that spoken in Malabar.

It was not in Mr. Simson's power to get his store collated with the vocabulary of any of the low-caste tribes of Hindoostan. However, he secured in a vessel lying at Limekilns, Fifeshire, a black cook, a native of Bombay, answering to the name of John Lobbs, and unable to read or write. To him did our enthusiast repeat about 180 Gipsy words and expressions, and to many of these John applied the proper significations. Nearly all were familiar to him in sound, but to several he gave meanings different to those furnished by the Scotch Gipsies. He said that among the castes of low estate, to one of which he belonged, there were two languages in use—the Hindoo and the Moorish. The words repeated to him chiefly belonged to the latter named, but some were explained by the other.

The names of the digits have a striking resemblance in all the European dialects of the Gipsy tongue, the Persian, the vulgar Hindostanee, the Sanscrit, the Pali, and the Kawi, and as might be expected the Indo-European tongues. Any one with a knowledge of the Latin names for these numbers would recognise all in the languages mentioned, except *yoik*, *ick*, *eka*, *ega*, *ek*, *ick*, &c., signifying one; *punch*, *panisch*, *pancha*, &c., five; *naivern* (Scottish Gipsy dialect), seven; *naigh*, *luften*, eight; *line*, nine; *nay*, ten, all in the last-named speech.

In general, the Gipsy vocabulary has little in common with the Teutonic or Celtic languages. The few names that follow are all that we have been able to gather from some columns. *Riagh*, gentleman, is a relative of *rex*, *roi*, and the Gaelic, *righ*; *raunie*, gentlewoman, is cognate with *regina*, *reine*, and the Irish *riaghain* or *raicneach*; *duff*, smoke, and the Gaelic *dubh* are probably cognate words; so are *yak*, eye, the Latin *ocu-*

lus, and the German *auge*; *been*, fine, and the Gaelic *fionn* are the same.

It is asserted by Mr. Borrow "that in no part of the world is the Gipsy language better preserved than in Hungary, and that the roving bands of Gipsies from that country, who visit France and Italy, speak the pure Gipsy with all its grammatical peculiarities. According to the same distinguished writer, "The grammatical peculiarities of the Spanish Gipsy language have entirely disappeared, the entire language having been modified and subjected to the rules of Spanish grammar, with which it now coincides in syntax, in the conjugation of its verbs, and the declension of its nouns." Great is his enthusiasm at times on the importance of the Rommany language, reminding us of that assertion of a devoted Gael, who gravely asserted that a solid Irish scholar might teach Moses Hebrew, and Homer Greek. Mr. Borrow is more modest, but with such sounds as *managie* man, *chauvie* woman, *been gaugie* gentleman, *muster* cat, *gaff* fire, *moolie* death, *choar* to rob, *sherro* head, *guffie* swine's flesh, and *smout* butter, before us, we are not so much affected by the perusal of the extract that follows as perhaps we ought:

"The language of Petulengro, an English Gipsy, is continually coming to my assistance whenever I appear to be at a loss with respect to the derivation of crabbed words. I have made out crabbed words in *Eschylus* by means of his speech, and even in my Biblical researches I have derived no slight assistance from it. Broken, corrupted, and half in ruins as it is, it was not long before I found it was an original speech, far more indeed than one or two others of high name and celebrity which, up to that time, I had been in the habit of regarding with veneration. Indeed, many obscure points connected with the vocabulary of these languages, and to which neither classic nor modern lore afforded me any clue, I thought I could now clear up by means of this strange, broken tongue, spoken by people who dwell among thickets and furze bushes, in tents as tawny as their faces, and whom the generality of mankind designate, and with much semblance (!) of justice, as thieves and vagabonds."

Wonderful that Mr. Borrow, who was so intimately acquainted with the Gipsy character and Gipsy usages, should have used the word "semblance" in the above extract. The Gipsies seem to have descended from

a race who considered it a point of necessity and well-doing to take all they could from every one but their own tribe, many of whom had no name for God or the soul, and whose sole virtues consisted in the chastity of their young women, gratitude for benefits and the mutual good offices of the family—things, however, which we are very far from underrating.

THE GIPSY HYMNUS.

England being far remote from Hungary, where the purest Gipsy language is spoken, its vagrants enjoy only a corrupt dialect eked out with corrupt English. In *Lavengro* a specimen, with its translation, is given, which we copy as well for the sake of exhibiting a specimen of the language of the English vagrants as their own unprincipled character.

"The Rommany chi
And the Rommany chal
Shall jaw tsaalor
To drab the bawlor,
And dook the gry
Of the farming rye."

"The Rommany (Gipsy) churl
And the Rommany gill
To-morrow shall hie
To poison the sty,
And bewitch on the mead
The farmer's steed."

After this corrupt specimen, it is but just to produce one unmixed with English words.

"Mono Dad, savo djives oteh drey o
charos, te caumen Gorgio ta Romany chal
tiro nav."

This is the commencement of the Lord's Prayer, what follows being the same in the more perfect Hungarian dialect.

"Batu monro sos socabos oté enré ye
char, que camele Gacho ta Romani cha tiro
nao."

In English—

"Our Father who dwellest there in the
heaven, may Gentle and Gipsy love thy
name."

It is not probable that the existence of the Gipsies as a separate people will endure much longer in these islands. In Scotland there have been multiplied defections from the body, individuals getting married to natives,

betaking themselves to regular pursuits, and otherwise reforming their ways. However, these may remain attached to the old speech during their lives, and even should they teach it to their children, these last will scarcely transfer it to the next generation. The restless, roving spirit inherent in the blood may assert itself in the instances of individuals even to the third or fourth generation, but the Gipsies as a people must cease to exist.

The eighteenth century seems to have been the golden age with the Gipsies in England; the gradual enclosing of commons, and the extension of the police system have sadly interfered with their enjoyments. Gerald Griffin tells of a spendthrift, who returning from a hunting, came on an assembly of the "Good People" in a quiet nook, preparing a festival, all the materials being the victuals that were wasted at the big house. The fairies were arriving every moment laden with fowl and everything desirable both for eating and drinking, that was wasted outside the decent keeping up of the home. When hunger was appeased, the young prodigal, with anger in his heart, listened to his health being drunk scores of times by the merry elves for conducting his household concerns in a style so beneficial to themselves. He returned home a sadder and wiser man, and for the next twelvemonth, ordered his household affairs very differently.

Passing by the lonely fairy resort at the end of the term, he found the erewhile merry and fat little people nearly reduced to skin and bone, and all anxiously watching an old crone preparing a supper for them out of one raw potato. Loud and deep were their execrations on the miserly young gentleman, in whose house there had been no waste for the last twelve months but one raw potato. But he, like Horace's usurer, only lauded his own thrift more highly.

This apologue has been recalled to mind by the Gipsies' picturesque encampment on a fine autumn evening on an unoccupied green, beneath the shadow of a few large trees, the men lying about in lazy enjoyment, and eyeing the process of cooking going on under the care of the old women, whose eyes from time to time glance from the fire to the bodies of hare, rabbit, fowl, &c., approaching the

edible state in the large pot suspended from the triangle. Many a fine subject did the picturesque groups, with their many-hued costumes, the graceful figures and handsome faces of the young women, the foliage of the trees and their broad shadows marked here and there by the coolish gray smoke, and the glowing sunlight—present to the eyes and the pencils of painters whose hearts were in landscape beauty. These were the good old times in the mouths of modern Gipsies, who, in the words of Mr. Borrow, thus lament their departure:—

"Yes, these were brave times for the Rommany chals who could then *sove abri* (sleep abroad) where they listed, and boil their kettles at the foot of the oaks. No people grudged the poor persons one night's use of a meadow to feed their cattle in. *Tugnis amande!* Our heart is heavy, brother. There is no longer Gipsy law in the land. Our people have become negligent; they are but half Rommany. They are divided, and care for nothing; they do not even fear *pazurhus*," brother."

The chief statutes of this old Gipsy law were thus couched:—

"Separate not from the husbands.†
Be faithful to the husbands.
Pay your debts to the husbands."

"By the first section the Rom or Gipsy is enjoined to live with his brethren the husbands, and not with the Gorgios (Non-Gipsies). He is to live in a tent as befitting a Rom and a wanderer, and not in a house which ties him to one spot. In a word, he is in every respect to conform to the ways of his own people, and to eschew those of Gorgios, with whom he is not to mix save to tell them *loquesomes* (lies) and to *chore* (rob) them." (Avoiding the payment of a debt to a Gorgio was a virtue second only to robbery.)

The second statute was directly addressed to the *juvavus* or women, and its strict observance was all important to the preservation of the tribe. If they took lovers or husbands from among the Gorgios, their existence as a separate people was in danger. And such was the stern influence of public opinion that, notwithstanding the utter absence of the religious element, there was scarce an instance (as before mentioned) of an unchaste young female.

THE GIPSY UNADORNED.

If there are yet found good-hearted but weak-minded people, who would strive to apologise for the shortcomings of his favourites by mentioning the severe treatment they met with soon after their visits to the several countries of Europe, they should take to heart that the same maxims and same spirit ruled their conduct from the beginning. Theft, robbery, cheating, and even murder when it helped them to avoid detection, were their occupations and means of subsistence all along. It is not intended to charge them with a taste for blood-shedding, but they never hesitated at taking life if anything of importance was to be gained by it. So severe were the proceedings taken against them in France on account of their way of life, that they crossed the Pyrenees in large bodies, and spread dismay among the inhabitants of isolated villages by encamping on their out-lets, and living at free quarters till everything was consumed, or till a large body of the country people would collect and hunt them from the neighbourhood. If at present highway robberies and assassinations are not to be laid to their charge, the improvement is to be attributed more to the circumstances of existing society than any great reformation in Gipsy feelings or the influence of natural religion.

Within less than a century Linlithgow and its neighbourhood were infested by marauders of the tribe, who robbed and stole under the direction of chiefs using the names of McDonald and Jamieson. Baillies, shopkeepers, butchers, and farmers were kept in awe, and those who desired to be safe from their attacks showed them civility or paid them black-mail. Even though they had no better dwellings than waste houses and empty kilns, provosts and bailies would eat and drink in their company, and the most respectable folk in the neighbourhood admit them to their games of golf and other amusements. The provost of Linlithgow, who was a brewer, and

* Disgrace of remaining in debt to a brother Gipsy, who under the laws of the tribe could make his debtor a slave as of old in pagan Rome.

† The Rommany, or heads of families.

obliged to make frequent excursions to considerable distances, was confidentially informed that he might travel in safety at all hours. Of course, all this implied incredulity on his part, when suspicion of robbing the people in the busy thoroughfares in the neighbourhood came too close to the quiet, harmless Gipsies of the place.

It was dangerous to travel the roads at night with property; but a young gentleman who was anxious to pay a visit to a dear friend in Stirlingshire, would not wait till next day, and despite the warning of the Linlithgow innkeeper, at whose house he had stopped for some refreshment; he went forward, first charging his pistols, and then sharing a gill of brandy with the landlord. At Sandyford burn he was stopped by McDonald and ordered to deliver his money, a demand which he complied with by shooting the other on the moment. He fell to the ground, but in his death-struggles he firmly held the bridle-reins, and was dragged some distance. A voice was heard to exclaim, "There goes our Captain," and several shots were fired at the adventurous wayfarer. He escaped, however, through the fleetness of his good steed.

McDonald was reported to have suddenly died in a fit of passion, and his wake was duly solemnised with songs and feasting, and very respectable folk followed the body to its resting place. He was succeeded by his son Alexander, who in union with his brother-in-law Jamieson, ably supported the paternal honours, appearing at the same fair as a gentleman, a tinker, and a grazier. After keeping Linlithgow and its environs in much fear and trepidation for a considerable time, the two heroes were at last taken up for house-breaking and robbery, and condemned to die at the bridge of Linlithgow, and extraordinary precautions were taken against an attempt at rescue. Jamieson's two sons sat on the car with the criminals as they were led to execution, eating rolls, and seeming quite unconcerned at their doom. Not the slightest effect had the fate of the unhappy men on their relatives with regard to reformation. This execution took place in 1770; in 1786 the two in-

sensible youths were executed for robbing the Kinross mail.

Though not at all prone to shed blood except in extreme cases, the faction fights among Gipsies were of the most determined and appalling character, the women joining in the strife as determinedly as their husbands and brothers; even those about to become mothers, not claiming exemption. We have found one of these fights perpetrated on the border women old and young, and some of them in the condition named—on both sides, and can honestly say that nothing in the most sensational novel issued by Lady Louisa or Lady Caroline Lascelles was more horrible.

JUSTICE TO GIPSYDOM.

Having treated with freedom the faults of our subjects, we must in justice say that instances of their good offices towards those who showed them kindness are most numerous. In their native state, being entirely fearless of punishment in a future life for their misdeeds—in fact, looking on cheating and plundering all Gorgios as commendable things, they still are endowed with family affection in a high degree, and are very sensible of kindness received from the Gentiles of the outer world. One or two instances of their grateful returns must be particularized.

An inn was kept at North Queensferry by a respectable family named M'Ritchie. The Linlithgow Gipsies had often visited it, and always experienced civil treatment. Mr. M'Ritchie once attended a fair at Dunfermline, and on having purchased a horse, was on the point of drawing out his pocket-book to pay for it, but pocket-book in his pocket there was none. He made a shrewd guess as to the cause of its disappearance, but that did not help him to bear up against the taunts of the vendor, who railed at him as an impostor. He searched the fair till he found the widow of Captain McDonald, the same whose death has been just mentioned. He told her his story, and she, with the greatest unconcern, observed, "Some of our lads will have seen it." She took him into a tent, learned the marks and tokens of the book, left him over a tumbler of punch, took a turn or two through

the fair, sought the depot of the gang, found the lost article, returned it to the good innkeeper, and on opening it he found every item of the contents just as he had put them in.

The chiefs, whether Baillies or Faas, were noted for generous deeds. The gang frequently made use of an outhouse belonging to a poor widow, and as she was a lone woman, and found they never did injury of any kind about her premises, they were never unwelcome. One evening, as the chief was getting from her a lighted turf to kindle the family fire without, she mentioned with a sigh that she would be unable any longer to afford his people shelter, as she had got notice to quit for being backward with her landlord. He in-

quired the amount of the demand, and without a moment's hesitation handed her the sum. Waverley readers have already heard of the good-nature shown by Jean Gordon, the original of *Meg Merrilies* to a patron of hers, and how his own father was well treated in a strange place by Gipsies to whom he had been obliging. These and innumerable other kind and generous actions recorded of the tribe, especially in Mr. Simson's book, save the body from utter detestation; and we charitably conclude with the observation of the nearly detestable *Andrew Fairser-vice*—"There are some things too bad for blessing, and too good for banning, like Rob Roy."

THE TENANTS OF MALORY.

BY J. S. LE FANU, AUTHOR OF "UNCLE SILAS," "GUY DEVERELL," "THE HOUSE BY THE CHURCHYARD," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CLEVE VERNEY HAS A VISITOR.

So Cleve Verney returned to England, and his friends thought his trip to Paris, short as it was, had done him a world of good. What an alternative and tonic a little change of air sometimes is!

The Honorable Kiffyn Fulke Verney was, in his high, thin-minded way, at last tolerably content, and more pompous and respected than ever. The proof of his succession to the peerage of Verney was in a perfectly satisfactory state. He would prove it, and take his seat next Session. He would add another to the long list of Lords Viscounts Verney of Malory to be found in the gold and scarlet chronicle of such dignities. He had arranged with the trustees for a provisional possession of Verney House, the great stone mansion which blocks one side of the small parallelogram called Verney-square. Already contractors had visited it and explored its noble chambers and long corridors, with foot-rule and note-book, getting together material for tenders, and Cleve had already a room there when he came up to town. Some furniture had got in, and some

servants were established there also, and so the stream of life had begun to transfuse itself from the old town residence of the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney into these long-forsaken channels.

Here, one morning, called a gentleman named Dingwell, whom Cleve Verney, happening to be in town, desired the servant to show into the room where he sat, with his breakfast, and his newspapers about him.

The tall old man entered, with a slight stoop, leering, Cleve thought, a little sarcastically over his shoulder as he did so.

Mr. Dingwell underwent Mr. Cleve Verney's reception, smiling oddly, under his white eyebrows, after his wont.

"I suspect some little mistake, isn't there?" said he, in his cold, harsh, quiet tones. "You can hardly be the brother of my old friend Arthur Verney. I had hoped to see Mr. Kiffyn Fulke Verney—I—eh?"

"I'm his nephew."

"Oh! *nephew*? Yes—another generation—yes, of course. I called to

see the Honorable Kiffyn Fulke Verney. I was not able to attend the consultation, or whatever you call it. You know I'm your principal witness, eh? Dingwell's my name."

"Oh, to be sure—I beg pardon, Mr. Dingwell," said Cleve, who, by one of those odd slips of memory, which sometimes occur, had failed to connect the name with the case, on its turning up thus unexpectedly.

"I hope your admirable uncle, Kiffyn Verney, is, at all events, *alive and approachable*," said the old man, glancing grimly about the room; "though perhaps *you're* his next heir, and the hope is hardly polite?"

This impertinence of Mr. Dingwell's, Mr. Cleve Verney, who knew his importance, and had heard something of his odd temper, resented only by asking him to be seated.

"*That*," said the old man, with a vicious laugh and a flush, also angry, "is a liberty which I was about to take uninvited, by right of my years and fatigue, eh?"

And he sat down with the air of a man who is rather nettled than pleased by an attention.

"And what about Mr. Kiffyn Verney?" he asked, sharply.

"My uncle is in the country," answered Cleve, who would have liked to answer the fool according to his folly, but he succumbed to the necessity, inculcated with much shrewdness, garnished with some references to Scripture, by Mr. Jos. Larkin, of indulging the eccentricities of Mr. Dingwell's temper a little.

"Then he is alive? I've heard such an account of the Verneys, their lives are so brittle, and snap so suddenly; my poor friend Arthur told me, and that Jew fellow Levi here, who seems so intimate with the family—d—n him!—says the same: no London house likes to insure them. Well, I see you don't like it: no one does; the smell of the coffin, sir; time enough when we are carrion, and fill it. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, sir, *quite*," said Cleve, drily.

"No young man likes the sight of that stinking old lantern-jawed fellow, who shall be nameless, looking over his spade so sily; but the best way is to do as I've done. Since you must meet him *one day*, go up to him, and make his acquaintance, and

shake hands; and egad! when you've grown a little bit intimate, he's not half so disgusting, and sometimes he's even a little bit funny."

"If I were thinking of the profession of a sexton, or an undertaker, I might," began Cleve, who felt a profound disgust of this old Mr. Dingwell, "but as I don't, and since by the time it comes to my turn, I shall be pretty well past seeing and smelling"—

"Don't be too sure of that," said Mr. Dingwell, with one of his ugly smirks. "But it isn't about such matters that I want to trouble you; in fact, I came to say a word to your uncle; but as I can't see him, you can tell him, and urge it more eloquently too, than I can. You and he are both orators by profession; and tell him he must give me five hundred pounds, immediately."

"Five hundred pounds! *Why?*" said Cleve, with a scornful surprise.

"Because I want it," answered the old gentleman, squaring himself, and with the corner of his mouth drawn oddly in, his white head a little a one side, and his eyebrows raised, with altogether an air of vicious defiance.

"You have had your allowance raised very much, sir—it is an exorbitant allowance—what reason can you now urge for this, I must say, extraordinary request?" answered Cleve.

"The *same* reason, sir, precisely. If I don't get it I shall go away, *re infecta*, and leave you to find out proof of the death how you may."

Cleve was very near giving this vile old extortioner a bit of his mind, and ordering him out of the house, on the instant. But Mr. Larkin had been so very urgent on the point, that he commanded himself.

"I hardly think, sir, you can be serious," said Cleve.

"Egad, sir, you'll find it a serious matter if you don't; for, upon my soul, unless I'm paid, and *well* paid for it, I'll depose to nothing."

"That's plain speaking, at all events," said Mr. Cleve Verney.

"Oh! sir, I'll speak more plainly still," said Mr. Dingwell, with a short sarcastic bow. "I never mince matters; life is too short for circumlocutions."

"*Verney* life, at all events, by your account, sir, and I don't desire them.

I shall mention the matter to my uncle to-day in my letter, but I really can't undertake to do more, for I may tell you frankly, Mr. Dingwell, I can't, for the life of me, understand what you can possibly want of such a sum."

"I suppose, young gentleman, you have your pleasures, and I have mine, and they're not to be had without money; and egad, sir, if you fancy it's for love of your old uncle or of you, that I'm here, and taking all this trouble, you are very much mistaken; and if I help you to this house, and the title, and estates, I'll take leave to help myself to some little amusement—money I mean, also. Cool fellows, egad."

The brown features of the old man flushed again angrily as he laughed.

"Well, Mr. Dingwell. I can only repeat what I have said, and I will also speak to Mr. Larkin. I have no power in the business myself, and you had better talk to him," said Cleve.

"I prefer the fountain-head, sir. I don't care twopence how you arrange it among yourselves; but you must give me the money by Saturday."

"Rather an early day, Mr. Dingwell; however, as I said, the question is for my uncle, it can't affect me," said Cleve.

Mr. Dingwell mused angrily for a little, and Cleve thought his face one of the wickedest he had ever seen, while in this state of excited rumination.

"You all—*both* owe me more in that man's death—there are very odd circumstances about it, I can tell you—than, perhaps, you at present imagine," said Mr. Dingwell, looking up suddenly, with a dismal sneer, which subsided into an equally dismal stare.

Cleve, for a second or two, returned the stare, while the question crossed his mind: "Can the old villain mean that my miserable uncle met his death by foul means, in which he took a part, and intends to throw that consideration in with his averred services, to enhance his claim?"

"You had better tell your uncle, with my compliments," said Mr. Dingwell, "that he'll make a kettle of fish of the whole affair, in a way

he doesn't expect, unless he makes matters square with me. I often think I'm a d——d idiot, sir, to let you off as I do."

"I don't see, Mr. Dingwell, that you are letting us off, as you say, so very easily," answered Cleve, with a cold smile.

"No, you *don't* see, but I'll *make* you see it," said Mr. Dingwell, very tartly, and with an unpleasant laugh.

"Arthur Verney was always changing his quarters—was never in the light. He went by different nicknames. There were in all Constantinople but two men, except myself, the Consul, and the stockbroker, who cashed the money-orders for him, who could identify him, or who knew his name. He lived in the dark, and not very cleanly—you'll excuse the simile—like one of your sewer-rats. He died suddenly and oddly, sir, like a candle on which has fallen a drop of water, with a splutter and a flash, in a moment—one of your Verney deaths, sir. You might as well hope to prove the death of a particular town-dog there, without kennel, or master, or name, a year after his brothers had eaten him. So, sir, I see my value."

"I don't recollect that my uncle ever disputed it," replied Mr. Cleve Verney.

"I understand your difficulty perfectly. The presumption of English law, ha! ha! ha! is in favour of the duration of human life, whenever you can't prove a death. So, English law, which we can't dispute—for it is the perfection of human wisdom—places the putrid body of my late friend Arthur in the robes, coronet, and staff of the Verneys, and would give him the spending of the rents, too, but that you can't make a horse drink, though you may bring him to the water. At all events, sir, my festering friend in the shroud will hold secure possession of the estates against all comers till he exhausts that patient presumption, and sees Kiffyn, and you, sir, and every Verney now alive, laid with their faces upward. So, sir, you see I know my value. I have the grand arcanum; I hold in my hand the Philosopher's Stone that can turn your pewter and brass into gold. I hold it fast, sir, and, egad! I'll run away with it, unless I see a reason." And the old gentleman laughed, and

shrugged and expanded his slender hands with a deprecation that was menacing.

Cleve was very angry, but he was also alarmed; for Mr. Dingwell looked quite capable of any treason against the Verney interest to which his avarice or his spites might prompt him. A wild, cold, wandering eye; a play of the nostrils, and a corrugation of the brows that gave to his smile, or his laugh, a menace that was villanous, and almost insane—warned the young man of the quality of the beast, and invited him to the exercise of all his self-control.

"I am quite certain, Mr. Dingwell, that my uncle will do whatever is reasonable and fair, and I am also sure that he feels his obligations to you. I shall take care that he hears all that you have said, and you understand that I literally have neither power nor influence in his decision."

"Well, he feels his obligations?" said Mr. Dingwell. "That is pleasant."

"Certainly; and, as I said, what-

ever is fair and reasonable I am certain he will do," said Cleve Verney.

"Fair and reasonable—that is exactly the thing—the *value*; and you know—

'The worth precise of anything
Is so much money as 'twill bring.'

And I'll make it bring what I say; and I make it a rule to treat money matters in the grossest terms, because that is the only language which is at once intelligible and direct—and grossness I believe to be the soul of business; and so, sir, tell him with my compliments, I shall expect five hundred pounds at ten o'clock in the morning, in Bank of England notes."

At this moment the servant announced the Rev. Isaac Dixie, and Mr. Dingwell stood up, and, looking with a kind of amusement and scorn round the room upon the dusty portraits, made a sharp bow to Cleve Verney, and saying—

"That's all; good morning, sir"—with another nod, turned about, and walked jauntily out of the room.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE REV. ISAAC DIXIE SETS FORTH ON A MISSION.

THERE was a basis of truth in all that Mr. Dingwell had said, which made his voice more grating, his eye more dangerous, and his language more disgusting.

Would that Fortune had sent them, Cleve thought, some enchanted horse, other than that beast, to fly them into the fairy-land of their long-deferred ambition! Would that she had sent them a Rarey, to lead him by a metaphoric halter, and quell, by his art, the devil within him—the evil spirit before which something in Cleve's nature quailed, because it seemed to know nothing but appetite, and was destitute of human sympathy or moral foresight.

Dingwell was beset with dangers and devils of his own; but he stood in his magic circle, making mouths and shaking his fist, and grinning at them. He seemed to have no imagination to awe, or prudence to restrain him. He was aware, and so was Cleve, that Larkin knew all about his old bankruptcy, the judgments against him, the impounded forgeries on

which he had been on the brink of indictment, and his escape from prison; and yet he railed at Larkin, and defied the powerful Verneys, as if he had been an angel sent to illuminate, to lecture and to rule them.

Mr. Larkin was usually an adroit and effectual tamer of evil beasts, in such case as this Mr. Dingwell. He waved his thin wand of red-hot iron with a light and firm hand, and made every raw smoke in turn, till the lion was fit to lie down with the lamb. But this Dingwell was an eccentric brute; he had no awe for the superior nature, no respect for the imposing airs of the tamer—not the slightest appreciation even of his caution. On the contrary, he seemed to like the sensation, and amuse himself with the exposure of his sores to the inspection of Mr. Larkin, who began to feel himself drawn into an embarrassing and highly disreputable confidence.

Mr. Larkin had latterly quite given up the idea of frightening Mr. Dingwell, for when he tried that

method, Mr. Dingwell had grown uncomfortably lively and skittish, and, in fact, frightened the exemplary Mr. Larkin confoundedly. He had recapitulated his own enormities with an elation and frightful merriment worthy of a scandalous corner at a Walpurges ball; had demonstrated that he perfectly understood the game of the serious attorney, and showed himself so curiously thick of skin, and withal so *sportive* and formidable a rhinoceros, that Mr. Larkin then and there learned a lesson, and vowed no more to try the mesmerism that succeeded with others, or the hot rod of iron under which they winced and gasped and succumbed.

Such a systematic, and even dangerous defiance of everything good, he had never encountered before. Such a person exactly as this Mr. Dingwell he could not have imagined. There was, he feared, a vein of insanity in that unfortunate man which made him insensible to the extreme peril of his own position, and enabled him actually to frighten the cautious Mr. Larkin, who was always girded with three coats of mail, and seven walls of brass, and I know not how many talismans beside.

He had seen quite enough of the horrid adroitness of Mr. Dingwell's horse-play, and felt such qualms whenever that animal capered and snorted, that he contented himself with musing and wondering over his unintelligible idiosyncrasies, and adopted a studiously soothing treatment with him—talked to him in a friendly, and even tender way—and had some vague plans of getting him ultimately into a mad-house.

But Mr. Dingwell was by this time getting into his cab, with a drapery of mufflers round him, and telling the man through the front window to drive to Rosemary Court; he leaned back in a corner, and chuckled and snorted in a conceited ecstasy over his victory, and the money which was coming to minister to no good in this evil world.

Now, Cleve Verney leaned back in his chair, and there rose before him a view of a moonlighted wood, and old chateau, with its many peaked turrets, and steep roofs, showing silvery against the deep, liquid sky of night, and with a sigh, he saw on the white

worn steps, that beautiful, wonderful shape that was his hope and his fate; and as he leaned on his hand, the Reverend Isaac Dixie, whose name had strangely summoned this picture from the sea of his fancy, entered the room, smiling rosilily, after his wont, and extending his broad hand, as he marched with deliberate strides across the floor, as much as to say—"Here I am, your own old tutor and admirer, who always predicted great things for you; I know you are charmed, as I am; I know how you will greet me."

"Ha! old Dixie," and Cleve got up, with a kind of effort, and not advancing very far, shook hands.

"So you have got your leave—a week—or *how* long?"

"I've arranged for next Sunday, that's all, my dear Mr. Verney; some little inconvenience, but very happy—always happy."

"Come, I want to have a talk with you," said Cleve, drawing the clergyman to a chair; "Don't you remember, you ought, you know, what Lord Sparkish (isn't it?) says in Swift's *Polite Conversations*—'Tis as cheap sitting as standing.'"

The clergyman took the chair, simpering bashfully, for the allusion was cruel, and referred to a time when the Reverend Isaac Dixie, being as yet young in the ways of the world, and somewhat slow in apprehending literary ironies, had actually put his pupil through a grave course of "*Polite Conversation*," which he picked up among some odd volumes of the works of the great Dean of St. Patrick's, on the school-room shelf at Malory.

"And for my accomplishment of saying smart things in a polite way, I am entirely obliged to you and Dean Swift," said Cleve, mischievously.

"Ah! ha! you were always fond of a jest, my dear Mr. Verney; you liked poking fun, you did, at your old tutor; but you know how that really was—I have explained it so often; still, I do allow, the jest is not a bad one."

But Cleve's mind was already on quite another subject.

"And now, Dixie," said he with a sharp glance into the clergyman's eyes, "you know, or at least you guess, what it is I want you to do for me?"

The clergyman looked down by his gaiter, with his head a little a-one-side, and his mouth a little pursed ; and said he, after a momentary silence—

"I really, I may say, *unaffectedly*, assure you that I do not."

"You're a queer fellow, old Dixie," said Cleve ; "you won't be vexed, but you are always a little bit too clever ; I did not tell you exactly, but I told you enough to enable you to guess it. Don't you remember our last talk ; come now, Dixie, you're no muff."

"I hope not, my dear Cleve ; I may be, but I don't pretend to that character, though I have still, I apprehend, much to learn in the world's ways."

"Yes, of course," said the young man ; and tapped his small teeth that glittered under his moustache, with the end of his pencil-case, while he lazily watched the face of the clergyman from under his long lashes.

"And I assure you," continued the clergyman, "if I were to pretend that I did apprehend your intentions, I should be guilty of an inaccuracy amounting, in fact, to an untruth."

He thought he detected something a little mocking in the handsome face of the young gentleman, and could not tell, in the shadow of the window-curtain, whether those even white teeth were not smiling at him outright ; and a little nettled, but not forgetting himself, he went on—

"You know, my dear Cleve, it is nothing on earth to me—absolutely ; I act merely to oblige—merely, I mean to be useful—if in my power, consistently with all other considerations, and I speak, I humbly, but confidently hope, habitually the truth"—

"Of course you do," said the young gentleman, with emphasis, and growing quite serious again. "It is very kind, I know, your coming all this way, and managing your week's absence ; and you may for the present know just as little or as much of the matter as you please ; only mind, this is—not of course in any wrong sense—a dark business—awfully quiet. They say that in England, a talent for speaking may raise a man to anything, but I think a talent for holding one's tongue is sometimes a better one. And—I'm quite serious, old Dixie—I'll not

forget your fidelity to me, upon my honour—really, never ; and as you know, I may yet have the power of proving it."

The Rev. Isaac Dixie folded his hands, and hung his head sideways in a meek modesty, and withal smiled so rosily and gloriously, as he sate in front of the window, that had it happened an hour before sunrise, the sparrows in the ivy all along the stable walls, would undoubtedly have mistaken it for the glow of Aurora, and commenced their chirping and twittering salutations to the dawn an hour too soon.

"It is very gratifying, *very*, you cannot readily estimate, my dear, and—may I not say?—my *illustrious* pupil, *how* gratifying to me, quite irrespective of all those substantially kind intentions which you are pleased to avow in my behalf, to hear from your lips so frank and—may I say—almost affectionate a declaration ; so just an estimate of my devotion to your interests, and I may say, I hope, of my character generally?"

The Rector of Clay was smiling with a huge bashfulness, and slowly folding and rubbing one hand over the other, with his head gently inclined, and his great blue chin upon his guileless, single-breasted, black silk bosom, as he spoke all this in mellow effusion.

"Now, Dixie," said the young man, while a very anxious expression for the first time showed itself in his face, "I want you to do me a kindness—a kindness that will tie me to you all the days of my life. It is something, but not much ; chiefly that you will have to keep a secret, and take some little trouble, which I know you don't mind ; but nothing serious, not the slightest irregularity, a trifle, I assure you, and chiefly, as I said, that you will have to keep a secret for me."

Dixie also looked a good deal graver as he bowed his acquiescence, trying to smile on, and still sliding his hands softly, one over the other.

"I know you guess what it is—no matter—we'll not discuss it, dear Dixie ; it's quite past that now. You'll have to make a little trip for me—you'll not mind it ; only across what you used to call the herring-pond ; and you must wait at the Silver Lion at Caen ; it is the best place there—I

wish it was better—not a soul will see you—I mean English, no one but quiet French people; and there is quite amusement, for a day or so, in looking over the old town. Just wait there, and I'll let you know everything before you have been two days there. I've got your passport; you shall have no trouble. And you need not go to a bank, there's French money here; and you'll keep it, and spend it for me till I see you; and you must go *to-day*."

"And, of course, I know it is nothing *wrong*, my dear Cleve; but we are told to avoid even the *appearance* of evil. And in any case, I should not, of course, for the world, offend your uncle—Lord Verney, I may call him now—the head of the family, and my very kind patron; for I trust I never forget a kindness; and if it should turn out to be anything which by any chance he might misinterpret, I may reckon upon your religious silence, my dear Cleve, as respects my name?"

"Silence! of course—I'd die before I should tell, under any pressure.

I think you know I can keep a secret, and my own especially. And never trust my honour more if your name is ever breathed in connexion with any little service you may render me."

He pressed the Rev. Isaac Dixie's hand very earnestly as he spoke.

"And now, will you kindly take charge of this for me, and do as I said?" continued Cleve, placing the French money in Dixie's not unwilling hand. "And on this paper I have made a note of the best way—all about the boat and the rest; and God bless you, my dear Dixie, good-bye."

"And God bless *you*, my dear Cleve," reciprocated the clergyman, and they shook hands again, and the clergyman smiled blandly and tenderly; and as he closed the door, and crossed the hall, grew very thoughtful, and looked as if he were getting into a possible mess.

Cleve, too, was very pale as he stood by the window, looking into the sooty garden at the back of Verney House.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

OVER THE HERRING-POND.

LIKE the vision that had visited Cleve as he sate in the breakfast-room of Verney House, awaiting the Rev. Isaac Dixie, the old Chateau de Cresseron shared that night in the soft yet brilliant moonlight. That clergyman—vulgar, I am afraid; worldly, perhaps; certainly not beautiful—had undertaken this foreign mission into the land of romance; and among its shadows and enchanted lights, and heroic phantoms, looked I am afraid, incongruous, as the long-eared, shaggy head of Bottom in the fairy-haunted wood near Athens.

In the ancient town of Caen, in the Silver Lion, the Rev. Isaac Dixie that evening made himself partially understood, and altogether comfortable. He had an excellent dinner, and partook, moderately of course, of the very best vintage in the crypt of that venerable inn. Why should he not? Was he not making harmless holiday, and guilty of no extravagance; for had not Mr. Cleve Verney buckled a long purse to his girdle,

and told him to dip his fingers in it as often and as deep as he pleased? And if he undertook the task—trod out Cleve Verney's corn, surely it was no business of his to call for a muzzle, and deny himself his heart's content.

In that exquisite moonlight, having had his cup of coffee, the Rev. Isaac Dixie made a loitering promenade: everything was bewitching—a little wonderful, he fancied—a little strange—from his shadow, that looked so sharp on the white road, to the gothic fronts and gables of old carved houses, emitting ruddy glimmerings from diamond casements high in air, and half melting in the deep liquid sky, gleaming with stars over his head.

All was perfectly French in language and costume: not a note of the familiar English accent mingled in the foreign hum of life. He was quite at his ease. To all censorious eyes he walked invisible; and, shall I tell it? Why not? For in truth, if

his bishop, who abhors that parrotic, and who, I am sure, never reads novels, and therefore cannot read it here, learns nothing of it, the telling can hurt nobody. He smoked three great cheroots, mild and fragrant, that evening, in the ancient streets of Caen, and returned to his inn, odorous of that perfume.

It would have been altogether a delicious excursion, had there not been a suspense and an anxiety to trouble the divine. The Rev. Isaac Dixie regretted now that he had not asked Cleve to define his object. He suspected, but did not know its nature. He had no idea how obstinately and amazingly the problem would recur to his mind, and how serious would grow his qualms as the hour of revelation drew near.

The same moon is shining over the ancient streets of Caen, and over smoke-canopied Verney House, and over the quaint and lonely Chateau de Cresseron. In a tapestried room in this old French house candles were burning, the window open, and Margaret Fanshawe sitting at it, and looking out on the moonlit woods and waters, and breathing the still air, that was this night soft as summer, in the raptures of a strange dream: a dream—no more; the uncertainty is over, and all her griefs. No longer is she one of that forlorn race that hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. She is not born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward, but translated. Alas! the angelic voice has not yet proclaimed "that God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." These words are for the glorified, who have passed the gates of death.

In this bliss, as in all that pertains to love, reason has small share. The heart rejoices as the birds sing. A great suspense—the greatest care that visits the young heart—has ended in a blessed certainty, and in so far the state resembles heaven; but, as in all mortal happiness, there mingles in this also a sadness like distant music.

Old Sir Booth Fanshawe is away on one of his mysterious journeys, and cannot return for three or four days, at soonest. I do not know whe-

ther things are beginning to look brighter with Sir Booth, or whether his affairs are being managed into utter ruin. Meanwhile, the evil spirit has departed from the house, and the spirit of music has come, music with yet a cadence of sadness in it.

This fair, quaint landscape, and beautiful moonlight! Who ever looks on such a scene that does not feel a melancholy mingling in his delight?

"The moon shines bright:—In such a night
as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the
trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a
night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan
walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian
tents,
Where Cressid lay that night. In such a
night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her
love
To come again to Carthage."

Thus, in the visions of the Seer who lies in Stratford-on-Avon, moonlight and love and melancholy are related; and so it is, and will be, to the end of time, till mortal love is no more, and sadness ends, and the moon is changed to blood, and all things are made new.

And now over the moonlit water, through the boughs of the old trees, the still night air is thrilled with a sweet contralto—a homely song—the echo of childish days and the nursery. Poor Milly! her maid, who died so early, whose lover was a young sailor, far away, used to sing it for her in the summer evenings, when they sat down under the hawthorns, on Winnockhough, looking toward the sea, though the sea was many a mile away:—

"As Eve went forth from Paradise,
She, weeping, bore away
One flower, that, reared in tears and
sighs,
Is growing to this day.

Where'er the children of the fall
Are toiling to this hour,
It blooms for each, it blooms for all,
And Love we call this flower.

Red roses of the bygone year
Are mingled with the mould,
And other roses will appear
Where they grew pale and old.

But where it grew, no other grows,
No bloom restores the sear;
So this resembles not the rose,
And knows no other year.

So, welcome, when thy bloom is red,
The glory of thy light;
And welcome when thy bloom is shed,
The long sleep of my night."

And now the song is ended, and, listening, Nature seems to sigh; and looking toward the old chateau, the front next you is in shadow, the window is open, and within you see *two* ladies. The elder is standing by the girl, who sits still at the open window, looking up into the face of her old friend—the old friend who has known, in the early days of romance, what love is, for whom now the bloom is shed, and mingling with the mould, but who remembers sadly the blush and glory of its light that died five-and-thirty years ago upon Canadian snows.

Gently the old lady takes her hand, and sits beside her girlish kinswoman, and lays her other hand over that, and smiles with a strange look of affection, and admiration, and immeasurable compassion that somehow seems to translate her, it is so sad and angelic. I cannot hear what she is saying, but the young lady looks up, and kisses her thin cheek, and lays her head upon her old shoulder.

Behind, high over the steep roofs and pinnacles, and those glimmering weather-vanes, that seem sometimes to melt quite away, hangs the moon, unclouded—meet emblem of a pure love—no longer crossed by the sorrows of true love's course—Dian the Chaste, with her sad, pure, and beautifully misleading light—alas! the emblem, also, of mutation.

In a few concise and somewhat dry sentences, as old prison stones bear the records which thin hands, long since turned to dust, have carved, the world's corridors and corners bear the tracings of others that were busy two thousand years ago; and the inscriptions that tell the trite story of human fears and sadness, cut sharp and deep in the rock, tell simply and briefly how Death was the King of Terrors, and the shortness of Life the bitter wonder, and black Care the companion of the wayfarers who marched by the same route to the

same goal, so long ago. These gigantic griefs and horrors are all in a nutshell. A few words tell them. Their terror is in their truth. There is no use in expanding them: they are sublimely simple. Among the shadowy men and women that people these pages, I see them everywhere—plots too big and complicated to be got, by any compression, within the few pages and narrow covers of the book of their lives: Care, in her old black weeds, and Death, with stealthy foot and blow like thunder.

Twelve months had come and gone for ever since the Reverend Isaac Dixie made that little trip to Caen, every month bringing his portion of blossom, fruit, or blight to every mortal. All had gone well and gloriously in this Verney Peerage matter.

The death of the late Honorable Arthur Verney was proved; and the Honorable Kiffyn Fulke Verney, as next heir, having complied with the proper forms, duly succeeded to the ancient peerage of the Verneys. So the dream was accomplished more splendidly, perhaps, than if the prize had come earlier, for the estates were in such condition as they had never attained to since the great rebellion; and if Viscount Verney was not among the most potent of his peers, the fault was not in the peerage and its belongings.

I don't know that Lord Verney was on the whole a happier man than the Honorable Kiffyn had been. He had become somewhat more exacting; his pride pronounced itself more implacably; men felt it more, because he was really more formidable. Whatever the Viscount in the box might be, the drag he drove was heavy, and men more alert in getting out of his way than they would, perhaps, had he been a better whip.

He had at length his heart's desire; but still there was something wanting. He was not quite where he ought to be. With his boroughs, and his command of one county, and potent influence in another, he ought to have been decidedly a greater man. He could not complain of being slighted. The minister saw him when he chose; he was listened to, and in all respects courteously endured. But there was something unsatisfactory.

He was not *telling*, as he had expected. Perhaps he had no very clear conceptions to impress. He had misgivings, too, that secretly depressed and irritated him. He saw Twynndle's eye wander wildly, and caught him yawning stealthily into his hand, while he was giving him his view of the affair of "the Matilda Briggs," and the right of search. He had seen Foljambe, of the Treasury, suddenly laugh at something he thought was particularly wise, while unfolding to that gentleman, in the drawing-room, after dinner, his ideas about local loans, in aid of agriculture. Foljambe did not laugh outright. It was only a tremulous quail of a second, and he was solemn again, and rather abashed. Lord Verney paused, and looked for a second, with stern inquiry in his face, and then proceeded politely. But Lord Verney never thought or spoke well of Foljambe again; and often reviewed what he had said, in secret, to try and make out where the absurdity lay, and was shy of ventilating that particular plan again, and sometimes suspected that it was the boroughs and the county, and not Kiffyn Lord Verney, that were listened to.

As the organ of self-esteem is the region of our chief consolations and irritations (and its condition regulates temper), this undivulged mortification, you may be sure, did not

make Lord Verney, into whose ruminations was ever trickling, through a secret duct, this fine stream of distilled gall, brighter in spirits, or happier in temper.

Oh! vanity of human wishes! Not that the things we wish for are not in themselves pleasant, but that we forget that, as in nature every substance has its peculiar animalcule and infestings, so every blessing has, too minute to be seen at a distance, but quite inseparable, its parasite troubles.

Cleve Verney, too, who stood so near the throne, was he happy? The shadow of care was cast upon him. He had grown an anxious man. "Verney's looking awfully thin, don't you think, and seedy, and he's always writing long letters, and rather cross?" was the criticism of one of his club friends. "Been going a little too fast, I dare say."

Honest Tom Sedley thought it was this pending peerage business, and the suspense, and reported to his friend the confident talk of the town, on the subject. But when the question was settled, with a brilliant facility, his good humour did not recover. There was still the same cloud over his friend, and Tom began to fear that Cleve had got into some very bad scrape, probably with the Hebrew community.

CHAPTER XL.

MR. CLEVE VERNEY PAYS A VISIT TO ROSEMARY COURT.

THAT evoked spirit, Dingwell, was now *functus officio*, and might be dismissed. He was as much afraid of the light of London—even the gas-light—as a man of his audacity could be of anything. Still he lingered there.

Mr. Larkin had repeatedly congratulated the Verney peer, and his young friend and patron, Cleve, upon his own masterly management, and the happy result of the case, as he called it. And although, with scriptural warning before him, he would be the last man in the world to say, "Is not this great Babylon that I have builded?" Yet he did wish Lord Viscount Verney, and Cleve Verney, M.P., distinctly to understand that *he*, Mr Larkin, had been the making

of them. There were some things—very many things, in fact, all desirable—which those distinguished persons could effect for the good attorney of Gylingden, and that excellent person in consequence presented himself diligently at Verney House.

On the morning I now speak of, he was introduced to the library, where he found the peer and his nephew.

"I ventured, my lord, to call—how do you do Mr. Verney?—to invite your lordship's attention to the position of Mr. Dingwell, who is compelled by lack of funds to prolong his stay in London. He is, I may say, most anxious to take his departure quietly and expeditiously, for Constantinople, where, I venture to think, it is expedient for all parties,

that his residence should be fixed, rather than in London, where he is in hourly danger of detection and arrest, the consequence of which, my lord—it will probably have struck your lordship's rapid apprehension already—would be, I venture to think, a very painful investigation of his past life, and a concomitant discrediting of his character, which although, as your lordship would point out to me, it cannot disturb that which is already settled, would yet produce an unpleasant effect out of doors, which, it is to be feared, he would take care to aggravate by all means in his power, were he to refer his detention here, and consequent arrest, to any fancied economy on your lordship's part."

"I don't quite follow you about it, Mr. Larkin," said Lord Verney, who generally looked a little stern when he was puzzled. "I don't quite apprehend the drift—be good enough to sit down—about it—of your remarks, as they bear upon Mr. Dingwell's wishes, and my conduct. Do *you*, Cleve?"

"I conjecture that Dingwell wants more money, and can't be got out of London without it," said Cleve.

"Eh? Well, that *did* occur to me—of *course*, that's plain enough—about it—and *what* a man that must be!—and—God bless me! about it—all the money he has got from me! It's incredible, Mr.—a—*Larkin*, three hundred pounds, you know, and he wanted *five*, and that absurdly enormous weekly payment, besides!"

"Your lordship has exactly, as usual, touched the point, and anticipated, with your wonted accuracy, the line at the other side, and indeed I may also say, all that may be urged by way of argument, *pro* and *con*. It is a wonderful faculty!" added Mr. Larkin, looking down with a contemplative smile, and a little wondering shake of the head.

"Ha, ha! Something of the same sort has been remarked in our family about it," said the Viscount, much pleased. "It facilitates business—rather, I should hope—about it."

The attorney shook his head, reflectively, raising his hands, and said, "No one but a professional man can have an *idea*!"

"And what do you suggest?" asked Cleve, who was perhaps a

little tired of the attorney's compliments.

"Yes, what do you suggest, Mr.—Mr. *Larkin*? Your suggestion I should be prepared to consider. Anything, Mr. Larkin, suggested by you *shall* be considered," said Lord Verney, grandly, leaning back in his chair, and folding his hands.

"I am much—very much—flattered by your lordship's confidence. The former money, I have reason to think, my lord, went to satisfy an old debt, and I have reason to *know* that his den has been discovered by another creditor, from whom, even were funds at his disposal to leave England to-night, escape would be difficult, if not impossible."

"How much money does he want?" asked Mr. Cleve Verney.

"A *moment*, a *moment*, please. I was going to say," said Lord Verney, "if he wants money—about it—it would be desirable to state the amount."

Mr. Larkin, thus called on, cleared his voice; and his dove-like eyes contracted, and assumed their rat-like look, and he said, watching Lord Verney's face—

"I am afraid, my lord, that less than three hundred"—

Lord Verney contracted his brows, and nodded, after a moment.

"Three hundred pounds. Less, I say, my lord, will not satisfy the creditor, and there will remain something still in order to bring him back, and to keep him quiet there for a time; and I think, my lord, if you will go the length of *five* hundred"—

"Gad, it's growing quite serious, Mr.—Mr. *Sir*, I confess I don't half understand this *person*, Mr. Dong-Ding—whatever it is—it's going rather too *fast* about it. I—I—and that's my clear opinion"—and Lord Verney gazed and blinked sternly at the attorney, and patted his fragrant pocket handkerchief several times to his mouth—"very unreasonable and monstrous, and, considering all I've done, very *ungrateful*."

"Quite so, my lord; monstrously ungrateful. I can't describe to your lordship the trouble I have had with that extraordinary and, I fear I must add, fiendish person. I allude, of course, my lord, in my privileged character as having the honour of

confidential relations with your lordship, to that unfortunate man, Dingwell. I assure you, on one occasion, he seized a poker in his lodgings, and threatened to dash my brains out."

"Very good, sir," said Lord Verney, whose mind was busy upon quite another point; "and suppose I *do*, what do we gain, I ask, by assisting him?"

"Simply, my lord, he is so incredibly reckless, and, as I have said, *fiendish*, that if he were disappointed, I do think he will stick at nothing, even to the length of swearing that his evidence for your lordship was *perjured*, for the purpose of being revenged, and your generosity to him pending the inquiry, or rather the preparation of proofs, would give a colour unfortunately even to that monstrous allegation. Your lordship can have no idea—the elevation of your own mind prevents it—of the desperate character with whom we have had to deal."

"Upon my life, sir, a pleasant position you seem to have brought me into," said Lord Verney, flushing a good deal.

"My lord, it was inevitable," said Mr. Larkin, sadly.

"I don't think he could have helped it, really," said Cleve Verney.

"And who says he could?" asked Lord Verney, tartly. "I've all along said it could not well be helped, and that's the reason I *did* it, don't you see? but I may be allowed to say, I suppose, that the position is a most *untoward* one; and so it is, egad!" and Lord Verney got up in his fidget, and walked over to the window, and to the chimney-piece, and to the table, and fiddled with a great many things.

"I remember my late brother, Shadwell Verney—he's dead, poor Shadwell—had a world of trouble with a fellow—about it—who used to extort money from him—something I suppose, like this Mr. Ringwood—or I mean—you know his name—till he called in the police, and put an end to it."

"Quite true, my lord, quite true; but don't you think, my lord, such a line with Mr. Dingwell might lead to a *fracays*, and the possible unpleasantness to which I ventured to allude? You have seen him, Mr. Verney?"

"Yes; he's a beast, he really is; a little bit mad, I almost think."

"A little bit mad, precisely so; it really is, my lord, most melancholy. And I am so clearly of opinion that if we quarrel definitively with Mr. Dingwell, we may find ourselves in an extremely difficult position, that were the case my own, I should have no hesitation in satisfying Mr. Dingwell, even at a sacrifice, rather than incur the annoyance I anticipate. If you allow me, my lord, to conduct the matter with Mr. Dingwell, I think I shall succeed in getting him away quietly."

"It seems to me a very serious sum, Mr. Larkin," said Lord Verney.

"Precisely so, my lord; serious—very serious; but your lordship made a remark once in my hearing which impressed me powerfully: it was to the effect that where an object is to be accomplished, it is better to expend a little too much power, than anything too little." I think that Mr. Larkin invented this remark of Lord Verney's, which, however, his lordship was pleased to recognise, notwithstanding.

So the attorney took his departure, to call again next day.

"Clever man that Mr.—Mr. Larkin—vastly clever," said Lord Verney. "I rather think there's a great deal in what he says—it's very disgusting—about it; but one must consider, you know—there's no harm in considering—and—that Mr. Ding—Dong—Dingleton, isn't it?—about it—a most offensive person. I must consider. I shall think it over, and give him my ideas to-morrow."

Cleve did not like an expression which had struck him in the attorney's face that day, and he proposed next day to write to Mr. Dingwell, and actually did so, requesting that he would be so good as to call at Verney House.

Mr. Dingwell did not come, but a note came by post, saying that the writer, Mr. Dingwell, was not well enough to venture a call.

What I term Mr. Larkin's rat-like eyes, and a certain dark and even wicked look that crosses the attorney's face, when they appear, had left a profound sense of uncertainty in Cleve's mind respecting that gentleman's character and plans. It was simply a conviction that the attor-

ney meditated something odd about Mr. Dingwell, and that no good man could look as he had looked.

There was no use in opening his suspicion, grounded on so slight a thing as a look, to his uncle, who though often timid and hesitating, and in secret helpless, and at his wits' end for aid in arriving at a decision, was yet, in matters where a vanity was concerned, or a strong prejudice or caprice involved, often incredibly obstinate.

Mr. Larkin's look teased Cleve. Larkin might grow into an influence very important to that young gentleman, and was not lightly to be quarrelled with. He would not quarrel with him; but he would see Dingwell, if indeed that person were still in London; a fact about which he had begun to have some odd misgivings. The note was written in a straight, cramp hand, and Mr. Larkin's face was in the background always. He knew Mr. Dingwell's address; an answer, real or forged, had reached him from it. So, full of dark dreams and conjectures, he got into a cab, and drove to the entrance of Rosemary Court, and knocked at Miss Sarah Rumble's door.

That good lady, from the shadow, looked suspiciously on him.

"Is Mr. Dingwell at home?"

"Mr. Dingwell, sir?" she repeated.

"Yes. Is he at home?"

"Mr. Dingwell, sir? No, sir."

"Does not Mr. Dingwell live here?"

"There *was* a gentleman, please, sir, with a name like that. Go back, child," she said sharply to Lucy Maria, who was peeping in the background, and who might not be edified, perhaps, by the dialogue. "Beg parding, sir," she continued, as the child disappeared; "they *are* so tiresome! There was an old gentleman lodging here, sir, please, which his name was like that, I do remember."

Cleve Verney did not know what to think.

"Is there anyone in the house who knows Mr. Dingwell? I've come to be of use to him; perhaps he could see me. Will you say Mr. Verney?"

"Mr.—*what*, sir, please?"

"Verney—here's my card; perhaps it is better."

As the conversation continued, Miss Rumble had gradually come more and more forward, closing the door more

and more as she did so, so that she now confronted Cleve upon the step, and could have shut the door at her back, had he made any attempt to get in; and she called over her shoulder to Lucy Maria, and whispered something, and gave her, I suppose, the card; and in a minute more Miss Rumble opened the door wide, and showed "the gentleman" up stairs, and told him on the lobby she hoped he would not be offended, but that she had such positive orders as to leave her no choice; and that in fact Mr. Dingwell was in the drawing-room, and would be happy to see him, and almost at the same moment she threw open the door and introduced him, with a little courtesy, and—

"This way, please sir; here's the gentleman, please sir."

There he *did* find Mr. Dingwell, smoking a cigar, in his fez, slippers, and pea-green silk dressing-gown, with a cup of black coffee on the little table beside him, his *Times* and a few magazines there also. He looked in vulgar parlance "seedy," like an old fellow who had been raking the night before, and was wofully tired, and in no very genial temper.

"Will you excuse an old fellow, Mr. Verney, and take a chair for yourself? I'm not very well to-day. I suppose, from your note, you thought I had quitted London. It was not to be expected so old a plant should take root; but it's sometimes not worth moving 'em again, and they remain where they are, to wither—ha, ha, ha!"

"I should be sorry it was for any such purpose; but I am happy to find you still here, for I was really anxious to call and thank you."

"Anxious—to thank me! Are you really *serious*, Mr. Verney?" said Dingwell, lowering his cigar again, and looking with a stern smile in his visitor's face.

"Yes, sir; I *did* wish to call and thank you," said Cleve, determined not to grow angry; "and I *am* here to say that we are very much obliged."

"*We*?"

"Yes; my uncle and I."

"Oh! yes; well, it *is* something. I hope the coronet becomes him, and his robes. I venture to say he has got up the masquerading properties already; it's a pity there isn't a coronation or something at hand; and I suppose he'll put up a monument to

my dear friend Arthur—a mangy old dog he was, you'll allow me to say, though he was my friend, and very kind to me; and I, the most grateful fellow he ever met; I've been more grieved about him than any other person I can remember, upon my soul and honour,—and a devilish dirty dog he was."

This last reflection was delivered in a melancholy aside, after the manner of a soliloquy, and Cleve did not exactly know how to take this old fellow's impertinence.

"Arthur Verney—poor fellow! your uncle. He had a great deal of the pride of his family, you know, along with utter degradation. Filthy dog!—pah!" And Mr. Dingwell lifted both his hands, and actually used that unpleasant instrument called a "spit-toon," which is seen in taverns, to give expression, it seemed, to his disgust.

"But he had his pride, dear Arthur; yes, he was proud, and wished for a tombstone. When he was dying he said, 'I should like a monument—not of course in a cathedral, for I have been living so darkly, and a good deal talked about; but there's an old church or abbey near Malory (that I'm sure was the name of the place) where our family has been accustomed to bury its quiet respectabilities and its *mauvais sujets*; and I think they might give me a pretty little monument there, quite quietly.' I think you'll do it, for you're a grateful person, and like thanking people; and he certainly did a great deal for his family by going out of it, and the little vanity of a monument would not cost much, and, as he said himself, no one would ever see it; and I promised, if I ever had an opportunity to mention the subject to your uncle."

Cleve bowed.

"And," said he, "there will be a little conflict of feeling. I am sure they'd like the *monument*, but they would not make an ostentation of *me*. But remind them of my Aunt Deborah. Poor old girl! she ran away with a fiddler." Egad, sir, these were his very words, and I've found, on inquiring here, they were quite true. She ran away with a fiddler—egad! and I don't know how many little fiddlers she had; and, by Jove, he said if I came back I should recognise a possible cousin in every street-fiddler I met with, for music is a talent

that runs in families. And so, when Atropos cut his fiddlestring, and he died, she took, he said, to selling mutton pie, for her maintenance, in Chester, and being properly proud as a Verney, though as a fiddler's widow necessitous, he said she used to cry, behind her little table, 'Hot mutton pies!' and then, *sotto voce*, 'I hope nobody hears me;' and you may rely upon that family anecdote, for I had it from the lips of that notorious member of your family, your uncle Arthur, and he hoped that they would comply with the tradition, and reconcile the Verney pride with Verney exigencies, and concede him the secret celebration of a monument."

"If you are serious?"—

"Serious about a monument, sir! who the devil could be lively on such a subject?" and Mr. Dingwell looked unaccountably angry, and ground his teeth, and grew white. "A monument, cheap and nasty, I dare say; it isn't much for a poor devil from whom you've got everything. I suppose you'll speak to your uncle, sir?"

"I'll speak to him, sir."

"Yes, *do*, pray, and prevail. I'm not very strong, sir, and there's something that remains for you and me to do, sir."

"What is that?"

"To rot under ground, sir; and as I shall go first, it would be pleasant to me to be able to present your affectionate regards to your uncle, when I meet him, and tell him that you had complied with his little fancy about the monument, as he seemed to make a point that his name should not be blotted totally from the records of his family."

Cleve was rather confirmed in his suspicions about the sanity of this odious old man—as well he might—and, at all events, was resolved to endure him without a row.

"I shall certainly remember, and mention all you have said, sir," said Cleve.

"Yes," said the old man, in a grim meditation, looking down, and he chucked away the stump of his cigar. "It's a devilish hard case, Kismet!" he muttered.

"I suppose you find our London climate very different from that you have grown accustomed to?" said Cleve, approaching the point on which he desired some light.

"I lived in London for a long time, sir. I was—as perhaps you know—junior partner in the great Greek house of Prinkipi and Dingwell—d——n Prinkipi! say I. He ran us into trouble sir; then came a smash, sir, and Prinkipi levanted, making a scapegoat of me, the most vilified and persecuted Greek merchant that ever came on 'Change! And, egad! if they could catch me, even now, I believe they'd bury me in a dungeon for the rest of my days, which, in that case, would not be many. I'm here, therefore, I may say, at the risk of my life."

"A very anxious situation, indeed, Mr. Dingwell; and I conclude you intend but a short stay here?"

"Quite the contrary, sir. I mean to stay as long as I please, and that may be as long as I live."

"Oh! I had thought from something that Mr. Larkin said," began Cleve Verney.

"Larkin! He's a religious man, and does not put his candle under a bushel. He's very particular to say his prayers; and provided he says *them*, he takes leave to say what he likes beside."

Mr. Dingwell was shooting his arrows as freely as Cupid does; but Cleve did not take this satire for more than its worth.

"He may think it natural I should wish to be gone, and so I do," continued the old man setting down his coffee cup, "if I could get away without the trouble of going, or was sure of a tolerably comfortable berth, at my journey's end; but I'm old, and travelling shakes me to pieces, and I have enemies elsewhere, as well as here; and the newspapers have been printing sketches of my life and adventures, and poking up attention about me, and awakening the slumbering recollection of persons by whom I had been, in effect, forgotten, *everywhere*. No rest for the wicked, sir. I'm pursued; and, in fact, what little peace I might have enjoyed in this, the closing period of my life, has been irreparably wrecked by my visit and public appearance here, to place your uncle, and by consequence *you*, in the position now secured to you. What do you think of me?"

"I think, sir, you have done us a great service; and I know we are very much obliged," said Cleve, with his most engaging smile.

"And do you know what I think of myself? I think I'm a d——d fool, unless I look for some advantage to myself."

"Don't you think, sir, you have found it, on the whole, advantageous, your coming here?" insinuated Cleve.

"Barren, sir, as a voyage on the Dead Sea. The test is this—what have I by it? not five pounds, sir, in the world. Now, I've opened my mind a little to you upon this subject, and I'm of the same mind still; and if I've opened Alladdin's garden to you, with its fruitage of emeralds, rubies, and so forth, I expect to fill my snuff-box with the filings and chippings of your gigantic jewellery."

Cleve half repented his visit, now that the presence of the insatiable Mr. Dingwell, and his evident appetite for more money, had justified the representations of the suspected attorney.

"I shall speak to Mr. Larkin on the subject," said Cleve Verney.

"D——n Larkin, sir! speak to me."

"But, Mr. Dingwell, I have really, as I told you before, no authority to speak; and no one has the least power in the matter but my uncle."

"And what the devil did you come here for?" demanded Mr. Dingwell, suddenly blazing up into one of his unaccountable furies; "I suppose you expected me to congratulate you on your success, and to ask leave to see your uncle in his coronet—ha, ha, ha!—or his cap and bells, or whatever he wears. By——sir, I hope he holds his head high, and struts like a peacock, and has pleasant dreams; time enough for nightmares, sir, hereafter, eh? Uneasy rests the head that wears the crown! Good evening, sir; I'll talk to Mr. Larkin."

And with these words Mr. Dingwell got up, looking unaccountably angry, and made a half-sarcastic, half-furious bow, wherewith he dismissed Mr. Cleve Verney, with more distinct convictions than ever that the old gentleman was an unmitigated beast.

CHAPTER XLI.

IN LORD VERNY'S LIBRARY.

Who should light upon Cleve that evening as he walked homeward but our friend Tom Sedley, who was struck by the anxious pallor and melancholy of his face.

Good-natured Sedley took his arm, and said he, as they walked on together—

"Why don't you smile on your luck, Cleve?"

"How do you know what my luck is?"

"All the world knows that pretty well."

"All the world knows everything but its own business."

"Well, people do say that your uncle has lately got the oldest peerage—one of them—in England, and an estate of thirty-three thousand a year, for one thing, and that you are heir-presumptive to those trifles."

"And that heirs-presumptive often get nothing but their heads in their hands."

"No, you'll not come Saint Denis nor any other martyr over us, my dear boy; we know very well how you stand in that quarter."

"It's pleasant to have one's domestic relations so happily arranged by such very competent persons. I'm much obliged to all the world for the parental interest it takes in my private concerns."

"And it also strikes some people that a perfectly safe seat in the House of Commons is not to be had for nothing by every fellow who wishes it."

"But suppose I *don't* wish it."

"Oh! we may suppose anything."

Tom Sedley laughed as he said this, and Cleve looked at him sharply, but saw no uncomfortable meaning in his face.

"There is no good in talking of what one has not tried," said he. "If you had to go down to that tiresome House of Commons every time it sits; and had an uncle like mine to take you to task every time you missed a division—you'd soon be as tired of it as I am."

"I see, my dear fellow, you are bowed down under a load of good luck." They were at the door of Tom

Sedley's lodgings by this time, and opening it, he continued, "I've something in my room to show you; just run up with me for a minute, and you'll say I'm a conjuror."

Cleve, not to be got into good spirits that evening, followed him upstairs, thinking of something else.

"I've got a key to your melancholy, Cleve," said he, leading the way into his drawingroom. "Look *there*," and he pointed to a clever copy in crayons of the famous Beatrice Cenci, which he had hung over his chimney-piece.

Tom Sedley laughed, looking in Cleve's eyes. A slight flush had suddenly tinged his visiter's face, as he saw the portrait. But he did not seem to enjoy the joke, on the contrary, he looked a little embarrassed and angry. "That's Guido's portrait—well, what about it?" he asked, rather surlily.

"Yes, of course; but who is it like?"

"Very few, I dare say, for it is very pretty; and except on canvass, there is hardly such a thing as a pretty girl to be seen. Is that all? for the life of me, I can't see where the conjuring lies."

"Not in the picture, but the *likeness*; don't you see it?"

"No," said Cleve; "I must go; are you coming?"

"Not see it!" said Tom. "Why if it were painted for her, it could not be more like. Why, it's the Flower of Cardyllian, the Star of Malory. It is *your* Miss Fanshawe—*my* Margaret—*our* Miss Margaret Fanshawe. I'm making the fairest division I can, you see; and I would not be without it for all the world."

"She would be very much gratified if she heard it. It is so flattering to a young lady to have a fellow buy a coloured lithograph, and call it by her name, and crack jokes and spout mock heroics over it. It is the modern way of celebrating a lady's name. Don't you seriously think, Tom Sedley, it would be better to smash it with a poker, and throw it into the fire, than go on taking such liberties with any young lady's name?"

"Upon my honour, Cleve, you mis-

take me ; you do me great injustice. You used to laugh at me, you know, when I'm quite sure, thinking over it now, you were awfully gone about her yourself. I never told any one but you why I bought that picture ; it isn't a lithograph, but painted, or drawn, or whatever they call it, with chalks, and it cost five guineas ; and no one but you ever heard me mention Miss Fanshawe's name, except the people at Cardyllian, and then only as I might mention any other, and always with respect."

"What does it signify?" interrupted Cleve, in the middle of a forced yawn. "I'm tired to-day, and cross—don't you see ; and man delights not me, nor woman neither. So if you're coming, come, for I must go."

"And really, Cleve, the Cardyllian people do say (I've had letters) that you were awfully in love with her yourself, and always haunting those woods of Malory while she was there, and went away immediately she left, and have never been seen in Cardyllian since."

"Those Cretans were always liars, Tom Sedley. That comes direct from the Club. I can fancy old Shrapnel in the light of the bow-window, composing his farrago of dreams, and lies, and chuckling and cackling over it."

"Well, I don't say that Shrapnel had anything to do with it, but I did hear at first they thought you were gone about little Agnes Ethenage."

"Oh ! they found that out—did they?" said Cleve. "But you know those people—I mean the Cardyllian people—as well, or better than I, and really, as a kindness to me, and to save me the trouble of endless explanations to my uncle, I would be so much obliged if you would not repeat their follies—unless, of course, you happen to believe them."

Cleve did not look more cheerful as he drove away in a cab which he took to get rid of his friend Tom Sedley. It was mortifying to find how vain were his clever stratagems, and how the rustic chapmen of that Welsh village and their wives had penetrated his diplomacy. He thought he had killed the rumours about Malory, and yet that grain of mustard seed had grown while his eye was off it, with a gigantic luxuriance, and now was large enough to form a feature in the land-

scape, and quite visible from the windows of Ware—if his uncle should happen to visit that mansion—overtopping the roofs and chimneys of Cardyllian. His uncle meditated an early visit to Cardyllian, and a short stay at Ware, before the painters and gilders got possession of the house ; a sort of ovation in demi-toilette, grand and friendly, and a foretaste of the splendours that were coming. Cleve did hope that those beasts would be quiet while Lord Verney was (as he in his grand manner termed it) "among them." He knew the danger of a vague suspicion seizing on his mind, how fast it clung, how it fermented like yeast, fantastic and obstinate as a foolish woman's jealousy ; and as men sometimes will, he even magnified this danger. Altogether, Cleve was not causelessly anxious and alarmed. He had in the dark to navigate a channel which even in broad daylight tasked a good steersman.

When Cleve reached Verney House it was eight o'clock. His lordship had ordered his brougham at half-past, and was going down to the House ; he had something to say on Lord Frompington's bill. It was not very new, nor very deep, nor very much ; but he had been close at it for the last three weeks. He had amused many gentlemen—and sometimes even ladies—at many dinner parties with a very exact recital of his views. I cannot say they were precisely *his*, for they were culled, perhaps unconsciously, from a variety of magazine articles and pamphlets, which happened to take Lord Verney's view of the question.

It is not given to any mortal to have his heart's desire in everything. Lord Verney had a great deal of this world's good things, wealth, family, rank. But he chose to aim at official station, and here his stars denied him.

Some people thought him a goose, and some only a bore. He was, as we know, pompous, conceited, obstinate, also weak and dry. His grandfather had been a cabinet minister, respectable and silent, and was not he wiser, brighter, and more learned than his grandfather ? "Why on earth should not *he* ?" His influence commanded two boroughs, and virtually two counties. The minister, therefore, treated him with distinc-

tion ; and spoke of him confidentially as horribly foolish, impracticable, and at times positively impertinent.

Lord Verney was subject to small pets and huffs, and sometimes was affronted with the Premier for four or five weeks together, although the fact escaped his notice. And when the viscount relented, he would make him a visit to quiet his mind, and show him that friendly relations were re-established ; and the minister would say, "Here comes that d——d Verney ; I suppose I must give him half-an-hour !" And when the peer departed, thinking he had made the minister happy, the minister was seriously debating whether Lord Verney's boroughs were worth the price of Lord Verney's society.

His lordship was now in that sacred apartment, his library ; where not even Cleve had a right to disturb him uninvited. Preliminaries, however, were now arranged ; the servant announced him, and Cleve was commanded to enter.

"I have just had a line to say I shall be in time at half-past ten o'clock, about it. Frompington's bill won't be on till then ; and take that chair and sit down, about it, won't you ? I've a good many things on my mind ; people put things upon me. *Some* people think I have a turn for business, and they ask me to consider and direct matters about *theirs*, and I do what I can. There was poor Wimbledon, who died, about it, seven years ago. You remember Wimbledon—or—I say—you either remember him or you don't remember him ; but in either case it's of no importance. Let me see : Lady Wimbledon—she's connected with you, about it—your mother, remotely—remotely also with us, the Verneys. I've had a world of trouble about her settlements—I can't describe—I can't describe—I was not well advised, in fact, to accept the trust at all. Long ago, when poor Frompington—I mean Wimbledon, of course—have I been saying Wimbledon ?"

Cleve at once satisfied him.

"Yes, of course. When poor Wimbledon looked as healthy and as strong as I do at this moment, about it—a long time ago. Poor Wimbledon !—he fancied, I suppose, I had some little turn, about it, for business—*some* of my friends *do*—and I accepted the

trust when poor Wimbledon looked as little likely to be hurried into eternity, about it, as I do. I had a regard for him, poor Wimbledon, and he had a respect for me, and thought I could be of use to him after he was dead, and I have endeavoured, and people think I *have*. But Lady Wimbledon, the dowager, poor woman. She's very long-winded, poor soul, and gives me an infinity of trouble. One can't say to a lady, 'You are detaining me ; you are beating about the bush ; you fail to come to the point.' It would be taking a liberty, or something, about it. I had not seen Lady Wimbledon, simple 'oman, for seven years or more. It's a very entangled business, and I confess it seems rather unfair. I should have my time already sufficiently occupied with other, and as I think, more important affairs, so seriously interrupted and abridged. There's going to be a bill filed—yes, and a great deal of annoyance. She has one unmarried daughter, Caroline, about it, who is not to have any power over her money till she is thirty-one. She's not that now. It was hardly fair to me, putting it in trust so long. She is a very superior person—a young woman one does not meet with every day, about it ; and—and very apprehensive—a great deal of mind—quite unusual. Do you know her ?"

The viscount raised his eyes toward the ceiling with a smile that was mysterious and pleased.

Cleve did know that young lady of eight-and-twenty, and her dowager mamma, "simple 'oman," who had pursued him with extraordinary spirit and tenacity for several years, but that was past and over. Cleve experienced a thrill of pain at his heart. He suspected that the old torturing idea was again active in his uncle's mind.

"Yes, he *did* know them—ridiculous old woman ; and the girl—he believed she'd marry any one ; he fancied she would have done *him* that honour at one time, and he fancied that the trust, if it was to end when she was thirty-one, must have expired long ago."

"My dear Cleve, don't you think that's rather an odd way of speaking of a young lady ? People used not in my time—that is, when I was a young man of two or three-and-

twenty, about it—to talk so of young ladies. It was not considered a thing that ought to be done. I—I never heard a word of the kind.”

Lord Verney's chivalry had actually called a little pink flush to his old cheeks, and he looked very seriously still at the cornice, and tapped a little nervous tattoo with his pencil-case on the table as he did so.

“I really did not mean—I only meant—in fact, uncle, I tell *you* everything; and poor Caroline is so much elder than I, it always struck me as amusing.”

“Their man of business in matters of law is Mr. Larkington, about it. *Our* man, you know—you know him?”

“Oh, yes. They could not do better. Mr. Larkin—a very shrewd fellow. I went, by-the-bye, to see that old man, Dingwell.”

“Ah, well, very good. We'll talk of that by-and-by, if you please; but it has been occurring to my mind, Cleve, that—that you should look about you. In fact, if you don't like one young lady, you may like another. It strikes me I never saw a greater number of pretty young women, about it, than there are at present in town. I do assure you, at that ball—where was it?—the place I saw you, and sent you down to the division—don't you remember?—and next day, I told you, I think, they never said so much as ‘thank you’ for what I had done, though it was the saving of them, about it. I say I was quite struck; the spectacle was quite charming, about it, from no other cause; and you know there is Ethel—I always said Ethel—and there *can* be no objection there; and I have distinct reasons for wishing you to be well connected, about it—in a political sense—and there is no harm in a little *money*; and, in fact, I have made up my mind, my dear Cleve, it is indispensable, and you *must* marry. I'm quite clear upon the point.”

“I can promise you, my dear uncle, that I shan't marry without your approbation.”

“Well, I rather took that for granted,” observed Lord Verney, with dry solemnity.

“Of course. I only say it's very difficult sometimes to see what's wisest. I have you, I know, uncle, to direct me; but you must allow I have also

your example. You relied entirely upon yourself for your political position. You made it without the aid of any such step, and I should be only too proud to follow your example.”

“A—yes—but the cases are different; there's a difference, about it. As I said in the debate on the Jewish Disabilities, there are no two cases, about it, precisely parallel; and I've given my serious consideration to the subject, and I am satisfied that for every reason you ought to choose a wife *immediately*; there's no reason against it, and you ought to choose a wife, about it, immediately; and my mind is made up quite decidedly, and I have spoken repeatedly; but now I tell you I recognise no reason for further delay—no reason against the step, and every reason for it; and in short, I shall have no choice but to treat any dilatory procedure in the matter as amounting to a distinct trifling with my known wishes, desire, and opinion.”

And the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Verney smote his thin hand emphatically at these words, upon the table, as he used to do in his place in the House.

Then followed an impressive silence, the peer holding his head high, and looking a little flushed; and Cleve very pale, with the ghost of the smile he had worn a few minutes before.

There are instruments that detect and measure with a beautiful accuracy, the presence and force of invisible influences—heat, electricity, air, moisture. If among all these “meters”—electrometers, hygrometers, anemometers—*odynometer*, to detect the presence and measure the intensity of hidden *pain*, were procurable, and applied to the breast of that pale, smiling young man at that moment, I wonder to what degree in its scale its index would have pointed!

Cleve intended to make some slight and playful remark, he knew not what, but his voice failed him.

He had been thinking of this possibility—of this *hour*—for many a day, as some men will of the day of judgment, and putting it aside as a hateful thought, possibly never to be embodied in *fact*, and here it was come upon him, suddenly, inevitably, in all its terrors.

“Well, certainly, uncle,—as you wish it. I must look about me—seriously. I know you wish me to

be happy. I'm very grateful, you have always bestowed so much of your thought and care upon me—too good, a great deal."

So spoke the young man—white as that sheet of paper on which his uncle had been pencilling two or three of what he called his thoughts—and almost as unconscious of the import of the words he repeated.

"I'm glad, my dear Cleve, you are sensible that I have been, I may say, kind; and now let me say that I think Ethel has a great deal in her favour; there are others, however, I am well aware, and there is time to

look about, but I should wish something settled *this* season—in fact, before we break up, about it; in short I have, as I said, made up my mind. I don't act without reasons; I never do, and mine are conclusive; and it was on this topic, my dear Cleve, I wished to see you. And now I think you may wish to have some dinner. I'm afraid I've detained you here rather long."

And Lord Verney rose, and moved toward a book-case with Hansard in it, to signify that the conference was ended, and that he desired to be alone in his study.

CHAPTER XLII.

AN OVATION.

CLEVE had no dinner; he had supped full of horrors. He got on his coat and hat, and appeared nowhere that evening, but took an immense walk instead, in the hope I dare say of tiring out his agony—perhaps simply because quietude and the faculty of uninterrupted thought were unendurable.

Next day hope began a little to revive. An inventive mind is inexhaustible; and are not the resources of delay always considerable?

Who could have been acting upon his uncle's mind in this matter? The spring of Lord Verney's action was seldom quite within himself. All at once he recollected that he had come suddenly upon what seemed an unusually secret conference between his uncle and Mr. Larkin about ten days since; it was in the library. He was sure the conversation had some reference to him. His uncle looked both annoyed and embarrassed when he came into the room; even the practised countenance of Mr. Larkin betrayed some faint signs of confusion.

Larkin he knew had been down in the neighbourhood of Ware, and probably in Cardyllian. Had anything reached him about the Malory romance? Mr. Larkin was a man who would not stick at trifles in hunting up evidence, and all that concerned *him* would now interest Mr. Larkin, and Cleve had too high an opinion of that gentleman's sagacity not to assume that if he had obtained the clew to his mystery he would make capital

of the secret with Lord Verney. *Viscera magnorum domuum*—nothing like secret relations—confidences,—and what might not come of this? Of course, the first result would be a peremptory order on which Lord Verney had spoken last night. The only safety for the young man, it will be concluded, is to marry him suitably forthwith.

And—by Jove!—a flash of light! He had it! The whole thing was clear now. Yes; *he* was to be married to Caroline Oldys, because Mr. Larkin was the professional right hand of that family, and so the attorney would glide ultimately into the absolute command of the House of Verney!

To think of that indescribably vulgar rogue's actually shaping the fortunes and regulating the future suffering of Cleve Verney! How much of our miseries result from the folly of those who would serve us! Here was Viscount Verney with, as respected Cleve, the issues of life very much in his fingers, dropping through sheer imbecility into the coarse hands of that odious attorney!

Cleve trembled with rage as he thought of the degradation to which that pompous fool, Lord Verney, was consigning him, yet what was to be done? Cleve was absolutely at the disposal of the peer, and the peer was unconsciously placing himself in the hands of Mr. Larkin, to be worked like a puppet, and spoken for by the Pharisaical attorney.

Cleve's theory hung together plausibly. It would have been gross folly to betray his jealousy of the attorney, whose opportunities with his uncle he had no means of limiting or interrupting, and against whom he had as yet no case.

He was gifted with a pretty talent for dissimulation; Mr. Larkin congratulated himself in secret upon Cleve's growing esteem and confidence. The young gentleman's manner was gracious and even friendly to a degree that was quite marked, and the unsuspecting attorney would have been startled had he learned on a sudden how much he hated him.

Ware—that great house which all across the estuary in which its princely front was reflected, made quite a feature in the landscape sketched by so many tourists, from the pier on the shingle of Cardyllian on bright summer days, was about to be re-habilitated, and very splendid doings were to follow.

In the mean time, before the architects and contractors, the plumbers, and painters, and carpenters, and carvers, and gilders had taken possession, and before those wonderful artists in stucco who were to encrust and overspread the ceilings with noble designs, rich and elegant and light, of fruit and flowers and cupids, and from memory, not having read the guide-book of Cardyllian and its vicinity for more than a year, I should be afraid to say what arabesques, and imagery beside, had entered with their cements and their scaffolding; and before the three brother artists had got their passports for England who were to paint on the panels of the doors such festive pieces as Watteau loved. In short, before the chaos and confusion that attend the throes of that sort of creation had set in, Lord Verney was to make a visit of a few days to Ware, and was to visit Cardyllian and to receive a congratulatory address from the corporation of that ancient town, and to inspect the gas-works (which I am glad to say are hid away in a little hollow), and the two fountains which supply the town—constructed, as the inscription tells, at the expense of “the Right Honorable Kyffin Fulke, Nineteenth Viscount Verney, and Twentieth Baron Penruthyn, of Malory.”

What else his lordship was to see, and to do, and to say on the day of his visit the county and other newspapers round about printed when the spectacle was actually over, and the great doings matter of history.

There were arches of evergreens and artificial flowers of paper, among which were very tolerable hollyhocks, though the roses were starting, under these. Lord Viscount Verney and the “distinguished party” who accompanied him passed up Castle-street to the town-hall, where he was received by the mayor and town-councillors, accompanied and fortified by the town-clerk and other functionaries, all smiling except the mayor, on whom weighed the solemn responsibility of having to read the address, a composition, and no mean one, of the Rev. Doctor Splayfoot, who attended with parental anxiety “to see the little matter through,” as he phrased it, and was so awfully engaged that Mrs. Splayfoot, who was on his arm, and asked him twice, in a whisper, whether the tall lady in purple silk was Lady Wimbledon, without receiving the slightest intimation that she was so much as heard, remarked testily that she hoped he would not write many more addresses, inasmuch as it made him ill-bred to that degree that if the town-hall had fallen during the reading, he never would have perceived it till he had shaken his ears in kingdom-come. Lord Verney read his answer, which there was much anxiety and pressure to hear.

“Now it really *was* be-aufitful—*wasn't* it?” our friend Mrs. Jones the draper whispered, in particular reference to that part of it, in which the viscount invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon himself and his doings, gracefully admitting that in contravention of the Divine will and the decrees of heaven, even he could not be expected to accomplish much, though with the best intentions. And Captain Shrapnel, who felt that the sentiment was religious, and was anxious to be conspicuous, standing with his hat in his hand, with a sublime expression of countenance, said in an audible voice—“*Amen.*”

All this over, and the building inspected, the distinguished party were conducted by the mayor, the militia band accompanying their march—[air—“The Meeting of the Waters”]—

to the "Fountains" in Gannon's-lane, to which I have already alluded.

Here they were greeted by a detachment of the Llanwthyn Temperance Union, headed by short, fat Thomas Pritchard, the interesting apostle of total abstinence, who used to preach on the subject alternately in Welsh and English in all the towns who would hear his gospel, in most of which he was remembered as having been repeatedly fined for public intoxication, and known by the familiar pet-name of "Swikey Tom," before his remarkable conversion.

Mr. Pritchard now led the choir of the Llanwthyn Temperance Union, consisting of seven members, of various sizes, dressed in their Sunday costume, and standing in a row in front of fountain No. 1—each with his hat in his left hand and a tumbler of fair water in his right.

Good Mrs. Jones, who had a vague sense of fun, and remembered anecdotes of the principal figure in this imposing spectacle, did laugh a little modestly into her handkerchief, and answered the admonitory jog of her husband's elbow by pleading—"Poor fellows! Well, you know it is odd—there's no denying *that*, you *know*," and from the background were heard some jeers from the excursionists who visited Cardyllian for that gala, which kept Hughes, the Cardyllian policeman, and Evans, the other "horney," who had been drafted from Lluinan, to help to overawe the turbulent, very hot and active during that part of the ceremony.

Particularly unruly was John Swillers, who, having failed as a publican in Liverpool, in consequence of his practice of drinking the greater part of his own stock in trade, had migrated to "The Golden Posts" in Church-street, Cardyllian, where he ceased to roll his barrel, set up his tressels, and had tabernacled for the present, drinking his usual proportion of his own liquors, and expecting the hour of a new migration.

Over the heads of the spectators and the admiring natives of Cardyllian were heard such exhortations as "Go it, Swikey," "There's gin in that," "Five shillin's for his vorship, Swikey," "I say, Swikey Tom, pay your score at the Golden Posts, will ye?" "Will ye go a bit on the stretcher, Swikey?" "Here's two

horneys as 'll take ye home arter that."

And these interruptions, I am sorry to say, continued, notwithstanding the remonstrances which Mr. Hughes addressed almost pathetically to John Swillers of the Golden Posts, as a respectable citizen of Cardyllian, one from whose position the police were led to expect assistance and the populace an example. There was something in these expostulations which struck John Swillers, for he would look with a tipsy solemnity in Hughes's face while he delivered them, and once took his hand, rather affectionately, and said, "That's your sort." But invariably these unpleasant interpellations were resumed, and did not cease until this moral exhibition had ended with the last verse of the temperance song, chanted by the deputation with great vigour, in unison, and which, as the reader will perceive, had in it a Bacchanalian character, which struck even the gravest listeners as a hollow mockery:—

Refreshing more than sinful swipes,
The weary man
Who quaffs a can,
That sparkling foams through leaden
pipes.

CHORUS.

Let every man
Then, fill his can,
And fill the glass
Of every lass
In brimming bumpers sparkling clear,
To pledge the health of Verney's Peer!

And then came a chill and ghastly "hip-hip, hurrah," and with some gracious inquiries on Lord Verney's part, as to the numbers, progress, and finances of "their interesting association," and a subscription of ten pounds, which Mr. John Swillers took leave to remark, "wouldn't be laid out on water, by no means," the viscount, with grand and radiant Mr. Larkin at his elbow, and frequently murmuring in his ear—to the infinite disgust of my friend, the Cardyllian attorney, thus out-strutted and out-crowed on his own rustic elevation—was winning golden opinions from all sorts of men.

The party went on, after the wonders of the town had been exhausted, to look at Malory, and thence returned to a collation, at which toasts were toasted and speeches spoken, and

Captain Shrapnel spoke, by arrangement, for the ladies of Cardyllian in his usual graceful and facetious manner, with all the puns and happy allusions which a month's private diligence, and, I am sorry to say, some shameless plagiarisms from three old numbers of poor Tom Hood's "Comic Annual," could get together, and the gallant captain concluded by observing that the noble lord whom they had that day the honour and happiness to congratulate, intended, he understood, everything that was splendid and liberal and handsome, and that the town of Cardyllian, in the full radiance of the meridian sunshine, whose golden splendour proceeded from the *south*—"The cardinal point at which the great house of Ware is visible from the Green of Cardyllian"—(hear, hear, and laughter)—"there remained but one grievance to be redressed, and that set to rights, every ground of complaint would slumber for ever, he might say, in the great bed of Ware"—(loud cheers and laughter)—"and what was that complaint? He was instructed by his fair, lovely, and beautiful clients—the ladies of Cardyllian—some of whom he saw in the gallery, and some still more happily situated at the festive board"—(a laugh). "Well, he was, he repeated, instructed by them to say that there was one obvious duty which the noble lord owed to his ancient name—to the fame of his public position—to the coronet, whose golden band encircled his distinguished brow—and above all, to the ancient feudal dependency of Cardyllian"—(hear, hear)—"and that was to select from his country's beauty, fascination, and accomplishment, and he might say loveliness, a partner worthy to share the ermine and the coronet and the name and the—the ermine (hear, hear) of the ancient house of Verney" (loud cheers); "and need he add that when the selection was made, it was hoped and trusted and aspired after, that the selection would not be made a hundred miles away from the ivied turrets, the feudal ruins, the gushing fountains, and the spacious town-hall of Cardyllian"—(loud and long-continued cheering, amid which the gallant captain, very hot, and red, and smiling furiously, sat down with a sort of lurch, and drank off a glass of

champagne, and laughed and giggled a little in his chair while the "cheering and laughter" continued).

And Lord Verney rose, not at all hurt by this liberty, very much amused on the contrary, and in high good humour his lordship said—

"Allow me to say—I am sure you will"—(hear, hear, and cries of "We will")—"I say, I am sure you will permit me to say that the ladies of Cardyllian, a-a-about it, seem to me to have chosen a very eloquent spokesman in the gallant, and I have no doubt, distinguished officer who has just addressed the house. We have all been entertained by the eloquence of Captain Scollop"—[here the mayor deferentially whispered something to the noble orator]—"I beg pardon—Captain Grapnell—who sits at the table, with his glass of wine, about it—and very good wine it is—his glass, I say, where it should be, in his hand"—(hear, hear, and laughter, and "You got it there, captain.") "And I assure the gallant captain I did not mean to be severe—only we are all joking—and I do say that he has his hand—my gallant friend, Captain Grabblet, has it—where every gallant officer's ought to be, about it, and that is, upon his weapon"—(hear, hear, laughter, and cries of "His lordship's too strong for you, captain.") "I don't mean to hurt him, though, about it," (renewed cries of hear, and laughter), during which the captain shook his ears a little, smiling into his glass rather foolishly, as a man who was getting the worst of it, and knew it, but took it all pleasantly. "No, it would not be fair to the ladies, about it," (renewed laughter and cheering), "and all I *will* say is this, about it—there are parts of Captain Scraplet's speech, which I shan't undertake to answer at this moment. I feel that I am trespassing, about it, for a much longer time than I had intended," (loud cries of "No, no, Go on, go on," and cheering), during which the mayor whispered something to the noble lord, who, having heard it twice or thrice repeated, nodded to the mayor in evident apprehension, and when silence was restored proceeded to say, "I have just heard, without meaning to say anything unfair of the gallant captain, Captain Scalpel, that he is hardly himself qualified to give me

the excellent advice, about it, which I received from him; for they tell me that he has rather run away, about it, from his colours, on that occasion." (Great laughter and cheering). "I should be sorry to wound Captain Shat—Scat—Scrap, the gallant captain, to wound him, I say, even in front." (Laughter, cheering, and a voice from the gallery "Hit him hard, and he won't swell," "Order.") "But I think I was bound to make that observation in the interest of the ladies of Cardyllian, about it;" (renewed laughter); "and, for my part, I promise my gallant friend—my—

captain—about it—that although I may take some time, like himself" (loud laughter); "yet although I cannot let fall, about it, any observation that may commit me, yet I do promise to meditate on the excellent advice he has been so good as to give me, about it." And the noble lord resumed his seat amid uproarious cheering and general laughter, wondering what had happened to put him in the vein, and regretting that some of the people of Downing-street had not been present to hear it, and witness its effect.

"ECCE DEUS."*

THE continual restlessness of scepticism is one of the greatest evidences of the unsatisfactory nature of that aberration of the human mind. Its votaries are never thoroughly satisfied or convinced of their own conclusions, but must continually agitate questions, and go over the old beaten tracks again and again, finding no rest for their souls, and no light for their darkness. They remind us of the wicked ones in the "Inferno" struggling in the boiling pitch in that hellfire so terribly depicted by Dante. Ever and anon they are lifted out of their torture-gulph by the fork of some demon, held up to the world in momentary relief from their sufferings, and then plunged down again into the boiling gulph to shriek and struggle for ever. And yet, scepticism is made an instrument of doing good. We fear but for these people we should sink into a slumbering orthodoxy, fatally inactive, were it not that now and then the old war cry is raised, and we have to rouse ourselves, put on our armour, and plant the standard of the Lord of Hosts between us and the enemy. It is a very old war cry, for we may safely affirm that not a single argument or mode of presenting an argument against the subjects of Revelation has ever yet been submitted to our consideration, the counterpart of which we may not find in the heresies of the first three or four centuries of the Church.

But this book which lies before us is a voice from the other side; it is the clash of the arms of a vigorous warrior under the standard before mentioned, and we hail him as a true soldier. Of this work we can only in our limited space give a general idea, touching as we advance upon salient points.

It opens with an endeavour to combat the difficulties of the miraculous conception of Christ. The author justly observes—

"There has ever been a motion, a gravitation more or less palpable towards a man who should be the complement of every other man, and who, by the perfectness of his manhood should be able to restore and preserve the equipoise which universal consciousness affirms to have been disturbed or lost. . . . In other senses than that of the procreator of human life there have been miraculous conceptions in every age—conceptions by the over-shadowing of the Holy Ghost too. Every foremost thought of God among men, every struggle of the soul in the direction in which God is supposed to have gone, has been an effect of divine operation upon the mind. In Jesus Christ alone have we a life which claims to have been produced immediately by a superhuman relation to the human body. Yet, though so produced, the 'holy thing' born of the Virgin did not collide with the human race as an unexpected antagonistic element, but took his place in the human family by a process which, on one side was fitted to awaken awe, and on the other, to excite sympathy. . . . Intellectual history presents a succession of births quite in their degree, and according to their

nature as inexplicable as any occurrence that could transpire in the merely material sphere. 'The Holy Ghost has come upon, and the power of the Highest has overshadowed' all who have wrought upon the springs of civilization, and enriched the resources of human life; poem and picture book, and statue that have touched the world's soul, have been, notwithstanding the apparent irreverence of the expression, miraculous conceptions—fruits of the Spirit's strife with the human mind.

Moses hesitated not to say that the Lord had called by name Bezaleel, the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah, and had 'filled him with the Spirit of God in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise curious works, to work in gold and in silver and in brass, and in the cutting of stones, to set them, and in the carving of wood to make any manner of cunning work.' Art is thus set among the miraculous conceptions, and civilization is robed as a worshipper in the outer court of the Temple. Still we have not a man who claims in a peculiar sense to have God's life in his veins. We have seen God in art, can we see God in blood?

The whole history of the Pagan world, the results of Pagan history and Pagan philosophy, as they existed at the coming of our Lord, all go to prove that He and the Gospel were the only things then wanting to supply what they yearned after most. The Alexandrine Fathers, who were the first fruits of Paganism to the Christian side, all believed that philosophy was to the Greek just what the law was to the Jew, an evangelical preparation, a leading up to the Gospel.

But it has always struck our mind that the difficulties, scholastic and other, of believing in the Incarnation of the Godhead in Christ vanish if we can only recognise the fact of his co-existence and præ-existence with the Father; that before all worlds he was, that through him all things were made, and that every communication of the Godhead with man was made through him; so that the key to the difficulty of his marvellous birth lies in his præ-existence. If we can only comprehend that, the difficulties of the other are cleared, his præ-existence paves the way for his incarnation.

We are told by Christ himself, when speaking of the Father, "Ye have never heard his voice at any time, nor seen his shape;" and he immediately adds, which will be a

sufficient proof of what we are going to say of his pre-existence, "Search the Scriptures" (that was the *Old Testament*), "they are they which testify of me."

If this be so, if no man at any time hath seen God, who is it that appears throughout the Old Testament before men in the person of the "Lord?" Can it be any one else than the Son, who is coeval with the Father, through whom all things were created that were created. He was the medium of communication between God and man in all ages before the Incarnation.

The idea of this pre-existence of Christ was clearly understood by all the early Christians, even by the Gnostic sects; and of them, most clearly by the Valentinians. In their peculiar diction, a compound of Platonism and Christianity, the Supreme Being, the fountain of all existence, or, as they called him, the Abyss (*βυθός*) existed in Silence and Thought (*σὺν* and *ἐννοία*): these were what they termed the two first æons. The Supreme was as yet unknown, but, as he wished to be known, emitted through the contemplation of himself—*διὰ τῆς κοσμουμένης τῆς αὐτοῦ*—the Only Begotten. This old doctrine of the first century is now promulgated by the Tübingen school of Germany as New Light.

But we appeal to the Bible—that is, the Old Testament—where Christ himself had directed us to search for testimonials of him. Rightly understood, the Old Testament is one long evidence to the pre-existence of Christ with the Father, and all the appearances mentioned there, all the personal communications made to men by the Father, have been through the Son, "the Lord." There is a marvellous significance in all Hebrew names, often a prophetic significance, which is lost in common use. We give one or two examples. Sh'mouel (Samuel), Harkened to by God. Ya-a-kob (Jacob) "He will trip up the heels"—supplant. Moriy-yah (Moriah), Mount of the Lord; but the most expressive perhaps is Y'roushalayim (Jerusalem), "He shall pour peace on thee in floods." The word "Jehovah" means beyond any question simply "*He will be*," and is a form of the third person future of the verb "Hayah," to be,

to live, to live again.. If we always read the word Jehovah, or "the Lord," in the Old Testament as "*he who will be*," we shall understand more clearly the pre-existence of Christ, testified as it is all through its pages.

That it was known to our first mother that he who was to come as the Saviour of fallen man, was to be her seed, is evident from the names she gave her children by virtue of that belief. "The seed of the woman shall bruise thy head," uttered in her presence, was the fountain of the hope she had in her own offspring. The force of the first name is spoiled by a mistranslation started by the Septuagint, and perpetrated in all translations ever since—a mistake which any Jew or even a tyro in Hebrew would at once recognise. She called him Cain, which in Hebrew means "I have acquired," because we are told in the text, "I have gotten, *i.e.*, acquired, a man *from* the Lord." This word *from* does not appear in the Hebrew the true translation, as any one who knows the elements of Hebrew would admit is, "I have gotten a man—the Lord *himself*." The words are "*Eth Jehovah*," and the word "eth" appended to a word gives all through the Old Testament and in every Hebrew book the force of apposition only translatable by our word self. If it have been "*from the Lord*," the words would have been *Meyhovah*, or some such form. She imagined that her first child was he who was to come, but upon the birth of the second, she was perplexed as to which of the two would be the "*coming One*," and appropriately calls his name "Abel," which means "*perplexity*." After the melancholy death of Abel and the disgrace of Cain, she despaired, but when her third son was born she called him "Seth," which means "*replacing*"—"for God, said she, hath appointed me another seed instead of Abel, whom Cain slew." It is manifest from this expression that she had abandoned all hope of Cain through his disgrace. But by this time children were born of her children, and she must have been convinced that the "*coming One*" was not to come yet, for we find the son of Seth is called "Enos," which means simply "*a man*"—an ordinary man.

There follows, however, an expression after the birth of Enos which seems to prove all this. Then began men to call upon the name of "Jehovah"—the coming One. It is clear this word Jehovah cannot mean God the Father, because Cain and Abel had called on him before in their sacrifices; but it means simply what it says, that from that moment Christ began to be the hope of mankind, and "men began to call upon *him who was to come*." The distinction is still more clearly brought out in Exodus vi. 3, where the difference between God as God, and God as "Jehovah," or the "coming One," is made a solemn subject of special revelation to Moses, to be taught to the children of Israel. "I appeared unto Abraham by the name of 'God Almighty' (B'el Shaddai), but by my name *Jehovah*, or 'the coming One,' was I not known unto them."

We shall only mention one more instance to illustrate this great fact, which is the key to half the difficulties in the Old and New Testaments, and that is, the appearance of "He who will come," mentioned in the 18th chapter of Genesis. Abraham was sitting at his tent door in the heat of the day when he looked up and beheld *three* men approaching. He ran towards them, and addressed *one* of them in particular as "My Lord." It will be observed that this *one* is distinguished by Abraham throughout the interview; he is the spokesman. Then after the promise about Sarah, this distinguished *one* said, "Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it." Then we are told—"And the *men* turned their faces from thence and went toward Sodom, but *Abraham stood yet before 'Jehovah'—the coming One*." So that only two of the men could have departed to Sodom, which is singularly confirmed by the first verse of the following chapter, which begins, "And there came *two* angels to Sodom at even." The whole narrative is "simplex duntaxat et unum." To return to Abraham, he pleaded with the Lord (Jehovah) for Sodom, and the narrative is concluded by the suggestive words, "And the Lord *went his way* as soon as he had left

communing with Abraham, and Abraham returned to his place."

Recollecting at this point the solemn assertion of the Coming One when he had come on the earth, that no man had ever heard his Father's voice *at any time, nor seen his shape*, we ask the question here, who could this have been who appeared to Abraham but Him, Jesus, who is always spoken of as the agent of his Father's communications with men? The Old Testament read in this way becomes what it really was meant to be, a preparation for the Gospel, a gradual training of the human mind for the fulness of his coming; and we can thoroughly appreciate the following beautiful passage from the first chapter of this book, which is now before us:—

"From Abraham to David, from David to the carrying away into Babylon, and from Babylon until Herod reigned in Judea, there is a life far below the surface. From behind the prophetic veil, or through it, there glows the image of a man, stranger to everybody, yet friendly to all. A marvellous image it is, so indistinct yet so positive, gentle, yet carrying awful power as the summer cloud carries lightning; very near, yet distant as the unseen God. We feel this coming along the biblical line; feel that almost at any moment a man might stand up in the very likeness and majesty of God; and a strange fascinating spell binds the reader until having passed the prophecies he comes to the Star and the Virgin and the Child. *That Child had been the mystery of all his reading.* There in infant life lay the explanation, itself a mystery of all the tumultuous events and hopeful promises which made up the sum of prophetic history. *We cannot understand the Child without at least recognising that it is alleged that he came up from unbeginning time to express AUDIBLY and VISIBLY what otherwise could never have been known of God.*"

In the chapter on the Written Word some useful hints are thrown out. It is new, and adapted to the new wants of every age.

"The New Testament is only the beginning of books, not a finished sealed document, according to popular notions of finality, but the beginning of a literature punctuated and paragraphed by tears and laughter, by battle and pestilence, and all the changes of a tumultuous yet progressive civilization."

Speaking also of the contradictions of the Bible, the author says:—

"No doubt the Book does possess contradictions more or less real. So does the Book of Nature. The desert contradicts the garden; the storm contradicts the calm; summer and winter are utterly discordant; one plant grows poison, another is impregnated with healing juices; the savage beast and the creature of gentle blood face each other in the contradictory book of nature. The world is full of contradictions, and an intolerably insipid world it would be but for its anomalies. Every man is his own contradiction. In ten years a growing man will throw off many tastes, companionships, and habits, which to-day are pleasant to him. There is nothing without an element of contradiction but death, and *death itself is the great contradiction of God.*"

The author of "Ecce Deus" has a far higher comprehension of the Temptation of Christ than has elsewhere been presented. He remarks with justice as the principal results of that scene that it completed the sympathy of Christ with human nature, and that by it we are taught the temptations which most frequently beset all humanity, which daily are besetting individuals; the whole world is "*a wilderness of Temptation.*"

"To-day the great strife of the world is proceeding upon these very issues—Bread, Desperation, Sovereignty. Man has been victimised by the sophism that it is necessary for him to live, and therefore necessary that he should make bread either legitimately or dishonestly; but Christ alone broke through this sophism by showing from what the true life of man is derived, and that there is something deeper than the sensations of the body which cannot be a guest at men's tables, but must feed on the very truth of God. Man has also been tempted to risks that are unlawful, especially on the pretence that he was but acting up to his faith, forgetting that there is a limit to human liberty, and that a narrow boundary separates trust and presumption. Man has further been tempted to bid for great dominion, and in some cases under the glare of that delusion he has bent his knee before the deceiver. So man himself passed through the series of temptations recorded in connexion with the name of Christ, and can understand what is meant by Christ having been 'tempted in all points like unto his brethren'; showing that Christ took up the very temptations which has been plaguing the world for thousands of years, and did not introduce a new and unfamiliar class of temptations which had never troubled the life of the world, and which, even when overcome, left the common temptations of society untouched."

There is a chapter on "The Mighty Works," which advances a step towards the true method of treating miracles, though it rests the whole testimony of their possibility upon faith. He says:—

"Man cannot advance to the miracle except through the faith. There can be no doubt that the faith of the world has gone down, and in part this may be accounted for by the intellectual transition through which we are being driven by revised and ambitious science."

We must here point out the distinction between inference and demonstration, for herein lies the difficulty about miracles. The results of the observation of natural phenomena have been baptized with a name to which it is scarcely legally or logically entitled—*science*, that is, knowledge. But the observation of natural phenomena does not confer *knowledge*, it merely records experience—it is built up on deduction and inference that is not demonstration, and therefore cannot be knowledge.

The man of science observes the phenomena of nature recurring with regularity, and has ascertained that that regularity has for a long time been uninterrupted, though here he is compelled to exercise faith in tradition; but he finds it recorded in history, and in a book which some say has a divine origin, and reveals recondite truths about man, God, and nature—that in some ages of the world's history that regularity has apparently been interrupted and phenomena have occurred somewhat contrary to previous observation. Is the record a false one, or is the discovered law variable? We must recollect that what we call law comes rather from ourselves. We have observed regularity, and not observed any alteration in that regularity, but upon the very principles of science—that being only the result of observation cannot be demonstration, actual proof that the contrary may not occur at any moment, and therefore cannot fairly be what we understand by law.

Besides, although the observation of science may lead us to recognise this regularity, to which we give the name of law, it cannot, as we have observed, in any way tell us of the cause of phenomena nor of the origin of law. It is conscious of an order or

regularity, but what that regularity is, where it comes from, what is its origin, is its originator subject to it himself, which appears impossible, as creative power must be absolute power, and not subject to law or experience, but self-acting and self-guided. On all these subjects science is dumb, and we hope will, for the future, abandon that investigation, and either accept Revelation as an explanation or cease from opposing it as an obstacle in the way of those who will.

The position of the two contemplators—the acceptor and the non-acceptor of Revelation and their inductions—may be aptly illustrated by slightly paraphrasing an illustration of Coleridge.

The non-believer observes the phenomena of nature stretching out across the universe, and moving on with regularity and unaltering precision, like a long chain of blind men, each one holding on by the skirt of his predecessor. But the believer remarks, "Surely there must be some one at the head of them who can see." "Certainly not," replies the non-believer, "the men are all blind and infinite, and infinite blindness compensates for want of sight." That is all that science can tell us of the origin of law and phenomena—a system occurring with blind regularity; it cannot apprehend a Divine supremacy because it cannot be demonstrated, although it apprehends the regularity of the phenomena whose cause it cannot demonstrate.

If this be so, and it certainly appears to be incontrovertible, that our knowledge of the order, and what we call the invariable law of nature, is merely the result of recorded observation, that it is only apprehended, and not demonstrated, it cannot, certainly, by the very principles of science itself, be accepted as absolute proof that that system of order and regular recurrence may not at any moment be subject to alteration and phenomena of another kind occur in the same order. The source of law, whatever it may be, can scarcely be subject to its own production, or it could not have originated it; the ultimate cause must be supreme, and if circumstances occur in the economy of nature, must have the power of modifying or changing what we term the unalterable laws of nature, or else we must

fall back upon the desolate fact, that there is no origin and no supreme Originator: the men, as we have said, are all blind, and infinite blindness compensates for want of sight.

Even in worldly matters, custom, though admitted in law courts to have great weight in decisions on certain occasions, is never recognised as law. And so in nature, this order which we observe as a custom, and lay down as a law, must be subject to something else higher than itself or its own regularity; and therefore it is that miracles cannot be impossible, when we find that phenomena must be subject to some infinite power, to whom there must be the possibility of arranging or altering the succession of phenomena by virtue of his power of creation. The next thing to be examined is: have there ever been circumstances in the world which seem to require such an interference; if we can find such circumstances, it would help us towards the conclusion that whatever the governing power may be, there would be such interference; and if we find such interference at that moment upon record, surely it ought to be sufficient to convince us of the truth.

There have been moments in the history of the world when investigation has been pushed with marvellous success; the investigation of Greek philosophy is an extraordinary instance of this. The philosophers had attained by investigation a limited apprehension of the immortality of the soul, and an existence after death, but their difficulty was with the body; the soul they knew must have some medium of action, and as they found that the physical bodies wasted away and became dust, lost all identity of form, they were driven to the unsatisfactory, even to them unsatisfactory, expedient of a doctrine of transmigration of souls. There must be a body, but they had no notion of the resurrection of a spiritual body; that was not demonstrated. Still no one can go over the history of ancient philosophy without seeing that this was the ultimate want. They had advanced out of heathenism and the

folly of a plurality of gods, appreciated the immortal nature of the soul, had become conscious of the high destiny of man in the future, in a life after this life, but they had no means of knowing, they had no apprehension of a future revivification of the body. Was this not an instance of the absolute necessity for interference? It was the instinctive longing of Plato, he himself confessed that the world could never be satisfied in its longings until a divine interference had taken place. What more natural then that this great longing of the human heart should be satisfied by a supernatural interference in the order of natural phenomena—that one should rise from the dead, and give to the world the last link in the chain of its being, the confirmed hope and *demonstrated possibility* of a personal resurrection to a life beyond life.*

So that we say to science—if you can give us a better explanation; if you can tell us of another origin of phenomena, of another originator of law, we will abandon our theories, as you term them, our belief in Revelation; but until then we shall cling to our notion derived first from the necessity discovered by the observation of nature, an observation just as close as your own, of a Supreme Ruler, and confirmed by the Revelation of an Infinite God, who can be subject to no law, though he may institute them to meet our limited capabilities of apprehension, and in whose power are placed all the objects of his creation.

In a chapter on the calling of men, the author touches upon the vexed question of dogmatic Theology, that vast system of problems which have employed the ingenuity of men to evolve out of the simplicity of the Gospel.

"It has often been asserted that Christ did not set down in sequential order what is known in these days as a system of divinity. The assertion is not only true as a matter of fact, but true as an evidence of His Godhead. The divine, the immeasurable, the eternal, cannot be formulated. Life cannot be systematised; architecture may; so may astronomy, botany, and all

* We have led our argument up to this greatest miracle, because upon it depends our all. The only thing Christians have to establish is that *Christ rose*, if he did not rise "then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." Destroy that, and the edifice falls.

other arts and sciences; but life is not a science—the soul is not an art. . . . The world has differed more over the interpretation of its own writing than over anything else; so much so, that the interpretation of writing has become a profession in which the directest contradictions are constantly maintained, at the cost of vindictive or credulous clients. Probably the greatest stumbling-block to the extension of Christ's influence is scholastic or formulated theology. The world is now waiting for a voice crying in the wilderness that men are to be saved not by theology, but by Christ. . . . The call of the Church often differs from the call of Christ, in being a call to theology. In some places in modern Christendom it will be found that the Lord's Table is surrounded by theologians, persons who have passed successfully through more or less of a theological examination; and that many feel themselves excluded from the memorial service, because though they love Christ, and could die for him, yet they cannot pronounce the doctrinal shibboleth. What does a newly-quicken heart, coming up out of the waters of penitence, and just about to move into the wilderness of temptation, know about the Trinity in Unity, the federal headship of Adam, the philosophy of sacrifice, or the metaphysics of theology? Probably nothing."

The history of the rise of dogma, not merely as a theological system, but as a phase of ecclesiastical history, has yet to be written. It would form one of the most interesting and yet most melancholy of investigations to trace the devastations, violence, and folly which followed in the wake of each doctrine as men worked it up out of the divine simplicity of Christ's words and the apostles' teaching. The attitude of the Church in many ages and the teaching of theology have been such as to indicate that God would pardon anything sooner than defective creed. Blasphemy, adultery, murder, have been punished less severely than heterodoxy about words or even letters.

The first struggle of the Church was with Paganism, and may be said to stretch over the period between A.D. 80 and 300. During that time it had to watch and suffer; there was no time for internal dissensions, and consequently we find few doctrinal controversies. The intellectual portion of her body was engaged in the rational defence of Christianity against paganism, and her martyrs were lending force to the arguments of the Apologists by their sufferings

in the arena, on the rack, in the dungeon. On the enemies' side were such men as Lucian, Arian, Celsus, Porphyry, and Hierocles; and the cause of Christ was advocated by Irenæus, Justyn Martyr, Melito, Athenagoras, Tertullian, Clemens, and Origen. But no sooner had paganism disappeared and Christianity been taken under imperial protection, no sooner was she free from the fear of persecution, than the war of controversy broke out, and the history of the Church for the next three centuries is a history of an internal struggle amongst sects, which was characterised by atrocities which degrade human nature to the level of the beast. The blood-thirsty cruelties of the Arian persecutions appear to us now as one of the most extraordinary proofs of the evils which may arise out of doctrinal theology; never were those divine words more fully confirmed—"The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." For nearly three centuries Christians fought over a diphthong. If a man declared the substance of Christ to be similar to that of the Father, "*ὁμοιούσιος*," he was driven out of the Church, persecuted, and killed by those who declared that the substance of the Son was the same as that of the Father, "*ὁμοούσιος*;" and during the three centuries' war over these two letters thousands lost their lives, bishops were deposed, dragged from the churches, and murdered in the streets, children were strangled, women violated, churches razed to the ground, aged men exiled, until it became a byword among pagans, "See how these Christians hate each other." The continued struggles between the numerous sects which arose out of these doctrinal differences plainly prove to us how dangerous it is to depart from the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ. Manichæans, Sabellians, Novatians, Valesians, Arians, Eusebians, Meletians, Donatists, Pelagians, Nestorians, Monophysites, all hated and persecuted each other with the greatest violence.

Then, again, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the war once more raged in the schools, and Thomists fought against Scotists; a vast system of scholastic theology arose, from which the Church up to the present day has never been freed.

We see still the banners of the opposing armies floating on citadels. We have yet Sabellians, Pelagians, Arians, Berengarians, Millenarians, Arminians, Calvinists, Predestinarians, Socinians, and a whole mass of sectarian divisions, cut off from each other by the "letter which killeth," instead of being bound together in one compact body by "the Spirit which giveth life." The world is thirsting for primitive simplicity; men are sick of problems, and want life, weary of dogma, which makes the head ache and keeps the heart empty; they are tired of crying to the Church for bread, and receiving a stone; and a Christianity which knows nothing but Christ crucified is now the universal want of the world. Men are living at present under the pressure of advancing civilization, and have no time to think of their souls, the bare existence of the body keeping them chained to their task all through the wearied day, and far into the night; no time to settle controversies, to acquire right notions on the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, the Real Presence, the thousand questions of theology which are made by men necessary to salvation. What is to become of souls if salvation is to rest upon theology? Surely, the Gospel, which was given by God as the Book of Life, is now being made by men a book of death.

Christ adopted three modes of adjusting human relations; he reconciled man with man—

... "giving us deeper insight into humanity, inspiring mutual love and strengthening the common trust of society. There is another phase of his adjustment of man which, though less commanding, is yet one of great interest—that is, his way of setting them towards nature. Christ walked much in the open country with his disciples, and gave them a new method of reading the landscape and all natural objects. He turned nature into a great book of illustration—he showed that every bush was aflame with consuming fire and vocal with the utterances of God. He made all nature preach the doctrine of trust in the Divine Fatherhood. He spoke of the lilies as pledges of God's watchfulness over all life. He bade his disciples consider these things, and lay them to heart as defences against distrust or apprehension. Who knows how much life there is in a lily? Who can measure the distance between God and a flower of the field? What connexion is there between the lily and the man we

have not yet been sufficiently educated to discern? But Christ's lesson is pointless if there is not a line common to all kinds of life running through and binding all. . . . Enough to know that the lily and the man eat at the same table and quench their thirst at a common fountain. We have no answer to enigmas respecting the consciousness of nature; but as Christ set men down by the lily to consider it, they may justly feel that there is a mystery in life of the lowest kinds which compels the conclusion—solemn yet gladsome—that the whole earth is sacred with the presence of God—the very gate of heaven. The third relation which Christ came to adjust was the relation of man to God, and not by direct religious teaching alone, but by the whole tenor of his course among men."

The imperative demands of space compel us to pass over many things we should like to notice, but we must devote the conclusion of this review to a notice of the excellently written and clearly conceived chapters on the Cross of Christ and its relation to the law and practical morals. The Cross was itself a revelation.

"The Cross tells man what he is and what he may be. It tells him what a sinner he is and what a son of God he may become. Tears could not reach his case, only blood could—without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins—only life could reach death. Only God could sound the depths of the human fall. Christ said he would draw all men unto him when he was lifted up from the earth; they would see what he was and what they are, and the revelation would have a resurrectional effect upon them. Not that they would escape suffering on that account, but rather that they would suffer more when they saw what he suffered for them. In the midst of his sins man does not see the enormity of his own guilt; in the midnight revel, in the eager pursuit of forbidden pleasure, in the whirl and thunder of excitement he does not see the case as it is; but when he sees the agony of a holy woman as she pours her burning tears over the recollection of his misdeeds, he begins to feel how great must have been the sin which has brought such sorrow, and learns from a broken heart how far he has gone astray. In some such manner, with infinite extension of the proportions, men see their history best at the Cross; on the background of Christ's innocence, as he hangs there in mortal pain, they see how black, how ulcerous, how deadly is their own sin. They never could have seen it otherwise. No man could have shown it to them. Only Jesus Christ could reveal the exceeding sinfulness of sin. There is more in the Cross than God's view of human guilt. There is all that is meant by a word which is over-familiarized—*Salva-*

tion. It shows not only what man is, but what man may be; not only the withered and decrepid rebel, but the robed and crowned saint. There are yet great possibilities in manhood. The sun was a finished creation, as large and bright on the first morning as he is to-day; but primæval man was a germ—like as a grain of mustard-seed compared with a gigantic and overshadowing tree. The worm laid hold of the root, and all the juices were so poisoned that no summer dew or light can expel the corruption. Christ did what was required, and now every fibre feels the energy of his life. As out of the dead Christ upon the Cross came the Mediator who is now in heaven; so out of all who died with him shall come a renewed and glorified manhood."

There is a whole world of truth in that Cross: that spot where the love of God was concentrated, as it were, into a focus and thence radiated over all the world, so that by love man should be saved, and by love drawn towards his Saviour.

We are apt, in the mazes and mysteries of our controversies, to lose sight of that Cross of Christ, and in that one point, the grandest, most important—inexhaustible in its expressiveness and power—we are behind the middle ages in our appreciation and conception. Whatever may have been the faults of the mediæval Christians, and to whatever excesses they carried their worship, we still maintain that they had a higher notion, and set more vital value upon the Cross of Christ, than we in this cold age of speculation. It was the gem of their lives, the beauty of their song, and the beloved object of their secret communings.

It was their guide in life—

"Let me true communion know
With Thee in Thy sacred woe,
Counting all beside but dross,
Dying with Thee on Thy Cross.
'Neath it will I die."

and their consolation in death :—

"When my dying hour must be,
Be not absent then from me;
In that dreadful hour I pray,
Jesus, come without delay,
See and set me free !

"When Thou biddest me depart,
Whom I cleave to with my heart,
Lover of my soul be near,
With Thy saving Cross appear—
Show Thyself to me !"^{*}

They looked upon it as a Tree of Life :—

"Faithful Cross ! above all other—
One and only noble tree—
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit compares with thee :
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron,
Sweetest weight-sustaining free.

"Bend thy bows, O Tree of Glory !
Thy relaxing sinews bend :
For awhile the ancient vigour
That thy birth bestowed suspend :
And the King of Heavenly Beauty
On thy bosom gently tand."[†]

They regarded it as the consummation of prophesy.

"Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old ;
Amidst the nations, God, saith he,
Hath reigned in triumph from the tree !"[‡]

They looked upon it as altering the relation in which men stood with regard to the law :—

"The law that in thy form begins
Blots out the writing of our sins ;
Our ancient servitude is o'er,
And freedom is restored once more."[§]

We shall have to refer to this fact presently, when we examine the chapter on "The Relation of the Cross to the Law." In the Cross all contest, strife, dissension are lost :—

"Be the Cross our theme and story,
We who in the Cross's glory
Shall exult for evermore.
By the Cross the warrior rises,
By the Cross the foe despises,
Till he gains the heavenly shore.

"Heavenward raise our songs and praise
Saved from loss of the Cross ;
Give the Cross his honour due.
Life and voice keep well in chorus,
Then the melody sonorous
Shall make concord good and true.

* From St. Bernard's Hymn to Christ on the Cross, the portion "Ad Faciem," beginning "Salve caput ermentatum."

† Fortunatus' "Pange Lingua Gloriosi."

‡ Fortunatus' "Vexilla Regis Prodeunt," in allusion to the 16th verse of the 96th Psalm, which in the Italic version is, "Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord reigneth from the tree."

§ Peter Damian's "Crux Mundi Benedictio."

"Love be warm and praise be fervent
Thou that art the Cross's servant,
And in that hast rest from strife:
Every kindred, every nation
Hail the tree that brings salvation,
Tree of Beauty, Tree of Life!"*

We now proceed to examine the chapter on "The Relation of the Cross to the Law." Penal law is powerless as a regenerative agent. The history of the world proves this. Something higher was wanted to change men, and as St. Paul says—"What the law could not do in that it was weak, God sending His own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." How, then, does the Cross affect the law? We are to obey the law through love, not through fear, as St. Paul says, "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." The author remarks upon this passage:—

"This shows somewhat of the new relation in which Christ's Cross has set Christians towards law. They no longer work from the outward commandment, but from the inward impulse: the *shalt* of the law gives way to the *must* of love—a mightier tyranny because making no pretensions to might. . . . What, then, is meant by being delivered from the law? Take one of the commandments, say—Thou shalt not steal—is the Christian delivered from that—is it no longer binding upon him? Certainly he is delivered from it in the sense of not keeping it in the *oldness of the letter*, but he can never cease to keep it in the *newness of the spirit*. . . . The Cross delivers Christians from what may be termed moral drudgery; they are not oppressed and pined serfs, but freemen and fellow-heirs serving their Lord Christ with gladness of heart. . . . The man who is truly possessor of the *Spirit of life in Christ Jesus* cannot have any other God but his Father in Heaven; cannot commit adultery; cannot bear false witness, cannot kill, cannot steal. Such a man comes down upon all the exercises and avocations of life from a high altitude of wise and loving homage to the Son of God. . . . If a man say, 'I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar,' and there is an end of that hypocrisy. Paul, too, designates such professors *enemies of the Cross of Christ*,

and weeps as he writes of them in his letter to the Philippians.

"Here then we obtain an idea of the influence of Christ's Cross upon the law which God gave to the earlier generations. It magnifies that law, and makes it honourable, yet delivers those who accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour from the bondage of the letter. The law of Sinai received a deeper interpretation from the work of Christ. It ceased in the case of the true Christian to be a formal externalism, and became a living gracious power in the heart. It so far quickened and strengthened man's power of understanding the nature of God that man need not to study the letter with painful desire to reduce its meaning to the utmost so as to accommodate his own weakness, but inspired him with a heroic and unconquerable determination to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and him crucified, and to spend and be spent in the service of the Son of God. Instead of throwing the commandments into contempt, it gave them a higher moral status; and even Sinai itself was shorn of its greatest terrors when viewed from the elevation of the Cross. Love was really the reason of the law, though the law looked like an expression of anger. We see this now that we love more; *love* is the best interpreter of God, for God is *love*."

Comprehending this great truth, the revelation of God's love in the Cross of his Son, to quicken our love and to change our whole natures by the power of that love, we can understand why God saved man by the sacrifice of his only begotten Son. And here we would append the golden words of Peter Lombard upon that subject—a man who for two centuries held an imperial sway over the religious thought of Europe. In his "Book of Sentences," written in the middle of the twelfth century, there occurs a passage, of which we will endeavour to give a literal translation.

"If any one seeks whether God could have saved man in any other manner than by the death of Christ, we say that another way must have been possible to God, to whose power all things are subject, but that there neither was nor could be any other more convenient way for curing our malady. For what raises our minds so much and frees us from the despair of immortality, as the fact that God so loved us, that the Son of God, remaining in himself as he was, immutably good, and receiving from us what he was not, should condescend

* Adam of St. Victor's "Laudes Crucis Attollamus."

to enter into our life, and by dying to bring to an end our evils? There is also another reason why in this way rather than another he should wish to liberate us. Because the devil was conquered by justice rather than power; and why that was done I will explain as far as I am able. By a certain justice of God the human race had been delivered up to the power of the devil; the sin of the first man passing over to all men by virtue of their origin (*originaliter*), and involving them in his obligation; so that all men from their origin are subject to the devil. Hence the Apostle—'We are by nature children of wrath.' *By nature*, that is as it is depraved by sin, not as it was rightly created in the beginning. But the mode in which man had been handed over to the power of the devil should be rightly understood, not as if God had done it, or ordered it to be done, but as a thing he had permitted, and justly. For he, withdrawing his protection from the sinner, the author of sin immediately seized him; but God did not in his anger restrain his mercy, nor did he dismiss man from the law of his power when he permitted the devil to have power over him, because the devil is not independent of the power or the goodness of God. For neither the devil nor man could subsist in any life but through him who vivifies all things. Therefore God did not desert man, but amongst many penal evils for evil committed, the good excelled, and at length he snatched man from the devil, who had got possession of him through the commission of sins, by the remission of those sins given through the blood of Christ, that the devil might be conquered by justice, not by violence. But by what justice? *That of Christ*. And how did Christ conquer by that (justice)? Because though there was no evil found in him, yet he was sacrificed, and therefore, as is just, those debtors whom he held should be dismissed free, believing on him, who had been sacrificed, not being a debtor (*sine ulla debito*). Therefore he (God) wished not to conquer by power, because the devil, through the vice of his perversity, was a lover of power and a deserter and persecutor of justice, in which men imitate him in proportion as they neglect or hate justice and strive after power, take delight in the acquisition of it, and are inflamed by its desire. Therefore it pleased God that conquering by justice rather than power he might snatch man (from his fate) that man might learn to *imitate him*. But afterwards in the Resurrection (of Christ), power ensued, because the dead was raised never more to die. But would not the devil have been conquered with equal justice by an exercise of power? Certainly, but Christ resolved on doing

what was fitting instead of what he was able to do, (that is, to conquer by justice rather than mere power). Therefore, by the justice of humility he liberated man whom he might have justly liberated by the exercise of mere power."

The last chapter we can notice is the "Relation of the Cross to Practical Morals." It is the highest form of morality ever delineated—

"It is heavenly morality; the sources of its inspiration and the rewards of its practice are divine; there is nothing earthly in the motive; there is nothing earthly in the result.

"The base of that education was intensely spiritual. Uncaused anger he (Christ) declared to be murder; sinful desires he set down as adultery. He gave, too, deeper interpretations of the maxims and laws on which human intercourse had hitherto proceeded, and the noticeable feature throughout is that of *elevation*. Nothing is relaxed—nothing diminished; the whole scheme of training is raised to the highest level. Not only are the hands to be clean, but the heart is to be without a stain; not only must outward law be satisfied, but spiritual law must be honoured. The stream was to be cleansed by the purification of the fountain; the fruit was to be made good by first making the tree good. Can the non-Christian moralists excel this idea of the reformation and advancement of human society and human interests?"

There are some non-Christian moralists who think they can; and the author quotes a passage from Mr. Mill's work on Liberty, to the following effect:—

"I am as far from anyone from pretending that these defects are necessarily inherent in the Christian ethics. . . . But it is quite consistent with this to believe that they contain, and were meant to contain, only a part of the truth; *many essential elements of the highest morality are amongst the things which are not provided for in the recorded deliverances of the Founder of Christianity*. . . . I believe that other ethics than any which can be evoked from excessively Christian sources must exist side by side with Christian ethics to produce the moral regeneration of mankind. It can do no service to blink the fact known to all who have the most ordinary acquaintance with human history, that a large portion of the noblest and most valuable moral teaching has been the work not only of men who did not know, but of men who knew and rejected the Christian faith."

This argument is fairly crushed by the author, but we think its force is sadly detracted from by Mr. Mill himself, who in the same work does not object to the evidences of the truth of Christianity being taught in the schools, provided the scholar is not required to believe in them!! If that be a fair specimen of non-Christian ethica, we are inclined still to give the palm to the teaching of "*The Founder of Christianity*." Not to object to the teaching children what we believe to be falsehood can scarcely come within the bounds of ethica or even the canons of *positive* philosophy; though allowed by Mr. Mill, we think it would be indignantly rejected by Aristotle or even Comte—who, though he objected to worship a supernatural God, did not object to worship another man's wife, nor cherish after her death a maudlin passion for her memory; he was a non-Christian ethical moralist.

We must conclude this scanty review of a book which is destined to do much good in fortifying the wavering faith of many, by earnestly recommending it to the perusal of every one who feels the slightest interest in that great question now being loudly raised, "*What think ye of Christ?*"

The last chapter contains some controversial notes on "*Ecce Homo*," though the whole tenor of the book is to supply a higher view of the life of Christ than the one given by that writer, which we examined in a former number.*

Some of the notes have considerable point in them:—

1. "The conception of a kingdom of God was no new one, but was familiar to every Jew."—"Ecce Homo," p. 19.

"True; but Christ came to give that conception a profounder interpretation and more intensely spiritual bearing. The Jew had a carnal idea of a spiritual fact."

2. "John and Christ revived the obsolete function of the prophet, and did for their generation what a Samuel and an Elijah had done for theirs."—"Ecce Homo," p. 20.

"This is too narrow an interpretation of the term 'prophet,' and too limited as applied to Christ. A prophet may teach as well as merely predict. Samuel and Elijah spoke

of another; Christ spoke of himself. Christ did not work for a generation, but for all men through all time. Christ did not revive an obsolete function, he consummated the purpose of a prefigurative office."

22. The author represents the intellectual man as asking, "What has Christianity added to our theoretic knowledge of morality? It may have made men practically more moral, but has it added anything to Aristotle's *Ethica*."—"Ecce Homo," p. 168.

We are strongly reminded when reading this absurd question, of a piece of advice given by Lewes in his "*Biographical History of Philosophy*." He quotes a passage of extravagant praise of the exquisite beauty of Plato's style, written by Dr. Enfield, who compares it in sweetness to the "humble violet which perfumes the vale," and the historian adds, "*when ever you meet with such trash as this be certain that the writer of it never read Plato*." Without insinuating for a moment that the author of "*Ecce Homo*" has never read Aristotle, (we should be rather inclined to think he had over-read him,) still we cannot help being astonished at such a misconception on the part of a scholar of the merit of Aristotle's *Ethica*.

Marvellous as the delineation of human nature is in that work, (we willingly concede it to be the greatest—most perfect analysis of human character by uninspired hands,) yet we should have thought that few who had ever carefully read the New Testament could help feeling the sense of want which the mind experiences in reading that system of ethica propounded by the great Master. We must always estimate the achievements of these men by their light. They did wonders in thought; they brought their conceptions up to the very boundaries of Revelation, but there they stopped. We always think that had Plato and Aristotle lived some centuries later we should have had their names amongst the Fathers of the early Christian Church. They would have accepted Christianity as their great followers did, as the complement of the their own systems, as the "pearl of great price"

for which they had nobly but vainly sought. The distinguished historian of philosophy whom we have just quoted concludes his great work on the "Life of Aristotle," by saying that if he could only visit the world in the present day he would take the side of the Platonists against the Aristotelians. So much are the greatest men liable to be misconceived. But we shall conclude by appending the answer of the author of this present work to the question mooted, as to whether Christianity has added anything to Aristotle's Ethics.

"Yes; it has added *God* to them. Morality is no longer philosophical, it is theological. Aristotle regarded ethics as a subdivision of political science; but in the very midst of his great ethical discourse Jesus Christ said, 'Be ye therefore perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect.' Aristotle conducted his ethical student from *διδωρής* to *φρόνησις*. Christ leads his disciples from calculations of chances to fellowship with the very nature of God. In his ethical discussions Aristotle ignores any connexion between his subject and an ideal or absolute good; he rather seems to

proceed upon the principle laid down by Meno, 'that a man's virtue consists in his being competent to manage the affairs of the state, and to do good to its friends, evil to its enemies, and to take care that he suffers himself nothing of that kind.' Christ makes morality the practical side of theology. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . . and thou shalt love thy neighbour.' Aristotle's master discussed the question of virtue on a much higher basis. Plato lays it down that virtue cannot be taught, and argues that it is not hereditary, and adopts the conclusion that it is bestowed upon certain men by *divine fate*. This is good so far as it recognises a divine element in virtue, for Atheism is corrupt throughout—a fool's theology, a madman's morality."

We conclude by once more recommending "Ecce Deus" to the careful consideration of all, Christians and non-Christians, the latter more especially, as we think there may be a light in this excellent book which they will not seek for, in the fountain of all light which perchance may, by God's grace, illuminate the darkness of their wisdom to the salvation of their souls.

AN ACTORS' STRIKE.

OLD Drury was at one time in a sad state of decay. The green-room was demoralized. The manager, after inducing some of the best actors to desert Covent Garden by heavy bribes, did not care to turn his bargain to profit. He was always dissipated, but latterly his dissipation had begun to take low and degrading shapes. He had been addicted to cards and dice, but he now sank to the company of boxers and horse-chaunters. He was always seen with Broughton, the famous pugilist; frequented Hockley-in-the-Hole, where the humane pastime of baiting went on; and what was lower still, in theatricals affected the society of rope-dancers and dancing-monkey proprietors. Under such leadership the interests of the theatre, always precarious, were neglected, and its concerns soon began to go to ruin. The result was what might be expected. Though there was a fine company, and good audiences, money began to fail. The receipts were farmed away, and presently bailiffs began to appear behind the scenes. Garrick's rich cap, which

he wore in "Richard," a mass of gaudy feathers, tinsel, and stage jewels, at once attracted their greedy eyes; but it was saved by the unconscious ambiguity of David Garrick's faithful Welsh servant. "You must not take that," he said to them, "for it belongs to the King." They were said to have been awe-struck at this notion, and reluctantly resigned their prey.

This state of things could not go on long. The salaries of the actors were now falling into arrear. These are always the first victims of theatrical ruin—the manager perhaps the last. Their services may be, for a time at least, secured gratuitously: for they are unwilling by sudden desertion to lose all chance of arrears, and work on in expectation.

Garrick was the severest sufferer by this failure. His salary was now over six hundred pounds in arrear, and as often as he applied, the manager had assured him of payment with every ingenious variety of assurance, and even oaths. At last the actor's patience was worn out, and he came to the resolution of suing his

creditor at law. With this view he invited himself one Sunday morning to breakfast, determining to tell him what he had resolved. Long after Garrick told Sir John Hawkins of this breakfast as an illustration of what winning manners and fascination of speech will do. So agreeable and "bewitching" was Fleetwood's conversation, on every matter but the one which is ever his interest to avoid, that he completely seduced Garrick into giving up what he proposed, and the latter went away without having the heart to enter on the matter. This shows a delicacy and sensibility in the actor, and his subsequent behaviour shows that he was not a harsh creditor.*

During this unpleasant time Harry Fielding brought out his comedy of "The Wedding Day," which proved an utter failure, but which was introduced by a buffooning prologue, spoken by Macklin. It began with the following strange familiarity:—

"Gentlemen and Ladies" (an unusual inversion), "we must beg your indulgence, and humbly hope you'll not be offended,
But an accident that has happened to-night, not in the least intended,
I assure you: if you please your money shall be returned: but Mr. Garrick to-day,
Who performs a principal character in the play,
Unfortunately has sent word 'twill be impossible, having so long a part,
To speak the prologue: he hasn't had time to get it by heart.
I have been to the author to know what's to be done," &c.

This free-and-easy tone, which showed a familiar understanding between the two players, was not to last very long. The difficulties of the theatre were gathering. The actors had waited on the manager again and again, with their grievances, and had been put off again and again with pleasant promises. At last a decisive step was taken, under the leadership of the young actor, then but twenty-seven years old. He invited all his

confreres to meet him at his house in Covent Garden—"Mr. West's, cabinet-maker,"—and there submitted a combination for their adoption. There was always a temperateness and calmness about his plans which at once recommended what he proposed. It was about the middle of the season.

Previous to this meeting he and Macklin, being the most conspicuous members of the company, and whose gains were more important, had talked over their grievances, and had themselves determined to bring the manager to terms. The others were a mere herd; but the opposition of these two great actors was the real danger.† They engaged to support each other, and if Fleetwood could not be brought to terms, to join together at some other theatre. Towards the end of this season this arrangement bore fruit; for in May Mr. Garrick refused to act any more for about three weeks, and got his friend to do the same. It was now time to strike boldly, and all the actors were invited to meet at Mr. Garrick's lodgings. There were present the two Mills, Leigh, Havard, the two Pritchards, Berry, and Woodburn. Garrick then stated their situation and what he proposed. He invited them to sign an agreement binding them to stand by each other. He was determined that they should all apply to the Duke of Grafton, then Chamberlain, for a licence to open a new theatre at the Opera House or elsewhere. He was certain when that nobleman had heard of the way they were treated he would not hesitate to grant them the privilege. In fact they had a lucky precedent in an old combination of the same kind, when in the days of Rich, Bethell, and Thomas Barry had gone to the Earl of Dorset and had been assisted by him.

This proposal was received with loud acclamation. It was curious, however, that Macklin alone should oppose this plan, and propose going to the manager at once, and telling him what they *intended* doing. He said that this course would be more

* This curious little scene was related by Garrick himself to Sir John Hawkins. It may be fairly presumed he never recovered those arrears.

† This account is made up out of the statements and counter-statements published by both Macklin and Garrick. This was the true quarter to look for a fair account of this oft-debated quarrel.

effectual. Garrick calmly was against this plan. He knew what sort of man Fleetwood was; and if they should "show him their hand," or let him know their plans, he would be sure to circumvent them in some fashion. The other players agreed that it would be mere folly to enter into terms with a man who had so often deluded them with promises. A paper was then signed, and Macklin overruled. "Thus," says his biographer, "were his best intentions frustrated, and thus were a set of men cajoled into the designs of *this ambitious person*, who had for his object not merely the redress of the wrongs of a few players, but the interested view of aggrandizing himself." This was written almost under the dictation—at least under the inspiration—of Macklin. But it is a little suspicious that just before this meeting, Macklin had been with the manager, who had been making him handsome offers. Fleetwood himself says that he raised his salary three pounds a week to get him to use his influence over the disaffected actors.* It seems more than probable he had been trying a *separate accommodation* with the manager, and that his opposition at the actors' meeting was prompted by this offer. They then drew up this application, which they sent in to the chamberlain. They then waited on him, but were very coldly received. It was said that he turned to Garrick, and asked him what income he made by acting. The answer was, about £500 a year. "And you think that too little?" said the Duke, with true contempt for the player, "when I have a son who has to venture his life for his country for half that sum?" He was right, certainly, in declining the application; and the miserably demoralized state of the existing houses did not encourage the creation of a new one.

This was a great blow. Mr. Garrick, whom all the nobility went to see, certainly declined on this favour. Fleetwood enjoyed his triumph; cast

about him; got together a fresh troupe; and at the new season, opened his doors boldly, without the seceders. But he was furious with Macklin, who had cast his lot with the others, and whom he had laid under obligation of the most serious and delicate kind, which should certainly have bound him for life.† Garrick then thought of taking Lincoln's Inn Theatre, and overtures were made to Rich, through Macklin; but this scheme fell through, owing, Garrick says, to a "cartel" proposed by Macklin, which would have restricted the privileges they were struggling for.‡ Macklin having fairly broken with Fleetwood, was a little concerned to be sure that his friend would not stand by him, and was assured by Garrick that he would not desert him—that they were all in the "same boat," and could, said Macklin, artfully, "*at the worst*, set off for Ireland, and make money together there *This*," he added, "*was to be the dernier resort*."

The season was wearing on; it was now November. The condition of the inferior players, whom everything had failed, was growing pitiable. There was nothing open to them; and the only resource—humiliating one—was submission to the enemy. They applied to him; some he promised to take back, others he did not want. He made the handsomest offers to Garrick, but positively declined on any terms to have anything to do with Macklin. Here arose the difference between the two great actors; and it will at once seem intelligible how such a difference should arise. For Macklin, finding himself so pointedly tabooed, and exempted from indemnity, would be anxious that "the strike" should continue in *some shape*, for his benefit.

I think it must be said Garrick acted with honour and good sense, though without a punctilious and Quixotic adherence to the mere *letter* of an agreement. He at first positively declined any overtures which did not

* He himself boasted, as a proof of his fidelity to this agreement, that he had been offered £200 a year more to remain with Fleetwood. But he forgot that this offer was made just before the actors' meeting.

† Macklin had been tried for murder, and Fleetwood had "stood by all through his difficulties."

‡ Macklin says it was Garrick would only take it for a year.

include Macklin. He even offered, under a penalty of £100, to answer for his behaviour. When this failed he proposed, if Mr. Macklin went to Ireland, to provide for Mrs. Macklin in London, with a weekly salary, and to guarantee Macklin himself in his Irish engagement, and make up any deficiency. In truth, it was mere special pleading thus to suppose his interests were to be supported at the sacrifice of the majority. And though certainly, in a common working strike, it seems hard to desert a leader whom the employer had proscribed; the true equity is for the fellow-workmen to indemnify him, and then gain the advantage of their own submission. It is true certainly that Macklin's case was, that there was an engagement between him and Garrick, prior to the common one, in which the players were concerned; but even on his own showing, this was to last only "until redress was obtained." And even on the principles of common sense, such engagements are not to be continued with the technicalities of a bond; otherwise Garrick might have, indeed, been tied for his whole life, and bound by the irregular behaviour of his companion. But the truth was, Macklin saw that he was to be made a scape-goat; and this incident had not entered into the scope of their agreement. It was an unexpected turn. Various meetings were held to arrange the matter, but without any issue. Meanwhile the unfortunate actors were kept in a state of suspense and destitution. Some, indeed, taking the view, that the common engagement had been dissolved, when the "game was up," had called on Fleetwood at once, and were taken back. Garrick, greatly pressed by the manager, at last agreed to accept, but on the condition that all the rest should be taken back also. This was agreed to; so Macklin was the only obstacle. They then addressed a remonstrance to Macklin, a written letter, couched in almost piteous terms, saying that "this punctilio of honour" was ruining them; that they feared Mr. Garrick was going to Ireland to stand to his agreement, in which case the manager would have nothing to do with them; and begging him to come to some terms. They also appealed to Gar-

rick. The latter made fresh exertions to compromise the matter; he offered Macklin £6 a week out of his own earnings; he proposed to Fleetwood to take a hundred guineas less salary, and engaged in the most solemn manner to work unremittingly to smooth away all obstacles to his re-engagement. But nothing would be accepted but the selfish alternative that Garrick and all the other actors should "stand out," and sacrifice themselves because his own behaviour had precluded him from all hope of reconciliation. Under these circumstances, Garrick could hesitate no longer. He held himself discharged from all community with so impracticable a partner. He engaged with the manager, and the actors were taken back, punished by a reduction in their salaries.

This was at the end of November. Strange reports had been going round the town as to the reason of his extraordinary suspension, and these were not favourable to Garrick. On the eve of concluding his engagement, he appealed to the town in a letter to the public journals, in which he shortly explained his true reason, in a very modest and judicious letter. He was sensible, he said, that his affairs were too inconsiderable to be laid before the public; but as he was their servant, and had been treated with such indulgence, he thought it was his duty to show that it was not "obstinacy or exorbitancy" that kept him from their service, but a wish to bring about a reconciliation with the manager, which was now almost accomplished. In a few days all was accommodated, and Mr. Garrick was announced in his great part of *Bayes*, in the *Rehearsal*.

It was easy to guess from whom those rumours came. Macklin had a number of friends—Dr. Barrowby, a licentious physician, Corbyn Morris, and others—who met at the Horns Tavern, in Fleet-street, and debated the wrongs of their friend, and what Macklin's biographer absurdly called "the perishable infamy of Garrick's apostacy." It was determined to take action in more ways than one. On the night of December the 5th Garrick was to appear; and on that day a "Case," hastily got up, and written by Macklin, was launched upon the

the town.* There could be no question as to the malignity of this step, and the object of the choice of the day. No time was lost by either party. A handbill was presently circulated about the town, and in the theatre, signed by the great actor, in which he humbly begged the public to suspend their judgment for a day or two until an answer to that appeal had been prepared. When the curtain rose, the pit was found to be filled with Macklin's friends, led by a party from the Horns Tavern. When Garrick appeared the uproar burst out. Garrick was saluted with yells of "Off! off!" He bowed low, and with extraordinary submission and humility entreated to be heard. But no hearing would be vouchsafed him. Then eggs and apples came showering on the stage, together with peas, and the great actor was seen calmly standing high up at the wing, to escape the attack. The play was not allowed to go on, and the curtain had to be let down.

On the next day Garrick secured an ally in Guthrie, a Scotch "hack-writer," who rapidly drew up a reply. It was published the next day, and embodied all that had been set out, found in the preceding statement of this quarrel. There is an almost amusing characteristic in the discussion. Macklin's statement was headed the "*Case of Charles Macklin, Comedian*." This style the other declined to adopt, and his letter is headed, "*Mr. Garrick's answer to Mr. Macklin*." Macklin, with an ostentatious abasement, retorted with a reply to "*Mr. Garrick's answer to the case of Charles Macklin, Comedian*." This was a little weakness of Roscius, who to the end of his life was always "*Mr. Garrick*," and succeeded in asserting a title to that description. This may have been a "littleness" and an affectation, but it was a fair exertion for his own dignity, and improved the dignity of his profession. But for the next night he took counsel with his

friends. Some of them, with Mr. Wyndham, of Norfolk, a man of fashion, repaired to the theatre in force. Fleetwood's low tastes for once brought him profit. A band of his pugilistic friends, headed by Broughton and Taylor, were privately admitted into the pit before the doors were opened.† Just before the curtain rose the leader of this formidable band stopped the music, and standing up said, in a loud, rough voice, "Gentlemen, I am told some persons have come here with an intention of interrupting the play. Now, I have come to hear it, and have paid my money, and advise those who have come with such a view to go away and not hinder my diversion." This plain and sensible speech raised terrific uproar. The bruisers then drew together, began the fray, and very soon cleared the pit of the Macklinites. Then the piece began. Mr. Garrick appeared with many respectful bows, and went through his part amid the acclamations of his friends.

On the next day his answer appeared. Though said to be written by Guthrie, I think we can discover traces of his own pen. There is one passage which has a certain warmth, and which, when read in Dublin, must have won him many friends. He thus disposed of Macklin's unhandsome insinuation: "I must take notice of a *most cruel* and false report, which is not foreign to the subject, as it has been raised on purpose to hurt me at this time, which is, that I have spoken disrespectfully of the gentlemen of Ireland. I do hereby solemnly avow never to have spoken, or thought even, with indifference of that country, of which I shall ever have the most grateful remembrance, for the many signal marks of favour I received there." It is instructive to compare this genial acknowledgment with Foote's rude sneers, a mimic who had been as hospitably welcomed. It was one of the charms of Garrick that in every

* Macklin's biographer, Kirkman, gives Corby Morris as the author; but Davies "has authority for saying" that it was by Mac'lin himself. The truth may be between, such productions being then often the common work of the author and his friends.

† It is an illustration of Murphy's dulness in the instincts of a biography that he makes Wyndham ask Fleetwood as a favour to admit their boxing friends. "This was granted," he says, as if Fleetwood, whose boon companions they were, was quite foreign to that liberality.

relation of life he was always "correct" and gentlemanly; and in all his acts is a certain graciousness, which, whether artificial or unstudied, was sure to commend him to everyone. Macklin's reply, which was written on the following Monday, fell still-born and attracted no attention; and I think the reader who sets himself to pronounce calmly on the proceedings of both disputants, must decide with Mr. Garrick.

VERSES OF SOCIETY.

Garrick had a sort of passion for writing the trifles known as *vers de société*, and celebrated every suitable occasion with some little light tribute of gallantry or compliment. This kind of pastime was then much in vogue, and might certainly be a profitable exercise for the languid wits of persons of quality and condition. To be able to "turn a verse" of some kind was necessary to the reputation of "an ingenious young gentleman;" and looking over Dodsley's curious six-volume collection of "occasional" poems, we may be a little surprised at the spirit, neatness, and gaiety—if not wit—which lords, and marquesses, and baronets, and men about town, would throw into these performances. It may be well questioned whether the combined intellect of the existing aristocracy could now furnish anything so lively. Two classes of this production were then in high fashion, the sentimental and languishing "complaint," addressed to a Delia or a Chloe; such as even the lively Mr. Charles Townshend could convey himself to maunder forth plaintively:

"Stranger, whoe'er thou art, bestow
One sigh in rapture e'er thou go,
But if thy breast did ever prove
The rapture of successful love," &c.

This sort of Della Cruscan fustian—amorous and tender—was indulged in largely. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams was, by common consent, at the head of this school; but his efforts, witty as they are, are too professionally good and elaborate, are almost too long and too correct,

and could have been sent to the press on the moment. They want spontaneousness. At some of the fashionable watering-places,—at Bath Easton notably—there was "a vase" in the pump-room, open for the reception of anonymous verses and satires. Some of these were smart and happy, and were even collected and published. A prize would sometimes be offered and a subject proposed. Once "*Charity*" was given, and Mr. Garrick, a regular visitor at Bath, slipped in three lines:—

THE VASE SPEAKS.

"For Heaven's sake bestow on me
A little wit, for that would be
Indeed, an act of charity."

But they did not receive the prize; and as he wrote indignantly on, his verses "were treated with great contempt, while *Reverend Taudry* was rewarded." Garrick's have more the air of being "dashed off." It is surprising the quantity of these little *jeux d'esprits* he poured out in the course of his life; and it would almost seem that no little incident that could occur at a country house, where he was the centre of all the gaiety, but was duly sung and celebrated in Mr. Garrick's agreeable rhymes.* Did a lady lose her slipper, or stumble over a footstool, she was sure to find on her dressing-table in the morning "Lines on the Duchess of D——e losing her slipper," or "on Lady S——r's stumbling." We can almost trace his whole social career; follow him from house to house by these agreeable little trifles. Some are very poor indeed—some mere buffoonery—and their general fault is a certain and even meagreness—one thought being diluted through the two or three stanzas. They help us also to all his little social mortifications, reveal his wounded vanities—weaknesses which he wore upon his sleeve—and which he had not trained himself like other men to conceal.

Now he and Mrs. Garrick are leaving Chatsworth, after a delightful visit; and the guests before separating—and perhaps before they have done lamenting the loss of their lively friends—receive some light verses "on the road," "turned" in the chaise, and Lord John Cavendish reads them out.

* There is almost a trunk full of draughts of these effusions.

"Not Quin more blest with calapee,
Fitzherbert in his puns,
Lord J. in contradicting me,
Lord Frederick with his nuns."

These little compliments are founded on gratitude and affection, and though trifles, show that the "parting guest" has a pleasant sense of the way he has been "entreated." This little shape of homage, too, is always acceptable, and shows more than a letter perhaps, how much the object is the thoughts of the writer. There is a licence too for a broader flattery. So with his four lines sent to Angelica Kauffman, to whom he was sitting:—

TO ANGELICA, PAINTING MY PICTURE.

"While thus you paint with ease and grace,
And spirit all your own,
Take, if you please, my mind and face,
But let my heart alone."

Mr. Garrick calls on her Grace of Devonshire, at noon, is shown into the breakfast-room and finds that she has not as yet risen. He goes away, leaving a scrap of paper on the table with these lines:—

"Past one o'clock, and a cloudy morning."

"What makes thy looks so fair and bright,
Divine Aurora, say?"

"Because from slumber short and light,
I rise to 'wake the day!'"

O hide for shame, thy blushing face,
'Tis all poetic fiction!

To tales like these see Devon's face

A blooming contradiction!"

The old Watchman of Piccadilly.

Nor did he keep these tributes for effect, and for fashionable friends. They were part of the homage paid for so many years and so steadily to the wife he loved and honoured. As her birthday, or some little festival of hers came round, the copy of verses, as tender and devoted as though he were addressing "the bankrupt beauty," Bouverie, found their way to her table, accompanied by a more substantial souvenir. A little scrap which has been preserved, helps us to know of one of their little quarrels. It is called "David and Mary, or the Old Cart," and describes rather comically, the falling-out and reconciliation

which took place on David's purchase of this vehicle:—

"But one luckless day, in his folly of heart,
Poor David was prompted to buy an old cart.

At a thing so uncommon, soft Mary took fire,

Untied David's tongue, and he wagged it in ire."

At Naples, where Sir William Hamilton was minister, and the Spencers, and the best English society were to be found, one of the pastimes of the hour was charades and riddles; and Mr. Garrick, who knew how to turn a verse, was very ingenious at this shape of puzzle.*

But it is not likely that one of the party in that coterie could have matched an admirable riddle, written by him, and which is as full of wit as it is of ingenuity.†

When in August, 1764, he was seized at Munich with what Mrs. Garrick wrote home was "a bilious fever;" his spirits sank very low, and he had a narrow escape indeed. In this state he wrote some lines very genuine in character, and very depending in tone, and which may be taken to be a faithful picture of his past life. He called it "His own Epitaph:"

"Though I in frailty's mould was cast,
By passions hurried on,
Though all my days in folly passed,
No crime has blackened one.
Some sins I had—for who is free?
Of pride, few mortals less;
Not those, I fear, who have, like me,
Small merit with success.
One pride that with myself shall end,
That pride the world shall know,
Much-honoured Camden was my friend,
And Kenrick was my foe."

Among his papers are many little scraps, with "charades" just as they were written down in the drawing-room after dinner. It is creditable to the dukes and duchesses of what has been supposed to have been a frivolous *beau monde*, that they could have employed their hours in a pastime which gave even a languid play to the intellect; and many a letter to

* He addressed Sir William Hamilton in some rhymes called "The Charader Recantation," and which began—

"If Spencer nod or Jersey smile,
How can I but obey?"

† It is not found among his collected pieces, but in the *Foundling Hospital* for November, vol. ii.

"Heavenly Lady Spencer" was closed with some such agreeable little puzzle. The "Charaders" had many such a contest.

CHARADES OF EVERYBODY.

"The first can Hamilton's sweet notes destroy,
The happiest union disunite.
The last more dreadful still, yet both,
And make an object of delight."—D.G.

CHARADE FOR LADY SPENCER.

"My first is nature's gayest time;
The second oft conceals a beast;
When joined they make, when in its prime,
For kings and emperors a feast."

But there is one "riddle" of the more formal pattern, which, though printed, is scarcely known, and certainly deserves the foremost rank in any such productions. For besides being good, and difficult to guess, according to the ordinary principles of such puzzles, it has also a wittiness of its own in misleading the reader or guesser, by artfully suggesting the more "namby pamby" associations of hearts and "flames," and so causing him to stray away in a wrong direction. There is no ponderous elaboration, but the whole trips lightly and airily on.

"Kitty, a fair, but frozen maid,
Kindled a flame I still deplore.
The hoodwinked boy I called in aid,
Much of his near approach afraid,
So fatal to my suit before.
At length propitious to my prayer,
The little urchin came.
At once he sought the midway air,
And soon he clear'd with dexterous care
The bitter relics of my flame.
To Kitty, Fanny now succeeds,
She kindles slow, but lasting fires;
With care my appetite she feeds;
Each day some willing victim bleeds,
To satisfy my strange desires.
Say by what title or what name,
Must I this youth address?
Cupid and he are not the same—
Tho' both can raise or quench a flame—
I'll kiss you if you guess."

The answer is "A CHIMNEY SWEEP," and the cleverness of this trifle is shown in its throwing guessers off the scent by sending them to explore the region of *fades*, common-places about love, and flames and cupids. Its gaiety and easiness, without any painful elaboration, gives it higher place than that of the oft-quoted "Twas whispered in Heaven."

Some of his little versicles to ladies were very neat, and went beyond the mere homage of *fade* compliment. His complaint to Mrs. Bouverie—written, too, only a short time before his death, is very lively. He threatens "the Bankrupt Beauty" with legal process for her neglect of him.

THE BANKRUPT BEAUTY, DEC., 1777.

"Four smiles a year, fair Bouverie
Agreed to pay me quarterly.
And though one smile would make me
blest,
She will not pay—though warmly
prest—
Nor principal, nor interest.

I'll file my bill in Chancery.
Her eyes, her cheeks, her lips, her nose,
Mortgaged to me,—I will foreclose."

EPITAPH ON LORD SPENCER'S GARDEN SWEEP AND LOPPER-TOPPER.

"With his good friends, his axe, and broom,
and rake,
Now sleep, old Thomas Longford, ne'er to
wake.
When his strength failed, and axe began
to rust,
Death lopped him off, and swept him
dust to dust.
His conscience, like his garden, was well
kept;
Cleared of superfluous passions, and clean
swept.
If, reader, thou wouldst do as he has
done,
Then thou wilt go where Thomas Long-
ford's gone."

ART AND ITS MINISTERS.

SOME people are enabled by their peculiar structure, mental and bodily, to entertain and employ themselves, from their waking to their again falling asleep, with their peculiar duties, whatever they may be. But the general run of mankind, and womankind too, can no more keep their attention pleasantly fixed on their daily avocations from the beginning to the end of the week, than the joints can do their office without periods of rest. Physiologists tell us that between the rounded and hollowed extremities of two adjoining bones, and within the strong membrane that wraps the wonderful piece of mechanism, exists a supply of lubricating oil, which allows them to move in and round each other without any unpleasant sensation; but the supply of this beneficent fluid being exhausted by long-continued exercise, the hard surfaces of the bones come in contact, and a most unpleasant sense of weariness ensues.

A parallel holds between this portion of physical economy and the ordinary occupations of life. All except the few whose enjoyments and aspirations are passionately bound up with the work of the day, must get a respite, and, to enjoy it thoroughly, turn their thoughts from the worn grooves and moulds in which the machines of every-day business move, and repair to those gardens and meadows, and groves and lakes, bathed in sunshine, and kept in good order by the imagination, through its agents of poetry, painting, and music. The painter takes ordinary figures, ordinary hues, ordinary phenomena of nature, no way attractive or striking in themselves, and by setting them in contact or opposition, arranging them according to a preconceived order—enlarging the proportions of some, reducing others within certain limits, and exhibiting all under certain conditions of light and shade, produces a historic piece, a quiet group, or a landscape, which never existed under the identical conditions in which he has placed them, but which, within the bounds of probability, might have had existence.

Even so proceeds the poet. His

materials are men and women, their loves, hates, good and bad qualities, the events of common life or of history, and the physical phenomena of nature; and by a mental process similar to what we have touched on, and by a certain arrangement of words, he conveys to the minds of his audience a picture distinguished by strength, beauty, grace, harmony, contrast, and, above all, human interest.

So with the musician. The ordinary sounds produced in nature have nothing very significant, or pleasing, or striking when isolated; neither are they very numerous; yet see what effect a master of sound can effect by their approach and separation, and their endless combinations.

Putting out of the question those devoted slaves to business whom we have considered, and those tasteless, ill-favoured mortals with whom the body is paramount, and the soul next to a nonentity, we may consider society made up of those whose gifts enable them to relish the creations of music, painting, and poetry, and those others of finer clay, gifted not only with faculties to enjoy these creations, but also to produce them. Without these last, to what a circumscribed limit would the mental enjoyment of civilized society be restricted. Owing to their abstracted occupations, many of these masters, makers, poets, *Pouras*, are ill fitted to discharge the ordinary duties of life with sufficient exactness, or to accumulate such a stock of worldly goods as would make their own situation comfortable, and remove the necessity of their giving trouble to their fellow-creatures. The consequence is, that in literary and artistic life we hear of sundry eccentricities, and faults, and weak principles, and annoyances inflicted on less gifted neighbours.

We appeal to you, O numerous class, merely gifted with taste and passive imaginations, to be more considerate of those brethren of yours, the products of whose active imaginations so often fill the aching void in the chambers and inmost recesses of your own intellects, and excite those pure emotions in your souls so well

adapted to refine and ennoble it, and expel the mere selfish instincts.

There can scarcely be a more interesting occupation for the mind than that of following the progress of a poetic or artistic career. We are always sure to meet with something to raise our minds above the mere sordid cares and business of life. The subjects, being mortal, must present human failings and human weaknesses; but we seldom pause to consider how much worse things these natures would have condescended to if not upheld by the ennobling influences which ever accompany true genius. The object of the present paper being to present some phases in the lives and efforts of men who have distinguished themselves in the fine arts, we proceed to our task with regret for being unable to treat the subject in greater detail.

SCULPTURE : DAVID D'ANGERS.

In this remarkable sculptor was witnessed that decided vocation for a particular art, and that inflexible determination to succeed, without which no one will attain eminence in his peculiar walk. His father was a carver in wood at Angers, in the end of last century, and during the wars of La Vendée, in which he served as a volunteer in the ranks of the Republic, he carried the little David along with him. The child's imagination had solemn and agitating scenes daily before his eyes. These tended to tinge his disposition with a precocious seriousness not natural, nor indeed healthful, to boyhood.

When peace came, and the father resumed his labours, the child was seized with a strong desire to imitate his efforts. He was executing some of his peculiar sculptures in the Church of St. Maurice, and the little boy lying along on the floor would earnestly watch, as firm, or graceful, or noble shapes arose beneath his hands. Under the influence of a resistless impulse he grasped chisel and hammer, and was so gratified by the result that he repeated Raphael's famous assertion, with a difference, "I too will be a sculptor."

His father beheld his early proceedings with disapprobation. Art had been but a laborious and scanty breadwinner to himself, and he would have

preferred to see little David adopt some other profession. In vain. The little man, gathering together fifteen francs, set out stealthily for Paris, and when brought back by his sorrowful mother, was so affected by the disappointment, that he attempted to poison himself with an extract of bella-donna.

The father dismayed by these and other determined proceedings gave way, and allowed young David to attend the Angers School of Art. Thence, by the favour of M. Delusse, a distinguished professor of the establishment, he was drafted to Paris, where labouring part of his time for a bare existence on one franc a day, he devoted the rest to study and exercise in his own line.

He obtained prizes and distinguished notice in 1811, when he was twenty-two years of age, his earliest finished works being a bust of Sorrow, the dying Spartan Othryades writing on his shield, "The Spartans have conquered," and the "Death of Epaminondas." The scenes of slaughter, and conflagration, and probably murder in cold blood, witnessed in his early boyhood and his own early struggles with poverty had left an ineffaceable impression on his imagination, and had thrown a shade of bitter melancholy on his disposition which no success or affluence could remove. M. Halevy in his discourse on David d'Angers at the Academy of Fine Arts, 1857, thus illustrated this phase of the life of the artist.

"This kind of restless and dolorous isolation cannot be comprehended by those on whom fortune has smiled from their infancy. There are darkened souls whom prosperity only half enlightens. Their purest joys are obscured, as in the case of avenues shaded by lofty trees which the sun's rays are unable to penetrate. They glance and fall on the upper masses of leaves, leaving all below in profound shadow."

David was sent at the expense of the government to Italy, and earnest and effective were his labours and studies while in that hotbed of art. At his return in 1816 he was enabled to help his family with a portion of his savings. He immediately after proceeded to London to contemplate the battered remains of Grecian art lodged in the British Museum by Lord Elgin. He called on Flaxman, but being mistaken for the

ferocious Louis David of revolution memory, he found the door closed against him. The distrust of the English sculptor was contagious, and the poor foreigner soon found his fingers near the bottom of his purse. M. Halevy says he was offered the execution of a group commemorating the fate of Waterloo, but of course he would expire of hunger rather than be guilty of such treason against his country's fame. He crossed the Channel as soon as he could, being obliged to sell some necessary effects to procure the sum needful to bring him to Paris.

From his return, occupation and its attendant recompenses waited on him, and numerous are the works he executed between that period and the 6th of January, 1856, the day of his death. He found time to finish during that interval, forty-three statues—either colossal or life-size, twenty-five of less dimensions, forty-seven bas-reliefs, about a hundred busts, and medallions innumerable. In 1848 he was selected as its deputy by the department of Maine et Loire, and was also appointed mayor of his arrondissement in Paris. He made the best possible use of his power, and exerted all his influence for the benefit of literary institutions. In recording some unfriendly proceedings against the French Academy, M. Halevy made his hearers laugh by repeating Racine's *bon mot* when the Duke of Maine, still a mere boy, became urgent to be admitted into that venerable body. "Monseigneur," said the author of *Athalie*, "no place is vacant at present, but I am sure there is not one of the body who would not cheerfully die in order to make room for you."

In the decline of life David, accompanied by his daughter, visited Greece, the native home of high-art sculpture, but only to be disabused of his fine ideal preconceptions. The very climate disappointed him, and he returned in a state of suffering and weakness. His wife, his son, and some friends who were waiting for him at Nice, scarcely recognised him.

He visited his native town, and its museum which he himself had liberally enriched, and after trying the waters of the Pyrenees to no good result he returned to Paris, and there on the 6th of January, 1856, he expired at the age of sixty-seven years.

His art was all in all to David; there was nothing else worth living for. From his notes, never intended for publication, we can form an idea of the estimation in which he held the profession of a statuary.

"Marble is invested with something pure and heavenly by its whiteness. Colours are earthly; we bear in our hues the imprint of destruction. Sculpture on the contrary bears the stamp of eternity. The more brilliant the flower, the shorter is its span of life. Sculpture is the tragedy of the arts. My mind is always full of it when I see 'Hamlet' represented. The man who single-handed struggles against misfortune is a hero. Sculpture is a cultus; it should not condescend to the caprices of fashion. It should be grave, chaste; when I see it occupied with familiar scenes I imagine I see a priest dancing. The statuary is the ministers of the MORAL,—poets the high priests of NATURE."

Artists can best appreciate the justness and clear insight of the following remarks.

"In countries where nature has strongly marked her productions the eyebrow appears black when seen from a distance. On this account the Greeks strongly indicated the projection which represents this outpost of the eyes in their productions. I believe that everything useful is strongly defined. . . ."

"The model never presents the sentiment of the subject. The artist must search in his heart for the expression of movement. When he has long studied his profession, when he has exercised himself in detecting nature in the fact in the various circumstances of life, in the various social positions, in the hospitals, the streets, the markets, he need only use the posing model as a memorandum. The proof that the expression of motion must come from the artist's inspiration is evident from the fact, that his judge the public has no need of seeing the model to conclude whether the movement has been correctly seized."

Though sculpture is independent of colour and chiar-oscure for its effect, our enthusiast of the mallet and chisel had the eye of a painter.

"I have seen (wrote he) this evening, in the Court of the Exchange, a young girl playing on the harp. She was placed just before the monument, which served for background. The upper portion of the architecture was in shadow, the under portion dimly lighted. At the feet of the young girl a dozen little bougies, seen from a distance, appeared like so many stars. The mass of spectators was obscure and dim, while the graceful figure of the musician

was all luminous. It was the image of life,—the ungifted being undistinguished in the shade,—Genius alone resplendent from its moral beauty."

Much chagrin did the admirer of Phidias feel at the exigencies of modern life, and the necessity under which the sculptor, imbued with the inspiration of ancient art, found himself to fashion modern coats, breeches, trousers, and boots. It was this contempt of modern airs and graces which made the good man, *Jerome Paturot* (Louis Reybaud), thus expatiate on our artist's characteristics in the wise and witty novel of "*La Comtesse de Mauleon*" (Mme. Dudevant).

"Here comes Count *Melchior*, the paragon of statuaries, who has turned out more heroes of meagre figure, and set upright more piles of marble, than all the other sculptors of France. Whenever you see in city or country a great man of morose mien, exposed to the air, and looking very sour, seemingly weak in the joints, and on bad terms with his neighbours and himself, you may swear to the hand of Count *Melchior*. If the drapery is clumsy and the hair uncombed, if the collar of the coat sits awry, and the trousers study not the shape of the limbs; if there is a want generally of dignity and grace, your conviction becomes certainty. He despises detail, affects rude contours, and makes it a point to present nature in her ugly moods. By dint of such processes he has secured the public, and, if they are pleased, why should he aim at a purer and higher style of art?"

There is a spice of ill-nature in this, not often met in the effusions of the good-natured *Jerome*. For to utter the mere truth, David's works exhibit a lofty genius, a richness of ideas, and a style at once strong and imposing, ingenious and flexible. However severe the character of his workmanship might be at times, he has left statues of children, in which the soft character of the flesh and the coursing of the blood through the veins arrest the attention and excite the admiration of the mere unartistic lookers-on.

David never forgot the claims of his family, nor of his native town, and showed on many occasions signal marks of kindness and disinterestedness.

PAINTING: PAUL DELAROCHE.

A mere casual observer, who has had opportunities of comparing the French and English schools of art, cannot fail

to be struck with the quiet style of the insular artists compared with that of their Continental brethren. In historical and fancy groupings they appear to keep a certain restraint on their fancy and imagination, while the French give the loosest possible rein to their inventive faculties. In domestic groupings, where strong passion is not called on to bear a part, and where there is no need of energetic action or violent motion, the British artist need yield to none of woman born; but for successful darning in higher departments of art, the palm must be awarded to the Parisian artist. Where a more sober or less gifted painter would, by indulging his fancy in one direction, produce a painful discrepancy by not having the skill or the power to make a corresponding move in other parts of the piece, or in the dependencies of the main one, the great artist makes his adventurous excursion, and, by analogous efforts in the other parts of the picture, enlarges his scope, and flings an air of grandeur or sublimity over the whole design, unimpaired by unsuitable, feeble, or jarring patches.

There is greater power and greater fancy shown in French than in English caricature, but frequently this power is used to divest the subjects of human interest, and to substitute extravagance and grotesqueness for mere ludicrous situations and exaggeration of defects. But even in the wildest conceptions of Parisian caricature, there is a certain coherence and suitableness in the whole design—nothing jars on the mind of the spectator; whereas, if an average English caricaturist thought proper to indulge in a freak of the kind, a disagreeable monstrosity would be the result.

The subject of the present sketch has not abused his powers. He has employed his rare talents on Scriptural and historical subjects, and on the portraits of eminent personages. Several of his subjects, such as the SAVIOUR'S head in profile, the body of the martyred saint floating down the Tiber, the death of the Duke of Guise, &c., &c. are familiar to most of our window-gazers.

Paul Delaroche had not that heavy up-hill labour to achieve which has been the allotment of so many great artists. His father, a good judge of

paintings, was frequently employed on artist-juries; and his uncle, M. Joly, was the guardian-keeper of the engravings at the Bibliothèque. He was born July 17th, 1797, and when old enough might have been employed in his uncle's office; however, he was determined, instead of taking charge of engravings, to produce pictures worthy to be engraved. His elder brother, Jules, was determined on being a historical painter, so our artist, in order to avoid rivalry, was satisfied to be a painter of landscape. When Jules relinquished his choice at a later day, Paul went heart and soul into his historic studies.

He selected Gros as his master, and besides his studies in the painting room of this eminent artist, he studied and practised at home. In 1819 he was honoured with an order by that amiable princess, Marie Amelie, the Queen of France at a later day. She requested him to execute for the chapel of the Palais Royal a "Descent from the Cross." Whatever difficulty he met in its execution, was as nothing compared to the embarrassment of acknowledging the fact to his master, and requesting him to come and give his opinion on its *merits* and *defects*. However, he screwed up his resolution, and avowed the deed, and the great man was not a little surprised and—displeased! Keeping down his discomfort by a strong effort, he decidedly objected to the requested visit, but said if he brought the picture to his (Gros's) painting room, he would let him know his opinion on the execution. It must have been a trying moment to the young aspirant when the piece was displayed before master and fellow-students, and the usual pause took place before the judge commenced the awful charge. Gros was at that time in the zenith of his reputation; his mien had something imposing and noble about it, and the tone of his voice corresponded. He did the duty of a kind and encouraging master to the nervous pupil, and while using the picture as the subject of a lecture to the other pupils, enlarged on its merits, and only lightly touched on the shortcomings and faults,—things which experience would soon remedy. Two years later (1822) he condescended to pay a visit to his pupil's atelier to inspect his "Josabeth saving Joas," with which the

artistic reputation of Delaroche commenced. The close of poor Gros's career was sad enough. Fifteen years after his lecture on his pupil's attempt, finding but few interesting themselves about his works, he fancied further existence insupportable. On the 26th of June, 1835, his body was taken out of the Seine at Meudon.

In the beginning of his career, our artist was very sensitive in respect to the opinion of salon-visitors on his productions. One morning, while hovering like an unquiet ghost round his "Josabeth," he bent an eager ear to the discourse of two men who began eagerly to discuss the merits and defects of the painting. He recognised in one of them the eminent painter Gericault, and was delighted to hear him bestowing considerable praise on the painting. Gericault did not know him personally, and Delaroche was careful not to introduce himself on that occasion. Next day he waited on him to express the gratification he had afforded him by his remarks, and then and there arose a strong friendship between the artists, one in the enjoyment of reputation, the other aspiring to win it by increasing efforts. "Joan of Arc" and "St. Vincent of Paul preaching a charity sermon before Louis XIII." strengthened his growing reputation.

No one could study his art more carefully than Delaroche; he frequently made wax models of his historic personages. M. de Pastoret, who then exercised such influence in the art-world of Paris, so much admired his group of "St. George and the Dragon," that he urged him to execute it on a large scale for the Champs Elysées. It was probably all the better for art and the artist himself, that the revolution of 1830 prevented his intended journey to Italy to study the art and mystery of ancient sculpture.

Decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour in 1828, elected member of the Institute in 1832, and appointed professor at the School of the Fine Arts in 1833, he was selected to execute the painting of the "Madeleine" in this latter year. In order to qualify himself thoroughly for the great task, he proceeded to Italy in company with two brother artists, having just finished his noble picture

of the "Assassination of the Duke of Guise." Before proceeding to Rome, they visited the old cathedrals of Tuscany, and studied the pale, quaint, Dantesque designs on walls and cupolas, and then took their rest in an old monastery of the Camaldules, in the Apennines. There, in company with two others of their countrymen, they studied their sketches, and devised the uses to which they might be turned.

The monastery was poor, and the order strict, yet the five delicately-nurtured Parisians contented themselves with bare walls, scant furniture, and plain food, and made themselves so agreeable to the poor recluses, that after their departure a shadow was cast for a time on the life within the convent walls. Paul gratified his good-natured hosts, by designing on the wall of the cell he had occupied, a Madonna of the size of life.

After some time spent in Rome, studying the glorious remains of art, and making many designs, he found to his great chagrin, that a modification had taken place in the designs of Government with regard to the painting of the "Madeleine." The new arrangement interfered with unity of purpose in carrying out the design, and so being apprehensive of the effect of divided councils, he surrendered his commission, and returned to Paris. There he occupied himself on such striking scenes as "Cinq Mars and De Thou proceeding to Execution before the eyes of Richelieu," "Mazarin on his Death-bed," "Cromwell contemplating the Dead Body of Charles I.," the "Children of Edward in the Tower," "Strafford," "Charles I. Insulted," and on the portraits of some eminent personages, Guizot among the number. Full of the memories of the Roman galleries, he conceived and finally executed the noble design of the "Hemicycle of Art." The following lines, relative to the execution of this great work, are borrowed from M. Halevy's discourse on the life and works of our artist, delivered in the Academy of Fine Arts, Oct., 1858:—

"Delaroche, influenced by his devout adherence to truth, was guided, during the execution of this great piece, by feelings self-excited, and such as he wished to portray his characters as exhibiting. He infused life into his great models, and his

spirit conversed with theirs. Although many of their portraits are known to us, it was a difficult task to represent these illustrious geniuses, brilliant in a reflection from immortality, these interpreters of art at such widely-separated epochs; to impart to them the movement, the attitude, the strength, the grace which belonged to their names, their characters, their labours, their passions; for it was men, and not mere spirits whom Delaroche wished to paint. He would exhibit them on earth, not in paradise. . . . Delaroche imparted life to these dead men, light to these shades, flame to these ashes. . . . It is impossible not to be struck by the general aspect of the picture, of the beautiful disposition of the groups, of the happy distribution of light, and of the simple majesty of this living history of art from Pericles to Louis XIV."

Alas, an accidental fire setting a piece of scaffolding ablaze in its neighbourhood did serious injury to this great work, and the death of the artist within a year prevented its perfect restoration. His intimate friend, Robert Fleury, did all that a man of genius could for the injured work of a brother artist, with whom his sympathies were in unison. M. Leon Vinet restored the architectural portions of the tableau. Most of our readers have of course inspected engravings of the fine design. The piece was finished in 1841, the partial injury took place on the 16th December, 1855.

After the completion of the great picture which took up four years of his life he ceased to send works to the yearly exhibitions, but he did not cease to labour. Many delightful reunions of artists and men of letters were held at his house, marked by all the agreeabilities arising from intellectual conversation, the inspection of rare works of art, and the enjoyment of fine music. His greatest trial was the loss of his amiable and gifted wife, herself belonging to a family celebrated in the annals of modern art, the Vernets. Among the hundred or more finished pictures which he left behind him may be mentioned "The Passage of the Alps by Charlemagne," "Moses laid by the Nile," "The Young Martyr," "Entombing of Christ," "The Holy Women," "The Return from Calvary," and scenes in the life of the Blessed Virgin connected with the Passion and Death of the Saviour. Tableaux in which sorrow or a ten-

der spirit of melancholy was the prevailing sentiment, were his works of predilection after the death of his beloved wife. Among the portraits left by him are those of M. Guizot, M. de Salvandy, M. de Remusat, the Duke de Noailles, M. Thiers, and M. Emile Pereire.

Paul Delaroche, grave and reserved as he appeared to casual acquaintance, was of a kind, and generous, and affectionate disposition. Such a man could not but be loved and respected by his friends; by his pupils he was idolized. He always interested himself in their progress, and in their success after they had passed from under his hands. There was nothing dogmatic in his mode of teaching. He conversed on subjects of art in a familiar manner with them, reasoned with them, discussed their opinions, but never used the style of "Sir Oracle" in his communications with them. Our concluding remarks on the peculiarities of this excellent artist are taken from the Discourse of M. Halévy, already quoted.

"Delaroche never resorted to artifice to obtain the favour of the public, he only endeavoured to merit it. . . . The exhibition of his works (this took place after his decease) testifies to his unceasing efforts, to his earnest striving after progress written on the face of every one of his works. Incessant study marks the course of every true master in his art. 'No day without its labour,' said the Greek painter.

"An illustrious philosopher (M. Victor Cousin) who loves the Fine Arts with fervour, and has traced out for them the rules of the true, the beautiful, and the good, has shown us how much superior is moral beauty to that which is merely physical or intellectual. 'If we (said he) consider the moral world and its laws, the ideal of liberty, of virtue, of devotedness,—here the austere justice of an Aristides, there the heroism of a Leonidas,—prodigies of charity or of patriotism, here certainly is a third order of beauty far surpassing the others,—the moral beauty, to wit.' This is the quality by which Delaroche's studies were more and more influenced as he approached the maturity of his age and his abilities. This is the beauty which he feels, which he contemplates, which he seeks, and which he ceaselessly aspires to elevate. It is to be remarked that there is never found in his style any of these irregular movements, these violent appeals which many celebrated artists have permitted themselves. Taste, which is the sentiment of harmonious relations, always supported and guided his pencil.

"But for the employment of the faculties by which he was distinguished, he needed a framework, a subject which would interest the spectator, and above all, move and affect himself. When such subject took possession of him, when he became sensible of its whole effect, its force, its value, he became a dramatic creator, though his composition never had anything affected or theatrical about it. . . .

"Delaroche is dramatic in the good acceptance of the word; he excels in the composition of a scene, he arranges his personages and his accessories with artistic skill and judgment. . . . By patient and reflective study, by a profound and deeply-felt analysis, by a happy intuition, he arrives at the complete disposal of his materials. The action is true; thus would the thing have occurred; all the figures have the expression, the attitude, which a consummate actor would have given them, and oftentimes there is no acting at all. The characters have shown themselves to the painter; he has seen them; he has witnessed the action now retraced. He has been in the chamber where the crime was committed; there lay the corpse. We everywhere find this faculty of realization, and the trace of a graceful, elegant, skilful, and firm hand in his tableaux."

This good and amiable man and accomplished artist calmly passed away on the 4th of November, 1856, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

MUSIC: THOMAS BRITTON.

In the fitness of things connected with this article, the present personage should be a composer as well as a performer and zealous lover of the art. We know of no piece of his composition, but his tastes and the society to which he was admitted, were so inconsistent with his station in life, that no memoirs of any musician could furnish a more bizarre or interesting sketch. Besides, we must not forget the claims of our own islanders when on the subject of men distinguished by proficiency in the fine arts.

When poetry, music, dramatic action, and even the art of dancing, were combining to keep ennui at arm's length from the soul of Louis XIV., the humble youth Thomas Britton was endeavouring in his native village—somewhere in Northamptonshire—to learn as much of the art of music as the organist of his parish church could teach him. He had spent the seven previous years with a coke and charcoal dealer in

London, who, when dismissing him with a modest recompense for past services, made it an understood condition that he was not to set up in business in his neighbourhood. Thomas, having made some progress in his darling art, and finding his purse nearly empty, turned his face once more to London, and began to ply his former trade. Having delivered as many bags of his commodity as served to meet his daily wants, he would proceed to explore among old book-shops and stands for rare old pieces of music and rare old books on science and literature.

At night, dulcet sounds would be heard by his neighbours proceeding from the long low room on a level with the street, in one end of which were piled his sable goods, and in the other was laid out his kitchen and dormitory, innocent of a partition. One day, making a call on Christopher Bateman, a book and music seller, he enlarged his acquaintance in a strange enough fashion.

The Duke of Devonshire and my Lords Oxford, Pembroke, Sunderland, and Winchelsea, being book-hunters of no mean order, generally employed Saturday, a *dies non* in the Parliament house, in their literary courses among shops and stalls. One day, having assembled at the shop mentioned above, they were not a little surprised to see a person of middle size, and of a frank and intelligent countenance, lay his black bag carefully in a corner, and inquire in a modest but unembarrassed manner about a certain volume of old music. One nobleman entered into conversation with him, another nobleman joined in the discourse, and soon it became a general conference, all being surprised at the poor, small-coalman possessing such a fine taste for the art, so much literary information, and being at the same time so modest and so little disconcerted by the notice taken of him.

That day the noble company dined at the *Mourning Bush*,* making Thomas Britton their guest, and thenceforward till the day of his

death, he enjoyed, with little intermission, the society of the titled and learned at weekly re-unions, held for the purpose of treating the members to the rare standard melodies of former composers.

Having spent the greater part of the day on his ordinary rounds, bag on shoulder, he would pass the long evening treating his ears to such sweet sounds as could be drawn from his Viol de Gamba.† While thus solacing his ears with the melodies of Jenkins, Simson, Corelli, and Purcell, he attracted the notice of a neighbour of his, a foreigner, who was diligently throwing away his time and money in alchemical experiments. This professor was the French doctor, Garencières, who, losing his office of physician to the French Embassy, took to the search of the Philosopher's Stone to raise his sinking state. During the intimacy of the oddly matched pair, Britton, who was ingenious in more than one line, constructed for his friend a portable laboratory, which attracted the notice of many scientific men in London. The visionary Frenchman demoralized the Briton to some extent, for he joined him in his chase after the visionary substance. However, there was not much mischief done. A French gentleman who was much interested in the small laboratory, took Tom with him for a while to France to construct such another article for him, and handsomely rewarded him for his services. The alchemist died soon after, and Britton, being no longer under the evil influence of alchymy, contentedly resumed his rounds by day, and his musical treats by night.

He had some money on his return from France, and with it he treated himself to a more commodious residence. His kitchen, dormitory, and coal-store still occupied the ground-floor, but over this was a long, low room, so low indeed that the head of a very tall man would graze the ceiling. It was approached in the Scotch fashion by an outer staircase, bearing a striking resemblance to a better sort of ladder, and up this steep climbed

* A tavern established by John Taylor, the water-poet, and having its sign put in mourning after the execution of King Charles I.

† The instrument named by our authority. Not being music-mad, except in the matter of old Irish melodies, we are unable to appreciate a four-hours' enjoyment furnished by a big fiddle of small musical compasses.

ladies and gentlemen once a week, hid the poverty of floor and walls with their rich dresses, and enjoyed the best music procurable at the time.

The concerts of the day seem to have held out but little inducement to people of good taste, if we can form a correct judgment from the announcement of one which took place, Feb. 4th, 1674 :—

"This day, . . . at the tavern of the *Fleece*, near St. James's Palace, at two o'clock, and every day of the week except Sunday, a rare Concert for four MARINE TRUMPETS, an instrument unknown in England up to the present day. Price of places—the best, a shilling, the others three-pence each."

The marine trumpet had no tube, nor was it made of brass; it was simply a large guitar, possessing one chord only. It would require a remote ancestor of Paganini to extract entralling sounds from such an instrument.

In 1678 Britton commenced his series of concerts; and delicate ladies and foppish gentlemen were content to brave the dangers of the narrow outside stair, and the prying and offensive gaze, and sometimes the rough jokes of the mob, for the privilege of sitting within the walls of the long, shabbily-furnished room, and listening to the best music of the day.

But poor Britton's modesty, single-mindedness, or industry, could not save him from evil tongues. There must be some untold, unknown, and disloyal motive for these assemblies of the great at the house of a small-coal man; he was once in league with the magician *Garencières*, he must be a Jesuit or an Atheist, he and his visitors should be looked to. In fact, the position became untenable, to use a vulgar expression, and the result was, that a convenient salon was taken, and a club organised, each member paying ten shillings per annum.

The members of the club bore the whole expense of the establishment, admission to enjoy the entertainment being by free tickets. The worthy founder presided at the harpsichord, and was as blessed as one of Homer's gods, surrounded by beauty and talent, and his whole being immersed in the flood of harmony pouring from the breaths and fingers of such performers

as Bannister, Needler, Hughes (author of the "*Siege of Damascus*") Hart, Shuttleworth, Pepusch, young Du-bourg, and the great Handel! Among the visitors were to be seen Lords Bolingbroke, Burlington, Chandos (Musical *Mæcenases*), Pope, Addison, and other wits and men of genius. Of course, these lights of the Augustan age of England did not (as we have seen living, empty-headed, fashionable people do) begin to chatter with each other as soon as the concert commenced. Those whose nerves were not tremblingly alive to the influence of sweet sounds, and would not wound the susceptibilities of the performers by inattention, stayed away; at least we hope they did.

In the height of his enjoyment and his reputation, Britton never neglected his business as dealer in coal and coke. He lived independent and respected till 1714, and might have enjoyed life much longer, but for a mischievous thought that entered the mind of a Middlesex magistrate, who, to make sport of the simple and unaffected Britton, brought in a ventriloquist one day, having first instructed him what to do. During the performance of a charming piece, the poor man at the harpsichord heard these awful words, apparently in the tones of his dead friend, the Alchymist, and proceeding from below the floor—"Fall on your knees, Thomas Britton; your hour is come—say a prayer, you are on the point of death." The unsuspecting victim did as he was desired, certain that the warning came from beyond the tomb. He fell prostrate, began to pray in the agony of the expected death, and in vain did the afflicted contrivers of the trick endeavour to undeceive him; the shock had been too great, the mischief was done: he died two days afterwards. May every lover of practical jokes who learns this circumstance now for the first time, lay it to heart, and restrain his stupid and mischievous propensities.

Poor Britton left a good and loving wife to bewail his loss. Among his property, which was sold by auction for her behoof, were many rare books, and numerous volumes of music, engraved or written by his own hands. There was a large collection of musical instruments, and the catalogues of the sale, which lasted three days, are now among the desiderata of the

curious. It is to be hoped that there was a respectable amount realized by the auction.

During Britton's lifetime, the Society of Ancient Music was founded, his own exertions having probably given the first impulse. Folk in the lower ranks of life, blessed or cursed, as it might be, with tastes unsuited to their sphere, were unwisely treated in many instances by the great of the last and the preceding century. They would take these low-born musicians, poets, and romancers, admit them to their drawing-rooms, and send out invitations to large parties to admire the poses and the growlings of these lions of lowly estate, pat them on the backs, and liberally subscribe to their slender volume of poems or other literary efforts. Alas! how sordid and squalid did everything in their native villages and native homes seem afterwards to these poor victims when they recalled the rich saloons in which they lately sat, and how boorish and ungraceful was the demeanor of sweetheart or relative when the refined grace and amiable manners of Lady Amelia or Lady Sophia were remembered. If extreme wretchedness of mind or loss of reason ensued, was it out of the common order of things? The lords and ladies of our times are more considerate, and in reality much more kind to the poor patients bitten by the demons of poetry or romance. They not only afford them no countenance, but get out of their way whenever a possible meeting is to be apprehended. If a green-grocer, at the instigation of the poetic demon, writes or prints "Flights of Fancy," or "Poetic Trifles," or "Youthful Musings," his erewhile crowded stall becomes a desert; his aristocratic patrons cross over the way to his unlettered rival in business, whose soul is not above greens or turnips. A poetic ploughman will be sent about his business, and scarcely get his discharge from his disgusted employer. This is as it should be. Poetry (including romance), painting, music, and their gifts, are all refined luxuries, and by right belong to those favoured individuals who can afford to indulge in them.

Jacques-François-Elie-Fromental Halevy, from whose funeral orations

we have made some extracts, was born 27th May, 1799. His parents were of the Jewish faith, and were known by the name of Levi. His musical tastes must have been early developed, for we find him receiving lessons at the *Conservatoire* in 1809. He obtained the chief prize for musical composition in 1819, and was commissioned in 1820 to set the *De Profundis* (Hebrew words) to music for the funeral obsequies of the Duc de Berri. He was afterwards sent into Italy to pursue his studies at the expense of the Government. After more than one unsuccessful effort to bring himself before the public by the production of musical pieces, his *Artisan* was performed in 1827 at the *Fey-deau*, but with little success. However, he had better fortune next year with *The King and the Ferrymen*, an occasional piece produced on the festival of Charles X.

In 1829 his *Claris*, an opera in five acts, met with public favour, Madame Malibran filling the chief part. After some other successes and failures, his great work, *The Jewess*, firmly established his reputation in 1835. It exhibited great elevation of style and superior talent. We subjoin the names and dates of some of his numerous pieces which followed *The Jewess*, and were favourably received:—*The Plague of Florence*, 1838; *The Queen of Cyprus*, 1840; *Charles VI.*, 1842; *The Queen's Musketeers*, 1846; *The Vale of Andorre*, 1848; and *The Wandering Jew*, 1855. We have counted eighteen other operas among his remains.

M. Halevy had the happy art of uniting charming melodies to striking dramatic situations. His concerted pieces, his choruses, and orchestral effects were always deeply studied, and for the most part highly successful. All his productions were the result of great care and study, and were distinguished by apparent ease and great breadth. In 1833 he obtained the office of Professor at the *Conservatoire*; he was named Member of the Academy in 1836, and Perpetual Secretary in 1854: his death occurred in 1861. The *Corps Legislatif* conferred a pension of 5,000 francs on his widow, herself a lady distinguished by her knowledge of the fine arts.

THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY'S LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS.

CONCLUSION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the disagreeable nature of some of the subjects treated in the two volumes of this work, sometime published—subjects calculated to excite the displeasure and resentment of some high people and their literary supporters—the author feels satisfied with the reception of his revelations, taking everything into account. As the concluding volumes are replete with anecdotes (some of them slightly scandalous) concerning most of the popular and literary characters, who have figured since the beginning of the present century, they have been or will be read with avidity. The portions that relate to natural history, and discuss merely literary matters, are more to our individual taste, but we must be content to remain in a minority.

EXPERIENCES OF A SPORTSMAN AND NATURALIST.

Those who have read the first two volumes of the life and opinions, require not to be told of the author's passionate attachment to field sports. A propensity of this nature is not necessarily allied to cruelty, as every one knows. Still there are circumstances attending the chase which can scarcely be read by good dispositioned people with any degree of comfort. It is not an agreeable occupation that of seeking the life of any poor animal while anxiously exerting itself to preserve its young. So though somewhat excited by the account of some famous captures of otters within the precincts of the New Forest, we could not relish the following exploit :—

"I once found a female otter on the Efford stream in the act of making a couch for her young. Old Palastine from the Grafton kennel found and disturbed her in the midst of it. At her we went for seven hours and a quarter with constant views, and during that time, on a stump overhanging the river, she miscarried and gave birth to two cubs born only a few days before their time (!). A hound found them, and when I took one in my hand it was scarcely cold. She beat us for want of light, and well she deserved to escape. (Would that he had thought so before the chase began !) The work that myself and my

keeper, James Dewis, did on that day in tearing up holts, at times up to the waist in water, and then having to go in our wet things a distance of six miles at dark, with tired hounds, was severer than I should like to undergo now, though there is no saying what the view of an otter will produce if I find another. The only effect it had was to give each of us a toothache on the following day." (They deserved that luxury.)

We prefer to watch our sportsman crawling through damp grass and heather to have a shot at a stag of ten, or else assuming the guise of those denizens of the New Forest of whom the animal are not distrustful. There is much of nature, and picturesqueness, and vigour in the descriptive parts of the work, and not a little of good feeling towards the working classes. It would require much trouble to convince us of the badness of a nobleman's disposition who was kind to the poor, and a favourite with the dumb animals of his household and estate. After a description of a wretched cold time, which we intend to read over again in the dog-days, we find himself and his retriever in the comfortable kitchen of Mrs. Casey, cold, and "seeming as if sugared for a Christmas present." Mrs. C. is about conducting him to the little cold parlour, with the fire endeavouring to light,—

"'No, my good Mrs. Casey,' said I. The kitchen chimney corner if you please. Bring me your little round table, a glass of hot dog's nose, and a toast in it, white with creamy froth as if in derision of the snow, and then I'll be thawed by the time Lord Malmesbury comes.'

"Down then we sat, almost in the fire to enjoy our toast and ale. (The door is opened once or twice to his great discomfort.) 'Dash that door! there's the latch again.'

"The latch did lift, and more than once, with a timid and cautious sound. At last, after keeping me in suspense, the door opened just enough to admit a head in strong contrast to the surrounding hues. It was a queer looking black head, garnished with some grizzled wool. A feeble voice begged permission to come in for a warm.

"'No,' was mine hostess's sharp and repellent reply, as she bustled towards the

door to push it to. 'This is no place now for the like of you,' alluding to my presence and the expected arrival of Lord Malmesbury.

"The poor Darkie thus rudely shut out, crossed before the window beside the door, and a more wretched, half-clothed, wholly-starved negro I never saw. A few rags only hung about him, leaving his head, and feet, and chest bare, and they had been nipped by the intense frost to an inflammatory blue and ferruginous brown.

"As he passed the window he threw upon the flickering casement ruddy with the fire a longing and imploring glance, and as he did so his eyes met mine. Jumping up, and opening the door, I called to him to return; he paused for an instant in indecision.

"'Come here, my good fellow,' I cried; he obeyed. Pointing to a place near the fire I bade him be seated by my little table, . . . and then not more to the astonishment of the poor black than the hostess, I bade the latter dress up another pot of hot dog's nose the same as my own, and place it before the negro, with a plate of bread and cheese.

"The poor fellow's astonishment at being so comfortably entertained on the spot whence he had so lately been inhospitably expelled, was beyond description. It seemed as if words were denied him. However after rubbing his hands at the fire, he began at the viands before him, sipping his hot brew, and lifting his eyes to me every now and then with a timid look of the most heartfelt thanks. . . .

"God forgive me for many a harsh word hastily spoken to a poor man! The food I thus bestowed on this negro was no atonement to them on my part. For I do not hesitate to say that I had as much pleasure in watching this houseless, lonely, wretched man eating heartily, and being kindly treated, as I afterwards had in the day's wild-fowl shooting. It cost me but little, indeed I had not much to give; but the shilling laid out gave me infinitely more happiness than the expenditure of many a five-pound note."

One chapter is devoted to the many pets which succeeded each other in the affections of the author, from the robin-redbreast to the stag-hound, one, apparently the most cherished, being a cormorant!

Beset, as has been the career of our writer by family annoyances, he has sought and obtained many consolations in the study of the natural features of sequestered landscapes, the phenomena of the various seasons, and the habits of the animals, wild and tame, which came under his notice. He not only feels the beauties

and the consolations which the study of God's creatures impart to finely constituted minds, but is possessed of the power to communicate his mental enjoyment to his readers.

"How genial is the air of this lovely spring, and verdant the re-awakened vegetation! Birds and buds in song and hue, all burst out together,—the band and banner of the summer host is seen and heard on wooded waste and wild; and I in my solitary life am spoken to by my feathered little friends, who had lingered round my cottage in frost and snow, and had come to my call and fed on such food as I could give them. While sitting at breakfast during winter and looking out on the frozen lawn and on my varied guests, I used to please myself with thinking that those I saw there silent and sad, would, when spring time came, rejoice me with their sweet songs, and recall my thoughts to boyhood's hours by the treasures shown me in their wondrous nests, no longer to be reft or broken. Here now while I write, by my open window sits my little friend, the hedge-sparrow in her russet garb, on four beautifully bright blue eggs. In a nook of an old ivied stump of a tree close by, nests the, to man, social robin, but to his tribe the most quarrelsome bird of all. There in those laurels are the nests of the thrush and blackbird, while up in the fork of the birch above sits the misletoe thrush, her screeching voice ready to proclaim the presence of a hawk, and to call me forth with the ever-protecting gun. As I wander in the kitchen-garden to inhale the perfume of the blossoms of the apple and cherry trees above my head, the grateful goldfinch gathers moss from the bark to make her nest, and the warbling lesser white-throat, by some erroneously called the willow-wren, sweetly sings his little song, while seeking insects so minute as scarcely to be traced by the human eye."

The lover of nature and of her dumb children is not without his troubles. Here we find our naturalist obliged to keep watch and ward over his young water-fowl and other weakly pets to guard their lives from snakes, stoats, adders, even squirrels—those innocent-looking little creatures! but the cares we are confident are more than counterbalanced by the enjoyments.

THE SMALL JOSES OF GREAT PEOPLE.

Our Naturalist, when he quits his pets wild and domestic for the society of beaux and wits, scarcely pleases us so well by his remarks or his reports of their witty sayings and bizarre doings. Nearly every one

knew before the publication of these volumes that "Theodore Hook, though a terrible bully over other wits, was not only an excellent impromptu joker, but, seated at the piano, could display the talents of an English *improvisatore*, singing a rhyming history of the company, full of the happiest hits, that were sure to provoke general laughter."

The "poet of every circle and the idol of his own" gets but indifferent usage. Thus he is handled.

"'Oh, fly from the world, dear Bessy, to me,' was inspired by a young lady, who complied with its request. She left an admiring world . . . to become the poet's wife, but soon discovered that her husband left her too frequently to fly to an admiring world. . . . Had she seen him however when left to her own reflections, night after night—with enraptured ladies of fashion hanging upon every thrilling note, and enthusiastic duchesses listening entranced to every touching sentiment, poor Bessy would have been still more uneasy."

James Smith though not equal to Moore in satiric composition was, according to our writer, more amusing in society. The following is a fair specimen of his talent in that line, the reader bearing in mind that Gully, member of the House of Commons in King William IV.'s time, had been a bruiser, and that *Pontefract* means Broken Bridge.

"You ask me why Pontefract borough
could sully
Her fame by returning to Parliament,
Gully.
The etymological cause, I suppose, is
The breaking the bridges of so many
noses."

Holding all puns, except the very best and very worst, in detestation, we must notwithstanding present one of Horace Smith's. Walking with a friend through Brighton one day, this inscription in a beer-shop window attracted their attention—

"Good Bear
Sold here."

"We may trust the landlord in this case," said the wit, "as it's his own Bruin."

JERUSALEM WHALLEY.

One of the best told short stories in the book is that of Buck Whalley, whose town residence in Stephen's-green, guarded by a lion couchant reposing over the entrance, now re-

sounds with the exercises of the "Catholic University" students.

Mr. Whalley's early education seems to have borne a wretched proportion to his monied means when he was in the heyday of youth. Dublin in his day, as the great grandchildren of the then citizens sorrowfully meditate, was distinguished by the winter residence of many more of our native nobility than condescend to favour it now with their presence. London, and Paris, and Rome have prevailed against us. Of course the young bucks and bloods often made night hideous, but it was Mr. Whalley's ambition to be king of the turbulent young scapegraces. "He found no difficulty in gaining admission into fashionable clubs, the aristocratic members of which appear to have amused themselves at his expense."

"They laid him a wager of a hundred guineas that he would not go to Jerusalem. Whalley without the slightest knowledge of the route, and ignorant of every language but his own, which he spoke with a strong brogue, accepted the terms and started for Jerusalem. It must have been somewhere about 1780, when continental travel was far from the easy affair it has become, and eastern travel was attended by so many dangers, that tourists were a race unknown."

Our reckless adventurer found his way to Paris, and rejoiced many gatherers of waste living by his reckless expenditure. After a short season of dissipation, he made his way to Marseilles, and thence over the water to Syria.

"Having landed without misadventure, Whalley proceeded on his journey, but the strange appearance of the Frank traveller, for he retained the Macaroni costume in which he had flourished among the Dublin dandies (the name was then unspoken), and his extraordinary language which no dragoman could interpret, occasioned the most ridiculous scenes. Fortunately for him he was taken for a madman, which character was, and I believe still is, invested with an almost sacred character through the East; and the considerate Mussulmans having been made to understand his object, forwarded him on his way to Jerusalem.

"In due time, though not without both difficulty and danger, he reached the Holy City. Here Jews, Christians, and Turks were equally mystified by his appearance. They stared at his little hat, they laughed at his swallow-tailed, blue coat, they marvelled at his brilliant waistcoat, and looked

with astonishment at his bright buckskins and top-boots. But the flourish of a rather formidable *spring of shillelagh*, which seemed never out of his hand, kept even the most curious at a respectful distance, and the Buck went on unchallenged.

"Taking care to secure from the authorities a certificate of having visited the city, Whalley turned his steps homeward. Fortune again favoured him; he escaped innumerable perils, and long after his Dublin friends had forgotten his name (?), assured of his death by shipwreck, or of his slavery by the Arabs, he presented himself at the club, and claimed his wager.

"Subsequently Jerusalem Whalley, as he was now called, continued his career as a man of fashion in Paris and in London; and in gambling, drinking, and riotous living, dissipated his entire patrimony. He lived in Ireland for many years, as other ruined Bucks contrive to do there, in poverty and obscurity, till gathered to his fathers; but his adventures continued among the traditions of the Dublin and London clubs, and furnished ample materials for a laughable after-dinner story."

In the number of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for December 1861, may be found a low-toned lyric composed on the occasion of Mr. Whalley's triumphal procession to the ship which was to bear him from his native land.

INANE POPPERY.

The Hon. Mr. Berkeley is rather sore on the subject of Lord Dundreary. He apprehends that weak-headed individuals may take him as a representative of a considerable number of English gentlemen. It is our belief that not one in every thousand who have enjoyed the absurdities of the character, and the cleverness of the representative, supposes for a moment that an original could be found in the British dominions. Many of our writer's observations on the subject are none the less worthy of respect.

"It is well known that the play called 'Our American Cousin,' was written for the American market, and the author has taken especial pains throughout, that Yankee prejudice against the Britisher should be sufficiently gratified by this burlesque and imaginary representation of English high life. Its claims as a comedy when judged by the Sheridan standard are scarcely perceptible, and even in the United States, had it been played as written, its career would have been brief. But there happened at the time to be an English actor of considerable repute among Trans-

atlantic play-goers, into whose hands the MS. fell, who saw in one character, if left to his own development, elements of popularity. He was permitted to do with it what he pleased. The result was Lord Dundreary."

Having expressed his surprise that an impossible character like this should have become popular, he very correctly traces the success to the cleverness of the comedian, whose absurdity does duty for the wit which the comedy ought to have possessed.

It is rather strange that our Transatlantic brethren who have so distinguished themselves in poetry, history, and essay, and to some extent in fiction, have not succeeded in composing one comedy of a high class. We have been present at successful dramas which came from New York or Boston, but the success of each entirely depended on the talents of some one actor, without whose exertions the piece would not have been listened to. Mr. Rice's *Ginger Blue* was a case in point. We quote our author's words on a cognate subject:—

"It is not altogether a new thing on the boards of our metropolitan theatres to make the success of a play depend on the humorous proceedings of a particular actor. This made the immense success of *Paul Pry*, but when the drollery of my friend Liston could no longer support it, the play sunk in popular estimation, never to rise again. *The Rivals* and the *School for Scandal* have seen generation after generation of comic actors identify themselves with their humorous characters, and doubtless will continue to do so as long as a taste for genuine English comedy is to be found in the land of its birth. In private theatricals as performed by amateurs moving in good society, this is essentially the case, the screaming farce and the extravagant burlesque having only a temporary favour."

Many of the living and dead fops, eccentrics, and exquisites, are passed in review, but none found possessing the inanity and absurdity of *Brother Sam's* dear relative. Beau Fielding, Beau Nash, and Beau Brummel, if weak on the subject of dress, were not unprovided with average intellects. Count D'Orsay prided himself on brain and muscle. Lords Alvanley and Chesterfield would have distinguished themselves any where. "Lord Waterford (we make free with the text) wanted a nobler sphere of action than was accessible to him. Instead

of heading a heavy charge against a battery, he was obliged to content himself with the harmless vagaries of "Spring-heeled Jack," or an unpremeditated turn up with bumptious costermongers, or bullying bargees. The arrangement that keeps the eldest son of a house out of the army and navy often leads him into eccentricities like those for which my poor dear friend obtained such wide celebrity."

The nearest approach to Lord Dundreary known to our author was his "poor friend, Teapot Crawford," as he styles him. In Sussex this other relative of Brother Sam's "climbed a tree after a crow's nest, and when half way up, became very sick, clinging to its stem for support. My brother asked 'What is the matter?' when between his paroxysms of retching, he whispered in melancholy sighings, 'My misfortunes have come over me.'"

And really, if the truth without reservation is told in these volumes, he deserved to be own brother to the gentleman with the eye-glass and the capacious whiskers. "On another occasion being very unhappy, either as to love or money, I forget which, he resolved to commit suicide. So he emptied the water jug and bottle into his bed, to end his life in damp and desolation. Poor fellow! he only cured a slight affection of rheumatism which he had been suffering from, and arose the next morning more alive than ever." Another affectation of the Teapot gentleman was speaking so low as to be nearly unintelligible. This made Sir G. Wombwell cry out to him on one occasion, "Confound it, man! if you can't speak, write out what you have to say."

Continuing to descant on fashion and its whims and changes, some sound remarks are made on the subject of dress. "The sombre effect of the gentleman's evening dress no doubt sets off by contrast the beautiful show of colours provided by the ladies; but there seems no reason on earth why they should look either like undertakers, waiters, or parsons (after all, a clergyman is a gentleman by education and profession). We stick to black at weddings and balls, at dinners and operas, with the inevitable 'choker'; for wearing which the host is sometimes taken for the valet, as

did the O'Mulligan at Mrs. Perkins's ball."

Talking of fashion, a careless shop window gazer, looking from a distance at the frontispiece portrait, will surely cry, "What grocer raised to alderman's rank have we here, in his *chapeau-bras*?" Yet it is the effigy of the Earl of Berkeley, the author's father, as he appeared on Brighton pier when George IV. was prince.

Let us hope that the affectation for a profusion of grisly hair hanging from the chin and jaws will diminish some day. Let its cultivators read these sensible remarks, and amend their senile fancies, "For some time past, people have wondered at the increase of venerable-looking young men, patriarchs of thirty, and Methuselah's of twenty-five, with flowing locks and hirsute appendages white as snow. Not only the laity, but even the clergy have found out the advantages of appearing the "Grandfather Whiteheads" of their own little drama—the long-skirted curate, passing rich with forty pounds a year, as well as the reverend speculator in a low church proprietary chapel, finding it answer his purpose with his congregation, to give himself the honours of extreme old age.

The ambition to look 'virtuousest, discreetest, best,' can scarce be reprehensible; therefore, no very severe condemnation is called for. It is only another of the almost innumerable pretences of the age; it's unadulterated humbug, that's all."

Very severe is our author on those misguided little men who appear to have produced gigantic beards at the expense of their bodily organizations, and rather seem to belong to the bush of hair than be its owner. He knows one mighty beard which seems to conduct the body and other appendages as a full-grown paper kite directs the movements of the joints of its tail.

It could not be expected that one who so unmercifully handles the affectations of his own sex, should put silk mittens on when dealing with the more outrageous foibles of the other. As a reform has taken place we omit many severe and just reproaches made to the gentler sex on their late pernicious excesses, and for their monopoly of all available room in the church, in the street, and at

the show. He quotes an advice given by a French court physician to his fat sovereign, to walk several times a day round his brother, who was as obese as himself.

Many well meaning persons have been in the habit of uttering all varieties of uncharitable sayings against the Empress of the French, as being the head and front of this offending against good taste and good economy. She has, however, found a defender in the Hon. Mr. Berkeley. "Her Imperial Majesty never wore the ugly hen coops my countrywomen have so frantically adopted—nothing but muslin petticoats one over the other, like those of the ballet-dancers when on the stage. The horrid mingling of wheel within wheel, whether stiffened with cane, whalebone, or steel, I am told, never was permitted to enter her drawing-room.

ENGLISH CARICATURE.

A chapter is devoted to caricature, the perusal of which has made us sad by reminding us of the loss of a fine old print in which Handel, figuring as a hog, and decked out with queue, frills, and all the other items of a court dress, is playing on a harp, hung with geese, turkeys, hams, and sausages, all indicating the gluttonous propensities of the great German composer. The caricature was etched by Goupy, drawing master to Dorothy, Countess of Burlington. Her ladyship is said to have given assistance. Of succeeding artists we have only room to notice Henry Wm. Bunbury, whose clever "*Annals of Horsemanship*," though exceedingly common thirty years since, are now rarely met. Gilray caricatured the royal and noble folk in the end of last century and beginning of this. His likenesses were striking, even though exaggerated. In his *doubles* Satan was the counterpart of Fox, a jockey that of the Duke of Bedford, and Silenus that of the Duke of Norfolk. He handled the royal family with small ceremony. King George III. and his Queen would be toasting a herring, and occupied with other sordid cares, while the Heir Apparent would (dressed as a mendicant) be receiving alms from the Duke of Orleans.

Rowlandson, the illustrator of

"Dr. Syntax's Tour," was a favourite with his contemporaries. It would be perhaps more correct to say that Combe illustrated his coloured engravings with poor poetry. Our author gives the preference to Rowlandson's caricatures over the tamer productions of our own time—*De gustibus non*, &c.

Of George Cruikshank we do not hear much in the work. There are groups and figures provocative of mirth scattered through Cruikshank's numerous collections; but far beyond them in conception and execution are those grotesquely terrible pieces, some bordering on the horrible, serving as illustrations to *Oliver Twist*, *Rookwood*, &c.

H. B. could scarcely be called a caricaturist. One great element in the art—exaggeration—was totally absent. To use the language of the text, "Caricature in his hands became cold, almost classical, eloquent, clever, but never funny." The joke generally lay in the person joked on, assuming the character of a worthy or unworthy of by-gone times. There is a certain amount of entertainment to be found in such transformations, but this is of a mild kind.

I look upon this artist as the last of the genuine caricaturists. We have portfolios of his works in most country houses as a provocative to cheerfulness, but the figures seem ghosts, and the wit of the design, if it ever had any, must have evaporated when the subject became obsolete. He closes the long line of humorists who worked for the shop windows."

No one can deny a certain grotesque humour to Richard Doyle. His long-faced, long-nosed, long and thin-whiskered gentlemen looking on at cattle and flower shows are wonderfully self-important and inane; wonderful variety does he introduce into all the pit and gallery faces enjoying the sight of Mr. Buckstone as the *Country Cousin* in the "*Rough Diamond*;" well has he illustrated that highly respectable family the Newcomes, but for the combination of genuine humour, good feeling, beauty of face, and grace of figure and movement commend us to the lamented John Leech. It is only by examining the numerous illustrations which he furnished to the writings of Albert Smith, Maxwell, Surtees, and others,

as well as to the pages of *Punch*, that an idea could be got of the versatility of his powers, his equal aptitude to depict beauty, and grace, and goodness, as well as ugliness and deformity; his knowledge of the equine and canine physiology, and the delights and aversions felt by dogs and horses under peculiar circumstances. His precocious little men of ten or twelve, affecting to be *blazé*, and passing supercilious criticisms on the little ladies of their own age, or professing admiration for the ball-room belles, though clever conceptions, give little pleasure to thinking minds. Not so the motherly little creatures of nine or ten striving to protect their little charges from being run over in the highway. It is many years since the figure and anxious face of one of these little care-takers came under our notice. She has an infant in her arms, at the side path, and Anna Maria and her little brother are scrambling after something out in the road, and a coach seen at a distance. The poor little slave's mouth is open, her features full of anxiety, and the following words supplied, "Oh, Han-nar Mariar, you owdacious little 'ussy, why are you taking Charles Albert out there to be run over? Oh, what a sad life it is to be a nurse!" And what an insight into poor human nature, the artist showed in his group of admiring and slightly envious little girls, all with covetous eyes intent on a poorly dressed little companion, who with tattered parasol over head is walking past without the condescension of a salute. The inscription supplies the exclamation of one somewhat more wounded in her sensibilities than the rest, and giving way to her impulse, "And oh, but aint they proud wot have got pair-o-soles!"

What has become of Hablet K. Brown, Boz's Phiz, everybody's Phiz, chiefly Mr. Pecksniff's and Mrs. Gamp's Phiz! Very broad and humorous and keen were his earliest designs, equally humorous and characteristic, vigorous and observant, were his illustrations to "Chuzzlewit," and "Copperfield," and "Dombey," but showing more correctness in design than the early ones. Latterly he took to drawing-room scenes, discarded *Baillie Junior*, *Sam Weller*, and all humorists of the lower classes,

and took to a gentlemanly and melancholy style as kindly as Ben Johnson's *Master Stephen*.

What is of more importance to the man of fashion and the politician, than to stand well with his club and be a component part and parcel of that body on whose fiat reputation and consideration depend? Our writer recalls the glory of a small coterie of dandies who were presided over by the Prince of Wales, a gentleman who was not only particular about his own dress, but superintended changes in that of the cavalry regiment he commanded. The officers of that favoured body of men considered their colonel the finest gentleman in Europe, and themselves the only gentlemen in Europe worthy to be presided by such a chief.

Alas how the glory of the world passes! Where is the brilliant royal colonel, the Prince Regent, the King of Great Britain, and where are the proud and dignified gentlemen he alternately ruled and admitted to his privacy?

"The aristocratic dandies have passed out of the peerage, and the minor satellites have sunk into oblivion. A few years ago I used to meet somewhere about the sweet shady side of Pall Mall, a lean, shuffling, haggard-faced figure, with rouged cheeks and a youthful wig, in a queer hat, and a long-skirted coat, leaning on a cane, and nearly bent double as he went slowly on his way. He was the last of the dandies, the sole survivor of that once glorious coterie immortalized by the genius of Cruikshank."

In continuation of this exordium a chapter is devoted to all the clubs and coteries which have endeavoured to make life in London endurable to their members at the expense of much money and domestic comfort, and sometimes the sacrifice of all paternal inheritances at the gaming-table. The devil and his ally, the world, keep a hard service for their slaves.

BRANDENBURGH HOUSE.

Our author's aunt Lady Elizabeth, Countess of Craven by marriage, was a blue-stocking of no mean rank in her day. She wrote in a pleasant style her travels through the Crimea to Constantinople (published 1785), Letters from France, Germany, and Russia, 1785-1787 (printed 1814), and

a few lighter affairs, some of which Horace Walpole saw executed in his own press at Strawberry-hill. She wrote plays of a "tenderly sentimental cast" and generally appeared in the chief character herself. Private theatricals were much in vogue in her day. While abroad, she found favour in the eyes of the Margrave of Anspach; and the Marquis of Craven obligingly departing from this world of alternate hurry and idleness, he made her his Margravine. The Court of Vienna conferred the title of Princess on her, and the Court of Berlin purchased the Margrave's little territory from him, and thus the noble pair had means and opportunity of purchasing an estate at Hammersmith, building Brandenburg-house, and offering themselves to King George and Queen Charlotte to shine as particularly bright stars in the firmament of St. James's. The Queen not being large-minded where titles were in question, would not receive the lady as princess, so she was obliged to content herself with her title of Margravine. Well she might, it being once borne by the witty and agreeable sister of Voltaire's and Carlyle's hero-philosopher, Frederick the Great.

The house warming of their mansion took the shape of a masquerade, in which one of the characters, attired as a sailor, rushed against a magnificent pier glass, and broke it in pieces, and the silk and point lace curtains, and the satin coverings of chairs and sofas, were cut and slashed by pen knives, and parts carried away. (Would this have occurred in Bayreuth or Wurtzburg?)

Here the beautiful and talented Margravine continued to entertain her acquaintance with plays, the heroines of which were imagined, and personated by herself, and occasionally standard comedies were produced. The heaven of the Wycherley and Congreve dramas had not even at that late hour lost its peculiar zest. The *Provoked Wife* was played at Brandenburg House, Sir Walter James personating *Sir John Brute*, and the fair hostess, *Lady Brute*.

It was the most natural thing in the world that the lady should desire to concentrate the interest of the scene in her own person, but this did

not at all times meet the wishes of her subordinates.

"On one of these occasions the younger Angelo, a protégé of the Margravine, who could not reconcile himself to the no-part given to him to enact, noticing that his patroness had left the stage, seized his opportunity for distinction, and burst out into a 'Gag' the length of which was only exceeded by its absurdity.

"The distinguished authoress hearing peal upon peal of uproarious laughter, where she had placed the most touching sentiment, rushed in alarm back to the side-scenes, just in time to behold her walking gentleman for whom no speech had been written, concluding a soliloquy in a style of extravagant fustian, that was literally convulsing the entire audience.

"He made his exit amid thunders of applause, but pleasant as his success must have been to him, it vanished when he came suddenly face to face with the offended Margravine. A pretty sharp scolding for his unwarrantable interpolation was his only punishment, notwithstanding that the profound interest that should have been excited for her heroine was totally marred by the audience's recollection of the capital fun of Angelo's extraordinary soliloquy."

Thus did this literary and hospitable lady keep an asylum open for the (mentally) destitute and afflicted, till the insidious fingers of time began to limn crow's feet about eyes and mouth, and till the Margrave was called to his account. She spent her latter years in Italy, where the first Duke of Buckingham and Chandos became acquainted with her and arranged her diary for publication. She died in 1828, leaving the bulk of her property to the Hon. Keppel Craven, who, inheriting her taste for life on the Continent, spent much time in Italy, wrote a couple of volumes descriptive of the country, and became a devoted adherent to the next occupier of Brandenburg House, the ill-starred Queen Caroline.

The ancient Irish were not very much deceived in their estimation of the powers of satire as far as human beings were concerned. Its power of rhyming mice and rats to death, may be looked on as a bit of exaggeration, not to be used to the prejudice of the general assertion. Poor George III. must have been sadly tormented by the ill-natured rhymes of Dr. Walcott; so must his eldest son have suffered from "Tom Crib's Memorial" and other pestilent productions of Tom Browne the Younger, but much more scurri-

lous, and bitter, and bad than these, especially when the defenceless condition of their object was taken into account, were Theodore Hook's lampoons on the poor Queen. These were published in the *John Bull*, and wonderfully did they enlarge its circulation.

"The fun soon grew fast and furious, . . . and as the laugh became more general at these fearless lampoons, those who were most severely handled by them began to move away. The great Whig families who had supported the Queen as a party manœuvre only, rapidly withdrew their usual custom when their friends were no longer of use. The "Unprotected Female" cry could not get a hearing, the "Injured Wife" appeal only excited unpleasant retorts, and any reference to the "Wronged Queen" only elicited a burst of mirth.

If the possession of a magnificent saloon were capable of assisting its owner to endure worldly ills Queen Caroline was well favoured.

"The glory of the house was the saloon on the first floor, which was of large size and lofty dimensions, with massive folding doors. On one side was a life-size, full-length portrait of the Margravine or Princess Berkeley, painted at a time when she was in the zenith of her charms. On the other side of the doors were life-size portraits of her brothers, Berkeley and Keppel Craven, both painted, I believe, by Romney. At one end of the room in the centre stood a self-acting pianoforte, the tones of which were beautifully modulated and sweet. This instrument was always kept surrounded by a bower of tube-roses, and the scent from it perfumed the entire apartment."

We are assured, on the authority of a friend of the writer's, who was an intimate in the Brandenburg House, that "there never was a more attractive person in manner than Queen Caroline. She had an excellent temper and most benevolent disposition. Her fault was a contempt for the world's opinion when she was unconscious of doing wrong, a contempt which, I regret to say, no woman can entertain with safety to her reputation." . . .

On one occasion a noble lord brought her a pine apple, not a very "extravagant present to a Queen." After his departure she called her secretary, laughed with him over the magnificent present, mentioned her suspicion of his being a Carlton House spy, said she had invited him to din-

ner, and would have some fun with him.

"She ordered two decanters of tea the colour of wine to be placed on the dinner-table, on either side of her, and from these she drank copiously and with considerable display, taking care that the noble lord should never taste the wine she seemed so fond of.

"As soon as his lordship had taken leave, her Majesty laughingly exclaimed, 'Oh, rare the fun! Now he will go back to Carlton House, and say that he saw me the worse for wine, and that I finished the best part of two bottles at dinner.'

"The real fact was that the Queen never drank anything but milk, tea, or coffee.

"The intuitive perception of the Queen was remarkable. On a particular evening there was a reception. She was at one end of the room playing at an Italian game of cards, and at the other her secretary was in conversation with Mr., now Lord Brougham, and Sergeant Wilde (Lord Truro). She sent for her chaplain. When he had reached the card-table, leaning forward as she played, she said, 'You have been talking of me. They are persuading you to urge me not to go to the coronation. Brougham has been doing so, more than Wilde. Tell them I will go.'

It will be no news to most of our readers to be told that the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley is a gentleman of decided prejudice on family and other matters, and that for one of his sturdy qualities he would have won Dr. Johnson's good-will. With regard to the poor foreign princess who was systematically ill-treated from her first landing on the (to her) inhospitable soil of Britain, we are well pleased to find his feelings in unison with every lover of justice, and friend to the weaker sex. He describes in detail her progress to Westminster Abbey, and the means so well devised of preventing her entrance—

"The Royal carriage had not been long in the streets, when its approach towards the Abbey was thwarted by a mob of people, all of whom my friend observed to be acting in concert under special leaders, and in perfect organization. In short, the vociferous multitude consisted principally of the prize-fighting class and 'roughs' of the day. Many of the pugilists were known to my informant from his having been fond of gymnastic exercises and sparring; but after the lapse of so considerable a time he cannot now remember all their names, though he recognised Josh. Hudson, Peter Crawley, and Richmond the Black, who were amongst the most active in impeding the progress of the royal carriage. . . .

"Other carriages that were passing by at the time were blocked up. One was brought for a moment to a stand-still alongside, if not almost in contact with the royal carriage, and in this was a lady attired for court. Whatever the dress of this female might have been, her manners were not courtly, for after gesticulating in anger towards the Queen, whatever she said being drowned by the cries of the populace—this woman spat at her Majesty through the open window!"

Her attempt at passing into the Abbey by a private entrance was equally well guarded against.

On the night after this day of agitation, and after endeavouring to conceal her anguish from her attendants by an assumed air of pleasantry, she retired to rest, but about three o'clock, asked for a tumbler of water and some magnesia. She put in so much of this salt that the mixture presented the appearance and consistence of paste. Adding some drops of laudanum, she determinedly got down the nauseous stuff by means of a spoon. Her attendants did their best to dissuade her but in vain. Notwithstanding what she must have experienced next day, she determinedly went in state to Drury Lane to see Kean in "Richard III." She was obliged to quit the house before the play was over, was visited by the state doctors and cheered up, but the dose and her agitation did their work. In a few days after devoutly receiving religious consolation, her worldly sorrows and trials came to an end.

The following ballad sung about the streets after the coronation was not calculated to give pleasure to her royal husband. The first verse alludes to the thin attendance of the nobility at the ceremony.

"Rego, regis, hallo, what's this!
What! only half my peeries!
Regas, regat, oh Lord, what's that?
The voice was like my deary's.

"Horum, scorum, shut the doorum!
Harum, scarum, strife O!
Clap, trap, sherry, merry, periwig and
hatband!
Lord, if I hadn't a wife O!

"I declina C. Regina;
Rex alone's more handsome!
Lord, what luck sir! exit uxor,
Rursus ego a man sum."

Of the popular writers who began to essay their powers in the first quarter of the present century few are left, and shortly they will be only the shadows which Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Horace Walpole, were to ourselves when we first became acquainted with their writings. The Hon. Mr. Berkeley's recollections are a welcome addition on this account to the libraries of our literary veterans who cannot expect to enjoy them much longer. To the naturalist and sportsman they must be a rich treat, as the author is a genuine enthusiast and of long and varied experience in the noble art by field and flood.

MY LOVE AND I.

And we sat in the quiet evening,
All alone, my love and I,
And she played on her organ softly,
And I listened silently.
For she sang me a gay song sweetly,
Like a chorus of wedding chimes,
And oh! in the music ringing
Came the thoughts of other times.

In a dream I was still beside her,
In the summer woods and dells,
And I led her on in the sunlight
To the sound of village bells.
And she sang me a grave song sadly,
That was soft, and sweet, and low,
Of the good book's golden promise,
That wine and oil should flow.

In a dream I was still beside her,
 And I saw her, yet ; the same,
 Though the promise was for others,
 And those good things never came.
 Then she sang me an old song softly,
 Like a sigh from a dying breath,
 And 'twas only the world's old story
 Of love, and life, and death.

And I thought as I sat beside her,
 As I heard her gently sing,
 That with such sweet, thrilling voices
 The choirs of angels ring.
 So we sat in the quiet evening,
 All alone, my love and I,
 And she played on her organ softly,
 And I listened silently.

U. L. A.

 LORD DUFFERIN ON IRISH LAND TENURE.

It has long been the misfortune of Ireland that the portion of the population connected with property, and more deeply concerned than others in maintaining the institutions of the country, have permitted persons having no property, and careless as to the character or extent of any social change, to monopolize public attention in newspaper, speech, and pamphlet. How energetically these lacklands have worked the press in favour of their so-called principles ; how vehemently they have urged on the platform altered systems for the management of estates, being ignorant of the very rudiments of the relations of landlord and tenant, those who have given the subject the most moderate attention are well aware. Nor can it be forgotten that such large success has attended this assiduous repetition of unwarranted statements as their too general acceptance, as true and sound, in England, constitutes—so that, at length, even statesmen of reputation succumbed to the noise of the multitude of the clamorous, and surrendering their naturally sound judgment, and playing false to their high responsibilities, began to speak in the prevailing strain of the cruelty of Irish proprietors, of their numerous evictions, of the necessity to put a restraint upon their tyranny, and of fixity of tenure, and other gentle specifics, as the only remedy for their abuse of the rights of property. The class assailed fell, on

their part, into an error not unusual with individuals and communities who feel that they have a powerful answer to make to any calumny. Relying in the completeness of the defence they *can* make, they neglect the duty to themselves of making it, and leave an open field to the adversary to rage about in defiance. In a time when what is styled public opinion is more the result of the combat of argument waged before the eyes of a crowd less prepared to discriminate than to applaud the seeming victor, this course is not wise, and sometimes it is dangerous. Much ground has been lost by such apathy, or misplaced confidence in essential strength, which, now that misrepresentation has obtained a headway over truth, it is very hard to recover. For illustration, take the recent instance of the publication of an article in the leading journal in which the permitted calumnies of years against Irish landlords were compressed into a single phrase, and their evil effects intensified, the writer apparently unconscious that he was not only suggesting an utterly false idea of their character, but displaying the utmost ignorance of actual facts. The "alien proprietary" may see in the sweeping condemnation intended to be conveyed in that misdescription, how blamable has been their consent of silence to the libels uttered of them by random accusers.

Some months ago, in these pages,

satisfaction was expressed that the landed proprietors of Ireland were descending into the public arena, and speaking for themselves. Since this began to be done, there has become visible a marked change in the minds of the less unthoughtful of the public.

The electioneering pamphlet is not now regarded as a complete treatise on the land question. Its character as a mere placard of political warfare is more nearly estimated. Nor are men taken as entitled to speak *ex cathedra* on matters of great difficulty, eminently requiring the qualification of experience who never in their lives let a farm, or had a farm to let, never took a farm, nor know the difference between one sort of tenure, or improvement, and another. Their pretension to expound the philosophy and practice of land-letting and cultivation is not increased by the circumstance that when forced at last, of very shame, to hazard the reduction of their theories to the shape of a measure for Parliament to consider, with the strongest intentions to devise a plan which would advantage the tenant, even at the expense of sacrificing not only the landlord's legal rights, but every principle of natural justice, they have but succeeded in proposing such schemes as would injure the landlord partially, and would ruin the tenant altogether. Mr. Fortescue's Bill of 1866 withdrew from the landlord his control over his property, aiming at the bestowal of a long tenure upon the tenant, under the pretext of its necessity to enable him to work out his improvements; but it did not, and could not, deprive the landlord of the right to take back his land before the tenant acquired a right to fixity upon it; and in endeavouring to coerce the proprietor, it simply forced him to protect himself by the process of eviction, and might, therefore, have shortly been described as an Act to produce the wholesale clearance of estates, and to swell the emigration returns—the very consequences would-be legislators professed to avert. In like manner, though in a more modified way, a Bill introduced this year would be ruinous to the tenantry, since no landlord would suffer the occupier to borrow money from the State for the incumbering of his property, when he could arrest

the operation of the process of injustice by a prompt notice to quit. The friends of the tenant have been proved his worst enemies. So long as their friendship could continue to be a mere outcry against supposed oppression, it sounded well; but when they came to try their 'prentice-hand at law-making, they encountered all the difficulties of a subject which is only simple whilst natural and equitable principles are acknowledged. And thus it happens that, at this moment, despite the vehement logic, and many irrelevant interrogatories of Mr. Butt, and the speeches of Mr. Bright in and out of Ireland, and the articles innumerable penned in favour of compulsory leasing, retrospective compensation, and a variety of nostrums, the measure most likely to receive the assent of the Legislature, with the full approval of the reflecting public is that prepared by Lord Clanricarde, and now before a Select Committee of the House of Lords, the fundamental principle of which is the voluntariness of the contract between landlord and tenant. Let that principle be the stone on which the legislator builds, and the structure will stand: without it, no erection, however ingenious and fair-seeming, can last.

By far the ablest and most earnest of those who have taken away the reproach and the danger of the apathy already spoken of is Lord Dufferin, to whose earliest labours to bring the public mind into a healthy state on the land question reference was made in this magazine.

Subsequently, Lord Dufferin felt called upon to go into the question more deeply in a series of Letters to the *Times*, which arrested universal attention, on account alike of their extreme lucidness, the pains taken to collect and verify materials, the candid use made of these, the simplicity and power of the reasoning based upon them, the impartiality which marked every stage of the inquiry, and in addition to all the thoroughly national feeling, in the best sense, which inspired all that the author wrote. He was an Irishman, anxious to see his countrymen bettered in condition, and with a view to this, to discover, let what class might suffer by the investigation, where the evil lay. Perhaps no series of letters on a public ques-

tion, printed in a newspaper, ever led to larger, speedier, or more earnest criticism. Lord Dufferin's facts and figures were sifted by the press of all shades of opinion; his arguments were turned over and over, and controverted in every form; but neither was a serious flaw discovered, nor could any imputation be cast upon his motives, or improper partiality for his own class attributed to him. Many of the criticisms were acute; a vast number were not; all deserved attention, and received it, and the volume now in our hands is a republication and extension of the Letters, as revised by the lights supplied, or confirmed by the failure of attempts to overthrow their conclusions. To their original text, Lord Dufferin has, moreover, added a vast amount of statistical and other matter of the highest value to the student of the subject, and the total result is the placing by him in the library of the statesman and the social philosopher a volume which furnishes the first clear and compendious history of the Irish land and people, and constitutes a magazine of arguments and facts for the contest with those who lay all the evils in the small farmer or peasant's lot at the landlord's door.

Lord Dufferin's design in giving his letters a form in which they will endure is thus described: "Nothing but an uncontrollable conviction of the injustice of the accusations with which the landed proprietors of Ireland are assailed, and of the gross incorrectness of the data on which those accusations are founded, would have induced me to embark in so uncongenial a controversy—my natural repugnance to which was enhanced by the generosity of sentiment exhibited towards our unfortunate country in those very speeches to portions of which I felt compelled to take exception. That persons of great intelligence should fall into error on the subjects in question did not surprise me. In any country it is difficult to disentangle the threads of popular sentiment, or to follow out the intricate operation of economical laws, but in Ireland a hundred influences, many of them compatible with the purest patriotism, and the most scrupulous integrity, had contrived to prejudice local opinion, and to mislead the national conscience. Yet it would be from such sources

alone that a popular champion would naturally seek inspiration, and if his view of the situation should betray considerable misapprehension of the real facts of the case, it would be unfair to doubt the genuineness of his convictions, or to receive with any other feelings than those of respect and gratitude, any suggestions he might have to offer." . . . "I may, indeed, be told that because I am a landlord, I must therefore be prejudiced in favour of the class: I can only reply that I am not conscious of any such partiality, and that I do not even understand the possibility of feeling greater sympathy with the legitimate aspirations of one section of the community than with those of any other. It has always seemed to me that a true statesman should guard the rights and promote the welfare of the diverse but inextricably associated interests of the nation with an undistinguishing solicitude. Even with respect to the future, if I am opposed to many of the changes in the land laws of Ireland which have been suggested, it is not merely because they are detrimental to the interests of the landed proprietors, but because they are gross infractions of the first principles of Liberty, Justice, and Government, and fraught with mischief to the community at large."

An inquiry pursued in this spirit claims a corresponding candour in the critic, and it may be said at once that those to whom the land question is no more than a party question are incapacitated from any fair consideration of Lord Dufferin's essay. There are a number of propositions which may be taken as proved, in order to get at the most striking parts of this volume without delay. These, for example, are that the emigration from Ireland has been caused in the very least part by evictions proceeding either from caprice or from a wish to consolidate farms. It has been the result of a great variety of causes, the nature of which has been traced in these pages more than once. It began before the famine, when the young attractions of America, and the preaching of discontent for political and personal purposes in Ireland, caused a number of the farming population to make the adventure of a change of soil. The favourable reports of the first and

most successful settlers; the stimulating effect of the money which they sent home, not so much in the direct aid to emigration supplied by it in bringing out the friends of the earliest emigrants, as in the advertisement of America's resources which it made throughout the district where it was received; the fact that at that time there was vast room in the United States not only for the unskilled Irish farmer, but the unskilled Irish labourer; at a still later moment the temptations of a cheap passage across the Atlantic afforded by rival shipping companies—these, and other influences, combined with certain changed conditions in Irish agriculture, which the landlords had done nothing to bring about, produced a passion for emigration which has raged for twenty years. That the results to those left behind have been beneficial it is impossible to deny, and should, ultimately, that be accomplished which Lord Dufferin considers is being worked out, who can regard this emigration otherwise than as a providential relief to a country fast falling into ruin by reason of an increase of population much beyond the increasing means of subsistence? Lord Dufferin says:

"During the last few years many a struggling tenant has been tempted by the rise of wages to hand his farm over to his more competent neighbour, and himself to pass from a life of precarious husbandry into the disciplined ranks of labour, where his industry is both better remunerated, and employed to a better purpose than ever it was before; and in proportion as the peasant becomes aware of the existence of a more hopeful theatre for his industry, whether at home or abroad, than that presented to him and his children by the miserable patch he miserably cultivates, that morbid hunger for a bit of land which has been the bane of Ireland will gradually subside; competition will relax something of its suicidal energy; and in the same way as the Irish labourer has already risen from the condition of a serf to an equality of comfort with his employer, will the tenant farmer, relieved from the lateral pressure of his superfluous associates, be able to treat with his landlord on more independent terms."

Doubtless to a very large extent this emigration would have been checked by the natural growth within the country of manufacturing enterprises, affording labour for the people profitable enough to detain them at

home, had not one great retarding cause operated to prevent such an advance. "Agitation has succeeded in burking everywhere," says our author, "except in Ulster, our nascent manufacturing enterprise; what other alternative have you to offer if you shut up their path across the sea?"

"Political excitement and agrarian outrage tend to discourage the introduction of English capital, limit the competitors in the market for those mortgaged estates that are sold, prevent the relief of the mortgagor by a diminished rate of interest, and therefore cripple his means of assisting his tenantry, while they at the same time estrange the feelings of the tenant from the landlord, their interest being inseparable, and the progress of improvement being entirely dependent on their mutual co-operation."

The interests of landlords lie certainly as much in retaining an excessive population as in "depopulating the country"—the charge brought against them as a class. The landlord is a trader in land, and "when did tradesman ever complain of the multitude of his customers, or a manufacturer of the easiness of the labour-market?" The landlord is a large employer of labour, and the value of labour has been doubled upon him by emigration. But it is waste of time to delay further on the emigration part of the subject. It has been proved a score of times to demonstration that the landlords have not been the cause to any extent justifying any general imputation upon them. The whole history of the social change establishes the fact of their innocence, and all who care to look at the matter conscientiously have come to this conclusion. That it will continue to be alleged that the landlords are "driving the people out of the country" is certain. At the very moment when these words are being written, and after Lord Dufferin's masterly examination of the case has been for some time before the public, a letter is published by an eminent prelate in which the trite accusation is preferred with undiminished energy of denunciation. Nothing more can be done. Those who will have that to be so which they wish to be so, for whatever purpose, must be left to their own methods, but no statesman can require any additional testimony on a settled matter.

As a summary account, however, of the course and character of an emigration from Ireland, which must fill so large a place in the social history of our time, when it shall come to be carefully written in calmer days, the analysis by Mr. Hancock of the reduction in the religions and races in Ireland from 1834 to 1861, may be quoted: the table bears upon the question of the relations of landlord and tenant, for the allegation intended, though not often broadly expressed is, that the Protestant landlords have been using the machinery of eviction to get rid of Roman Catholic tenants, and how inconsistent with facts that theory of the emigration-drain is figures will best show.

"Note as to the Reduction in the number of Persons of different Religions and Races in Ireland, from 1834 till 1861.

"A religious census of Ireland was taken in 1834 by the Commissioners of Public Instruction, and, when compared with the religious census of 1861, it exhibits a very great reduction in the population of Ireland.

Population of all Ireland.

In 1834 . . .	7,954,100
In 1861 . . .	5,798,967

This shows a decrease of 2,155,133, or of 27 per cent.

"The greatest part of this total reduction took place amongst Roman Catholics, who may be taken to represent the Celtic element of the Irish population.

Roman Catholics in Ireland.

In 1834 . . .	6,436,060
In 1861 . . .	4,505,165

Decrease . 1,930,795

"The members of the Established Church—the element mainly of English origin—were:

In 1834 . . .	853,160
In 1861 . . .	693,357

Showing a decrease of 159,803, or about 19 per cent.

"The Presbyterians—the element chiefly of Lowland Scotch extraction—were:

In 1834 . . .	643,058
In 1861 . . .	523,291

Show a reduction of 119,797, or about 19 per cent.

"It has been supposed from these figures that there has been something unfair in the way in which the Celtic population has been dealt with.

"But if we take the largest Presbyterian agricultural population, that of the diocese of Derry (which includes the greater part of the county of Londonderry, the barony of Innishowen, and a few parishes in Donegal, three baronies and two parishes in Tyrone, and one parish in Antrim), we get the following result:—

Presbyterians in Diocese of Derry

In 1834 . . .	118,339
In 1861 . . .	79,287

Decrease . 39,052, or at the rate of about 33 per cent.

"Again, if we take the agricultural population belonging to the Established Church in the south of Ireland, in the diocese of Ferns (which includes the whole county of Wexford except three parishes, part of Wicklow, and one parish in Carlow), we get the following result:—

Members of the Established Church in the Diocese of Ferns.

In 1834 . . .	24,672
In 1861 . . .	14,383

Showing a decrease in 1861, 10,289, or 42 per cent.

"If we take the Roman Catholic population in the diocese of Tuam, the largest diocese in Connaught (which includes a large part of Galway, part of Mayo, and one parish in Roscommon), we get:—

Roman Catholics in the Diocese of Tuam.

In 1834 . . .	467,870
In 1861 . . .	302,367

Showing a decrease of 165,603, or 35 per cent.

"In the same way, if we take the Roman Catholics in the diocese of Ardferd and Aghadoe (which includes all Kerry except two parishes, and part of Cork), we get:—

Roman Catholics in Ardferd (Kerry).

In 1834 . . .	227,131
In 1861 . . .	215,028

Showing a decrease of 82,103 or at the rate of 28 per cent.

"It appears, therefore, that there has been about the same decrease of population from 1834 to 1861, in Derry, in Wexford, in Galway, and in Kerry; the same among the original Celts, the Scotch settlers, and the English settlers; the same in the diocese which includes the estates of the London Companies; the Protestant landlords of Wexford, the county of Kerry, with its large resident proprietors, many of them Roman Catholics, and in Galway.

"The Presbyterian and Protestant emigration commenced earlier, and took place to a large extent before the famine, because they were then better educated than the Roman

Catholics. When a generation of Roman Catholics grew up, who had been educated in the National schools, commenced in 1830, they followed the example of the Presbyterians and the members of the Established Church. The famine accelerated this movement, but it would have taken place before the present time if the famine had never occurred."

No portion of Lord Dufferin's letters, when first published in the *Times*, excited more surprise than the statement that there are now nearly twice as many small farmers as there were before the Famine. Holdings of between fifteen and thirty acres, surely to be considered small farms, have risen in number 61,000, or 78 per cent.; and it is remarkable that the largest increase has been in Ulster, from which the emigration was lowest, and that in Munster, from which the emigration has been as two to one from the other provinces, there has been a decrease of such farms to the slight number of 806. If the farms of between fifteen and thirty acres were increased by evicting smaller holders, the grand emigration should have taken place in the northern province, which was not the case. If the non-disturbance of farms would have prevented emigration, how comes it that the emigration has been highest in Munster, where there has been hardly any change? There is, indeed, a register of evictions, the least consideration of which will show the small effect they can have had on emigration. In 1865 there were in counties, including the urban evictions, 1,334 evictions executed, or one eviction in 437 holdings. These evictions affected altogether but 7,000 persons, and the emigration was over 100,000. Moreover, it has been ascertained that of the total emigration from the United Kingdom during the last 13 years, only 4 per cent. were persons belonging to the farming population proper.

Lord Dufferinably retaliates for the attack on the landlords by showing that the discouragement of Irish manufactures by English laws was the origin of that which is the real difficulty of the country, and cause of emigration. What is wanted and does not exist is labour, other than agricultural, to which the sons of small farmers can turn their hands.

In the absence of it they must emigrate. The alternative is the miserable state of things described by Dr. Duke, one of the witnesses before the Devon Commission, who said—"It was a common practise when a man had five acres to subdivide them between his three sons." To prevent this enormous evil another witness would have made a law to coerce the farmers to send their families to earn their bread at different trades. That would, he believed, create manufacture. The skilled workmen would also "go abroad to other countries of their own accord, and perhaps return to the hive enriched." But there were no trades. The English policy towards Irish manufactures in the last century killed them. The youth of the country emigrated, not as trained workmen, but of absolute necessity to find a morsel to eat. "From Queen Elizabeth's reign until within a few years of the Union, the various commercial confraternities of Great Britain never for a moment relaxed their relentless grip on the trades of Ireland." Many attempts were made to deprive Ireland of the boon of her linen trade. In 1785 a petition signed by 117,000 persons, and presented by Manchester, prayed for the prohibition of Irish linens; but this one trade escaped, and "how has it repaid the clemency of the British Parliament? By dowering the Crown of England with as fair a cluster of flourishing towns and loyal centres of industry as are to be found in any portion of the empire. Would you see what Ireland might have been—go to Derry, to Belfast, to Lisburn (says Lord Dufferin), and by the exceptional prosperity which has been developed, not only within a hundred towns and villages, but for miles and miles around them, you may measure the extent of the injury we have sustained." Blame this injustice, and not the landlords, is, however, a sort of defence that must not be pushed too far. It is a sufficiently extended period since all restrictions upon Irish trade disappeared to have afforded opportunity for the establishment of many manufactures in Ireland; and, as a matter of fact, in other countries and localities less favourably circumstanced, vast progress has been made during the last fifty years, de-

spite all competition of England. The non-existence of manufactures other than the linen trade of Ulster at the present day is, in fact, as much, perhaps more due to those recent causes which Lord Dufferin elsewhere forcibly indicates—the continuance of political agitation, the smouldering of insurrection, the violent consequent vices of the people, which deterred capitalists from making investments in promising places. To throw all the blame upon the mis-legislation of times long past is to provide an excuse for the apathy, the errors, and the paralysing and causeless ill-temper of later days.

It is the same going even centuries back for a grievance which has established in the minds of the peasantry the impression that the land is theirs, that they were forcibly dispossessed of it, and that it will eventually be restored to them. The utter folly of that notion is obvious to every person of reflection; nevertheless, it prevails extensively, almost universally, in the South and West, and hence the sympathy with the Fenian stranger, regarded as an intending restorer of the confiscated acres to the people. The American filibuster and his Irish shopmen and artisan allies, if they could succeed, would of course appropriate the spoil for themselves; but for the small amount of consideration necessary to establish this conclusion the peasantry seem unfitted—a circumstance in itself showing how greatly their minds have been debauched. A passage from Lord Dufferin's pages on this point defines the relations of landlord and tenant very simply, and points clearly to the effects of a redistribution of land, if that occurred through any revolution:—

"First, let us define the respective rights of landlord and tenant. A landlord is an owner of land; that is to say, he has either bought it himself, or inherited it from those who have bought it. In either case, the land he possesses represents a specific amount of capital, accumulated either by his own industry or by that of his forefathers, for which he is content to receive interest at a rate seldom exceeding $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 per cent. I may here observe that considerable prominence has been given of late to the fact that in the time of Elizabeth, Cromwell, and William, extensive confisca-

tions of property took place in Ireland, and it has been more than hinted that such a circumstance might justify the repetition of an analogous process. But, however strongly this argument may appeal to the conscience of the small minority who are able to trace their present proprietorship to an historical source, it will hardly commend itself to those whose possessions represent the mercantile industry of some distant ancestor, improved by centuries of hereditary thrift, or the proceeds of their own exertions invested in land on the faith of a Parliamentary title. Whether vague suggestions,—which (as far as they mean anything) would imply the uprooting of the whole of the population of Ulster, and the transference of nearly all the landed property of Ireland, from those whose legal title to it is indisputable to a thousand competitors whose claims would rest on distinctions of race and religion,—are calculated to attract capital to the country or promote a feeling of security, it is needless to inquire. Such barren speculations cannot alter the fact that at present the owner of landed property in Ireland holds it in exactly the same sense, and under the same conditions, as the owner of property in England.

"On a map of Ireland, executed in Queen Elizabeth's reign, which has been discovered by Mr. Froude, at Vienna, the possessions of the contemporary chieftains are delineated. Occupying a prominent place in the centre of the island, is a rich district described as the country of the O'Sheridans. As a native representative of what appears to have been, at all events at one time, an opulent house, I might be tempted to urge the expulsion of its present alien owners from the rich heritage of my ancestors."

The most valuable part of the work which Lord Dufferin, with too great modesty, calls his "pamphlet," is the fifth chapter, which, taken together with the appendix illustrating it, furnishes a complete answer to those who declare the curse of Ireland to be the indisposition of the landlords to grant leases, and would cure all the country's evils by compelling the granting of a 61 years' tenure. In Belgium, so often referred to as a model, leases are commonly for three, five, and nine years, terms which cannot be said to give the security which will account, on Irish popular theories, for the success of Belgian farming. In Scotland the leases are for thirteen years and nineteen, and farms of 1,000 and 1,200 acres are taken for the latter term by persons who expend large capital upon them, and have no reason to believe that their lease will be renewed. In

England the tenure in many districts is 21 years. Why, then, should 61 years be spoken of as necessary in Ireland? What would be the effect upon the tenant of such a tenure, and how would the legislation enforcing it operate upon the landlord? In many cases, Lord Dufferin tells us, the only reason for which a lease is desired is to obtain a document on which money can be raised, or an extravagant charge for younger children effected. The lease in such instances, by giving immunity from responsibility, instead of stimulating the industry of the occupier, "too often acts as a premium on idleness." Although, as a principle, it is better land should be let on lease, it must not be supposed that it is always for the tenant's benefit to get a lease, or that tenants always wish one. Then as to the landlord, the difficulties of preventing sub-division are even at this moment serious. If the landlord should be forced to give a long lease, with the alternative of taking the land into his own hands, of course he will refuse the boon to all tenants who are in debt, who are not industrious, or who in any way whatsoever stand in such a position as to render the granting of a lease to them undesirable, and here again is the observation already made illustrated, that the friends of the tenant, who interpose to prevent a free and fair bargain between him and his landlord, by means of compulsory regulative legislation, are really his enemies. In the contest which they establish, in place of existing relations, between the law and the landlord, the tenant alone can suffer.

"The consequences of forcing leases by Act of Parliament are sufficiently obvious. Hitherto, one of the chief accusations brought against the Irish proprietor has been his indifference to the character and the solvency of his tenant, and in order to correct this indifference, it is proposed to abolish the priority of his claim on the rent, and to reduce him to the ranks of an ordinary creditor. If, therefore, under these circumstances he is precluded from letting his land, except under a thirty-one years' lease, an inexorable necessity will be imposed upon him to exclude from such a permanent arrangement those of his existing tenants who are in debt, or who are likely to fall into embarrassment during the obligatory term. Now perhaps the tenantry of no estate in Ireland is more prosperous

than my own; yet my agent informs me, that unhappily more than a third of the farmers upon my property are under heavy pecuniary obligations through the country, in addition to those incurred towards myself. At present their creditors are aware that to drive them from their farms by the application of any premature pressure would only reduce to a minimum their own chances of receiving payment. My own inclination is to give them every opportunity to extricate themselves from their difficulties; and though the position of affairs is not satisfactory, nor can the ultimate destiny of many of these persons be doubtful, a reasonable amount of forbearance on my part, may save some, and greatly mitigate the hardship of their situation to the rest.

"If, however, I found myself suddenly called upon by Parliament to lease away my estate for a whole generation, matters would be brought to a crisis, and in self-defence I should be forced (very much against my will) to exclude from the intended benefits of the arrangement every single individual circumstanced as I have described. No landlord could be expected to grant a lease to a bankrupt, or to enter into a contract with a person incapable of fulfilling its obligations.

"But in addition to those of my tenants who are actually in debt, there are a certain number who are so destitute of capital,—so unskilful,—occupiers of such small and inconvenient patches,—so near the verge of ruin,—as to be very unfit recipients of a lease. However unwilling I might be to continue them in their present holdings until an opportunity shall occur of establishing them as labourers, or of enabling their sons to emigrate, or of converting the old people into pensioners, a very different arrangement would be necessary if Parliament held a pistol to my head, and left me no choice but to give them 31 years' leases, or resume possession of my land. Now if these undesirable contingencies might arise on a prosperous estate in Ulster, it is scarcely necessary to indicate what would be the consequences of such anomalous interference by Parliament in the south and west of Ireland."

But we must draw to a close our passing remarks on a volume which is much more than a refutation of the charges preferred against Irish landlords, by one who will not be accused of want of sympathy with the tenantry and people, and who, above all other qualities, manifests in his work that candour which is lamentably absent in the discussion of Irish questions. Lord Dufferin did not think his task accomplished when he

stated that, for the emigration which is superficially complained of, the landlords are not blamable: he went further, and his retrospect of the economical history of Ireland; his careful review of the proposals of Mr. Butt and others for the alteration of the law of tenure; his investigations as to the rate of wages in different parts of Ireland, in contrast with former times; and the large quantity of valuable matter added, make the book the standard one on the question. If writers and speakers on Irish landlordism were only animated in all cases by an honest desire to arrive at truth, and did not regard the subject as merely the property of party politics, a hope might be entertained that such a work would greatly tend to allay that agitation which interferes with the growth of enterprise and the flow of capital into the country. It has been objected that Lord Dufferin's volume is simply a plea for things as they are, but it is not proper to describe it thus, although things as they are seem vastly better than things as Mr. Butt and others would have them to be. Lord Dufferin declares his object to have been to "establish truth and to advocate justice." The proper settlement of every question,

and the true interests of every class, must be promoted by establishing truth. The doctrine that Ireland is to be saved by the sacrifice of the rights of property, as a violation of truth and justice, would aggravate all existing difficulties. This statement, in principle obviously sound, the author has justified by a full examination of the effects which would flow from all the changes most commonly proposed; but he by no means shuts the door against improvement in legislation, or disputes the need of it. All that is contended for is that it shall be based on truth and equity, and this the interests of the tenant require even more than do those of the landlord. It cannot but be regarded as a hopeful circumstance to see a nobleman of Lord Dufferin's great ability and experience devoting so much time and attention to the thorough examination, in detail as well as in principle, of a subject so intricate and perplexing. The uselessness of the House of Lords has lately been the theme of a journalist of large influence, but as long as its members contribute such works as that before us to the assisting of the business of practical legislation, and follow them up by wise counsels in their Chamber, the charge must fail.

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HOUSEHOLD TALES OF THE SCLAVONIANS AND HUNGARIANS.

THE Slavonians having made their entry into Europe later in time than the Celts or their disturbers, the Teutons, it is natural to expect that their oral fictional literature would possess more of the original character of that which was known in Central Asia before it sent forth its colonies. The excursions of the Celtic races were longer, and the disturbances received by them from their hard-headed Teuton neighbours, were neither small nor few. Their original oral literature is consequently more likely to have been affected by changes made in their outward circumstances and new social arrangements. The romantic history of the early Celtic settlers in the British Islands and the west of Gaul, their strange relations with each other, and with the Teutonic peoples, and the picturesque scenery of their settlements, so varied by mountain, vale, lake, and sea-coast, occupied the attention of the imaginative people to the disadvantage of the early lore brought from the east. There were not so many, nor such powerful causes to make the principal Slavonian family, the Russians, forget their early fireside lore. Hence we find their remains in that department of literature to correspond more closely to the fictions common to all the Indo-European people, and destitute of those peculiarities which distinguish several Celtic and Scandinavian stories.

As many of our readers as wish to obtain a full supply of Russian stories, are directed to look for a collection translated into German, with a preface by Jacobus Grimm, and published at Leipzig, 1831. Any one understanding Russ will find abundance of Folks-books at Moscow, containing the tales about to be related, and many others; one of the best collections being the *Nowosselje*. But if he prefer the German, he is referred to the edition named, or to a new collection of the oldest Russian stories, by Johannes R. Vogl, Vienna, 1841. The manufacturers of the German Year Books generally admit one or two Russian stories. Like the storytellers of other countries, the Russians take the liberty of blending two or three of the old standard tales into one, or dividing one long narrative into two. In the tale that follows, the reader versed in our own folk lore will find portions of the *Royal Servants* of the "Wexford Stories" (DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE), Carleton's *Three Tasks*, and also of the "Volundr Saga." From reading German versions of several of the Russian tales, we are satisfied that no people of Europe enjoy their fireside stories with greater relish than the peasants who call the Czar their Father.

RUSSIAN STORIES, NO. I.: KING KOJATA.*

"King Kojata's beard was so long

* None of the collections from which our specimens are selected have been translated into English.

that it came below his knee. He loved his wife very much, but they were three years married, and there was still no sign of a child being born. He once went on a journey through the different provinces of his kingdom, and it was near nine months before he was on his return. It was very hot one day, and he left his retinue in a field while he rode on to look for a spring, for he was very thirsty. He found a fine well whose crystal waters coursed round a basin, and a golden cup was floating on its surface. He impatiently stretched one hand and then the other to the cup, but it sailed and danced here and there, and slipped like an eel through his two hands, when he put them together to seize it.

"To the foxes with you!" said he; "I can drink without your help." So he stooped down, and in his eagerness he forgot his dignity, for he popped chin and all under the water. When his thirst was quenched, he attempted to raise his head, but something held his chin fast, and however he moved his head, the chin he could not pull out. "Who is there?" shouted he; "let me go!" No answer, but a frightful-looking head came out of the ground. Its large eyes were green, and glowed like emeralds; a large mouth, opening with a grin, showed two rows of glittering white teeth, and a tongue stretched up to the very face of the king, whose chin was held by a pair of claws. At last he heard these words—"I pardon your offence on getting your promise of whatever you have in your palace unknown to yourself." "There is nothing in my palace," said the king to himself, "which I don't know; I'll get off easily." So he agreed, and the voice came again; "Keep your word or it will be the worse for you;" and the frightful face vanished.

"When King Kojata approached his city he heard the roaring of cannons, and the ringing of bells, and saw flags flying from the steeples, and at his palace door he was met by his queen and his ministers, and the loveliest infant in the world was held up to him in its silken cradle. Wonderful complimenting came to his ears, and loving kisses from his queen, and he put on a joyful face, but anguish was in his heart. 'This is the thing I had in my palace without knowing

it. Hard fate to be obliged to give up my child!'

"The poor king remained much troubled in mind, dreading every moment a visit from the green-eyed fellow. But the child came to the age of a year, a month, and a day, and no one came to take him, and he grew up to be a youth, and still no intruder; and at last the father took comfort, and forgot all about the well.

"The young prince lost himself a-hunting one day in a wood, and at last he came to an opening with a linden tree standing in the middle of it. Every leaf on it began to tremble as the prince approached, and then a frightful-looking old man crept out from a hollow in it; his eyes and his chin were as green as the emerald. 'You have kept me waiting for a long time, prince Milan,' said he. 'Who are you?' said the prince. 'Never mind,' said he. 'Greet your father from me; tell him his debt is long overdue, and not to forget it.' When the prince came home, and gave his father the message, he turned as white as a sheet, and began to lament. After a while he related to his wife and son all that had happened about the time of his birth. The queen wept, but the prince was not dismayed. 'Only give me a horse for the journey,' said he, 'and never fear, I shall be soon back with you again.'

"So the king gave him a black horse, a sword, and gold stirrups, and away he rode, with the cries of his mother and the courtiers in his ears. He rode the first day, and the second day, and on the third day he approached a sea as smooth as glass, and its surface level with the shore. All was desert about it, except a few shrubs which grew at one spot. There was no shadow of a cloud on the water, nor the slightest breath of air in the sky. When he came near the shore, he beheld thirty beautiful ducks swimming and sporting on the water, and thirty milk-white shifts on the strand. He got off his steed, and crept on under cover of the sedge and shrubs, till he seized on one of the shifts. He then stole back with it behind the shrubs.

"So the ducks dived, turned heels over head in the water, and flapped their wings till they became tired. Then they walked out on the grassy shore, and as each put her head in-

side one of the linen articles she became a beautiful maiden and disappeared. One poor duck, however, missed her shift, and became very uneasy. She stood up in the water, dived down, stretched out her neck, and uttered doleful cries. So the prince, pitying her, came out of his hiding place, and laid the white garment on the grass. 'Oh, thank you, prince Milan,' said the duck in a human voice. She made little delay about dressing herself, and in a moment she stood before him, more lovely than the best story-teller in the world could describe. She took his hand, and said, 'You have made me very happy, and you have done great service to yourself. My father, the magician Czernuch, owns many castles and kingdoms, and dwells underground with his thirty daughters. He is angry that you have staid so long, but we must strive to pacify him. When you come into his presence prostrate yourself before him, and creep to his knees. Don't mind his stamping and his furies. We must consider what's to be done in the mean while. But it's time to go home.' She took his hand, and stamped on the ground. It opened, and immediately they were down in her father's palace. There he was on his throne, which, as well as the walls, flashed like carbuncles. A glittering crown was on his head, and a greenish fire shot from his eyes when he was in anger. His hands were no better than claws, as was before remarked.

"Down went the prince on all fours, and crept on his knees, as princess Melena directed him. King Czernuch stamped and thundered, and swore, but the prince was not frightened, though the palace shook. At last he was appeased and began to laugh. 'I must punish you,' said he, 'for delaying so long, but to-morrow will be time enough to talk about it.' Two attendants politely showed the prince to a rich chamber, and there he slept soundly till the next day.

"Early he was called before the magician. 'I wish,' said he, 'to try your art and skill. To-morrow I expect to see a palace built by you; the roofs gold, the walls marble, the windows crystal. Around this palace is to be a beautiful garden, with nicely

laid-out flower-beds, waterfalls, and fish-ponds. If I like your work I shall teach you some of my own art; if not your life is forfeit. Very sad went the poor prince to his chamber, and sad he remained there till the dim twilight came. A bee flew against the window, and cried out 'Let me in.' He threw up the sash, in she flew, and the beautiful Melena was before him.

"What makes you look so sad, Prince Milan?' 'I have reason, dear lady. If I cannot have a palace and gardens built so and so to-morrow morning, my head is off.' 'Have courage and go to sleep. Step out in the morning into the palace which I shall raise to-night, and tap with a hammer here and there, as if you were finishing it. I warrant you will not have time to inspect all before my father visits you.'

"And so it turned out: King Green-eyes found the prince in the palace, tapping with a little hammer, and was much astonished. 'I see,' said he, 'you were worth waiting for, but your trials are not over. My thirty beautiful daughters will stand in a row in the hall to-morrow. You shall pass along the row three times, and if you do not single out Melena, my youngest daughter in the third passing, off goes your head.' 'This task shows no great wisdom in King Czernuch,' said the prince as he sat in his chamber; 'I shall easily recognise my darling Melena.' 'Not so easy as you think,' said a bee buzzing outside the window. He let her in, and said, 'Ah, sure I'd distinguish you among a thousand.' 'But,' said she, 'we are all so like that our very father scarcely knows us one from the other.' 'Then, what am I to do?' 'Observe this mole on my right cheek, it will help you.'

"Next morning the prince was early sent for, and there, in a long row, were the princesses, dressed exactly alike, and all looking on the ground. He passed down the line, and up again, and had not discovered the princess Melena, but the third time he was rejoiced to see the mark. He took the princess by the hand and led her out of the line, and the magician was astonished.

"You have succeeded," said he, 'but you have a third task before you in three hours. You must make a

pair of boots that shall come up to my knee while I set fire to a straw and burn it to ashes.* While the prince was pondering over this matter very dismally in his chamber, Melena entered in the same way, and told him there was no safety for him but in flight. She closed the door, piled the furniture against it, and then spat on the window. This changed to a substance as hard as ice, and was charged by the princess to answer when Prince Milan would be called.

"She then took him by the hand, and in an instant they were in the upper world just where the prince had alighted from his horse. The poor beast whinnied and pranced to show his joy, and his master after patting him for a moment, sprung into the saddle, placed the princess before him, and away they went like the wind.

"When the three hours were out the magician bade a servant to call the prince. He, finding the door closed, tapped at it and delivered his message. 'I am not ready yet,' said the spittle. The third time this answer was made, orders were given to break in the door. The room was found empty, and the spittle laughed aloud. Then it was that Czernuch ordered his servants to saddle their steeds and pursue the prince.

"I hear the clatter of horses' feet,' said the princess. The prince alighted and laid his ear to the ground and heard them coming. Quick as thought she changed herself into a river, Milan into an iron bridge, and three roads went on from it in the direction they were travelling. The horse she changed into a blackbird.

"Up came the servants, but beyond the bridge they could not find a trace of the horse's feet. So they returned sorrowfully to their master, and told him their disappointment. 'Oh, you dunderheads,' said he, 'that bridge and that river were the fugitives themselves. Be off after them again.'

"I think I hear the sounds of horses' feet, said Melena. The prince alighted, and held his ear to the ground and they were heard near at hand. The princess made a thick

wood spring up with a thousand roads and paths crossing one another. She changed herself and Prince Milan into two horses, and the servants thought they were chasing two horsemen. This way and the other they were running, and at last they found themselves outside the wood in the direction of their master's palace, and there was neither tree nor forest to be seen.

"When they stood before the magician with their hands empty, he nearly blew the roof off the palace in his rage. 'I must chase them myself,' said he. 'A horse out at once!' 'I hear the sound of feet,' said the princess. The prince alighted. 'One horseman is pursuing us,' said he. 'It is my father,' said the princess, 'but his power does not extend beyond the first church he meets. Your cross, quick!' He took his golden cross from his neck. She kissed it, and she became at once a fine church, the prince a monk, and their steed a steeple.

"King Czernuch came up. 'Good father, have any travellers passed this way lately?' 'Oh, yes! Prince Milan and Princess Melena. They are not many perches before you. They have said their prayers in the church, and requested me to light a wax candle for their intention, and to give you their best respects when you would call.' Czernuch turned back and gave his servants such a cudgelling as brought them little and big to death's door.

"The prince and princess rode on very happily till they came in the evening to a city. The prince felt a great desire to enter it; but the princess strove to dissuade him. 'I shall only stay one hour,' said he, and 'then return.' 'I fear you will not come back to me at all,' said she. 'You will be made much of by the king and queen, and with them you will see a beautiful child. If you kiss that child you will forget all that ever happened between us. I will remain here as a white stone for three days. If you don't return within that time, I shall be lost to you.'

"The prince entered the city, and was met by the king, queen, and

* There is in the German version of the original Russian an apparent defect in this place, as there is no attempt made to perform the task.

young princess, and there was along with them a beautiful child with eyes like stars or diamonds. She enchanted the prince, so that he kissed her cheek, and at the moment forgot his dear Melena, and all that had happened since he left his father's court. He went home with the king, and in a short time he was to be married to his daughter.

"The poor princess remained lamenting one, two, three days, and then she changed herself into a beautiful blue flower, and was found by an old man who took her home, and watered her and took all care of her. From that day a wonderful change took place in his household. Every morning he found things cleaned and arranged; and when he came home to prepare his meals, there was the table laid out and everything ready. He consulted a wise woman, and according to her directions he began to watch next morning at day-break to see what was doing. He saw the blue flower float through the air up and down, backwards and forwards, and according as it moved, everything got into its place. He threw a handkerchief over it, and lo, the Princess Melena was before him. 'Why have you brought me back to life?' said she; 'Oh!' said he, 'I wish I could give you life, and happiness, and everything. I am going to-day to see the great wedding of Prince Milan with our Princess. One of the head servants is my friend; will you come?' The poor lady had like to faint; but she put a restraint on herself, and said she'd go. She asked him to get her a common dress, and just before the dinner hour, he and she were in the great kitchen, with such clashing of plates, and dishes, and pots, and spits, going on. 'Good cook,' said she to the head one, 'will you lay this bunch of flowers on the prince's plate. He was in a hurry and a bad humour, and was going to refuse her; but he looked at her lovely face, and changed his mind. The prince admired the lovely nosegay and just pulled one flower out, when there flew out along with it a pair of doves. The cock was flying away and striving to get out of the window, but the hen cried, 'Ah, don't forsake me as Prince Milan did Princess Melena.' 'Melena!' said the prince. 'Oh, what a forgetful wretch I am!' He

quitted the room, rushed down the stairs, and at the hall door was his true love. His faithful steel stood outside, and the moment after he had embraced his bride and begged to be forgiven, he placed her on the horse, sprung up, and never drew rein till they were in his father's court. Never was there such joy, and never did a princess get such welcome from her bridegroom's family. The wedding was soon held, and may everyone present be as happy as Prince Milan and his bride were that day."

We never should have thought of giving the following narrative a place, even in a contracted form, but for reading the following passage in the work of a German man of letters, Dr. Kletke.

"The deeds of Ilija (Elias) is one of the best known and best liked of all the Russian stories. It is found in the best Cossack collection as well as in Busse's heroic stories (Leipzig, 1819). The thick forests of Murom play an important part in the old Russian tales, as well as the Brian-skische woods that lie between Kiev and Tschernikow."

A little exertion would suffice to render the tale highly ridiculous, but no liberty has been taken, so that our readers may get acquaintance with the sort of stuff that gives such pleasure to the Czar's youngest children.

RUSSIAN STORIES, NO. 2: THE DEEDS OF THE RENOWNED KNIGHT ILIJA OF MUROM, AND NIGHTINGALE THE ROBBER.

"In the renowned state of Murom lived a farmer named Ivan Timofejewitch, who had a son named Ilija. This youth was not able to walk till he was thirty years old. Then strength came to his limbs and skill to his hands without any trouble, and he made himself a suit of battle armour and a steel spear, saddled a horse and got his father's and mother's blessing on his journey to the renowned city of Kiev to salute its prince. They gave him their blessing and bade him first go to Kiev, then to Tschernikow, always to do the just thing and never to forget CHRIST's blood.

"He rode on until he came on a nest of robbers in a thick wood. They coveted his war horse, and said it was a pity to waste such a fine

animal on an unknown person, and so he found himself in presence of twenty-five armed men. He took an arrow from his quiver, fitted it to the bow-string, and shot it two and a half feet into the earth. At the sight, they all went on their knees in a circle, and cried, 'Father, hero, brave youth, we are guilty towards you. Take our treasures, take our fine garments, take our horses,—as much and as many as you please.' 'I need not your treasures,' said he, 'but counsel you to reform your lives,' and he rode on to Kiev and then to Tschernikov.

"He found this town invested by a countless heathen host, who had sworn to raze the city, to destroy the churches, and carry away the chiefs into slavery. He went against the heathen army with his strong spear, devoting his life for the Christian religion. He slew them all like sheep, he took their chief prisoner, and brought him into Tschernikov and presented him to the prince. Great rejoicings were made, and thanks returned to God, and in a short time Ilija took the straight road which led to the hold of the robber Nightingale. This villain had for thirty years pillaged and killed knights and mere travellers, not by the hero's arms but the robber's pipes.

"Ilija rode through various woods, open plains, and morasses, and when he came within twenty versts of the robber, this fellow felt the danger approach and blew his pipes. Nothing dismayed, the hero rode on, but when he was within ten versts the robber blew so strong that the noble war horse fell on his knees. When he came within sight he blew a blast that would have killed any other man, but Ilija fitting an arrow to his bow-string shot it directly into the robber's hold. It struck him in the right eye, and he fell on the ground. Ilija bound him with his stirrup leathers, and led him back to Kiev.

"As they were passing the robber's castle his two daughters were looking out at the window, and said the youngest, 'Here comes our father riding and bringing a captive boor secured with his stirrup leathers.' 'Alas, no!' said the eldest daughter weeping. 'A mounted boor is bringing our father prisoner.' So she cried out to their followers, 'Take arms,

and rescue your chief.' Many and well armed they were, and they were rushing on Ilija, but Nightingale said, 'Do not aim at the life of my conqueror, but take him into the castle, and treat him to the best brandy-wine in the cellar.' So they were conducting him in, but he saw where the eldest daughter was fixing a heavy beam over the gate to fall on him and kill him as he would be passing under. He raised his right arm, and darted his unerring spear at her, and killed her.

"Ilija rode to the palace at Kiev, returned God thanks, and greeted the prince, who said to him, 'Tell me, good young man, what is thy name, and whence comest thou?' 'I am called,' said he, 'Ilija, and my native place is Murom. I came thence to Kiev, thence to Tschernikov, and destroyed a whole heathen army there. Thence I proceeded to Robber Nightingale's hold, and hither have brought him prisoner.' The governor got angry, and asked was he jeering him; but two chiefs went forth, and found the robber there as related. Then the prince ordered a glass of brandy wine to be given to the worthy young man, and expressed a desire to hear the robber's pipes. So Ilija took the governor and his lady under his arm (the lady was in a black sable dress), and he ordered the robber to blow on his pipes. He blew so well that all the warriors present fell on the ground, and this so enraged Ilija that he put Nightingale to death on the spot.

"Then went Ilija and his two friends to seek adventures for two months, but found none till they came up with a cripple whose begging mantle weighed 50 puds (each 40 lbs. *Russ.*), and his hat 9 puds, and no one would believe me if I mentioned the length of his staff. Ilija began to attack him with great vigour. 'Ah, heroic Ilija, don't you recognise your old school-fellow? Don't turn your arms on me. You're badly wanted at Kiev. A worshipper of false gods is there. His head is as large as a beer-barrel; his eyes are a span asunder; he eats an ox at a meal, and washes it down with a barrel of beer. The prince would be gladly rid of him.'

"Ilija took the beggar's clothes, and went to Kiev. There he saw the

godless heathen at his meal. One ox he ate, and then drank a vessel of beer which had been carried in by seven-and-twenty men. 'You have a good appetite, father,' said Ilija. 'Don't take the liberty of making observations to me. I desire to fight one alone of your heroes, named Ilija.' 'Here he is,' said the beggar. So Ilija took off his beggar's hat and clapped it on him and his head went out through the roof, and then he pitched him into the court-yard. He never troubled the governor afterwards for a whole ox or a twenty-seven-man barrel of beer. Ilija remained at the court of Tchernikof in great honour and renown."

It would be an advantage to introduce in this article no stories but those peculiar to each country, if possible. However, that is out of the question with respect to Russia. The following tale, one of the best told in the Russian collection, will be recognised as a close relative to the "Gardener's Son and the King of Greece's Daughter" in our Wexford collection. The lover of this sort of literature will find an agreeable exercise in comparing the two versions of the same story, one popular in the shadow of Mount Leinster, the other in the neighbourhood of the Ural chain, with such an array of leagues between the two localities.

RUSSIAN STORIES, NO. 2: THE FIRE-BIRD AND THE GREY WOLF.

"In a certain kingdom once lived a Czar named Wuislaf Andronowitsch, who had three sons,—Dimitri, Vasili, and Ivan. In the Czar's garden were many beautiful trees which bore no fruit, but one precious apple-tree always gave an abundant crop.

"But a pestilent bird whom they called the *Fire Bird*, and who had golden feathers and eyes of crystal, flew into the Czar's garden every night, and carried away some of the precious apples.

"This greatly grieved the Czar Wuislaf Andronowitsch, and he called his three sons into his chamber one day, and said,—'Whichever of you

can secure the *Fire Bird* for me, to him I will give half my kingdom during my life, and the other half after my death.' All the Czarewitsches cried out with one voice,—"Noble Herr Father, Kingly Majesty, we shall do our utmost to take the *Fire Bird* alive.'

"The first night watched the Czarewitsch Dimitri Andronowitsch under the tree, but he slept, and the *Fire Bird* came and flew away with sundry apples. Early in the morning the Czar Wuislaf Andronowitsch called his son the Czarewitsch Dimitri Andronowitsch, and asked him, 'Had the *Fire-Bird* taken any apples,' and he answered, 'My Noble Herr Father, last night it came not.'

"The next night the Czarewitsch Vasili watched with the same result, and to the Herr Noble Father he gave the same answer.

"Next night Ivan the youngest prince took his turn. He sat under the tree one, two, three hours; and at last such a light shone in the garden as if all was in flames, for the *Fire Bird* had just flown into the tree, and was busily engaged plucking the fruit. The prince drew as close as he could, and seized her by the tail, but she was away like a flash of lightning, leaving one feather in his hands.

"Great was the Czar's joy next morning when Ivan presented him the feather. It was a wonderful feather, for in the darkest room it gave as much light as many lamps. The Czar locked it in his cabinet as a costly treasure, and the *Fire Bird* never more disturbed the apple-tree.

"The Czar again called his sons together, and thus spoke:—'My dear sons, I am very anxious to get possession of the *Fire Bird*. Whoever secures her shall get what I promised.' Dimitri and Vasili, who envied their youngest brother for having obtained the feather, went away together, and Ivan staid at home.

"After some days he asked his father's blessing, and leave to go search for the *Fire Bird*. 'Nay,' said the Czar, 'I am old, and if I died while you all were away, confusion would arise

* This tale would assume unconscionable proportions if literally translated, and the titles quoted in every instance. Thus far, we have been very faithful to our original. For the rest we give the sense in a concise form.

among my people.' But Ivan begged so earnestly, that the Czar was tired out at last, and gave him permission.

"He mounted a good steed, and rode away till he came to an open green plain on which stood a pillar with this inscription written on it, 'Whoever departs straightway from this pillar shall suffer hunger and cold. He that takes his way to the right, shall save his life but lose his horse. Whoever turns to the left shall meet the contrary fortune.'

"So the prince took the right road and went on, one, two, three days without meeting an adventure. Then a big grey wolf came into his path, and accosted him, 'Hail, Ivan, Czar's son, foolish youth, you read the inscription; what brought you this way to lose your horse?' So saying he took the animal by the neck, threw him on his back and walked off with him.

"The prince was in much grief for his good steed, and wandered on sorrowfully for a whole day. He was about lying down to take some rest when up came the grey wolf. 'I pity you, my poor prince,' said he, 'for the loss of your steed. Get on my back, and tell me where and for what you are travelling.' And the prince told him.

"Faster than any horse went the wolf, and at last they came to a low stone wall. 'Within this wall,' said the wolf, 'is a fine garden, and the Fire Bird sits therein in her golden cage. Get over the wall, secure the bird, but touch not the cage; if you do, misfortune will follow.'

"The prince scaled the wall, and took the Fire Bird out of her golden cage, and was bringing her along, but said he to himself, 'How can I keep her without a cage?' So he went back, but scarcely had he laid hands on it, when the most terrible outcries were heard over the garden, and all the guards crowded round him, and brought him before King Dalmat, the owner of the garden and the bird.

"'Isn't this a shameful thing for you to have attempted,' said King Dalmat. 'Whose son are you—what is your own name—what kingdom do you belong to—and how did you hear of the Fire Bird?' The prince answered the questions, and then said King Dalmat, 'If you had presented yourself to me with a request for the

bird, you should have got it. Now that you have acted so improperly, you must proceed to the court of Czar Afron, twenty-seven countries away, and bring me his horse with the golden mane. You must then get the Fire Bird for the Czar your father. If you fail, I'll have it proclaimed in all the neighbouring countries that you are a thievish knight.'

"Away went the prince, very sorrowful, and coming to the wolf he told him his news. 'O thou foolish young man!' said the wolf, 'why did you not attend to my directions? But what's done is done. Get on my back.' He got on his back, and like an arrow from a bow they went. At night they were outside of the white stone stables of Czar Afron. 'Inside,' said the wolf, 'is the horse with the golden mane. The guards and stable-boys are asleep. Touch nothing; bring nothing away but the horse, or evil will befall you.'

"He got into the stable, and was taking away the horse with the golden mane, but there was a golden bridle hanging by a nail, and it bewitched him. He took hold of it to put it on the horse, when such a clatter and noise arose in the stable as was enough to deafen him. All the sleepers were wide awake in a moment, and surrounded him, and abused him, and bound him, and dragged him before Czar Afron.

"The Czar Afron was in great displeasure. 'Who,' said he, 'is your father? What is your name? What brought you here?' &c., &c., &c. He made the same observations as Czar Dalmat, but said he would not report him as honourless in all the neighbouring countries, provided he brought him the beautiful Queen Helena, who lived seven-and-twenty countries off, and whom he had long loved, but was unable to obtain.

"The poor prince came to the wolf with shame on his face and sorrow in his heart. 'Ah, foolish prince!' said he, 'why did you not do as I directed? But sorrow is useless; what's done is done. Get on my back, and we'll soon be in Queen Helena's kingdom.' Away they went like an arrow, and in a short time they came to a golden wicket, which opened into Queen Helena's garden.

"'Go back now,' said the wolf, 'and wait for me in that field under

the green oak.' The wolf sat at the wicket till Queen Helena came out in the cool evening to walk in the garden with her waiting maids, her nurses, and her ladies. As she passed by the gate the wolf sprung over, seized her, sprung back again, and was soon by the prince's side. 'Get on my back, prince,' said he; and away they went. First the queen was frightened, but the prince was so handsome, and so kind, that she soon forgot her fright. When they came near the Czar Afron's court, the prince cried out to the wolf, 'Oh, how can I live if I must leave Queen Helena with the Czar?' 'You need not leave her unless she herself wishes it.' 'I do not wish it,' said she. For the prince had told her his story as they came, and by this time they loved one another dearly.

"When they came to a field outside the town, said the wolf to Helena, stay here under this tree till the prince returns. So the two went on, and as they were about quitting the field the wolf rolled himself in the dewy grass, and another Queen Helena stood before Prince Ivan. Great was the joy of Czar Afron when he beheld Queen Helena. He gladly gave the horse to Ivan, who rode on to the oak in the field, and great was the joy of Helena on seeing him. He placed her before him, and on they rode toward Czar Dalmat's kingdom.

"The false queen seemed very sad for two days, and then she asked permission from Czar Afron to walk out in the fields with her maids, her nurses, and her ladies, to recover her spirits. While the ladies and maids were playing about, and gathering flowers, they were startled by a grey wolf running through them. He disappeared in the wood, and Queen Helena they saw no more.

"As Ivan and Helena were riding along, up came the grey wolf. 'Get on me, the grey wolf,' said he, and let Queen Helena stay on the horse with the golden mane. 'Ah!' said the prince, 'you have got for me the beautiful Queen Helena and the horse with the golden mane. Could you not get me the Fire Bird and the gold cage?' 'I can and will,' said he; 'get off my back.' The moment he was off, the grey wolf became another horse with a gold mane. 'Stay here,'

said he to Queen Helena, 'till Prince Ivan returns.'

"Much rejoiced was Czar Dalmat when he saw Prince Ivan riding into the court-yard on the horse with the golden mane. He gave him the Fire Bird with its golden cage, and the prince was soon again out of the city, and by the side of Helena. They rode towards his father's kingdom, and the third day the grey wolf was by their side again. 'Get on my back, Prince Ivan,' said he, 'and let Queen Helena have the horse with the gold mane entirely to herself.' 'How did you get away from Czar Dalmat?' 'Oh, very easy. To-day he mounted his horse with the gold mane, and when we were in the open country he felt his steed slipping from him, and saw a grey wolf running away.'

"When they arrived where the grey wolf first showed himself, he took leave of them, and very sorry and very grateful they were to him. They rode till the sun became very hot, and they alighted to rest where two trees gave them shade. The queen rested under one tree, the prince under the other, and the cage with the fire bird was hung on a branch. When they were asleep, who should come by but his brothers, and much rejoiced they were to see the fire bird, the horse with the golden mane, and the queen. They cut Prince Ivan in pieces, and cast lots,—one for the queen, and the other for the horse and the bird. Prince Vasili got the queen, and then they wakened her up. She screamed out in anguish when she looked on the remains of her dear Ivan, and they let her give way to her misery for a while.

"Then said Vasili to her, with his naked sword at her breast, 'You have become mine by lot. We are returning home. Swear to keep what is just done a secret, or we shall serve you just as we did our brother. She was going to refuse, but thought on the wolf's power, and she took the oath. She begged them to bury the remains of their brother, but they would not, and away they went towards home.

"One day, two days went by, and the third day was shining when the grey wolf happened to be passing by. He knew to whom the poor pieces of flesh and bone belonged, but life had

left them, and he could do nothing. He went behind a bush, and when two young ravens lighted on the pieces, and were going to tear them, he seized them, and made a motion as if he was going to eat them. The old father raven jumped down on a low branch of the tree, and begged him to spare his sons. 'I will,' said he, 'when you bring me a flask of the water of life and another of the water of death.' 'I would have to fly over twenty-seven countries for them,' said the raven. 'The sooner you set out, the sooner your young ones will be safe,' said the grey wolf, and away he flew.

"In three days he was back, with the two flasks. 'Now shall we see,' said the grey wolf, 'if the waters have kept their virtues.' He tore one of the young ravens in three parts, touched the parts with the water of death, and they were re-united. He touched the body then with the water of life, and life entered it. He then touched the different parts of the prince with the water of death, and all came into their proper places; and when the water of life touched the united body, it arose and walked and spoke. The first words were—'How long have I slept?'

"The prince was soon on the grey wolf's back again, and it was not long till they were at his father's palace gate. There the grey wolf left him, after the prince hugging his neck, and thanking him with the tears in his eyes.

"He entered the hall just as they were sitting down to the wedding dinner of Prince Vasili and Queen Helena. The eyes nearly started out of the heads of the two wicked brothers at the sight of him, and the bride rushed from the table into his arms, and laughed and cried with joy. When the old Czar heard the particulars of all the adventures, he had the wicked princes locked up in the dungeon of his castle, and the marriage of Prince Ivan and the lovely Queen Helena was celebrated the same day."

The Cossacks, though enjoying a Tartar name (*Kassac*, robber), are not of the great family of the Turks or Tartars. They are the descendants of the early Russes of Novogorod and

Kiev, whom their neighbourhood to enemies had long invested with a warlike character. For centuries, however, they have rather affected the manners and customs of their neighbours the Tartars, than those of the more plodding Russians. The example of their oral lore here presented is characteristic of the natural disposition and aspirations of the high-capped and long-bearded folk who are, or at least were, unconscious of doing any thing discreditable when enriching themselves at the expense of the lives and property of their neighbours. The story is in fact an apology for Cossack sentiment, in matters of a *meum et tuum* character.

The original of our specimen tale is found in the *Novosselje* already mentioned, Petersburg, 1833. There is a German version in "Lehmann's Magazine of Foreign Literature," Nos. 71, 72, Berlin, 1836.

RUSSO-COSSACK STORY: VALIANT GEORGE
AND THE WOLF.

"Our story is about a wonderful time in the early days of creation, when four-footed animals no more than fish or fowl knew what to make of themselves, or what to do. They were not yet brought under the dominion of man; so they had no notion of order or authority. Some spoke Calmuc—some the Tartar tongue; and no one knew whom he was to eat, whom he was to live at peace with, whom he might destroy, whom he had reason to dread.

"A grey wolf found himself very uncomfortable in his den after a couple of days fast, and thought it would be well to go out into the world; where, as he was told by a fox who happened to pass by his lair with a cock in his mouth, the VALIANT GEORGE administered justice, and decided all causes, great and small.

"So he cocked his tail, stood still, snuffed the air, looked at himself, sat on his hind-quarters like a dog, looked about him, gave a deep sigh, shook his head, licked himself, yawned, and stretched his hind legs. 'After all,' said he, 'what am I to do in this bustling crowd, abroad in the clear light of day, which does not agree with my constitution? They say you can always live and always learn. I'll

stay at home and learn, and not go abroad to meet my death like a fool.'

"So he crept into his den, lay on his side, and for amusement and to pass the time, began to bite his hide and smooth his hair; but night fell, and he began to find that quiet and study had not appeased his hunger. So he crept out, held up his nose to the wind, which blew sharp through his rough hair, and so he traversed a valley. He smelled some living thing, and though it was his first time to come in presence of his food, and could not tell what it was like, he was mightily pleased with its odour.

"It was a troop of cameleopards among whom he had got, and they were as quiet and fearless as sheep are now. With the greatest ease he disabled a couple of pair of them. A few poor creatures attempted to escape; but he broke the knee of one, the hip of another, and the neck of the third. These three made frightful confusion, beating the ground with heads and limbs; the others flew away, spread the news of the disaster everywhere, and a world's council was called in consequence. Wild beasts and birds came in person; but the fish finding passage by land out of the question, sent tortoises, crabs, and frogs as their representatives. These, through age and size, were nearly tired to death, and did not arrive till the business had been concluded. Since that time the fishes have lost their voice.

"So the great council was held, and Sir Isgrim who had been surprised at the last quarter of the last cameleopard, was arraigned before it. Great was the general indignation. The young animals were horrified by the sight of the bones. The ape who was bone-setter general, expressed his disgust at their destruction, and all the females wept over the loss already incurred, and the desolate state they and their cubs would be reduced to, if such proceedings were allowed. So professor bone-setter took on himself the office of provost, drew on a pair of gloves, leaned his head on one side, and decreed a hundred and one

lashes on the hide of the offender. 'Perhaps that would teach him how to behave the next time he met with a herd of cameleopards.' He humbly asked how was he to live? would they not at least allow him the calves; but they cried out with one voice, he should decidedly give up all slaughtering and eating, either on street or highway, or in secret nooks, but should live like a beast of decency and rectitude, and not venture to spill one drop of blood.

"Here the poor fellow shed a flood of tears, shrugged his shoulders, and spoke—'But dear gentlemen colleagues,' said he, 'what shall I eat? How may I appease my hunger? Shall I never venture on taking my food? If not, take away my teeth, and give me the ox's nature.'

"The devil is your colleague, not we,' cried they; and the noisy world's congress having given its unanimous verdict, came to an end, and the members all withdrew to their homes in groups, while the culprit with head down and tail between his legs, pondered on his hard fate, and the barrier which lay between him and those choice morsels he so loved.

"By this time the 'Brave George' had established some order in the world, and while Sir Isgrim with stooped head and piteous mien was wondering why those teeth had been given to him to place him at contention with all other living things, it came into his mind that he would endeavour to tread in the paths of honour, and in order to get suitable instruction for his conduct he determined on visiting Valiant George.*

"George,' said he, sitting down on his haunches and bending his stiff neck as low as he could; 'it is useless to think otherwise; I must get something to eat; my stomach is shrivelled up. Why did you give me teeth, mouth, throat, and stomach, if I am allowed nothing to put into or between them? Order me meat and drink. Indeed you need not mind the drink. Water is easily got, but give your orders that I be supplied with beef, mutton, and what not. I had a hearty meal yea-

* Valiant George is of course a personage of the old Sarmatian Mythology, of limited intelligence and limited powers, such as is found in most of the old systems. It is probable that his original title was changed by the Christian Cossacks for that of the military saint martyred under Diocletian.

terday, so that I can live till Thursday. Two meals at least in the week are necessary: I can do with no less.'

"Valiant George was at this time much taken up with a new government of a warlike province intrusted to him by the Czar Saltan, and could afford little attention to the wolf. 'Go, brother,' said he, to my brown bull with my compliments, and he will satisfy you.'

"Away went the wolf bounding joyfully. 'This is just the thing,' said he. 'If any one had promised me ox or bull-meat yesterday I would not have forced my welcome on the cameleopards. Beef or mutton,—either is equally welcome to me!' He came to where the herd was browsing, and politely addressing the bull he gave him the message from Valiant George. 'Stand there,' said the bull, 'and turn your side to me.' He did so and the bull first curling his tail and slashing him across the eyes, made a plunge, and using his horns, he pitched him three or four times in the air, and when he saw him twisting himself on the ground, he cried out, 'Perhaps you are satisfied now'; and he carried away a bushel of poor Isgrim's hair on his horns.

"The wolf crept as well as he could to his hole, and licked his wounds and hurts for three days without being able to heal them. He had his own opinion of the behaviour of the bull and his herd, but he did not utter them aloud; and as soon as he was able he set out to get justice at Valiant George's hands.

"'Ah, Father George, Father George,' said he, 'many thanks for your breakfast. I am not yet recovered from it.' 'Why? did he give you no bread?' 'Bread, Father George,—Goodness forbid! You gave me this mouth, you gave me these teeth. It is not bread I want, Father George, but meat.' 'And he gave you none?' 'Not a bit.' 'Perhaps there was some legal obstacle. Go to my herd of wild horses; they will probably be more obliging.' Looking about him he saw a troop of these animals in the neighbourhood. He approached, but before he could open his mouth to give Valiant George's message, their fierce-looking chief turning round

lashed at him with his hoofs, and he was obliged to come and make his complaint again to Valiant George, and request him to give his orders direct to these stupid and stubborn animals.

"Valiant George was now in wrath for being so often disturbed by the wolf, and took him roundly to task. 'You wretch!' said he, every animal lives at peace with his neighbour except yourself. Look at the lambs, the swallows, the sparrows, the hares. You have your knife at every one's throat, and no word but give, give! Change your tone. Go to the patriarch of that flock of sheep and ask him for assistance in a polite and gentle manner, and let us see what he will do for you.'

"So master wolf licked himself, smoothed his hair, and in the politest manner he could put on, paid his respects to the ram, and made his request. 'Oh, to be sure,' said the old fellow with the horns. 'Go and take your rest on that ledge of rock which overhangs the low ground; turn your back this way and you'll see something that will surprise you.' Isgrim complied, and the ram came with such a sledge-hammer dash of his horns at him that he tumbled headlong into the lower ground and lay there for dead for a day and night.

"The next entertainers he sent him to, was a herd of swine, and from them he presented himself to Valiant George with a big hole in his side. This time he vowed to himself that if Father George did not put him in a way to win his bread,—meat rather, he would eat himself.

"He came at a favourable time. Valiant George had nothing to do; so he joked, and laughed at him, and stroked his fur. 'Well, my poor fellow,' said he, 'there is nothing to be done now but make your request to men. There is a little township of them there beyond. Go and pay your respects to them, but do it in a proper manner. Don't strip your teeth, nor have your hair on end as if you were going to eat them, and make your bow like a beast that had got a good education.' 'Oh, Father George, you speak at your ease. Hunger makes me strip my teeth and sets my hair on end; and my neck is naturally so stiff it is out of my

power to bend it.' Sir Isgrim had lost his faith in Father George, and had some doubts about getting into a hobble, but hunger kept pricking him; he had no choice; he that does not look well about him in this world must starve.

"So he came to the inland town, jumped over a fence, and entered a house where he found several military tradesmen to whom he stated his case in the most polite manner. He said, that, well disposed as he was to live on good terms with all living creatures, he had had the ill luck as yet to be on a disagreeable footing with them. Moreover that Brave George who erewhile had treated him pretty much as a fool, had lately shown him more consideration, and, for example, had now desired him to try what the superior human race would do for him. All this he gave forth in the Tartar language, which a Tartar soldier from Kasan translated to the rest. He had got into an assembly of unthinking, selfish men instead of serious, reasonable beasts. The soldiers gathered round, roared at him, laughed at him, and jeered him while he modestly sat on his hind quarters, tail between legs, and head depressed. The very tailor himself threw by his work, came to listen to the strange customer, and nearly died with the laughing. All cried out jestingly to treat the wolf to the general drudge, Tarass, who was so low in office as to heat the tailor's goose and draw water for the community. 'Take him!' cried they; 'he will be a rare bit for you; lay hold on him.' Such was the clamour that the grey fellow, who did not relish jokes, pounced on poor Tarass and seized him by the collar and shook him, growling like thunder all the while. All were sufficiently frightened, and jumped on tables and benches, and the tailor rushed into the oven.

"Mercy, mercy!" cried the poor fellow. 'I'm nothing but skin and bone. You couldn't live on me for a day, and besides they'd make you pay double for the uniform. Let me go, and I promise to put you into such a disguise that every thing eatable will fly into your mouth, and you will only have to keep your jaws in motion.'

"With all my heart," said the wolf. 'I was told that men were

much superior to dogs and bulls in knowledge about getting provisions. I beg pardon for pinning you. Nothing but dire need would induce me to affront any one. Do what you will with me provided you satisfy my hunger.'

"So Tarass took a dog's skin, whipped his needle out of the breast of his coat, and in a few minutes had it fitted and sewed on the wolf, and on him it has remained ever since. They that were aware of his first shape or character, now looked on him as a well conditioned beast, proper to be invited to dinners, and become a member of society.

"See there!" said Tarass, drawing his thread, and biting it off, 'you can now show yourself a dog of decent life. No one will cry out after you, and you can confidently show yourself anywhere. All will live on friendly terms with you, and when you go into a wood, the snipes and woodcocks will feel it an honour to be allowed to fly into your mouth.'

"But, are you sure," said the wolf, 'that it will not become too tight?' 'Oh, no fear,' said the other, 'and even if it does, we have only to double the seams and apply hooks and eyes. It is just the exact pattern of our uniform; every one will tell you that.' He was about returning thanks, when all that had been hiding jumped off tables and benches, and out of ovens; and seizing on every weapon that came to hand, belaboured him while embarrassed in his new tight fit. So seeing he could not make fight, he took to his heels, and got into the fields. There to his sorrow he found he was neither dog nor wolf. The weaker dogs avoided him, and would not allow him into society, the stronger rushed on him and worried him; and anon he found he was scarcely able to overtake a sheep. Settled residence and property he could not acquire, but his chief annoyance came from the dogs. In fine since that time he has supported a wretched existence by theft and robbery.

"And after that day never did poor Isgrim set foot in Valiant George's hall. He recognised no one, and lost all respect for morality and religion. His life is that of a professed robber and swindler, and his maxim,—'I have cheated you; in return cheat

me if you can.' 'Don't talk to me of following an honest profession. Imprison me, roast me, eat me, do with me what you will, but you shall nevermore lead me by the nose.'"

In the first of the three Polish stories which we have selected, the reader will find a finer and deeper vein of feeling than is commonly to be met with in mere household stories, the authors and tellers of which find it more profitable to evoke the marvelous and the terrible than the pathetic. Several others told by Polish firesides are similar in character to the general body of folks' fictions known by the peasantry of nearly every nation of Europe. The third story furnishes an instance. The reader is referred to an admirable collection of Polish Household Stories by K. W. Moncieki, with a German translation by F. W. Lewestan; Berlin, 1839.

POLISH STORIES, NO. 1: THE HARE'S HEART.

"In an island of the Vistula stood for many years a large castle defended by strong walls. At all the angles were strong bastions; banners planted on them floated in the wind, and stout chain bridges connected the island with the outer bank of the river.

"In this strong place dwelt a knight, a valiant and renowned warrior. When the war-trumpet sounded at the outer post of the works it announced the return of the castellan, noble victory, and rich spoils.

"In deep underground vaults were captives confined, whose daily tasks were rather severe, some being employed in repairing the fortifications, some in tending the fine garden. Among these was an aged sorceress and her husband, and bitterly she swore to avenge his sorrows and his fatigues.

"She long waited for an opportunity when the knight exhausted in the fight and the vigil, sunk down on the green sward, and his eyes were fast closed in sleep.

"Noiselessly then came the sorceress, shook poppy juice over his eyes, and laid a pine branch on that part of the breast under which the heart lies.

"Then the breast opened, and the red, quivering, and beating heart was

seen. She gave a low devilish laugh, stretched out her magic arm, and with her long bony fingers she quietly removed the heart, so quietly that its owner awoke not.

"She then took a hare's heart which she had provided, placed it in the opening and closed the breast over it. She then retired behind a bush to enjoy what she knew would follow."

"Ere yet the knight awoke he was sensible of the fearful change. He to whom fear had been unknown, now turned in anguish from one side to another. He awoke, and his armour lay heavy on him. Scarcely could he arise—and soon the yelling of the dogs fell on his ears.

"Before now when his dogs chased the game through the woods his heart bounded with pleasure; and now he fled dismayed, fled as a timorous hare, so terrified was he by the jingle of his silver spurs and the sight of his armour and his spear with its memorable notches. He threw down his arms, shook off his armour, and sunk on his bed.

"Formerly his dreams were of battle and spoils; now he moaned and lay in anguish. He was terrified by every cry of his hounds, and every shout of his warders, who by their watch fires on the towers kept a look out. Like a young frightened child he hid his face under the bed clothes.

"Soon a beleaguering force of bloody-minded heathens invested the fortress. Knights and their dependants waited for their lord who had always led them to battle. As soon as the once courageous warrior heard the clang of arms, the cries of the fighting men, and the neighing of horses, he flew to the roof of his castle, and contemplated the numerous array of the heathens.

"There as he thought on his former warlike expeditions he began to weep bitterly like a woman, and to exclaim, 'O God, my Lord, restore my courage, restore my strength. Often have my banners floated over the battle fields, myself always being found in the van. Now from a high window I fearfully look on the valiant hosts as helplessly as a young girl. Restore my heart, restore my strength, that I may once more bear my armour, and proceed to successful strife.'

"These recollections roused him as

if from sleep; he entered his chamber, buckled on his armour, mounted his steed, and rode to the entrance of his outward defences. The guard greeted him with cries of joy, and announced his presence by lively trumpet blasts. He rode forward, but terror interrupted his thanks. The sight of his valiant soldiers charging headlong on the heathens, gave him such a fright that he turned round, and fled back into the courtyard. His terror did not desert him even within his strong fortifications. Quickly he alighted, and quickly he fled into his iron-chamber, and there perspiring and panting he awaited an inglorious death.

"At last the joyous trumpet blasts of the tower-warders announced the return of the victorious banners. The conquering knights sought for their chief whose shameful flight had much grieved them, and after some search they found him half dead in his iron-chamber.

"The hapless knight did not long survive his misfortune. All next winter he stayed in his bed-chamber striving to support vital heat by a strong fire. When spring came he opened his window to enjoy the blessed air of heaven, and as he did so, a swallow flying to her nest under the roof struck his face with her black wing. As if he had received a thunder stroke he sunk on the floor, and his misery ended.

"Long did his people bewail the fate of the noble chief though no one knew the cause of the change. A year after his death, the sorceress was heard boasting of what she had done; so she was seized and burned alive on his tomb."

POLISH STORIES, NO. 2: BORUTA.

"Boruta is the name of a troublesome demon, who to this day dwells among the ruins of Lenczyca Castle. He has not been much heard of in late years, though some hundred years since it was quite a common thing to hear a nobleman say concerning one whom he did not love much, 'I wish Boruta would throttle him,' or 'I wish Boruta would break his neck,'—wishes which Boruta was always only too ready to gratify.

"Near the castle mentioned, there once dwelt a private gentleman pos-

sessed of amazing strength. No one would venture to play at broad-sword with him: at the first pass he would strike away his opponent's blade, thus putting him at his mercy.

"They give him the name mentioned above, but to distinguish him from the genuine devil, they call him the Gray Boruta, as he always wore a cape of that colour. Timorous people were only too ready to get out of his way. This increased his self-estimation and arrogance very much. It was dangerous to meet with him at the tavern, and report said that murder and robbery were to be found among his practices. The strongest-headed drinker of his province could not put him under the table, and it was his custom on these drinking occasions to drain the first goblet to the honour of his namesake the demon. Frequently was heard the reply in a deep voice,—'Thanks, Herr Brother!'

"Boruta inherited much property but all soon went in the course of his wasteful career. So he came to the resolution of borrowing some bags of gold from his dear brother, the demon.

"At midnight the bold nobleman lighted his lantern, and with naked sword under his arm he entered the vaults of the Castle of Lenczyca. For two hours he wandered among the passages till at last he came to a door which was directly under the wall. This he burst open with one stroke, and within was seen the glittering treasures. Boruta himself was sitting in a corner on a heap of gold in the shape of an owl with eyes darting flame.

"The daring man was dazzled for a moment; he shivered with awe at the unearthly sight, and the sweat of terror covered his forehead; but he soon recovered himself, and uttered in a low tone, 'Dear noble brother, your most devoted servant!'

"The owl nodded his head, and Boruta taking courage began to fill his pockets and a bag with gold and silver, till at last the load was so weighty that he could scarcely move from one place to another. When he had all filled he bowed lowly, and walked out of the vault, but while his right leg had not yet passed the threshold, the door shut to with a thundering sound and smashed his heel in two,

"Overladen with gold, and painfully limping he gained his house, but now he found his strength gone, and he fell in a swoon on the flags of his hall.

"From that time his life was one long illness; and at last when he met one of his neighbours in a duel arising from some dispute, his antagonist flung him to the earth with a touch of his finger, and there he expired in despair.

"From that day no one dwelt in his castle, and old people relate how his ghost has been heard dragging back the treasures from his house to the hall of the deserted castle."

POLISH STORIES, NO. 3: HILL-LEVELLER AND OAK-RAZER.

"A woodman's wife once went into the forest to gather berries. When she was there her labour came on her, and she brought forth two twins. She expired immediately after.

"The twins left orphans so early had no human nurses. A large wolf suckled one, a large bear the other. The wolf's nursling was called Hill-leveller, the bear's nursling was called Oak-razer on account of their great strength.

"They loved each other very dearly. Once they took it into their heads to go see the world. So they set out and met with a broad heath which took them two days to cross. At the end of that time their way was stopped up by a steep rocky hill.

"What shall we do now?" said Oak-razer sadly. "Don't trouble yourself," said Hill-leveller, "I'll soon make the highway free of this stoppage." He clapped his shoulders to the side, and pushed, and the rocky-hill cracked, and opened this way and that, till there was a passage made a mile wide.

"When they had got on a good distance, a mighty oak was before them, stopping up the entire road. Oak-razer ran up to it, took it into his hands pulled it up and flung it into the next pool.

"As strong as they were they felt tired, and they turned into a wood to rest themselves. They lay down, but they had not fallen asleep when a little man, who was coming so fast that neither beast nor bird could catch him, stood before them.

"Oh! how are you?" said the little

man laughing in a friendly manner, 'I see you are tired. If you choose I shall bring you wherever you wish to go in the twinkling of an eye.'

"He laid down a carpet, and asked them to come and sit on it with him. They did so, and he, and they, and the carpet were away through the air like an eagle.

"You wonder at this," said the little man, 'but that is not all the wonderful things I have. Here are two shoes in which I go a mile at every step: when I spring I go two.'

"The brothers earnestly requested him to give them these shoes, for notwithstanding their great strength they were very soon tired. They begged so hard that he was not able to refuse.

"The carpet now lay before a city where there was a terrible dragon which devoured many of the citizens every day. The king got it publicly proclaimed that whoever killed this dragon should have one of his daughters in marriage, and reign over the kingdom after his death.

"The brothers presented themselves before him and offered to fight the dragon. He very joyfully gave them leave, and the people were ready to show them the way to the monster's den.

"When they were half way they met the little man. 'How are you?' said he. 'I know where you are going; so let each of you put on one of the shoes. The dragon makes such a rapid spring that he will not leave you time to strike him.'

"They took the advice. Oak-razer stood before the cave with an oak trunk in his hand to strike the monster on the head when he would spring out. Hill-leveller went behind and shook the rock over the beast as if it was only a bundle of branches.

"Out he sprung, and Oak-razer was so terrified that he never thought of using his great oak club. It was well he had on the shoe. He jumped two miles away, and as the dragon could not catch him he turned round on Hill-leveller. He got behind a great rock, tumbled it over on the dragon, and it held him fast to the earth by the tail.

"He then turned to look after his brother, and beckoned him to come forward to help him while the monster was secured by the tail. So one

struck him on the head with the oak, and the other heaved a mighty rock on him which crushed his body altogether.

"The king and all the city were rejoiced beyond measure when the twins returned, and told their news. There were bonfires and rejoicings for ever so many days. The brothers were married to the king's two daughters, and after the king's death, they ruled the kingdom in partnership."

Many household stories being relics of heathen myths, saints, and angels, the Blessed Virgin, and sometimes our Lord himself, take parts instead of the personages of classic or Norse mythology, to whom the original characters were assigned. Among the earliest relators and their audiences the whole thing was looked on as fact, and worthy of entire religious belief. When the early converted found that the recital of these darling legends of Odin, and Thor, and Frigga; and Jupiter, and Mercury, and Venus, would no longer be allowed in social assemblies, they contrived to have them tolerated by assigning the principal parts to St. Peter, St. Paul, or their national saint, and sometimes, as in the following tale, to the REDEEMER himself. Our repugnance to this arrangement being extreme, we have substituted Thor and Odin for St. Peter and his DIVINE MASTER. We are pretty confident that these Norse divinities were the chief personages of the following myth, as the tale though popular among the Croats, a Slavonian offshoot, is borrowed from the "*Brother Lustig*" of Teutonic renown. The tale as here given is to be found in "*Stories of a Grandmother*," by Johannes N. Vogl, Vienna, 1840.

CROATIAN STORY: THE LAMB'S LIVER THAT WAS STOLEN.

"Odin used formerly to travel the earth in disguise, to see how his laws were observed. He was commonly accompanied by his faithful son and attendant Thor; and in their wanderings they happened once on a time to be traversing Croatia, where

waste lands and uninhabitable woods are rife, and the accommodation at the wretched wood-taverns very bad. So bad are they indeed that travellers carry their provisions along with them.

"They took from a little town a man named Daniel to guide them through the wood, and they gave him in charge a lamb which they had just bought as provision for the journey.

"After half a day's walk the two travellers, overcome by heat and fatigue, lay down to sleep, directing Daniel to slay and cook the lamb in the interim. This he did in the Croatian fashion, roasting it whole. But the liver looked so nice that he was tempted beyond his strength, and did not leave a bit of it for his employers.

"When the travellers awoke they fell to, but the chief missed the liver, and questioned Daniel about it. 'I declare,' said he, with the most innocent air in the world, 'that I did not eat a bit of it.' 'Lie not,' said Odin, looking sternly at him, 'thou hast eaten the lamb's liver.' But he cursed, and swore, and denied it, and Odin only said, 'The future will show.'

"They came to the river Keepa, which was now swelled by the rains, but Odin made a sign, and the waters divided. He and Thor walked across, and Daniel followed them with trembling steps. When he was in the centre of the stream the waters closed in on either side till they reached his neck, and he cried out in terror. Odin looked towards him and said, 'Recollect Daniel, that you ate the liver.'

"But poor Daniel cried out, 'If I was to be drowned the next moment, I am innocent, and have eaten nothing.' Odin made a sign, and the waters sunk.*

"Next day they came to a market-place, where a festival was being celebrated. Croatian peasants and their wives were crowding the booths cheapening this or that article. Music came from the taverns and the dance-houses, where youths and maidens were recreating themselves with island wine and dancing. All at once

* A second-trial by fire had the same result. The details are omitted as possessing no particular interest.

a shout was heard 'A thief, a thief!' Confusion arose among the people, and at last it became known that a valuable belt had been taken from one of the booths, and the culprit could not be discovered.

"Then the people decided that one of the three strangers must be the thief. So the judge ordered them to open their packs. Nothing was found with Odin, nothing was found with Thor, but in Daniel's travelling-bag was discovered the stolen belt.

"To the gallows with the thief," cried the people, and the judge's officers soon seized on the culprit, and hurried him to the place of execution which was not far from the market-place. The cross bar of the gallows was adjusted, the rope fastened to it, the other end placed round Dan's neck, and himself on the point of being strung up. A moment more and it would be all over with him.

"Odin, at that moment turning to him, said, 'Recollect, Daniel, that you ate the lamb's liver.' 'Even if I die next minute,' said Dan, 'I am innocent; I did not eat the liver.'

"Odin made a sign, and judge, hangman, gallows, and crowd vanished. Daniel thought he had been dreaming when he found his pack on his shoulder, himself at liberty behind his employers, and a half mile between himself and the market-place.

"Odin was much chagrined at not having been able, with all the wonders he had wrought, to extract an acknowledgment of his crime from the case-hardened boor.

'Ah, father,' said Thor, 'you are not up to the character of the folk of this country. Let me deal with this fellow after my own way, and I promise you a full confession on his part.' 'Be it so,' said Odin. Then said Thor 'Let us stop here to rest, and do you feign to be asleep.' 'Let us rest a while,' said Odin aloud, and then he pretended to fall asleep.

"Thor took from his pocket a purse, and drawing several gold pieces from it, he carefully reckoned and made four divisions of them. This strongly excited Dan's curiosity. He drew near Thor, and eagerly asked him why was he so dividing his money into four parts. 'We are now nearly at the end of our journey,' said Thor, 'and about to separate, so I wish to give every one the sum

to which he is entitled.' 'To whom does this belong?' said the judge pointing to one heap. 'To Odin.' 'And this?' 'To myself.' 'And this?' 'That is your own property.' 'But this fourth heap?' 'That is the portion of the man who ate the lamb's liver.'

"Then sprung up Daniel, and cried out with all his force: 'My lord, that heap is mine; it is I who ate it, I swear by all that's dear to me. No other man tasted a bit of it; I swallowed it all while you two were asleep.'

The Hungarian tongue is not classed among the great Indo-European family. The earliest visitors of their race into Europe came to look for a settlement with the naked sword in one hand and a lighted brand in the other. They were an offshoot of the Mogol people, and their descendants have preserved a modification of their original tongue, heard nowhere else in Europe except in Finland; and perhaps in the Basque Provinces in the north of Spain. Their household stories reflect the character of the original settlers in Pannonia, being of an adventurous and warlike character. The horse is the counsellor and great helper of the hero that bestrides him; the enemy is frequently a dragon with heads varying in number from eight to twelve. The hero himself is a student, a soldier, or a king's son, and as in most household stories of all lands, has three tasks to perform. The story tellers give a peculiar national tinge to any tales borrowed from other lands. These tales are commonly told to soldiers at their guard-room fires or to herdsmen keeping watch on their heaths. A short tale is not at all desirable under these circumstances. Most Hungarian stories that have come under our notice are quite long enough for the purpose they are intended to serve. Time and space get quite a new character in the relators' mouths. The great objects of creation are treated with much freedom, and great alterations made in the laws to which they are subject.

The best book of reference on the subject is "*Hungarian Stories*." (17 in number) arranged and edited by Saal." Vienna, 1820. Another good collection is "*Magyar Sagas and Sto-*

rics," by Johann Grafen Maylath. Stuttgart and Tübingen : 1837.

HUNGARIAN STORIES NO. I.—HELEN THE ENCHANTRESS.

"There were once a king and queen, who had one son and three daughters, and thus spoke the king to the queen one day : 'When our daughters marry, each will take a portion of our kingdom as dowry, and very little will be left to ourselves. Let us marry them to our son and so keep our possessions.' 'It is a wise thought,' said the queen. 'Harvest home will be in eight days. We can celebrate both festivals at the same time.' The young prince was listening and said to himself, 'This won't do.' So while the king and queen were away on a visit to the tailors and seamstresses, some one knocked at the window, and spoke. 'Little King's Son, I wish to be married to your eldest sister.' 'You shall have her,' said he ; 'wait a bit.' He called out to the princess, and when she came into the room, he pitched her out of the window. She did not fall to the ground, but dropped on a bridge of gold, a long, a very long one, which reached to the sun. The bridegroom took her by the hand, and led her along till they came to the sun, for he was the SUN-KING.

"Just at noon some other one tapped at the window, and cried out, 'Little King's Son I wish to get your second sister for wife.' 'You shall have her,' said he, 'wait a little.' He went into her chamber took her by the arm and threw her out of the window. She fell into a sky chariot to which four horses were harnessed, and they snorted and pranced fearfully. The master set her beside him, and cracked his whip ; the clouds divided and formed a highway, and chariot and horses and all vanished in the twinkling of an eye. This was the WIND-KING.

"When the evening came, another tapped at the window. 'I know what you want,' said the prince, and out went the youngest princess. She fell into a silver-bright stream, and the bridegroom took her hand, and the waves swelled, and rushed, and bore her softly on to the moon, for this person was no other than the MOON-KING.

"Now the prince was very easy in his mind, and went to bed, and slept

soundly. Next morning the king and queen were astonished at what had happened, and very proud to have got such great personages for sons-in-law. 'Now dear Argilus,' said they (that was the prince's name), 'you must look for a great bride yourself. 'I have been already,' said he, 'in quest of one—Helen the Enchantress is she, I will have no other.' They thought to dissuade him from this ambitious design, but all in vain, and he prepared to go in search of her. 'Well,' said the king, 'take these two bottles ; they may be of service. One contains the water of life, the other the water of death. If you sprinkle a living man with one he will drop dead ; if you sprinkle a dead body with the other it will come to life.' The courtiers all began to cry, especially the ladies, but the prince along his bottles, one on his right side, (the water of life), the other on his left ; he buckled on his sword, kissed his parents and took the road in his hand.

"He wandered and wandered till he came to a valley full of dead men. He sprinkled one of them with the water of life, and he opened his eyes, and yawned, and said, 'Have I been long asleep ?' Said the king's son, 'What has happened here ?' 'Yesterday,' said the other, 'we fought with Helen the Enchantress and she slew us all.' 'You are not worthy to live,' said Argilus, 'after being defeated by a woman.' So he sprinkled him from the other bottle, and he sunk again among the dead. In the next valley he found a whole army lying lifeless. He awakened one of them, and asked him had Helen the Enchantress killed that army also. 'Yes, indeed,' said he, 'our king asked her to be his queen. She said she would marry no one who did not conquer her in battle. Yesterday she killed our first army and this morning at sunrise she killed the second.' 'And you may lie with the rest,' said Argilus, throwing a few drops on him.

"In the next valley the third army of the same king was found lying dead. A soldier being raised to life, told the prince so, and also informed him that Helen lived on the next hill and thither he took his way.

"He entered the castle but no one appeared, and he went from one hall

to another till he came to Helen's bed-chamber. A sword hung by the wall and it continued to leap out of the sheath and back again every moment. 'I must have you,' said Argilus, 'instead of my own that never stirs,' so he made the exchange. Soon after in came Helen as beautiful as the sun and moon together. 'How dare you come into my castle,' said she, 'without leave? Defend yourself.' She took the sword from the wall, but when it touched her own which the prince wielded, it flew into bits. 'Then,' she exclaimed, 'you are my bridegroom,' and fell on his neck, and kissed him, and a fine sight it was to see it. They were married the same day.

"When they had lived together sometime in great happiness, Helen said one day, 'Dear husband, I am obliged to go away from you for seven times seven days. It will be the first and last time we shall be separated. Here are the keys of all my rooms; you may go into them all but the very last. If you open that, some evil will happen to us.'

"She vanished, and he felt the time very long in her absence. To amuse himself he passed from one room to another until he came to the last. He was tired of being alone, and young, and foolish, and he opened it. Here he saw a terrible looking old man with a fiery beard, and three steel hoops round his body fastening him to the wall. This was Holofernus the Fire-King. 'Ah, good young man!' said he, 'my beard is scorching my life out; give me a goblet of wine.' He brought him the wine, and as soon as the Fire-King drank it one of the hoops fell off. 'That was delightful,' said he, 'but not enough; give me another.' He brought it and it was drunk and the second hoop fell off. 'Oh, many many thanks! Will you relieve me still more with a goblet of water?' The prince got it for him and as soon as it was drunk down fell the third hoop, and the Fire-King was not to be seen.

"*Zauberhelene* was not half her journey when she saw the terrible Holofernus by her side. 'Now I'll have my revenge,' said he. 'You would not have me for your husband; you killed my three armies, and now, instead of my queen, you must be the scullion in my kitchen.' Helen had

lost her power since her marriage with Argilus, and her struggles were in vain.

"Seven times seven days were gone, and Helen had not returned, and Argilus was miserable. So he stayed a day longer, and then he paid a visit to his brother-in-law, the Sun-King. 'I have lost my dear wife, *Zauberhelene*,' said he; 'have you seen her?' 'No, indeed, dear little brother; but perhaps she is visible at night, and the Moon-King can help you.' He went to the Moon-King, who was just then beginning his journey. 'Have you seen my dear Helen?' 'No, indeed, but come along with me, and perhaps we shall find her out.' The night went by and they saw no sign of her. 'Here comes your other brother-in-law, the Wind-King; perhaps he can tell us something.' 'Dear brother, have you seen my *Zauberhelene*?' 'Yes, yes; Holofernus, the Fire-King, has her hidden in his palace under the earth, washing his kitchen utensils in his fire-bath. I often cool her poor face.' 'Bring me to her if you can.' 'That I can, like thought.' So he blew himself and Argilus into the kitchen of the Fire-King, and poor Helen dropped dishes and spoons into the fire-bath. The prince lost no time; he flung his wife before him on the steed, pressed her to his heart, and away went the steed like the wind.

"As Holofernus was resting in his chamber, he heard great neighing in the stable, where his steed, Taigarot, was kept. Taigarot knew men's thoughts and speech. Holofernus flew to the stable and cried out, 'What madness has seized on you? Have you oats and hay enough, or have they neglected to give you water?' 'I want for neither hay, oats, nor water, but they have taken Witch Helen out of the kitchen.' 'Take your time; eat, drink, and sleep, and then we will set out; I shall come up to them in three springs.' The Fire-King ate, drank, and slept, then mounted Taigarot, and in three bounds they were up with them. He took Helen from her husband's arms, and said to him, 'You gave me freedom once; so I spare your life, but don't return; if you do you're lost.'

"Very sad went Argilus to his brothers-in-law, and told them his misfortunes. 'Ah!' said they, 'you must get a fleetier steed than Taiga-

rot, and there is only one such in the world, namely, his younger brother; but he has only four feet' (*Taigarot had nine*). 'And where is he to be found?' 'He is in the possession of Sorceress *Eisenwase** (Iron Nose), and she keeps him hid under the earth. You must enter her service, and demand the horse for your wages. Take this gift of your brothers with you, and when you need us, stick its point in the ground.' This gift was a wand of gold and silver, which flashed like fire. It was made out of sunlight, and moonlight, and the common light of the day. 'Thanks! bring me to the witch!' 'We will.' The Sun-King took him till night; then the Moon-King brought him on till next morning; then the Wind-King swept him on for a day and a night, till at last they came to the dwelling of Witch 'Iron Nose.'

"The witch's palace was built of the skulls of malefactors, and only wanted one to be finished. When she heard steps, she ran to the window, and cried out with joy, 'One at last, after three hundred years of waiting! Come in, dear youth.' In he went, and said he, 'I am come to be your servant for a year.' 'Very well, and what's to be your wages?' 'The horse that you keep here underground.' 'You shall have him. Your year will only hold three days, and if you either can't or won't do your duty, you are a dead man. Go and begin your first day's work. Take my stud of horses to their pasture, and if one of them is missing at sundown, off goes your head.'

"He went to the pen where they were kept. They were of bronze, and neighed frightfully. He opened the door, and jumped on one of their backs as they came out, but they were hardly at the pasture when his steed flung him into a marsh, and down he sunk to his breast. He fixed his wand in the soft ground, and such powerful sunbeams flashed down, that it dried up the marsh like tinder, and the bronze horses began to melt. With the fright and the pain they all ran off home to the pen, and very much surprised was the witch to find them all there at sunset.

"'Now,' said she, 'you must herd my twelve black horses to-morrow, and if one of them is missing at sunset, you are a dead man.' These twelve were the witch's daughters. When he was letting them out, says one of them 'Your days are over. We are much harder to mind than the bronze horses.' 'Mind your own business,' said he; 'I'll mind mine.' When they came to the pastureground they started off to the four quarters of the sky; but he set up his wand, and a storm of wind and hail met every steed just in front. They were fierce, but the storm was fiercer, and all turned and flew home to their shed. There he shut them in, and as the last sunbeam was fading, out came the witch, and very angry and disappointed she appeared. 'Well,' said she, 'your last task must be done to-night. If it is finished by morning you shall have your life and your wages; otherwise you know our bargain. Go and milk the bronze horses, and have a bath of the milk ready at sunrise.' She got an iron fork, and never ceased pricking her daughters the live long night.

"The prince knew that this would be the hardest trial, and so he set up his wand, and the Moon-King stood by him. 'I know your need,' said he. 'As soon as my first beam touches the pen, dig in that spot, three spans deep. You will find there a golden bridle, and while you hold it in your hand every beast must keep quiet.' This he did, and milked the beasts without any trouble, and at sunrise it was ready, boiling and smoking. At the first sunbeam the witch was standing by the side of the bath very troubled in mind. 'Now,' said she 'bathe yourself.' At the moment the horse Tatos stood by the side of it. He was small, ugly, and dirty. He put his head into the bath and drew away all the heat from it, and Argilus came out of it seven times handsomer than he was before. 'Oh, what a beautiful prince he is!' said dame Iron Nose; 'I shall bathe, and come out a young beauty, and make him my husband.' She went in, but Tatos put his head to the liquid and blew all the heat back again, and the witch was scalded to death.

* In German as well as in Irish and most languages (French partially and English entirely excepted), final vowels are sounded.

"Then Argilus mounted, and when they were outside of the witch's premises, Tatos said to him, 'Wash me in that river.' He washed him, and his colour became like gold, and at every hair hung a golden bell. He then with one spring carried his master over the ocean and to the palace of Holofernus. There was poor Helen by the firebath, and when she saw her husband she cried, 'Ah leave me here! Holofernus will catch you and kill you. But he only took her in his arms, and placed her before him, and away he flew.

"The Fire-King heard a great outcry in his stables, and as soon as he got there, Taigarot told him what had happened. 'Oh,' said he, 'I will eat, drink, and sleep, and then we shall catch them in three springs.' 'Not so,' said Taigarot. 'His steed is my younger brother, the fleetest horse in the world. Mount this moment, and with all our speed, we shall not come up with them!' Holofernus put on his fiery spurs, and they went swifter than ten winds, but they were left behind. 'Brother,' said Tatos, how can you endure the pricking of those fiery spurs? Would it not be better for us both to serve the one master and be a kind one? Taigarot thought over the matter for a moment, and the next he kicked up his heels and down went Holofernus. They were on a level with the stars at the time, and the fall was so great that the Fire-King broke his neck when he came to the ground. Argilus and Helen and their steeds came home in great joy, and never was such a festival as they held about a fortnight after."

Such stories as the following and several others all point back to a time when every inanimate creature was believed to have its representative genius or *daimōn* in whom was invested the occult powers properly belonging to that portion of the Universal Being. The greater number of the deities of the classic, and Teuton, and Celtic mythologies, were supposed favourable to the views of good people, and disposed to aid them in their honourable undertakings. Hence such frequent interventions of beings of unknown natures and powers in those fireside legends which are properly fragments and corruptions of pagan myths.

HUNGARIAN STORIES, NO. 2: THE GREAT FOX.
ANIMALS.

"A man and wife had three sons, and they were so poor they were obliged to send them from home to make out their livelihood. The youngest was a fine frank boy with good shape, fair hair, blue eyes, and blood and milk shining through his cheeks. His brothers hated him as they feared he'd have to himself all the good fortune which they would find in their wanderings.

"One hot day they were resting under a large tree for coolness; and while the youngest slept, the other two began to plot mischief. Said the eldest, 'Let us eat his bread and not give him a bit till he lets us take out one of his eyes, and break one of his legs.' 'It is well thought of,' said the other.

"When poor Ferko (so was the youngest called) awoke, and looked out for his bread, his brothers told him he had eaten it while he slept, and this surprised him a great deal. They would not give him a morsel of theirs, and kept him without food for three days, till at last he agreed to let them take out his left eye, and then they gave him only a wretched stale little piece. To make a long story short they starved him, till he agreed to lose the other eye, and have both his legs broken, and when he was thus disabled, they left him on the hard ground to die.

"There during the long night he could not get any sleep, and when the sun began to burn him next day, he crawled off in search of shelter. The only shelter he could find however was the *Rabenstein* (instrument of execution), and he was not long lying beside it when two ravens perched on it and began to converse. 'Is there any thing remarkable, gossip,' said one, 'in this part of the country?' 'Rather so,' said the other. 'You see that pond, down there. If a person even in the jaws of death bathed in it, he would come forth in perfect health. And if a blind person washed his eyes with the dew found on the grass of this hill, his sight would be at once restored to him.' 'I'm glad to hear that,' said the other. 'My eyes, thank heaven; are true raven's eyes, but a hunter's arrow lately struck my wing, and it

is only with pain I can fly. Let us be off to the charmed pool.'

"Poor Ferko returned thanks to heaven for the blessed news, and as soon as night came, and the heavy dews began to fall, he wiped his face in the damp grass, and his sight was restored. When the moon arose he found out the pool, and after bathing, he came out as sound and strong as ever he was. He filled his jug with the wonderful water, and on he went with his heart full of gratitude, when what should he meet but a poor wolf limping along on three legs, and howling dismally. 'Poor fellow!' said he, 'I'll soon relieve you.' He touched the broken leg with the water, and in a moment the animal was bounding on his four legs. 'If ever I can repay this good turn,' said he, 'I will not be backward.'

"The next he met was a poor mouse whose two forelegs had been broken in a trap. These he cured in the same way, and equally grateful was their owner, as he scampered over clods and furrows. Soon a Queen Bee flattered humming into the breast of his coat. A bird was just after snapping off one of her wings, and she could not get home. Ferko touched the bit of the wing that was left, and there she was as lively as ever. 'When I can return this good deed,' said she, 'I surely will,' and away she flew humming.

"He went on, and went on, till he came into another kingdom, and went to the palace, for he heard great reports of the beauty and goodness of the princess, though her father was a self-willed, and hard-hearted man. Every one admired his fine shape, and handsome countenance, and his gentle manners, and the princess could not keep her eyes off him. Who were in the service of the king but his two wicked brothers? and for fear he might reveal their evil deeds to the king, they accused him at once of being a wicked sorcerer, who had come to bewitch the princess, and carry her away.

"I ought to put you to death at once," said the king, "but I will grant you your life if you perform three difficult tasks. What shall be the first?" said he to the elder brother. 'Possible or impossible he must do it or die.' 'Let him have a finer city

than this built for your majesty by to-morrow evening.' 'Be it so,' said the king.

"Poor Ferko walked very dismally into the fields, but was not long there till the Queen Bee lighted on his shoulder. 'Have courage, my good benefactor,' said she. 'I will have the city built to-morrow, and by evening it shall be ready. Take your rest, and do not stir from this field till I come to you.'

"So he lay down, and went to sleep, and next day walked about or rested among the grass-tufts till the Queen Bee lighted on his shoulder, and told him to invite the court to the hill outside the walls; and never before did the court or the city behold such a sight. There stood a city built from the finest flowers that ever bloomed in the king's garden. The roofs were of red and purple roses, the windows of lilies streaked with light blue, the walls of white pinks, the cornices of auriculas and violets, the doors of beautiful tulips and narcissus. The castles were made of sunflowers; the market-place lay in a circle of odorous flowers whose perfume threw every one into ecstasy. The city had been constructed by the aid of all the bees in the kingdom, which the Queen Bee had summoned to her aid.

"The princess looked from Ferko to the city, and from the city to Ferko with equal admiration, but the king was vexed that the youth had escaped. He turned to the second brother and bade him lay another severe task on the sorcerer. 'The harvest,' said he, 'is cut, but not brought home. Let him have all the corn in the kingdom gathered in one heap to-morrow outside the walls. If one grain is missing let him die.' 'Be it so,' said the king. The beautiful princess gave a great cry, but that did not alter his resolution.

"Ferko went again into the field, and was dismal enough walking about, when what should run up against his foot but a mouse—the very mouse whose legs he had cured. 'What ails you my dear benefactor?' said he. 'Tell your trouble to me and perhaps I can be of use.' So he told the little thing what he was expected to do. 'Is that all?' said the other. 'Amuse yourself as you please till I come to you to-morrow evening, and you'll find the job done. So the youth

slept sound, and next day walked about till the mouse came up to him. 'Go now, my good friend, to the king,' said he, 'and bring him and his court to the heap of corn lying at the bottom of the hill.'

"The courtiers and the citizens were never so surprised before or after as when they saw the mighty heap of corn that filled the hollow, and reached higher than the palace towers. The mouse had summoned all the mice in the kingdom to her help, and so by all working and travelling during the night the job had been finished.

"The princess had slept none the night before, and her pillow in the morning was all wet with her tears. She was now in joy that Ferko had escaped again, but her father, the more was done, the more vexed he grew, and he cried out to the wicked brothers to appoint the third task. 'And let it be possible, or let it be impossible, if he does not finish it he shall die.' 'The task we appoint to the evil-minded sorcerer,' said they, 'is—that he collect all the wolves in the kingdom to-morrow to that hill. The princess again cried and wept at the injustice of this sentence, but that only vexed the king the more. So he shut her up in a tower, and settled such a strong ring of guards round it as would keep away all the lovers in the kingdom.

"This time Ferko was not long in the field when he saw his old patient, the wolf, running towards him. The same discourse took place as was held before, and next day *Isgrim* met him again, and bade him invite the king to the hill, and the wolves would be soon there to pay their respects to him.

"When Ferko came back to the field, the wolf requested him to get on his back. He carried him to the edge of the next wood, which was all filled with wolves, and then they returned to the hill with all the fierce looking animals following them. The king and the wicked brothers and a few courtiers and some citizens were waiting for them, but when the king saw the terrible crowd pressing on to the hill he cried, 'That's enough; let them go back; I pardon you,' but Ferko's own wolf said to him, 'Don't mind; press on.' So the wolves, howling dreadfully and gnashing their

white teeth, approached the hill and began to run over it. 'Send them back!' said the king, 'and you shall have my daughter and half my kingdom.' 'On, on,' said the chief wolf, and the whole troop galloped forward, and covered the hill, letting a horrible din of howling out of their throats. 'My daughter and all my kingdom!' said the king, and at the moment a dozen of the nearest wolves sprang on himself and the wicked brothers and ate up every bit of them shoes and all. Then the word of command was given by the head wolf, and every one of the animals withdrew to their woods and caves.

"Ferko was proclaimed king the same hour; and it was not all out when the good princess was free out of her dungeon, and in her bridegroom's arms. They were married the next day, and a better king and queen never ruled that kingdom; and never did wife love husband, nor husband love wife better."

HUNGARIAN STORIES, NO. 3: THE VALUE OF A SILVER PENNY.

"Marzi had been a soldier for many years. He was the most generous and good-natured man in his regiment, and was liked by every one of his comrades. At last he got his discharge, and returned home.

"Poor Marzi found on his return that his father had died a few days before, and that his own part of the family property was a silver penny. He took it without a word of complaint, turned his back on his father's house, and went away no poorer than he came.

"He went over hills and along valleys, and at last came to a wood where he met with a gray-headed beggar who asked him for relief. Without the least delay he handed him all his property, and the poor man thanked him heartily. 'This charity,' said he, 'will bring good-fortune in your road. What is it you would chiefly wish to have?' 'My good old man,' said he, 'if I could get my wish it would be to change myself into a dove, a hare, and a fish, whenever I please.' 'You shall have it,' said the beggar. 'Whenever you think on me and say what you desire, it shall be done.'

"Marzi went on much pleased, and while he was thinking of going again into service, he found himself at the

border of his own kingdom, and then in a city of the next kingdom, and great noise and merriment around him. They were enrolling for a new army, and Marzi enlisted among the rest. It was not long till they were near the enemy, and as Marzi was no raw recruit, he was soon advanced into the body guard of the king. He got a few ill-willers by his promotion.

"Now this king had been given by a sorcerer a ring which rendered its possessor unconquerable in battle. It happened unfortunately that he had left this ring at home, and in the first engagement he was obliged to give way before a much greater force. While he was debating about engaging again, he was in great sorrow, and cried out—'Oh, that I had my ring! I would give my daughter and half my kingdom to him who would bring it to me!' But it was a seven days' journey backwards and forwards, and the fleetest of his guards had no hopes of accomplishing the task. Then stepped forward Marzi, and mentioned his gifts. 'If I bring you your ring before the battle, your Majesty I hope will remember your promise.'

"He shook himself, and away he went in the form of a hare, and such a cloud of dust as he left after him was wonderful to see. When he came to the deep Theiss he shook himself again, and in the form of a silvery pike he went across it. Then in the shape of a dove he flew over hill and valley; and before the king was out of his first sleep, Marzi was sweeping in like a dove through the window of the beautiful princess, and the next moment sitting on her lap. She petted and kissed the bird, and was going to bring him bread and milk; but he shook himself, stood before her a handsome young soldier, and described the strait in which her father lay, and his promise. The princess was glad that her bridegroom was so good-looking and so brave, and she handed him the ring. 'Beware,' said she, 'of falling into the snares that will be laid for you by your envious comrades.' 'We shall settle on three tokens,' said he, 'to guard against treachery.'

"He shook himself and was sitting on her lap as a dove and he said these words:—

"Sweet daughter of the king
Black two feathers from my wing.'

"That she did; the dove shook himself and a silver pike lay on the table before her, and said:—

"Take with your finger nails
Eight of my glittering scales.'

"The princess did so; he shook himself again, and jumped like a beautiful hare on her knees and said:—

"King's daughter, bright and fair,
From my forehead clip the hair.'

"This she did also, and locked up in her work-box the three precious things. Then Marzi again stood before her, and they lovingly parted. Taking the shape of a dove, and the ring in his bill, he darted away, and over hills, vales, morasses, and streams, he flew till he was tired to death. At last he approached the camp, but such a violent blast of wind came against him that he was forced to take the ground, and there in the shape of a hare with the ring between his teeth, he ran towards the camp.

"Alas! an envious comrade who had seen him begin the journey as a hare, was now watching his return from behind a tent, and as poor Marzi was on the very verge of the camp an arrow pierced him from side to side, and there he lay in agony. The rascal took the ring from his mouth, ran with it to the king, and great was the joy it gave him. He ordered the trumpets to sound, collected his forces, declared he was sure of victory, attacked the enemy, gained a complete victory, and returned to his own city laden with spoils.

"The princess looked along the ranks of the body guards, but there was no one among them resembling Marzi, and her heart sunk. Soon the king presented the murderer as her spouse, but at the sight of him she gave a great cry, and fainted. She remained sick for days, and the marriage festival was obliged to be delayed.

"While the poor hare was lying in pain and expecting soon to be food for the ravens, the gray-haired old beggar passed by, and knew him. 'Arise, and be in health, Marzi the charitable!' said he, and up sprang the hare full of life and spirits.

"Off with you now,' said the beggar, 'to the palace or you will lose your credit and your bride.' Away he went as a hare till he reached the

river; that he crossed as a pike, and then high over valleys and hills he flew like a dove. In the king's halls he stood in his own shape and likeness with the murderer before him. His dear princess was there also, and the king striving to persuade her to take the villain for a husband.

"As soon as she got a sight of Marzi, she ran and threw herself into his arms, and cried, 'This is the man to whom I gave the ring; this is my bridegroom.' The king looked from one to the other in surprise, and began to have some doubts. 'In what form did the messenger appear to you?' said the king. 'In the shapes of a dove, a pike, and a hare,' said she, 'and I plucked two feathers off the dove, eight scales off the pike, and a tuft of hair off the forehead of the beast. Here they are.' 'Appear before us,' said the king to the false soldier, 'in these shapes.' 'I cannot, your Majesty,' said he. 'Can you?' said he to Marzi. 'I can and will,' was the answer, and there he showed himself as the dove wanting the two feathers, the pike wanting the eight scales, and the hare wanting the tuft. Up then he sprang in his natural shape, and the king put his daughter's hand into his.

"The villain was hung on a high gallows before all the army, and the marriage was celebrated the next day."

Intending at a convenient opportunity to give due attention to the fireside literature of Scandinavia, if Andersen, and Asbjørnsen, and Møe, have left anything untouched, we content ourselves here with the production of one tale, referring the reader to the "Danske Viser om Konger, Kæmper, og Andre" (Danish stories of kings, heroes, and men), Kiøbenhavn (Copenhagen), 1739; "Thiele's Danske Folkesagen," same place, 1818-19; "Old Danish Heroic Tales, Ballads, and Stories," by Wilhelm Grimm, Heidelberg, 1811; "Northern Elfen Stories and Lays," by Hermann Püttman, Leipzig, 1844; and Steffen's Novels from the Sagas and Stories of Denmark, Breslau, 1837.

DANISH STORY: THE HILL MAN THAT WAS INVITED TO THE CHRISTENING.

"The hill folk are very much afraid of thunder. So when they see a

storm approach, they seek for shelter in their caverns. This is the cause of their fearing the sound of drums so much as they suppose it to be thunder. Persons who desire to get rid of their neighbourhood use the drum for the purpose. After a day or two's annoyance they pack up, and seek a more quiet residence.

"A farmer whose land adjoined a haunted hill was on very good terms with the dweller of the inner cavern. His wife having presented him with a son he wished to invite the hill-man to the christening, but this might displease the priest, and set the neighbours' tongues a going. He was disturbed about the matter some time, and saw that the invitation was out of the question, but it was desirable not to offend the hill dweller. 'I'll ask advice of my swineherd,' said he; 'he is a clever fellow.' He did so, and the swineherd told him he need not give himself any more trouble about it. 'He shall be invited,' said he, 'and although he will not come, he will send a handsome christening present.

"So as soon as night set in, he took a sack in his hand, and went to the hill and knocked. Being admitted he delivered the invitation, which pleased the hill man very much. 'I think,' said he, 'that it is only decent to send a christening present. Open your sack till I see what I have got.' So he unlocked his chest, and put a large number of gold pieces out of it into the bag. 'Do you think that is enough?' said he. 'Many give more, few less,' said the herd. He put in more. 'Well, what now?' He lifted the sack to see if he was able to carry any more, and answered, 'That is about what most of the guests give.' The hill man emptied the entire chest. 'Is that enough?' The herd thinking he could carry no more, cried out, 'None give more, many less,' and closed the bag.

"Now about the guests; who are invited?' 'Three priests and one bishop!' 'Well, well, they will be so busy they perhaps will not notice me. Who else?' 'St. Peter and St. Paul.' 'You can put my plate and goblet behind the oven. But tell me, what music will you have?' 'Music! None but the drum!' 'Oh, in that case I shall stay at home. Once as I was taking a walk, I met a party

drumming, and turned back to be out of their way. Just as I reached my door, they threw the drumstick at me, and broke my shin-bone. I have been lame ever since, and have no relish for the music." So saying he took the sack off the herd's shoulders, emptied the contents back into the chest, and left it to the over-cunning fellow's own wit to invent an excuse to his master."

Having no space for a parallel in the manner of Plutarch between the stories here given and the Celtic legends handled at large in late

volumes of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, any social archæologist with time for the purpose, may innocently and profitably employ a fair portion of it in discovering the coincidences and differences of Slavonian and Celtic household fiction. The word *innocent* has been used advisedly, for it is pleasant to have to record, that in the fireside lore of both races, the quantity of matter of an evil tendency is exceedingly small. Vice is always made detestable, virtue lovely, and is always sure to be suitably rewarded.

NEVER—FOR EVER.

CHAPTER LVIII.

UNDER THE SHADOW.

CAPTAIN DASHWOOD had been away nearly three weeks; and those three weeks had brought with them great changes.

Lily in her old home was fading slowly. The warm summer days brought with them no new strength for my little invalid; and the doctor, who came often to see her, couldn't disguise from them that the little weakly lady was only living on from day to day; that all their love and care was powerless now, and that in a few short months, perhaps sooner, her place among them would know her no more. It was useless now to take her away to that warm country of which Jack had thought; that plan came too late; nothing now could stay the hand of death. And so Lily was going to die; she knew she was, lying awake of nights, the thought had been often present with her, and she had ceased to fear it. She had grown very weary of living; life had become a burthen to her from her weakness. But even though the thought had been so often in her mind of late, still, when on one bright day, her old father came to her, and gently broke to her those tidings of a coming release from all her troubles, my poor little heroine found that after all she wasn't as brave as she had thought.

"Going to die?" she said, when she

had heard his story. She whispered the words softly to herself; she was looking away over that bright summer scene of trees and flowers and white clouds, and she found it hard to realize this great thing. "Am I really going to die; is there no hope for me?"

He didn't answer, he only bent his gray head lower, and tears were falling fast down upon the little white hands, which he held in his.

"I feel so much better to-day, darling, so much stronger, perhaps I may recover?"

She was questioning him, her anxious eyes were looking earnestly at him, she found it so hard to realize.

"My precious," he said, "no one can tell these things; God is very good, there are many many bitter cups which in his mercy he takes from us; we can only watch and pray, believing always that what he does is for the best."

There was a long pause; he still held the little hands in his, and in his heart there was a great despair; looking on her, and listening to her voice, he was living over again a long ago time, when he had so watched another fading life; when he had prayed in anguish that that beloved life might be spared to him. He had been less patient and broken-

spirited then ; he had not learned to bow his head before a judgment mightier than that of men ; he had not learned to say "Thy will be done," but that one great sorrow had so chastened him, that it left him a better man. "We can only watch and pray ;" and Lily, looking up through a mist of tears, could see the old saddened eyes raised. She knew how he was praying for her then ; she knew how earnest and true his trust had ever been in that God who in his love had so chastened him ; and a great desire came into my little heroine's heart that the prayer might be granted, that she might be spared yet a little while, to learn resignation. That evening, lying on her lounge-sofa, with Aggie close to her, Lily was thinking regretfully of many things. Outside in the pleasant garden the roses were all in bloom, and among the flowers big bees were humming lazily. The sun was sinking very fast behind the pine trees, and the sky was all bright with yellow and gold, and Lily lay thinking, with her eyes shut.

She had grown very thin in those three weeks ; that troublesome cough was wearing her away ; there was a very bright colour too in her cheeks, and a lustre in her eyes, which gave a new strange beauty to the childish face, and made the big, far-off looking eyes, look larger and deeper.

"Were you sleeping, darling?"

Aggie said, softly, seeing the blue eyes open wide.

"No, only thinking, thinking, oh, Aggie! of the dear old times, the dear, dear old times."

There was so much of regret in the words, such a weary sadness in the voice, that it smote on the listener's ear, and knocked at her heart, and made it beat quicker as she answered—

"Yes, darling, and the long, long happy years to come."

There was a pause, no answer came to that hopeful speech. The low voice spoke presently—

"Aggie."

"Well, darling."

"I'm afraid he—Jack—won't miss me much."

"Lily, Lily, you mustn't talk like that ; you don't know what you're saying. You know, my darling, Jack is fond of his little wife ; I think he

would break his heart if anything were to happen to you."

"What, break his heart and die too! quite a romantic little story. Ah, no! oh, Aggie, you don't know it all ; it hasn't all been my fault ; I'm such a fool, but he never understood me ; he couldn't see that it was only through my love for him that I was so jealous of him. It all came upon me at once, the weakness and weariness, and then—then that other trouble which seemed to smother up all the rest, when he left me for her, when I began to think that he loved her and not me, after all the love and trust I had given him ; oh, darling, you don't know what that was to me. You don't know it broke my heart, it chilled the life in it, and turned my love to anguish ; it killed the hope in me, that I might learn to be a better wife, more sensible and patient ; it took that hope from me, and then there was nothing to live for—oh, darling, nothing!"

Aggie didn't answer, she only laid her face close to Lily's, on the cushion, she passed her arm round the little figure, and drew her closer.

"No, no," she said softly, "don't say so, there is a great deal to live for ; there is something for us all to live for. There is a great deal of good in the world if we would only try to find it out. There is so much of ill to be reclaimed too, so much to be done, and so short a time to do it all in. You will begin over again, darling, you will make Jack so happy ; your love can do great things for him, if you only try." Aggie was trying to still the troubled waters, she was preaching a little sermon in her grave way ; trying to comfort that poor little soul ; she saw it all ; she had guessed it all long ago ; sensible Aggie, she was sorely perplexed, and she was stroking the golden hair gently. "You will try, I know you will—you will begin over again, and things will all come right then."

Lily listened quietly, but the hopeful words fell coldly on her heart ; she had no hope left.

"Ah, Aggie!" she said, presently, "you are so wise and good, so patient, too, these things seem so little in your eyes, you are so brave-hearted ; but you are right, I shouldn't blame him, it isn't his fault, it's all mine ; I never could make him a good wife, I

couldn't manage for him, we weren't suited for each other, he never understood me, I was so foolish and troublesome; I think, perhaps, I might make him a better wife now, if God was to spare me, I have had so much time to think since I have been ill, and I think I might, but that is all over now, it never can be."

Then Aggie was silent, holding the little delicate hand. She didn't speak, and they sat on and on in the quiet room, with the perfume of the flowers lading the air with heavy scent; and the humming of the bees and insects faint and far off among the lime trees. In that three weeks Charlie had gone on lingering from day to day in this pleasant, quiet old place; they were all so kind to him, so glad of his company; and the monotonous life, day after day, didn't bore him at all. He was a country gentleman, and this peaceful country life suited him; but those three weeks had brought with them nothing new in his love for Aggie; he was still waiting patiently—hoping ever.

She was such a very shy, retiring little girl, this love of his; she was so terribly sensitive and grave, she never let him see in any one little way how dear—how very dear his presence among them was to her, and so it was that, watching her always, he couldn't understand her.

Long summer days, sweet, still evenings, heavy with the breath of flowers, how they glided by; how short they seemed to Charlie; what a dream it all was; waiting on in his patient way, this faithful young fellow never wearied of this quiet, monotonous life. He never thought that he was wasting time; he was quite content to wait so, always trusting still in that hope of his, that time would bring great changes for the better.

On this soft, summer evening, sitting in that pleasant room, Lily thinking of many things—of days far off, which she was never to see—began to fear that one thing for which she had hoped very ardently might not be accomplished. The sun was sinking very fast behind the trees, the song of the birds was nearly hushed, and without in the garden there was a great still calm, as Lily and Agnes sat together.

Then Lily, seeing afar off those

dream-days which were to be lived by others, hoping many things, and yet fearing much, began a task which she had planned out for herself—a labour which was begotten altogether out of love. And sitting close to Aggie, with her head resting on her sister's shoulder, she said—

"And now, darling, you must tell me something—you must make a confidant of me. What are you going to do with this poor, faithful Charlie, who has followed you all this long way out of his great love?"

Her head still rested on Aggie's shoulder, and she was stroking her soft hand as she spoke. Then Agnes said quietly—

"And how do you know that there is any love in the case at all, Lily?"

"Because I have been watching him, my dear; I have read it all in his honest face; I have seen it in his soft, loving eyes when he looks at you; I have been studying him, and I am very, very sure of what I say."

Then Aggie was silent. On the golden head she rested her own happy one; she had no more doubt now in her heart.

"What are you going to do with him, after all?"

And Lily raised her head now, and her blue eyes looked up inquiringly.

Aggie smiled.

"What am I going to do with him? I'm going to leave him alone, and let him judge for himself; he has plenty of brains to guide him, far better than ever I could."

But while she spoke, my saint was blushing, she was so very light-hearted and happy.

Lily laughed gaily.

"Ah, Aggie, Aggie! you dear, cold-hearted little thing, your blushes betray you. I do believe you really like him; is it so?"

Then Aggie whispered, "I don't know."

But there was a light in her eyes, as she spoke, and that crimson colour had not quite gone out of her cheeks. Lily nestled close to her.

"Darling," she said, "I am so happy to-night."

And tears were in her eyes, her big childish eyes, as she clung to Aggie.

"I have been waiting and hoping for so long, I have watched him always, and I am so fully satisfied with him, he is so good and true."

Aggie didn't speak, she only bent over that little sister of hers and kissed her white forehead gently, and they sat on and on, until the sun was quite hid away, when the light outside had grown faint and misty, and the flowers were all folding themselves, and the night was coming on, and then Charlie came and joined them; and the old father sat

beside Lily, and they all chatted pleasantly in the twilight together, and that evening passed away, as so many others of those quiet summer evenings had done before, and the stars came out in the clear sky like so many diamonds, and then there stole a hush over that peaceful old house among the trees and flowers.

CHAPTER LIX.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

My story is hurrying to a close, my humdrum, stupid little tale, is nearly told; there has been nothing particularly interesting or exciting in it I am sure; a long string of those little domestic Dutch pictures, that is all, a story made up altogether out of very quiet lives; I have wandered off almost unconsciously into the world's sequestered places, and the pictures I have painted are nearly all the scenes which have been most familiar to my own eyes; I have idled away so many of the summer days of my life in that far-away little Welsh valley near the blue sea, and purple mountains. I have spent so many quiet days in that old house among the roses. I have not been painting from fancy all this time; my people too are the people who, at different periods of my life, I have been more or less brought into contact with; I have lived through much of the peaceful monotonous life in this story, and in so living I have tasted much of the sweetness of life and something of its bitterness; I have found out that where there is much ill there is also some good, much good all unexplained, and a terrible waste of ill only waiting to be reclaimed. This much I have learned in my life; this much I can safely say, there is a wonderful amount of good concealed, and if we choose to think so, we can always find it out for ourselves, there is a way to every heart, if we but lay ourselves out to find it; this much I have found out for myself, and I believe that it is altogether true.

I think Aggie had the knack of finding her way into every heart; I think my saint was a very patient, far-seeing little girl, with her heart in

the right place, and her affections very true. I think she was one of those people who look only for the good, who think no evil, who labour ever in the great vineyard; who rejoice with the angels in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. My good, ministering little saint! in so writing of you, in so thinking of you, I am flying back over long years into a time for ever past and gone, when my life was closely set with yours, when daily I felt your gentle influence near me, and the world seemed a better, brighter place. Reader, I can fancy you smiling over this little bit of romance of mine. I can hear you complaining that I am sadly overrating this grave, quiet little girl, whose life was set in such pleasant ways, and quiet places, far, far away from the struggle and sorrows of the world; but I am not overrating her, and perhaps there are some among you, who, looking round, can point out one such gentle, ministering angel, one of whom the world knows not; whose voice is too low and gentle to be heard above the strife; one who lives her life altogether for others, treading untrodden ways, finding out good where others see only evil. Reader, can you point out one such life? If you can, if your path has been so brightened, then I say it is well for you.

What a blessing my saint was in those days, when the shadow was hanging over that peaceful old house by the road-side; she went her way cheering them all, trying to make them forget this great sorrow, which was throwing its shadow over them. She had a way with her, a way which was all her own, which I never saw with any one else, of bringing peace and light with her wherever she

went; she had such a tender, earnest little face, her voice was so low and sweet, her words were always kindly, her ways were so gentle, and her heart was so very true and good, no one could resist her; she found her way into all hearts, good and bad ones. She was so well beloved in those cottage homes, where she taught and learned so much, where she came and went like a beautiful dream, doing everything so delicately, making rough hearts grow tender, and coarse natures gentle. In winter and in summer she never wearied, she never deserted those village homes, she was always familiar to them. In the cold winter times, in the days of snow and harsh winds, while Lily was pining away in her London home, my saint had been sorely tried; when the snow lay very thick and white, and the days were short and cold, there had been a task given her which was almost too hard a one. Among her village fold, out of the little garden of her labours one life was taken; a young child-life had been required, and over one of those cottage homes there hung a shadow, and then my saint was looked to for help and comfort. There was a poor sorrowing mother, who had lost the child of her affections, her only one, and for a little while, my gentle, tender-hearted young saint had no words of comfort ready. She sat by the lonely hearth; she saw a little pair of boots, a tiny hat, a hundred little things about the place, which called up in her mind the image of a golden-haired boy, of a sunny face, and a joyous laugh, and words died away upon her lips; she only sat there silently, holding the mother's hands, but never speaking. Later on, when the day was closing, still sitting there, still seeing that angel's image, she read softly, in her soothing voice from the good Book which comforts all. She read what Jesus said of little children; how He bade them come to Him; and then she stole away from the house. She left the mother with that good comfort; she stole away to cry softly to herself, to think, as she hurried home through the fields, in the sunset, that in good truth the little golden-haired boy was among that blessed child-band which Jesus has in His kingdom.

In such small ways Aggie had made herself a place in the affections

of her village friends. She had stood by many a sick bed, she had read to many a poor tired soul, those good promises of a promised land, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest;" she had brought light into many dark places; she had cheered many cheerless homes. In her quiet unpretending way, never offending, never holding herself as superior in any way to those around her.

She was so gentle and gracious, so tender to the little ones, caressing them, and playing with them, so beloved among them too. In this ministering life many of her days had passed; she had learned to be very patient and long-suffering; she had grown to look always for the good, and not the ill, in every one; she had been tried and not found wanting.

But although my saint was such a comfort to others, she yet lacked the power of being a comforter to herself. She was troubled in many little ways about small things; she was of a rather desponding nature, too, and didn't fight her battles half as bravely as people thought, for she had too soft a heart, although no one ever gave her credit for half her true feeling; she was too prone to keep in the back ground always, where she should have come forward. She hid away much of her light from the world, and she had a hundred little grievances of which no one knew, a hundred small trials of which those around her knew not. Little ills which she made for herself, which all arose out of her oversensitive nature; so it was that she was not yet perfect; she yet lacked some things.

And this was how it was that in her love for Charlie she had no hope. But on that one summer night after her little talk with Lily, a load was lifted from her heart. In her little silent room, when all the house was still, and the night was far spent, she still sat by the open lattice, thinking, castle-building, looking away into the valley of years before her. It wasn't a strange uncertain life into which she was looking then; she knew it all, she knew it, and she also knew that it would suit her; out into the quiet night she was looking thoughtfully, with great joy in her heart.

"He loves me," and earth and air and everything seemed blended in one

song of joy, and the little pale stars twinkled and glistened like so many diamonds in the distant sky.

In her dreams that night Aggie was standing on an old terrace walk; the sun was shining on white pebbles and stone balustrades, shining full on the red brick front of a snug old house all overgrown with roses and verberna; and in her dreams there came a young familiar face, smiling

great joy and tenderness upon her. And so you see this little saint of mine was no wiser than many other young ladies who dream wild dreams of sunshine and everlasting summer, and beautiful smiles on happy sun-burnt manly faces. Fairy dreams of gold and light, and wedding bells, of hope and love, and never ending summer time.

CHAPTER LX.

OUT IN THE MOONLIGHT.

A CLEAR moonlight night, white drifting clouds, a great still calm among the trees and flowers.

Another week is gone. It is July now; a hot sultry July, not a breath is stirring the westeria leaves; there is a hush over everything. Another week past away, and still Jack is absent. He has been trying to break the spell which a certain siren has thrown over him, but he has failed. He has gone on in his vain foolish way, living under this enchantment; and he has almost forgotten that little delicate lady, to whom he has made such vows of everlasting love and truth. He has been trying to banish from his mind the thoughts of her foolish jealousy; he has been trying to make himself believe that she is quite happy and contented in that far-away home which knows him not, and he has very nearly succeeded.

That one week has made no apparent change in Lily; she is no weaker, just the same, but she is less complaining and pettish; she is quieter and more gentle; she has ceased to lament over her troubles; but there is a great despair filling all her heart with darkness, and she only cries softly to herself as she lies on her lounge sofa day after day thinking of Jack, and of his cruel desertion of her. She has lost all hope now. She is only waiting, longing for the end of all these things. A sweet moonlight night; outside in the garden the roses are all full blown, the ground is strewn over with their fallen leaves; and Charlie is sitting by the French window with Lily.

Another week gone and past, and still my cowardly young hero has never told his love. Since that evening when Aggie had talked of him to Lily, my saint in her shy way, has kept herself aloof from his presence. She has asked herself so frequently if he really loved her, why he never spoke his love; she has never thought that it has all been her doing, that her cold retiring manner has chilled his hope, and made him fearful of telling it.

And Charlie was sitting by Lily's lounge sofa now. Thinking, trying to make up his mind to confide in this little delicate lady, who had become such a friend of his, who showed such a liking for him, and who was also such a thoroughly romantic little soul. He sat there with his gray eyes bent on the carpet, and there was an anxious look on his honest young face. He looked up presently, Lily was contemplating him, she smiled.

"What are you thinking of, Mr. Okedon? You have been sitting there, never once speaking for the last half hour."

"I've been thinking," he said, "how much better I know you than your sister, we get on so well, you and I; don't we?"

"You are so good to me," she answered, "you are so patient with me."

"No, no," he said, quickly, "I don't mean that; I like sitting with you, and talking to you; but it's so different with her; we're not half such good friends, it seems to me; I don't know how it is."

"We're very different, she and I; people say she's much harder to un-

derstand than I am ; she puzzles me sometimes, I confess."

"I wish I could understand her," Charlie said, and then there was a pause. The opening of the drawing-room door roused Charlie ; Aggie had glided in.

"How still the night is," she said, coming over to the open window ; "there is not a breath stirring."

"Quite sultry," Lily answered, "and how sweet the scent of the roses is."

"Do you like it, darling ?"

"Very much."

"Shall I fetch you some flowers ?"

"Now ?"

"Yes, I'm going a moonlight ramble all by myself ; I have got a headache to-night, and I want to cure it in my own way ; shall I bring you some roses ?"

"Do."

"Are you going all by yourself, Miss Fremantle ?" Charlie asked. A great desire came over him to walk out with her into the moonlight, and tell her something there which he daren't have told her at other times. But my shy little saint, a fear came over her, and she said—

"Yes, quite alone ; I like to be alone sometimes," and then, without speaking any more, without looking at Lily, who she knew was throwing reproachful glances after her, my saint stepped out on the smooth-mown grass, all alone.

"She's so formal, and cold with me," Charlie said, presently. He had stood up, and was watching the white muslin dress gliding away over the grass.

"She's so with every one until she knows them well," Lily said.

"She ought to know me by this time," he answered ; and then Lily was silent. She couldn't tell him of that talk which she had had with Aggie ; she couldn't even hint at it ; she had nothing to say.

"I have tried so hard to understand her. I have tried so very hard to make her like me, but—but people can't help these things ; it isn't her fault, I suppose."

He paused ; he was leaning against the French window ; he was still looking into the garden, and there was a very hopeless look in his face. "If she can't like me, it isn't her fault. I shouldn't blame her for it."

"Indeed, indeed I think you are mistaken," Lily said.

"If I thought so," he said, I would follow her now ; I would never come back until I had found out."

Then Lily said, "Come here ; sit down beside me ; now tell me what is all this ? what is all this talk about liking and understanding ? tell me, explain it to me."

And Charlie, sitting there, said at last, "it is this : that I love her so desperately that I cannot bear that we should go on this way any longer. I cannot bear my suspense, and now I want you to tell me what I am to do ; I want you to tell me whether I may follow her now and tell her all this."

"I think you may," Lily said, and Charlie's heart stood still for very joy.

"God bless you," he said, earnestly. There were tears in his honest eyes as he spoke, and then, while the night air stirred the leaves outside, while the moonlight made all the trees and flowers silver bright, Charlie took the little gentle hand which lay on his, and pressed his lips upon it ; reverently he held it, as the Catholics of old kissed their sacred relics, so he kissed that little patient hand. "God bless you, Lily," and then, without speaking any more words, he turned and passed out into the quiet night.

The moonlight fell upon the soft lawn grass, on the gravel walk, and great wilderness of many-coloured roses. Among the flowers Aggie was standing ; in her hand my saint was holding a great bunch of these same full blown roses ; in her white dress she was standing all alone by the wooden paling which ran along the gravel walk.

He walked over to her, never speaking. "I am gathering some roses for her," she said, and then she looked up into his face, and as she did so words died away on her lips, a fear came over her, and her heart stood still within her.

He stood before her, looking down upon her, but not speaking, not trying to take her hand, although it rested quite close to him. on the wooden rail, not coming any nearer to her, not trying to touch her ; he would take no advantage of her ; he would still stand as far removed

from her as though Lily had never told him that he was safe in following her out into this little old-fashioned garden. He stood many minutes so, and then at last he spoke. "Agnes," he said, very gently, still looking down upon her, "I have followed you out here to tell you something; may I speak it, dear?"

But she didn't answer him; the words wouldn't come; she only stood there before him, with those red roses in her hand, never moving.

"I have followed you to tell you that I love you better than all the world—to ask you to be my wife."

Then he stopped. He felt that he had said what he wanted to say, very clumsily, in rough straightforward words, not beating about the bush, but this he couldn't help. He was not a man given to making pretty speeches or saying things in pretty ways; the words had come swelling up from his heart; he spoke as he felt, frankly, honestly; not trying to touch up or varnish them. He had never before told any woman that he loved her, and so it was that he now told all his love in so very few words. Then he waited for an answer, but no answer came. Very pale looked the soft Madonna face; the delicate colour had faded out of the cheeks and lips, leaving it white as marble; but he didn't hurry her; he waited very patiently; he had come a step nearer to her, and I think he did then lay his hand upon hers, where it rested before him. "I have waited so long," he said at last; "I have been so patient always, looking onward, never changing, hop-

ing almost against hope, and now I want you to tell me something which I think I have a right to ask you after all this; Aggie, do you love me?"

Then at last the words came to her, and she whispered, "I do love you, Charlie." That was all; but in the pale light he had caught her to him passionately—the great full blown roses were crushed and broken against his heart.

In the cool drawing-room, all alone, Lily on her sofa lay waiting. Wise little woman; how quickly she had guessed all Charlie's secret; how patiently she had waited until all had come about as she had hoped, and now all alone she lay waiting.

Sadly the blue eyes were gazing out into that quiet night; and oh, her thoughts were flying, ever back, to another pale clear night, one of those long ago Llanaber nights, and down upon the tiny ring of forget-me-nots hot tears were raining. Through tears of joy she had looked upon it first, and now through bitter, weary tears of disappointment the little blue stones glistened and twinkled. "So long ago," she murmured, and yet the ring was scarcely a year old yet. Thinking over all this, my poor little heroine, she couldn't help herself, she had to cry softly to herself; her life had been so unfortunate—things had gone so ill with her, that while she lay there thinking so there was a wild regret for ever creeping in and filling all her heart with sadness.

CHAPTER LXI.

AFTER ALL!

AND so Charlie was to marry Aggie; it was all settled; out in the moonlight on that summer evening my young hero had told her all his love; he had walked her quietly up and down under the chestnut trees, until he had told it all; he had gone back into that past time in Llanaber, where he had first seen her and known her; he had explained it all to her, told her the whole long story as they paced up and down together in the moonlight.

"I don't know how it began," he said, "I can't remember the beginning of my love; it seems as if I had been loving you and waiting for you all my life;" her little gentle hand was on his arm as they walked and talked so; but she didn't answer him.

"I didn't know how much I loved you, darling, until I thought of losing you; I didn't know it until that day when I bid you good-by in Llanaber; I was very near telling you then what

I have told you to-night; I wonder how it would have gone with me if I *had* spoken; I wonder what answer you would have given me then, Aggie."

They had paused together, and the moonlight fell on her earnest face as he waited for an answer.

"The same then as now," she said; "always the same;" and this was how my saint told all her love.

"Oh, my darling!" and he had taken her in his arms; he had kissed the pale face over and over again. "I don't know how I have managed to live without you all this time; I cannot understand it all; loving you as I have loved, ever since I knew you first; I cannot understand how I have been so patient, waiting so long for you, not trusting myself. If I had but known you then, as I do now; but you were so distant with me, so far above me; you were so good and perfect I could do nothing but watch you, loving you always, but never venturing to tell my love, you were so perfect, and I was so unworthy of you."

"Oh, hush!" she whispered; she was clinging close to him, not weakly or tearfully, but earnestly with her whole heart's love speaking in her face. "You mustn't speak so, there is no one in the whole wide world half as good as you, Charlie."

Then Mr. Okedon was satisfied, and he led her on again under the chestnut trees, in the shadow, talking and planning, looking away into long years to come, seeing many peaceful quiet days; planning out good plans for the future; there was no castle-building with them, no foolish discussing of things which could never be. Aggie knew well the life she had chosen, and she also knew that it would suit her; she knew the man to whom she had given her love, and she knew that he was altogether good and honest, a man calculated to make her happy. She understood him so well, she appreciated all his true noble qualities, she knew that he was a good man, and a very tender-hearted loving one, and she was perfectly satisfied to give up her life to him. In those long years to come, when they two should be no longer young, when changes should have come to many things, there would come no change in their love. For one another; when life was grow-

ing old, when beauty and youth was gone from them, there would still be that same honest perfect love which looks beyond these things, which never alters, which lives on through good and evil report, never changing, trusting always, loving always, even to the end.

All this Aggie knew, and it made my saint very happy as she thought over it.

That night, when Charlie had told all his story, when it was growing late, and Lily was almost tired of waiting on her lounge sofa, under the westeria leaves, Charlie came and stood with Aggie. Lily saw his happy radiant face, with the light of the lamp falling on it, and she knew then that it was well with him. Another minute and he had stepped into the room and was standing by the lounge sofa.

"Lily," he said, "you must wish me joy, great joy, I am the happiest fellow in all England to-night."

Charlie was blushing; such a rich girlish blush, his honest eyes were bright with joy.

"Oh, Charlie, indeed I do! Aggie, Aggie, I am so happy, darling."

And in her arms Lily was holding the slight gentle figure, she forgot in that one happy moment the sorrows and troubles of her own poor, disappointed, broken heart. Oh, what an evening that was in that old house among the trees; an angel had entered and the house was full of light.

My young saint, while she sat there holding Charlie's hand, feeling his presence ever near her, could scarcely realize to herself that at last her dream was realized; that now there was to be no more anguish or suspense, no more doubting and trouble. It was such a wonderfully blissful hour; but in the midst of all her joy, my saint was trembling for a fear she had, that such bliss was too perfect, too good to last.

Reader, have there come such moments in your life, such glimpses of Paradise, such lights from heaven, moments in which the shadows and sorrows of long years are forgotten; when the darkness of ages is left behind unseen, and the glory of heaven seems to shine; have you felt that in that one brief space you have lived through ages upon ages of joy;

and then has there also come to you that same fear which Aggie felt? have you whispered to yourself, "It is too good, too bright to last?" Have you so felt in your life? have you so trembled in the midst of a great joy? Holding in yours some gentle, pleasant hand, looking into loving, earnest eyes; have you, too, felt this same fear stealing over you, and making you so tremble that words have died away upon your lips, and you have dreaded to think of the future? If so, you will know what Aggie felt on this summer evening, you will feel with her, as she sits in that pleasant drawing-room, with her gentle hands close locked in Charlie's hands, and his happy, loving voice for ever sounding near her, speaking soft words of hope and love, telling of long years to come, you will feel with her, you will say with her, "Oh, let no shadow fall upon us here; let those long years come creeping on unnoticed, bringing with them no changes; let them so find us still here, still loving and trusting one another; in perfect love, unchanged, unseparated hand in hand at the end even as at the beginning."

It was so that that summer night passed away, chatting together, those three happy young people, forgetting everything but the bliss, new and infinite, which had come to them in those few short hours; forgetting the time past and gone with all its uncertainty and dimness, careless of the future, of the unknown days to come, living only in the light of this new hope which had crept in among them.

That night my saint, carrying her good news with her, stole quietly across the hall, with its dim light. She pushed open the study door, where, evening after evening, in the past winter months, she had sat and talked and read with her old father when they two had been altogether alone in this peaceful old house.

In his chair in the corner he was sitting now, quietly reading to himself from one of those quaint old volumes from which he read so often of old things and times, of plans and fashions, all past away. His gray head was bent; his thoughts were far away in that old-world land of his, and he didn't see the door softly

open; he didn't see the pretty face that peeped in; he never dreamt of the news which was coming to him, across the room Aggie stole, she knelt beside him, she laid her hand on his, she brought him back out of his dream; and then, kneeling by him, she told him all her story.

She carried him away with her, back into the summer time which was past; and she told him of the hope which she had cherished even then of the love which had grown up in her heart as she walked and talked with that young squire in those summer places—she told him all; and then, last of all, when he had listened patiently to all her story, she told of the promise which she had that night made in the moonlight among the roses to this same young squire who had won her heart long months ago in Llanaber. He was holding her pretty, earnest face between his two hands; he was looking wistfully into it; but there was no sorrow or uncertainty in his heart. He, too, knew this honest man to whom his sensible little saint had given her love, and he was quite satisfied with her choice; he had known him, and he knew that he was altogether good and worthy.

"Are you satisfied, darling?" she asked presently.

She was still kneeling by him, still looking into his face.

"Quite, my child," and he never hesitated.

There had been a time when he had hoped that another man in whom he also had put strong faith, might succeed in this thing; but that was all past, and he was quite satisfied that things should now be as they were.

"Quite satisfied, my darling," he said gently, in his own grave, saddened way, still holding her there before him.

"I think I can trust him perfectly; he is not a careless man; he will be always the same in his love. I think."

And she whispered "Always, darling." She was so sure of him; he had proved himself so very true and patient.

Then for a long time they still sat there together talking, and in that quiet old room he told her of many things, of days long, long ago, when he had so loved, and waited very patiently, never changing. He told

her of a life begun at last in poverty, and struggling with that sweet, patient mother of whom Aggie thought often, whom she remembered so faintly, with her delicate tints and pretty smiles. He told of those days long gone, when they two had faced the world together, determined in their love to be very brave; he showed her how God had been very good to them, giving them many things for which they had not looked; how, after all the clouds had past away, and the good promises had all come to pass; and then, when the battle was over, when the struggle was quite done, he told her how that poor patient lady had faded away, worn out with the strife—she had fought the good fight; she had never grown faint or broken-spirited in the dark days when he had been very hopeless and despairing; she had never let him see how heavily their troubles weighed upon her; how difficult it was to her to bear up always against them; she never murmured, she cheered him through it all, telling him always of those promises which the Good Book makes; she was ever looking onward,

ever trusting in those promises; but when they came, when the strife was over, and the battle won, the poor, weary lady, she faded away, leaving all those good things to be inherited by others.

Sitting in that quiet room, Aggie heard all the story. Much of it was familiar to her, some was new, but it was all sad; and there were tears in her eyes as she sat listening. Much of that same patient, long-suffering spirit had been given to her; and while she sat there, my saint was telling herself that though in this world those good things had come too late, still there was a place among the mansions in heaven, where, for the wise, good servants who have done well in the world, there is that peace which passeth all understanding; so she told herself, sitting there and thinking. And it wasn't until the night was far spent, when over the house there was a hush and a silence, that Aggie passed into her little lattice-windowed room, to think and dream of all the new strange things which this day brought to her.

CHAPTER LXII.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

Up in London Captain John Dashwood was still amusing himself; the promise which he had made to his sister on that summer evening gone by, when they had driven together through Bedford-street, was well-nigh forgotten now; he hadn't been able to tear himself away from that pleasant town-life to which he had been so much accustomed all his life. One thing after another had risen up to prevent his making the journey into the country of which he had thought some time ago. There was no necessity for his presence in that quiet old place near Cheltenham, so he told himself daily; there was a whole, long summer before him; there were dull, hot days coming on, when London would be empty, and then the stillness and monotony of that roadside house would be less distasteful to him. This was how he reasoned with himself.

In those days when Lily still lay on her lounge sofa day after day,

when the air was still and warm, and all the flowers were in blossom; when Charlie and Agnes were dreaming away their time together among the trees and pleasant summer fields, Lily wrote a long, long letter to her old friend, Tom Foulkes. When she made up her mind so to write to him, she had thought a good deal before she did so. She had let six long summer days pass by before she wrote her letter, but the thought of this duty had been ever before her, she felt that after all the long time in which he had gone on loving Aggie Tom Foulkes had a perfect right to hear this new piece of news concerning her; there had been a time when Lily, too, had hoped very earnestly that his love might be requited, but that hope was gone now, and so she thought he ought to know that it was so. In one of the many fond letters which my young heroine had written to her husband, she had told him of the changes which had come, and now

she thought it would be kinder to Tom that he should not hear the news first from Captain Dashwood. "I will write to him myself," she thought; and so it was that the letter was written, a long letter, very sensible. "I am sorry for you, Tom," she wrote, "but you know yourself that what you and I once hoped for, never could be. She is very fond of you, I know she is, but the love that ought to belong to a husband and wife is not between you, and so I suppose it is all for the best, for you will find some one else who will love you as you deserve to be loved, and when all that comes to you, when you have made new ties for yourself, and your home is a very happy one, think of my words, that it was all for the best; and now good-bye to you, my dear Tom, and God grant that though I may not live to see you so blessed, these good things may all come to you in time. "LILY."

When Tom Foulkes first read this letter in his London home, there was great bitterness in his heart, and over and over again he told himself that all that was impossible, that no woman could ever be to him what Agnes Fremantle might have been; but when long years were gone, when the blessings had all come to him in great fulness, sitting in his home, he read the gentle letter from beginning to end to his wife, and they both cried over it together; and when she whispered to him, "and has it been for the best?" I believe he answered "Yes," for long years were gone and past, and many things had changed with him in that time.

When Lily wrote the letter, my poor little heroine felt sadly like a traitress to that old friend of theirs, in whose love-suit she had always professed to take such an interest. Should he ever come to know how she had acted, should he ever hear of how she had betrayed him, she thought what would he think of her; but then in her heart she excused herself; even in that old time when she had been very friendly to Tom Foulkes's suit, she had thought often that it was a very hopeless one; she had seen and judged in many small ways, and she had never been able to give him encouragement; it was thus that she made excuses for herself, telling herself that all things had

gone for the best, and that no one was in any way to blame for the chances which had altered them so.

But Captain Tom was very impetuous; he had come so to think of Aggie that in part she seemed to belong to him; he had known her and loved her for such a long time, that the thought that, after all, she was now to belong to another man, to be utterly lost to him, was very bitter; he had been very faithful to her, preferring to wait for her in the hope of her some time relenting towards him in consideration of his great love and constancy. He had so preferred to wait, never seeking the love of any other woman, scarcely hoping that in the end all would come right with him, and yet still trusting that long years would work a change. But with that letter the spell was broken; he saw it all, he had been a fool ever to attempt to delude himself; he had gone on in what he ought to have known was but a very vain dream; and now that the end was come he had no right to blame any one but himself.

It was at breakfast, in Chester-street, that Tom Foulkes first read this letter; Lady Mary was pouring out the tea, and Miss Foulkes was deep in a long-crossed letter from some dear young lady-friend, and so Tom was left to read his letter in peace. He read it through, even to the very end, never once taking his eyes off the paper, and then he folded it up again carefully and put it in his pocket. While he read there had come a hot flush into his honest face, which had died away again before he had finished reading, leaving him very pale; something had annoyed him, Lady Mary thought, glancing from behind the urn, somebody wanted money—some bill or debt—some of the various little inconveniences to which her ladyship had become accustomed lately, and so no words were spoken between them; but Captain Tom's pecuniary troubles had never weighed upon him as did the evil news in this long, earnest letter; the reception of unexpected bills, even at breakfast-time, had never as yet robbed the Captain of his appetite, and the calamity imparted to him in this letter did. He carried it away with him; he left his untasted breakfast, and bore his letter off with him

to his study, there to read it again, and brood over it on an empty stomach. "All for the best"—the words seemed to mock at his misery then. How could it be for the best?—was it not robbing him of everything which had made his life pleasant to him?—how could it be for the best, that henceforth the world was to be empty and dark for him? All this he thought in those days when his

trouble was new to him, and everything else was so small in account; but long afterwards, when he had found consolation for himself, when this old wound was quite healed, and some one else had taken Aggie's place in his heart, Tom Foulkes was able to say "Yes," when his young wife asked him softly whether it hadn't all been for the best?

CHAPTER LXIII.

PAGE TO PAGE.

IN those days when many changes had come, when the summer was beginning to wane, and already the leaves were turning yellow with age, Captain Dashwood turned his steps homewards.

Among the many changes which had come to my little circle, there had come a change to Lily. With the autumn time, with the chill days, and chiller nights, a change had come for the worse, and a letter went to Jack, bidding him leave his pleasant, gay life and friends, and hurry back to that old house among the trees, where his little wife lay sick.

The autumn sun had set behind the yellow pines, the evening hung heavy and dull, as Captain Dashwood drove up under the trees to the roadside house.

In all those summer weeks which were past, Captain Jack had only seen his little invalid wife twice. When the days had been very long and hot, when London had been very dull and empty, Captain Jack had run down once or twice to the suburban house among the roses, and then he had been well satisfied with his wife's appearance; she was still thin and weakly, still very weak, and the doctor had no hope to give; but Captain Dashwood was no believer in doctors; they purposely deceived people, he said; they always made long faces and tried to make the worst of everything; and so he had turned a deaf ear to all their grave speeches; he had looked on the little gentle face, on the bright cheeks, and brighter lips; he had seen glad smiles on those red lips, and he couldn't realize to himself that the seal of death was over all that bright,

young beauty; he wouldn't allow himself to think of such things; but now when those summer days were nearly over, when the air was growing chill and damp, there went a letter to Captain Dashwood, telling him that the end was very near. Captain Jack was at Brighton; Lady Georgina and the Misses Dashwood were at Brighton; Lady Mary and Miss Foulkes were also there, and Brighton was very gay just then. But Jack, although he was such a thoroughly careless, thoughtless young man, still had some heart left, and much of the affection in that heart was still given to the little sickly lady whom he had vowed to cherish always, in sickness and in health; who just now required so much of that cherishing, and who was waiting, waiting ever for his presence, thinking always of him, breaking her poor, foolish little heart because he was away amusing himself at Brighton, instead of loving her and cherishing her as he had sworn to do one short year ago, in a little country church away in Wales.

The sun was quite hidden away when Jack, after his long journey, stood at last by the lounge sofa in the quiet drawing-room. Changed!—oh, how changed looked the soft sunny face! The colour was all gone from cheeks and lips; the far-off looking eyes had lost their lustre. Looking on her then, did Captain Dashwood doubt that which he had striven to doubt ever since the shadow had first fallen upon his London lodgings, months ago? No; here he was face to face with a great, terrible truth; and while he looked upon her his heart turned sick with fear; his voice failed him, and he couldn't

speak to her. In that old time, when he had knelt beside her in the country church, when he had made a vow to keep and cherish her, I think he had made the vow honestly, fully intending to be true to it; but he was wanting in the steadfast purpose—in the brave, honest faith which enables some men to hold to their vows always—never once forgetting them, or growing thoughtless of them; and so it was that now, looking upon her, Captain Jack was filled with a vain regret and remorse.

"Lily, darling," he said, as he sat beside her that evening, "we must make a change; we must go away somewhere for a while, to some warm country, you and I together; all will be well then."

But she said—

"No, dear; it is useless; things have gone too far; it would be quite useless now."

Then, filled with sorrow—great remorse and sorrow—he said, passionately—

"Don't speak so to me, Lily; don't upbraid me."

"Jack, I have never done that," she said.

But he answered her, hotly—

"Yes, you are upbraiding me, even now, in so speaking to me; you are telling me in those words that I should have thought of all this sooner; but I did think often, although I never spoke; I made that plan many weeks ago."

She didn't then ask him why he had never told his plan; she only said—

"Well, darling, never mind; don't worry yourself about it now. All that is past."

"No, it is not past. Lily, you must not think lightly of my plan. We may both be so happy if you will approve of it."

She shook her head—

"I think it is useless."

But he answered—

"If you love me, Lily, you will give in, in this. You will allow me to strive in this one way to atone for things of which I now repent very bitterly."

She didn't question him; she didn't want to ask him what those things were.

"If you wish it," she said, gently, "that is enough for me; let us go."

And so it was arranged that they should go. Jack spoke very hopefully of this going away, and there was hope in his heart too. One month in that warm land would set his little wife up again at once. He was sorry for what he had done; he repented much of his thoughtlessness. Then came another thought. In his impetuosity he had forgotten much. He had been building up new castles in the air; he had been dreaming new dreams; but while he did so he had forgotten his poverty, and how impossible it was that this far-away home could ever be made without some help. Three hundred a year—a much encumbered three hundred—out of which club subscriptions, small bets, and many little luxurious items had to be taken, left but a small income for housekeeping and other necessities, and there was nothing saved—nothing to turn to in this time of great need. Lady Georgina had been very firm; when Jack had gone to her in his trouble, asking her advice and help, she had held it back from him, she had told him that now his affairs were nothing to her, that he might go his own way, how he liked, but that in the future he was to look for no help or counsel from her. It was then that Captain Dashwood thought that he had indeed been very foolish in taking upon himself the great trust of Lily's life. It was then, when there seemed nothing to turn to, that he thought very bitterly of his folly. When he saw her—when he saw the change which those few weeks had made in her, then over and over again he told himself that there was but one chance left—a very small chance, but it must be taken and made the most of. If Lady Georgina would not come forward—if she still refused him the aid which was required to save Lily's life, then there was but one way open to him, and he had no choice, he must take it.

Captain Dashwood was not a proud man, he had none of that *mauvaise honte* which deters some men from asking or accepting favours at the hands of others, he was a man who took things very easily in a lazy indifferent kind of way, not troubling his head much about small matters. Going his way, accepting all the blessings of his life as a matter of course;

murmuring often over little ills, but never trying to bring them straight. When he had no money to pay for things he got into debt and his debts never troubled him much; but here was a case, new and urgent—here was an evil against which he must stand face to face—there could be no shirking or putting off—it was a case urgent and great, and still he hesitated.

Captain Jack was not a proud man, but there are some things against which any little spark of pride lying dormant will rise, and there are few, very few men, who have not got even this one little spark. He wanted help in this thing; he wanted money to carry out his plan, and he shrank from asking Mr. Fremantle to lend him that money, which he felt he might never be able to repay. Over and over again he thought of all this, he turned over in his mind a hundred ways by which it might be accomplished without any one's aid; but he could see no way out of it save one. That evening Jack overcame his pride: in the little sunny dining-room, after dinner, sitting opposite Mr. Fremantle, he began—he sipped a little claret, he peeled an apple, there was a long pause, and then he spoke.

"I think Lily is looking very ill, sir," he said, "very delicate, don't you think so?"

And Mr. Fremantle said "she is ill, very ill."

Again Jack paused, he took another sip of his claret, he pared his apple nervously.

"If I could have managed it," he said, "I should have liked to have taken her abroad for a while, but there's a difficulty."

"How do you mean?"

"Why this, sir, I haven't the means, I couldn't do it."

"Jack," and there was reproach in the voice, "why didn't you tell me all this before?"

"Sir, I didn't like to—it wasn't a thing of which I should have liked to speak, save in a great necessity."

"And now that the great necessity has come, now that it is well nigh too late, you come to me."

"I couldn't help it."

"Say rather you wouldn't help it; your pride wouldn't let you come to me, and tell me the whole truth; you have been much to blame, you have done great wrong in so acting."

Jack was silent, he had no answer to make.

"I have nothing now to live for but my children, what I have is theirs; we must manage this. God grant that it may not be too late, even now."

He paused, but Jack didn't speak, he only leant his head upon his hands and was silent.

"I think it may be well, even now, I think it may, I trust it may." He said it very softly, speaking to himself, as if trying to persuade himself that all was not as hopeless as it seemed to be. "A change may do great things with care, great care and watchfulness, I think, even now, all may be well."

Still Jack spoke not, he only sat there with his head buried in his hands, never stirring, speaking no words.

"I suppose there is nothing to prevent your going somewhere at once?"

"Nothing," Jack answered, raising his head; "she is my first object."

"There should be no delay."

"There shall be none if you will help me, sir."

"Of course I will." He said it a little bitterly; he felt deeply in this case; he felt that Jack had not acted well; he had kept from him the knowledge of the poverty which had prevented him giving Lily this last chance. "Of course I will. The one regret which I cannot help having is, that all this was not thought of sooner; you should not have been so careless, Jack; you should have been more thoughtful; when I gave her to you one short year ago, I gave you a very great treasure, one which I expected you to guard and cherish very faithfully."

"I have tried to do my duty towards her. If we have been unfortunate, it is not all my fault," Jack said. He was low-spirited on this first evening of his return; he was remorseful, too, for many things; his conscience was pricking him, as he remembered much carelessness, and he couldn't argue well.

"I will not speak of that which is past," Mr. Fremantle said, "let bygones be bygones. I think you are grieved about it all."

Jack didn't answer. He only bent his head lower; he never spoke.

"Let bygones be bygones. There

is still time ; you mustn't lose heart, Jack."

He said it kindly, for he saw how that head was bent remorsefully ; and in his kind heart he forgave him much ; he wouldn't upbraid him.

It was so that it was arranged that Lily and Jack should go away to that strange country of which Jack had thought some time ago.

CHAPTER LXIV.

IN SORRENTO.

ANOTHER month had gone. It was autumn, and the flowers were all faded and gone out of Aggie's garden near Cheltenham. In that peaceful old house there was a stillness and loneliness once again. Captain and Mrs. Dashwood were gone away to Italy, there to pass their winter, for Lily's sake, in the vain hope that in that sunny land new life might come to the poor delicate little lady.

In Sorrento, in one of the old-world palaces there, Jack had taken rooms, dingy, faded rooms ; but Lily was very happy in them. In the peaceful quiet of this new house, my poor weary little heroine was beginning to forget that past year of her life with all its changes and little troubles ; she was beginning to think that, after all, there was something to live for.

Jack was so kind to her in those days, so gentle with her, he gave up so much for her sake, preferring to be always with her. How different it all was ! Again and again Lily asked herself whether, after all, it had not been a blessing rather than a sorrow that she was so to fade away, leaving behind her so much love ; to fade away before things should change again, and Jack grow weary of always tending her and cherishing her.

That new home was a very pleasant one. Down below stretched a wide garden, green and bright ; orange trees and palms grew there, under the sunlight, marble balconies and terraces of stone, and far away the blue, blue sea. How glorious it all was ! How still the days were ! how warm and sunny, how blue the sky, how golden the sunsets, how sweet the scent of those Italian flowers, and how green and thick grew the vine leaves on the trellice work by the window ! It was a new, bright paradise to her, after the noise and dust and weary town life ; new life came into the faint heart, new colour lived

in the thin cheeks ; and Jack, watching anxiously, felt a load of despair lifted from his heart.

"Why, you are getting all right again, little woman, he said, gaily, sitting by her chair on the balcony, on one bright evening. "In a very little time we may return again to Old England with flying colours."

She smiled up at him.

"I hope so, dear."

And a little sigh stole out among the vine leaves.

Living, even in this new paradise, Lily couldn't shut out the thought that for her Jack was making a great sacrifice ; she knew how terribly he must miss his club, his billiards, his friends, and many things ; she couldn't help thinking that this new life must be a very short one, if she wished to preserve his love ; he would weary of it very soon, he would grow tired of her company, of the changeless, monotonous days ; and then, poor little soul, even in the midst of her new-found bliss, she prayed that the end might not be very far off.

From this new Italian home, letters went across the sea to those far away true hearts in England ; glowing happy letters Lily wrote home, and Aggie, reading them aloud to the old man, could picture to herself excitable, impulsive, childish Lily in her raptures of admiration over those skies and waters, those gardens and palaces ; she needed not to be told how fair all those things were, and how unutterably happy her little sister was in that strange land. Jack was there ; that was sufficient ; and with him came the brightness and the glory which made for that one poor deluded little soul a paradise in all things.

While my samt sat reading, in her gray eyes there came a mist, and a shadow ; looking onward always in her thoughtful way, she too could

picture those coming days when Jack would begin to weary of this new-found paradise; and thinking so, she told herself that when those days came, then for Lily the sunshine and the trees, and blue waters, and all that now looked so wonderfully bright and fair would be lost in darkness for ever and ever.

While Lily was living a new happy life, far away in Cheltenham, my saint was still in her old home unchanged; still looking onward into that new life which had not as yet begun for her. She had been engaged to Charlie for two months; the summer was gone; the short autumn days had come, and soon they were to be married; soon, very soon, Aggie must leave her peaceful home, her kind old father, her village friends, her school and choir, and begin a new life, with new interests and occupations, making for herself new friends in the Welsh home to which she was going.

But there was no uncertainty in her heart as she thought over all this; she had full confidence in herself; she knew that that new life would suit her well, bringing with it so many new occupations. She was such an energetic little girl, so persevering and long-suffering; looking away into the vale of years she saw so much of peaceful life, so many opportunities for doing good, and very often she prayed that when that time came she might not be found wanting in the strong earnest faith which now told her that of that coming time she might make such honest use.

Charlie had gone home to his manoir house at Llanaber. There were many little changes to be made before Aggie could take up her home there; it had been so long a bachelor's house—so long without a mistress. "I will make such great changes that no one will know the old rooms when I have done with them," Charlie had said to Agnes; but she had checked him, "No, no," she said, "you must make no changes for me, dear; you must leave that pretty faded drawing-room just as it is, just as I saw it first—books, and pictures, and everything; promise me this, Charlie."

And he asked "Why?" with surprise in his face.

"Because I don't like new things; I want to take my place quietly, without any fuss or change."

"What a sensible little thing you are," he said, smiling down upon her; "nine girls out of ten would have wanted everything new."

"I like the old things best," she said, "and so, you promise?"

"Do you really wish it?"

"Indeed I do, dear."

"Then it shall be as you like, my darling, in everything. I only want to please you."

Nevertheless, when Mr. Okedon went home in that autumn month, and saw how dull and worn out everything looked in the big lonely rooms, he did make some changes, but none in the pretty old-fashioned drawing-room. He had promised Aggie to leave all there as she wished, and his promises to her were all sacred to him. On his first evening at home Mr. Okedon had paced up and down on the terrace in the sunset after dinner, smoking and thinking. Already the trees were almost leafless, the flowers were gone, the roses and verbena were faded upon the house wall; it was chilly and damp as he walked up and down in the sunset—not a bright golden sunset, which streaks the sky with many colours, and mellow everything. It was a faint amber light slowly dying in the west.

"I am sorry that she should come home in the winter time," he said to himself. "I wish it could have been in summer, when the trees are all green, and the days are warm." He had paused, and leant against the stone balustrade, looking away towards the sea.

And while he looked over that wide view, above the leafless trees and silent fields, he thought of how short a time it was since he had last stood there thinking always of *her*. It had been summer then; everything had been bright and sunny, but there had been a doubt in his heart, which had prevented his seeing half the brightness. It was autumn now, but the doubt was gone; and so it was that, looking away towards the sea, he was able to tell himself that it mattered little whether with them it was either summer or winter; such things were of such very small account, they mattered not at all.

That night in his snugger, Charlie had his tea all to himself, with a snug little fire, and a kettle hissing and singing on the hob. And he wrote a letter to Aggie—his first love-letter. Most young ladies would have found that love-letter a very dull one. They would have looked for some little endearments, some tender renewing of vows and promises all made before, but they would have looked in vain, for Charlie didn't know how to write a love-letter. He began this his first one, "my dearest Aggie," and ended it, "Yours very affectionately." But Aggie thought none the worse of her lover, in that he wrote her only a very sensible long letter, all about rather dull things; but then they were things which interested them both, and she was perfectly satisfied.

When he had finished writing, Mr. Okedon carried his letter into the hall, and laid it on the table, so that it might not be forgotten, and then he returned to his snugger. He sat down and looked all round the room. He saw all the old pictures, and trophies, the bats and fishing rods, the half-coloured meerschau. All the old things just as he had left them, just as Aggie had seen them months ago, when she had stood there in the sunlight for the first time. Should he make any changes here, should he banish those old things? No; he thought not; he remembered all her words when she

had bidden him farewell in the roadside house near Cheltenham. He remembered how she had said, "I like the old things best;" and then he told himself that in this, as in all other things, her wishes should be as laws with him. "I will leave it as it is," he said. "I will make no alteration until she comes; she shall decide for me."

"I like the old things best." Over and over again Charlie thought of her while she had so spoken to him. He loved her so much the more, he thought her so sensible and good. So unlike all other girls, so wise in everything. And sitting there in his little lonely room, he felt that he had indeed secured to himself a treasure, richer, more valuable to him than all the treasures of many lands; one which would be ever to him as a jewel of great price without stain or flaw. All this he told himself sitting there on that autumn evening all alone; and thinking of her again and again, he told himself that he was very, very unworthy of such a blessing falling to his lot. What had he ever done, he asked himself, that God should be to him so very lavish of good things. But he would try, yes try, with his whole heart and mind, his whole soul and strength, so to prove himself worthy, that hereafter when the time of levelling and making even of all things should come, he might not be found wanting.

THE SCOTCH REFORM BILL.

THE Reform Bill of 1867 seems now safe, and to a Conservative Government belongs the credit of having satisfactorily disposed of one of the most exciting questions that in our day has perplexed the wisdom of Parliament. In the successive measures that they brought forward, the Whigs showed that they never realized the magnitude of the interests at stake, nor rose to that elevation of thought needful for final legislation. Their ideas being stereotyped they were unable to deal with it, except according to "the precedents." They looked at Reform in 1832 from a particular point, and have continued to look at it from much the same point ever since. That a crisis in our national history

had arisen seems never to have occurred to them. They were unconscious that other men, with fresher minds and broader views, were moving in the political world. Lord Derby was known to have courage, but it needed daring like that of a forlorn hope so to grapple with the subject as to give him even a chance of success. Such daring he has abundantly exhibited. The huge bladder ticketed "Reform" has been pierced, and the wind let out, and still without Peterloo or Birmingham, order reigns. The truth is, the agitators have to some extent been taken at their word, and the completeness of their discomfiture is irresistibly comic. The franchise has been transferred, as they

asked, from a brick-and-mortar, a mere rental qualification that really expressed nothing, and in different districts was of very variable value, to one of a personal character—payment of rates,—one that from the nature of the case must be uniform in its operation, and which connects the exercise of political privilege with the discharge of social obligations.

We wish at present particularly to say a few words on the Scotch Bill, which was introduced to the House, but may remain over until next session. It was intended to be substantially a copy of the English Bill, but had certain features peculiar to itself. It proposed to add, for instance, seven new members to the existing representation. Scotland, we think, has a right to this increase. At present England returns 500 members, Ireland returns 105, and Scotland 53, making up the magic 658. Were population to be taken as the basis of representation Scotland would be entitled to 70. Were revenue from taxation taken, the case would be still more favourable for Scotland. The number of members secured to Scotland by the Articles of Union was 45, while the Reform Bill of 1832 added eight more. What has been done once may be done again. Besides, if that union is to be regarded as a reality, so that the two countries have now no interests except what are identical, each being an integral portion of the one kingdom of Great Britain, as much so as are the counties lying north and south of the Thames or of the Humber, then it is evident that there should be no longer any distinction drawn between Scotch and English members, and that Scotland has a valid claim to a considerable increase of her representation. Bacon's great speech in the House of Commons, on the naturalization of the Scots, had pointed out, not merely the political necessity of that union, which was not effected for so many years later, but the manifold social benefits that would result from it, and with our experience of the accuracy and fulfilment of his predictions, why should we not acknowledge the indebtedness by gratifying our neighbours? The Ministerial measure might therefore, we think, have gone somewhat further in this direction

than it did. And then if the character of the electors is at all to be looked at, the claim of Scotland is greatly strengthened. Its constituencies are most reputably free from such bribery as has polluted so many of the English boroughs, and are unacquainted with such scenes of violence and intimidation as we are humiliatingly familiar with in Ireland.

The proposal to grant representatives to the Scottish universities meets a cry that their graduates have of late years been raising. It seems a fair thing that universities north of the Tweed should have equal privileges with those south of it. It seems a gracious thing that an educational guild or corporation should possess the power of thus honouring its own distinguished sons. "In the ambition of a public man," writes Mr. Hepworth Dixon, "there is nothing more pure than the wish to represent in Parliament the university at which he has been trained; nor is there for the scholar and the writer a reward more lofty than the confidence implied in the votes of a great constituency of scholars and gentlemen." These considerations have an air of plausibility, but as reasons for a political measure are worthless. Until 1858, when the present Ministers gave them popular constitutions, Scotch universities had not even the materials for a constituency, their alumni having no voice whatever in their government.

The new constituency is to consist of members of the general council in each university, that is to say graduates who pay annually a small registration fee, and the possessors of certain degrees, such as M.D., M.B., LL.B., &c. Now, we venture to say, and we speak not without book, that he will be a wise man who can form any reliable opinion as to the extent of this constituency. So absolute is the ignorance on this point that Mr. M'Laren was compelled to ask in the House for returns upon the subject. We dare say that in a year or two's time, and by dint of incessant correspondence, the university registers will come to contain tolerably correct lists, but in the meantime there is no possible mode of ascertaining the residences or even the existence of a large portion of those

whom it is proposed to enfranchise, except by personal application to their last-known address. As to the probable political views of those electors so little is known that already the names of three gentlemen, one a strong Conservative, another a Liberal Conservative, and the third an advanced Liberal, have been mentioned as likely to solicit the suffrages of the Edinburgh and St. Andrew's universities. Surely there must be uncertainty when such reports are possible. Nor can we really see any advantage from this enfranchising. Under the proposed county and borough franchises, with scarcely an exception, these persons, if they have it not at present, will receive a vote in their respective localities, and we are utterly unable to see any reason for conferring on them a second vote. We should certainly consider this graduation franchise one of those fancy proposals whose abolition is more to be desired than their enactment.

In the Scottish burghs the franchise was to be assimilated to that of England—a rate-paying qualification for occupancy, guarded by a residential clause. Till lately rates were levied in many Scotch burghs, not on rental, but on income or “means and substance;” and as in Greenock at least such is still the mode, some clause will probably be introduced into any bill to meet such cases; otherwise there will be there household suffrage pure and simple. In most Scotch burghs the rates due on houses under £4 of rental are paid, not by the tenant, but by the landlord, so that here is a line below which, as a rule, the franchise may be said not to go. What might be the aggregate number enfranchised is somewhat disputed; but we are perfectly willing to admit that it will be very considerable. The possession of the franchise will be a powerful instrumentality for evoking and cultivating popular thought. Undoubtedly, the calculations of electioneering agents will in many places be sadly interfered with, and local attorneys, to whom contested elections are golden harvests, may find their profits lessened. But this Reform agitation out of the way, social questions at present comparatively in abeyance will receive the attention they urgently need. And yet

we have little idea that this extension of the suffrage will be followed by any great change in the House of Commons, even as to its *personnel*. The conditions of society in America are so different that no inference can be drawn from that country at all applicable to our own. In America there is a population that more, perhaps, than any other on the earth is given to change and shift their residences, while there is at the same time a ceaseless influx from all countries of most heterogeneous elements. An American Ward Committee has very different material to deal with from an English Committee, and can influence it too often only by considerations to which our experience affords no parallel. We have no cargoes of ignorant emigrants unexpectedly arriving on the voting day, and going straight from the ship-side to the polling-booth, swearing that they are naturalized citizens of the great Republic. Nor have we much domestic migration. There is a permanency—a fixity—about our social circumstances wholly unknown beyond the Atlantic. With us, for the most part, men live and die in the country town in which they were born, or on the estate on which they were brought up. Our county families have been resident in their present localities for centuries, and the tenantry in many cases for no shorter period. Personal, social, and political ties have thus been formed, that no change in the political standing of those tenants will ever appreciably affect.

It is most unlikely that the burgh representation of Scotland will be at all affected. Its members are already more or less advanced Liberals in their sentiments, and in some cases have given the Government invaluable aid in passing the English bill. Did they anticipate any such overturn of present arrangements as some have predicted, it is not to be supposed that they would have voted as they have done. By the proposed bill, Glasgow would be divided, and receive an additional member for its southern division. Why not two?—for its southern constituency will be but little less than its northern, especially as several towns at present voting in their counties are to be added to it. Edinburgh is clamorous for a third

member—on what ground we can hardly see ; but Aberdeen and Dundee have each good ground for asking the Government to increase the number of their representatives.

The present county franchise in Scotland is a £50 occupancy, and a £10 ownership—the freeholders who were spared by the bill of 1832 being a mere handful, and rapidly dying out. This occupancy qualification will of course be reduced to that which has been decided on for England, while the ownership might safely and wisely, we think, be made something like the well-known forty-shilling freehold, for a Scotch feu is practically an English freehold. Such a reduction would add but a small number of names to the electoral roll, for entails are too numerous in Scotland to allow of many such properties, yet they would be names whose presence would be specially desirable. Men who own real property of so small an extent are generally men rising in the world, and who, having something to lose, frequently exercise a very wholesome influence over their less thrifty neighbours.

Though few constituencies are as respectable as those of the counties of Scotland, yet there is one great blot on their escutcheon, in the fagot votes that prevail in some of them. In the interests of morality we trust that some provision will be agreed on which may break up this organized system of fictitious ownerships and tenancies. We speak on this point the more emphatically, because if we can point to one county in the west where it notoriously exists, the Whigs can with equal ease point to one in the east where it is said to prevail. If men really wish to put down wrong-doing, here is an evil to be remedied. We do not believe that the end ever justifies the means, or that an immoral act can be atoned for by a party gain of fifty votes. We therefore do not wish to see this system continued. Besides, this is a game that two can play at, and in the counties we refer to, do so ; while the chances are, that over all the net result to either side would be simply nil, the gain in one locality being met by a loss in another. Let that zeal for political purity which has so decisively punished offending English boroughs be now consistent with it-

self, and devise some remedy for Scottish immorality.

The Scotch mode of securing representation to small towns by grouping has only of late attracted anything like the notice its excellence deserves. The grouping proposed by the Government is, of course, only tentative, and does not seem to have met with much approval. We have no doubt, however, that, possibly before a bill for Scotland passes, such an arrangement will be come to as will be quite satisfactory. The formation of new groups might, we think, be carried to a much greater extent than has been done, say a dozen new ones, and with such an increase to the borough representation in addition to what has been proposed for the counties, the most ardent Scotchman might surely be satisfied. Such a proposal would render the enfranchising clauses a boon to many to whom otherwise they will be valueless, and while the urban elements in the counties would thus have a legitimate opportunity for action through these new burghs, the moral elements would remain not so completely overborne by foreign influence as in many places they are at present. These new constituencies might occasionally, it is true, return men strongly identified with certain social opinions, as in Aberdeenshire, where an eminent tenant farmer, a Conservative, has already announced his intention of seeking to represent the farming interest, especially in reference to such matters as the laws of hypothec, game, and entail. Possibly enough, in some of the burgh members we should have men holding strong opinions on matters altogether of a class nature, and though, according to our ideas, the House of Commons should be composed of members representing diverse interests, yet the presence of a few of a different character, and their number never could be great, would not sensibly affect its constitution ; and far better that such persons should be in that assembly, and have their views considered by men competent for the task, than that they should consort only with their mental inferiors, and a vague impression thus go abroad as to what they could do if only they had an opportunity. Give the fullest facilities, we say, for their having such an oppor-

tunity. We shall soon see a wondrous moderation in their language, and oftentimes such a modifying of their views as will lead one to ask whether they be the same men.

The bill proposed for Scotland, and representing the desires and intentions of the Government and Conservative party, will give such opportunities.

SKETCHES IN STOCKHOLM.

It is but natural that the inhabitants of the British Isles should continue to feel a lively interest in Scandinavia past and present. The greatest scourges ever endured by England and Ireland were inflicted on them by Danes and Norwegians with some help from the Swedes. If Mr. Worsae's assertion be correct—viz., that we are indebted to them for much of our civilization, he himself must grant that they made us pay an exorbitant price for the article. They left the marks of their hands and heads with us. They or their relations in West Germany, left us names for the days of the week, and only for some of their learned folk we would know little at this day of the mythology of the Northern nations of Europe.

For many centuries, with the exception of a trifling tiff or two arising from misconception, they and we have been at peace, a mutual attraction pleasantly arising from the industrious and sea-faring propensities of both peoples, and the affinity of their languages. The honest, unassuming, and courageous character of the Northern men is calculated to win the esteem of their southern neighbours and distant relatives. We say relatives, as a very considerable number of her Majesty's subjects are the descendants of these Scandinavians, who paid us very unwelcome visits from the eighth to the tenth century.

THE LITERARY LADIES OF STOCKHOLM.

It was only within the quarter of a century just finished that we began to be interested in Scandinavian literature, and to translate the poetic or prose fictions of Dane or Swede, Norwegian works being still neglected. The Howitts in 1842 risked the apparently unpromising venture of a translation of the "Neighbours" of Miss Fredrika Bremer. A reasonable degree of success encouraged them to

translate and publish other works of the same lady, but they soon received annoyance from the haste of some literary interlopers to draw profit from the same source. The Swedish lady afterwards endeavoured to protect her good friends and first English chaperons by sending them the proof sheets of her forthcoming works.

Mdlle. Fredrika Bremer though entirely associated by residence and literary fame with Stockholm, was a native of Abo in Finland, where she was born in 1802. She was removed to Sweden at an early age, and she afterwards spent some years in Norway in the house of her friend the Countess Sommerhjelm. Her latter years were divided between Stockholm and her country seat at Asta, in the neighbourhood of that city. She composed verses at the age of eight years, but her first venture into print did not occur till 1829. Her works both novels and travels are too many for notice in this short article. In her *Hertha* she endeavoured to improve the condition of her countrywomen, but not with the good will of the Swedish lords of creation, and a clamour was raised against her. Good however arose from the excitement. Her life was a tissue of kindnesses shown to the ignorant and destitute. Her death took place in the Christmas Holidays of 1865. She deservedly possessed the esteem of the highest society in Stockholm including the Royal Family.

The success of Miss Bremer's novels in their English form induced the eminent publishing firm which had made the venture to bring another Swedish lady before the public, the work selected being the *Rose of Thistleton* (Thistle Island). This was one of the most characteristic novels of Mdlle. Emilie Carlen, whose best works exceed Miss Bremer's in vigour and in depicting the passions and the hard realities of life.

Mdlla. Emilie Schmidt, born at Stockholm, 1810, had for first husband the musician Flygare. The union not bringing happiness, a divorce occurred, and our authoress was subsequently married to M. J. G. Carlen, a poet of some eminence, as well as a lawyer. She has not neglected the care of her family, though much occupied in writing. Her works are numerous, the most powerful in our opinion being the "Rose of Tistelön." Her "Events of a Year" is a very interesting story. A newly married pair, influenced by pique or misconception, come to the resolution on their marriage day to live a year in the same house, and be divorced when it comes to an end. This it seems can be easily done in Sweden without inflicting any blame on either party. Being thus thrown into each other's society, and yet not really living as a married pair, they find out each other's good qualities, and dread the day which shall see them separated. Either is, however, too proud to acknowledge the fact, and two fond hearts will probably be made wretched for life. The "Capricious Woman" is a domestic story, full of feeling, and possessing deep interest. We have counted about a score of her works translated into English, French, German, &c. There is no necessity of sketching the career of Andersen, the Dane, or cataloguing his works, as he has long become an English household word.

Miss Bremer and the Howitts, being bound to each other by many mutual good offices, Miss Margaret Howitt received a pressing invitation from the Swedish lady to pay her a long visit. The young lady willingly complied, arrived in Stockholm in October, 1863, and remained with her good-natured hostess for a twelve-month. During this time she took careful notice of the city and surrounding country, studied the society into which she was thrown, and the peculiarities of the literary and other remarkable characters, observed the manners, dress, and dispositions of the populace in the market-places and in their families, and studied the institutions established to relieve

the indigent or forward the education of young people unprovided with means. Since the death of her friend she has published the results of her observations in two handsome volumes,* whose contents we shall freely use in this article.

KITCHENS AND MARKETS IN STOCKHOLM.

To the curious concerning the domestic economy of literary celebrities it will be interesting to know that Miss Bremer, though in good circumstances and the proprietress of a country residence, dwelt on the third floor of a corner house, single families occupying flats, as in Scottish cities. Miss Howitt was accommodated on a lower floor, but till her apartment was prepared she was obliged to pass through the proprietress's kitchen, which, as well as its mistress, she thus describes—

"As I pass through the little kitchen, I see a small fire of birch logs piled on one corner of the red brick altar-like stove, on which some food is about to be cooked. Were it not so there would be no fire, and a curtain would be drawn across, giving the idea of an English four-post bed. As for Fru Knutsson herself, she is a good-tempered, black-haired widow, clean in her house, but wholly untidy in her person. She tramps about her dwelling in a black jacket which can hardly contain her fat frame, a short green woollen skirt, over an enormous hoop, which, when she sweeps in and out of a room, exposes her sturdy feet and ancles in white knitted stockings and druggel slippers, down at the heel. She is the mother of two compact little lads, like small men, in coats and trowsers, and the eldest with ear-rings in his ears."

From the kitchen to the market the road is easily found in all towns. Miss Howitt, young lady though she be, is evidently a good housekeeper, from her remarks on the street traffic. She found the folk of Stockholm as partial to a certain kind of bread called *knäckebröd*, as some humorous French writer describes the Bretons to be of *galette*. Even Miss Bremer, when in America, missed it sadly. To her country people it is one of the chief essentials of life. There are bins of it standing daily in the market of Stockholm.

* Twelve months with Fredrika Bremer in Sweden. By Margaret Howitt. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

"It is a thin kind of bread, quite brown and crisp, pricked all over, and very like our north country clap bread in appearance, size, and thickness, except that it has a hole in the middle, by which it is strung in piles."

Fir twigs fill the part of our heath brooms. They are soon worn, hence when you remark the *jung fru* (ordinary servant girl) or *piga* (maid of all work) returning from market, you will seldom miss the fan-like besom. You will know the *piga* by seeing the cotton kerchief tied on her head. The *jung frus* frequently wear black silk handkerchiefs on their heads, and would be affronted if taken for a *piga*. No: she must be called "Mamsell Bremer's or Madame Carlen's *jung fru* (young lady)!"

It is not easy to understand the economy of their ceremonial titles. Formerly the King's daughter was only a *Fröken*, and a young lady of rank a *Jung fru*: now a lady of noble family is *Fröken*, and a young lady of less pretensions a *Mamsell*. The laundress and charwoman are addressed as *Madam*, the shopkeeper and the lodging-house keeper as *Fru*. The madams of the market usurp the higher title *Fru* when addressing each other.

The former condition of Swedish women who look on such privileges as the following with welcome, could not have been very brilliant.

A widow, a wife separated from her husband, or a citizen spinster, has the right of selling articles made in her own workshop, or of carrying on the business of baker, butcher, or brewer, on the conditions of her having partaken of the Holy Communion, of her being of age (25), having a good character, being able to read, to write legibly, and to work the common rules of arithmetic. A woman married, or even single if of age, who can produce a certificate of knowledge of the Christian faith, may freely carry on the trade of milliner, dealer in old clothes, mar-

ket-woman, tobacconist, or haberdasher.

Returning to our market we find on a line with the *Knäckebröd* bins, stalls with hot coffee, rusks, and little loaves. These are on one side of the middle thoroughfare, and facing them on the other side are "meat-stalls" and hundreds of shabby little milk carts containing large brown metal and tin-plate pails of milk and cream, each vehicle drawn by a shaggy stout dun-coloured horse, and watched over by a buxom country-woman.

"The quantity of rich, excellent milk and abundant cream brought daily into Stockholm," is truly astonishing. (Would that the city were in the centre of London or Dublin!) The fact is that nobody dreams of anything else but thick cream with their coffee; and men, women, and children drink tumblers of milk during the day in a style suited to nothing but a farm-house in England, and not even there. Milk also forms a great ingredient in cooking. For instance, a not uncommon soup is milk boiled with sweet almonds and fine sugar, and eaten with sweetened bread. Then there is no end to the various kinds of porridge composed of, or eaten with milk, which take the place of puddings and other milk dishes. Dairy men or women must drive a thriving trade in Stockholm."

The Swedish baskets are square in form and made of birch bands. You will see a Dalecarlian peasant with his long sheepskin coat, the wool being on the inside, and appearing as a fringe at the bottom, selling these baskets to the various market people. His wife and daughters are skilful in hair work, and produce elegant devices. They carry about little birch boxes containing these hair rings and hair bracelets. Some of the strong young women from the *Dales* hire as gardeners' assistants, and dig, plant, roll, or prune. Having saved money they often return to their Dalecarlian homes, and again reappear in Stockholm with their bridegrooms. You will see a young Dale woman on a Sunday in her wide chemise-sleeves gathered at the wrist,

* The city is said to derive its name from the following circumstance. Birger Regent of the Kingdom in the 13th century threw a log into the river which enters the estuary, determining to build a city on the island whose shore would arrest its progress. One of the three principal islands on which the city stands, had the good luck, and got the name Stockholm, which means Stick Island.

bodice of tan-coloured leather, black or blue cloth petticoat, loose red stockings resembling bad fitting trousers, and long apron with its startling stripes of green, scarlet, and orange. Their caps of various shapes are adorned with sidestreamers, and tassels of bright hues are fastened on various portions of their dress in a very arbitrary fashion. It must be a treat to see a couple of these coquettishly attired beauties taking a promenade, with a sheepish looking countryman attired in his long sheepskin coat and round hat walking between them. Sometimes the woolly coat is replaced by one of blue cloth, over a leather breeches and leather apron. Generally the Swedish children are attired in the same fashion as their parents and look like small men and women.

Miss Howitt was long before she mastered the principle of division of business in the shops. Where she purchased ribbons she could not procure sewing silk or pearl buttons. The man who supplies you with a hair brush, sends you streets away for a hair comb. The polite dealer in yarn of all kinds and colours, would stare at you if you asked him for a set of knitting needles; but why the man next door should keep together lamp oil, thread, tapes, and dried fish, is not so apparent. Crinolines find an asylum among fringe, pen-wipers, and heads of china dolls. Our young lady requested from a dealer the reason why his staple articles, viz., furniture and Cobb's tea mixture, should be species of the same genus, but he did not condescend to explain. There seems some arbitrary element in the bestowal of titles on the various emporiums. The baker calls his place of business a *brod-magasin*, the butcher dignifies his stall with the polite Gallic name, *vent*, but the more modest bookseller calls his place *boklada* (book box) or *bokhandel*. *Magasin*, *Fabric*, and *Handel* are names indifferently applied to ordinary shops. Troubles arising from formality in conversation are not less than those endured in shop-hunting. Miss Howitt says—

"Miss Bremer said to me the other day, 'I grew so tired in America of people asking me perpetual questions. We Swedes are not so inquisitive.'

"Ah, blessed Tante Fredrika, no Swede could possibly be so.

"Think only of having to say, 'Does the Commissary of the Revenue suffer from the cold of our climate?' 'Does the First Gentleman of the Bedchamber admire the writings of our poet So-and-So?' 'Does the rural dean's lady take sugar in the rural dean's lady's coffee?' In very desperation one must be silent."

Here is another difficulty. In writing, *NI* represents the second person plural, but in conversation is never used except to a person much below the speaker's station. A society was formed to carry the *ni* out of written into spoken language, but "alas, their *ni* became *nihil*."

The only escape from the "Mrs. Commissioner of Buildings and Public Ways" torture is by looking steadily at Mrs. Commissioner of &c., &c., &c., and saying, "Are the writings of Mr. So-and-So admired?" Or by glancing at the rural dean's lady, and saying, "Will sugar be agreeable?"

The number of Taylor Limetwigs, Joiner Villagebrooks, Glazier Elmleafs, Carpenter Heathhills, Shoemaker Troutbrooks, and Smith Fairstrands to be found in every street indicate that the dwellers in Swedish cities have a fine taste for nature in her varieties. Jenny Lind is simply Jane Lime-Tree. The number of little restaurants is wonderful, and indicate the quantity of restoration required by the people in this severe climate. That they are very moderate in terms may be inferred from Mamsell Sparrow's announcement that she will send out two good dinners for sixpence. The fare supplied is good and wholesome, consisting of cold meat, bread in many varieties, milk, cream, and coffee.

So far, our insight into Stockholm life is of a pleasant character. Miss Howitt, seeing no flaring gin-palaces, concluded that drinking spirituous liquors in large quantities was not a national institution. Alas! she soon found long black boards fastened by the sides of doors, on which were inscribed the names of sundry intoxicating drinks to be had within, such as *brännvin*, *rom*, *punsch*, *Cogniac*, &c. She did not see so much undisguised drunkenness as in Germany or England, but the quantity of swearing that came to her ears was of mighty

dimensions. The ladies content themselves with milder adjurations to the heavenly powers. Still, even in this mitigated form, it looks like taking holy names in vain.

We have seen a romance with the taking title, "The Curse of Ulrica, or the White-Cross Knights of Riddarholmen," written by the late Mr. Cash of Dublin, who spent some part of his life in Stockholm. If the contents squared with the title it must have been invested with much sensational interest. Miss Howitt conducts her readers among the monuments of the old church of this "Knight's Island," where the ashes of so many kings rest since the time of Birger Jarl who founded Stockholm. North of this island extends the fashionable *Normalm* (north suburb) the Belgravia of Stockholm.

A FAMILY ROMANCE.

Our fair traveller found among Miss Bremer's circle a certain Baron Wrede, in whose family took place the strange circumstance about to be related.

Henry Wrede, his ancestor, in a battle fought with the Poles in 1505, saved his sovereign's life by the sacrifice of his own. The grateful king settled a large estate in Finland on the widow and her children, and it remained in the possession of their descendants till the time of the great grandmother of the present baron, when upon some emergency the sight of the deeds being demanded, they could not be found. The estate was sequestered, and the lady mentioned was reduced to make gloves for the support of her family. She was an excellent woman, and had her reward even in this life. She dreamed that the documents were in a building in Stockholm, occupied by the family of the De la Gardies. Three times the dream was repeated before her husband, at her instigation, proceeded to the building which is now an almshouse (Square of Carl. XIII.). He found it unoccupied and to be let. He entered, and examined every room from cellar to garret without success. Arrived at the highest stage,

and having inspected every likely nook, he was about quitting in despair, when thrusting his arm up into a stove-funnel he grasped a bundle of papers, and among them was discovered the identical royal grant.

DEERPARKE, POETS, AND ROYAL PERSONAGES.

The Djurgard (Deer Park) is the Hyde Park and Phoenix Park of Sweden, but somewhat wilder and more diversified by rocks and commons. There the national poet, Bellman (appropriate name) often sung his unpremeditated lays. We quote Miss Howitt's remarks concerning him.

"Bellman, one of the greatest improvisatori that ever existed, the favourite of court and country, during his joyous lifetime, and to the present day the delight of his native land, loved the Djurgard, and sang here his merry improvisations. His bust, backed by a little circle of trees, stands therefore suitably in this place of Swedish resort of amusement and relaxation, and we will hope that the nectar of fresh nature may now serve instead of the champagne and brandy which he lauded in his verses.

"As we stood by the bust of this remarkable man, this combined Pindar and Anacreon, as the Swedes say, I could not but recal the scene of his death in the heyday of his life and success. It was night, and his friends were gathered round him, when under an irrepressible flow of inspiration he poured forth his song, first praising God for his gladsome existence in this glorious North, then turning to each of his friends, sang a parting farewell, and all to a different tune and metre corresponding to their character. As the day broke his friends implored him to cease; but flushed with enthusiasm he cried, 'Let me die as I lived,' and went on singing. So his life closed (would it had been with hymns and prayer!)."

Miss Howitt speaks with much respect and regard of the Royal Family. Carl. XV., son of Oscar and grandson of Bernadotte, a tall, striking-looking man with dark hair and beard, is both painter and poet. His father was given the fine old Gaelic name from a wish on the part of Bernadotte and his wife to compliment the First Consul,* who was his godfather, and for whose return from Egypt the christening was deferred from July to October. The present

* Napoleon I. was an enthusiastic admirer of the *Ossian* of MacPherson. Osgur was noted among the Fians for prowess and magnanimity.

Royal Family of Sweden are thus connected with the Imperial Family of France. King Oscar married Josephine's grand-daughter, the present Queen-Dowager. She is consequently first cousin to Napoleon III. She is also niece to Ludwig, Art King of Bavaria.

THE STOCKHOLM WORKERS FOR GOOD.

A considerable portion of Miss Howitt's interesting and well-intentioned volume is devoted to the subjects of the amelioration of the women of Sweden and the well-being of the poor. She of course admires Fröken Esselde, a lady of noble birth and of influence, who in conjunction with the wife of a professor in Upsala, edits and upholds the *Home Magazine*, a journal devoted to the good objects just named. These ladies and their coadjutresses hold up the English institutions as in all respects worthy of imitation. They pity the condition of the Swedish girls, who—while their brothers “play out in the snow, skate, and enjoy their little sledges, thus having a great deal of open-air exercise—are shut up in hot rooms during the long winter, and grow up like hot-house plants having a great tendency to consumption.”

“People constantly say to me, ‘You Englishwomen walk amazingly.’

“The *Home Magazine* takes the trouble of describing English girls' skipping-ropes, battledores and shuttlecocks, and eloquently urges their introduction and use. To us they are as much a part of childhood as pinafores and thick bread and butter.”

One great object of the Magazine is to provide women with occupation as copyists, organists, telegraphists, —in fact with all employments suitable for the sex; it does not, we are persuaded, wish to convert Biddy Smith into “Rev. Biddelia Smythe, D.D.,” nor into the “Honourable Bridget Smith, Member of the House of Commons,” nor even into that eminent counsel Bride Smeeth, Esq., Q.C. Even as with ourselves, many a woman of intelligence is left to depend upon her own exertions, and it is for such as these that Fröken Esselde and her fellow-labourers exert their energies. Miss Bremer was a zealous co-operator with these ladies during her life. Another great object

with the *Home Magazine* is to induce the Swedish gentlemen to live within their incomes, for they are rather given to display though the country is poor. A family is considered well to do with an annual income of 6,000 riksdalers (£330). One thousand of these procure a respectable suite of apartments in a fashionable part of the city. “The gentleman of course requires his winter card and dinner-parties. The lady must have her silk dresses and other elegancies of the toilet, and what with one thing, and what with another, to say nothing of the children's education, the 6,000 riksdalers will not cover the annual expenditure. Men in this country cannot afford to marry while they are young, consequently there are many widows and children left unprovided for, where the bread-winning head of the family has been removed by death. This state of things, and the necessity which it produces of raising money by loan, are a great trouble to the *Home Magazine*.”

“Ah!” sigh these good ladies, “If these good Swedes would only leave off borrowing money, and so manage to live within their incomes, and have a little surplus to buy books instead of borrowing them also, what a different Sweden this might be!”

An eminent lady for goodness and practical work is Lotten Venberg, a former intimate friend of Miss Bremer's. This lady when young was the “darling of her rich father, the pet of the family, and naturally lazy, careless, untidy, and hasty in temper. Now she is the medium through which the Royal family and the rich of Stockholm bestow their alms. She is of stout bodily build, and an atmosphere of cheerfulness surrounds her. She penetrates into the poorest and worst disposed quarters, brings relief and makes conversions where the civil and religious authorities are equally ineffective. Even when young and subject to the faults mentioned, she possessed a feeling and tender heart.

FATHER WINTER IN HIS NORTHERN CAPITAL.

Entry in Miss Howitt's Journal.

“November 15. Old Father Winter has arrived in Stockholm from the North Pole. People put forth their hands, and greet him kindly. They have been making preparations for some time. If they loved him ever so fervently they could not do much more

for him. All kinds of skin outer garments, birch logs, and double casements are ready for him."

Vessels laden with birch logs are creeping through the islands, to supply provender for the stoves. The Dalecarlians are employed from the beginning to the end of the short day, sawing these logs into suitable sizes. The women bring down the inner casements from the garrets, and having done their best with moss and artificial flowers to make a cheerful show on the window seat (inside), they set the inner window frames in their places, secure them by tacks, and paste tasteful pits of paper round their edges, thus effectually securing against the entrance of the outer icy air. Rooms are doubly carpeted, additions of furs and thick soft garments made to the usual dress, and thus provision made against the intense cold of Stockholm. God help the poor!

Miss Howitt relates an anecdote learned from one of Miss Bremer's protégées, which illustrates the kindly nature of the Swedish people. It is customary for mutual good wishes to be expressed by all people, acquaintances or strangers, when they meet, as it is still in the country parts with ourselves. A countrywoman coming for the first time to Stockholm was not much incommoded by the frequency of the exercise till she approached the city, but—

"When she reached Nortullagatan, the business became more and more onerous. It was almost beyond her power to wish everybody good morning, and when she came to the top of Drottninggatan, and saw the throng of human beings on the pavement, she fairly stood still in amazement, and appalled at the task before her, exclaimed,—

"Nay never can I wish all these worthy folk good morning. So once for all I say, 'A happy good morning to all who walk on that side, and a happy good morning to all who walk on this side, and may it be forgiven me if I wish nobody else a good morning for the rest of the day!'"

In Stockholm, from the palace to the cottage, Christmas Eve is kept as described in *The Illustrated London News*, and in German stories, the fir tree hung with all sorts of presents, and lighted up with candles. Miss Bremer did not let the custom fall into desuetude. One of the gifts she

never omitted was a packet of candles, it being strictly the custom in her father's house to distribute candles to all the dependants of the family. On Christmas morning the churches are all brilliantly lighted, and the effect of the light on the rich chasubles of crimson velvet embroidered with gold, is very brilliant and striking. In country parts the families proceed from their houses provided with torches, arrive at their little churches about four o'clock, A.M., and fling their torches all into a heap on the outside. In the church which Miss Howitt attended, the congregation was a mass of sable relieved with pink, as black is the colour for solemn or grand occasions, the pink or carnation lights being the ladies' faces. Our high church folk should migrate to Scandinavia, climate and circumstances permitting, as rich vestments and a profusion of lights are essential to their comfort, Lutheran pastors and congregations being equally at home in such surroundings.

In the country parts of Ireland St. Stephen is, at least, honoured by hunting the wren and other helpless animals. In Sweden they take sledge excursions in his honour. Their mode is somewhat more rational as the saint they really wish to gratify is a St. Staffan, an early missionary, who used five well-groomed well-trained horses on his excursions. As soon as he found signs of fatigue in the animal he rode, he changed him for one of the others trotting before, or after, or beside him.

Miss Howitt was fortunate in enjoying her first ball in company with all that was celebrated, noble, or royal in Stockholm, king, queen, and prince, dancing with citizens and citizenesses, eating ices, walking round the room, and kindly conversing with all met on their course. The good king Carl not only dances with his lady-subjects, but if he hears of a fire he will be off, and help to extinguish it, as Peter the Great often did, three half centuries since.

WAR AND ITS PHANTOMS.

During the ensuing spring the greater portion of the people of Stockholm endured much mental suffering from the evil news arriving daily from the scene of the Danish war,

the brave little nation finding it out of the question to cope with the two big bullies, who have since belaboured each other so heartily. Very strange were the uniform visions which haunted the poor privates, as well as the officers during their unwilling retreat from their vainly trusted defence, the Dannewerk,—waking visions induced by fatigue and mental depression.

“‘I have scarcely,’ says Erik Bögh, from whom I quote, ‘conversed with a single person who took part in that unhappy retreat, all of whom, it must be remembered, had previously been exhausted by want of rest, of warmth, and of food, who had not experienced the same phenomenon. That however which astonished me most, was the remarkable analogy in the images presenting themselves to men of totally dissimilar constitutions and temperaments.’

“‘What can be the cause of the visions which appeared to the greater number of our worn-out soldiers, and which were generally of the same character, namely, interminable perspectives of splendid palaces and houses on both sides of the road? I have spoken to officers and privates, natives of towns and country places, and have learned that the same class of visions has appeared to all. In another respect I have also found out a remarkable coincidence, namely, that spite of the night being pitch dark, the palaces and buildings were bright as if seen by the clearest moonlight.

“‘Other visions have been of a still more fanciful character.

“‘One man appeared to be marching through incessant ranks of soldiers, who with arms presented filled both sides of the way; another saw innumerable white tents the whole length of the line; a third, a luxuriant summer landscape; a fourth, arcades of oriental lamps; a fifth, a complete illumination with crackers, rockets, and fountains of fire, as far as the eye could reach. It was always nearly the same object which presented itself, repeated in endless variations as a *Fata Morgana*, and the illusion was seldom of a painful or disagreeable character. Of the latter class of illusions I have only heard one or two instances.

“‘The first was from an officer who was obliged to employ whatever time he could spare from severe field duty, in writing and making calculations in figures. ‘By degrees,’ said he, ‘as the day darkened, and distant objects became indistinct, the white snow-covered plain raised itself perpendicularly on either hand like two immense sheets of paper, which were ruled as the pages of an account-book, the posts of the telegraph representing the vertical, and the wires the horizontal lines; and as I went on, becoming

ever closer and closer to each other, and at length crowded with names and figures, which in the fifth column, being all fractional, were enough to torment a man in the full use of his faculties to death, much more a poor wretch who felt himself on the eve of losing his senses altogether.”

“‘The pleasant visions must have been very exceptional under the circumstances. There are but few who cannot recall the disagreeable and distracting scenes and objects that presented themselves to them in dreams, when suffering in fever or mental inquietude. The following annoyance was a thoroughly natural one. It occurred to a poor private, Lars Jansen, or Jan Larsen, ‘who had been unusually exposed to hunger, cold, and night duty; and who was barely able by the extremest exertion of his will, to drag himself along in the ranks.’ He thus explained his wretchedness:—

“‘That which tormented me most was, that whichever way I turned my eyes, I saw nothing but great storehouses, from all the windows of which looked famished ware-housemen making faces at me, and singing, ha, ha, ha,—ha, ha, ha! just as is sung in the chorus of *Orpheus*. I heard this tune for more than four hours together, and though I talked to my comrades it was all the same;—still the terrible melody, ha, ha, ha! and the famished countenances made grimaces at me, keeping time to the hideous tune. It was more than mortal could bear.

“‘The effect of this excessive fatigue and anxiety was such, that many of the sufferers seemed nearly passing into mental aberration. There were some who for a time lost their memory to that degree that they neither knew whence they were coming, nor whither they were going. There were officers who were unable to state to what regiment they belonged; and I have heard one of the bravest among them acknowledge, that for half an hour he was in despair, feeling that in case of an attack he should be as much at his wits’ end as a drunken man.”

THE WHITE CAPS OF UPSALA.

The Swedish king, as we know, did not come to the aid of his Danish brother in his strait; but all the hearts in Sweden deeply sympathised with the suffering of their poor neighbours and kinsmen. The students from the University of Upsala came in their white college caps, and gave three concerts for the benefit of the sufferers. Accompanied by the enthusiastic populace they pro-

ceeded from the quay to the palace, and gave their opening serenade in its court. The king and his daughter-in-law came out and thanked them.

The concerts were given in St. Catherine's church, which affords accommodation to nearly 3,000 persons; and great was the crowding to get tickets, and great were the exclamations at their high price, two riksdalers. Two hundred students formed the choir; and thirty, acting as stewards, carried round deliciously cold water in glasses among the crowd during the intervals.

"When the two hundred voices burst forth, a thrill passed through my whole being; for unaccompanied by instrumental music, the voices themselves were like a grand organ, or well appointed orchestra. The programme contained the words of all the songs, fourteen in number. . . . They were principally in Swedish; but there were Danish and Norwegian, also a few German, and one French."

One was a version of the German students' lay—"Where is the German Fatherland?" Another detailed a bridal procession with its accompaniments of fine scenery, pastoral chorus, ringing of welcome by the church bells, &c. This was succeeded by a drum march. "These songs were followed by the sweetest little Folksongs, some Norwegian, which I wish I could give here, so full are they of the half mournful spirit of that strong earnest northern life." Great was the brotherly enthusiasm these concerts excited; they produced near £1,000 sterling.

"Of course there was nothing talked of for days afterwards but the young fellows, whose white caps flecking the yet wintry streets like sunshine, were a very pleasant sight. Wherever you went, you saw white caps, white caps calling on acquaintance, white caps seeing the lions of Stockholm, white caps driven out by their entertainers to places of resort, white caps mingled with the crowd to greet the spring appearance of royalty on Whitsun-eve in the customary drive to the Djurgard.

"There was but one shadow to the pleasant sunny picture of the visit of the white-caps, and that was the quantity of punch which many of them drank, and which certain wise and sober people mourned over considerably."

Madame Michaeli, the Swedish Prima Donna, also gave a concert for

the suffering inhabitants of Sonderberg, and Madame Normann, the celebrated violinist, gave her services, and enchanted the listeners by the sweet sounds of her instrument.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

However successful such exhibitions as these might turn out, the theatre is not at all the same object of interest which it is in Copenhagen. In the early part of the seventeenth century we hear of a learned Mesenius of the University of Upsal, who composed four dramas on subjects of Swedish history, which were acted by the students. They gave such pleasure that the student actors were invited to present them before the court.

"The people do not feel the stage as an essential part of their life. It was in keeping with this sentiment that when a lady, a friend of Tante Fredrika's, sent her two country maid-servants to the theatre, thinking to give them a pleasure, they quickly reappeared.

"You have surely not been to the theatre," said their mistress, surprised.

"Oh, yes, we went to the theatre, and sat there, till suddenly a curtain drew up, and some ladies and gentlemen began talking together; but as it was on family matters we felt we were intruding, and so came home."

The Swedes are naturally proud of their Jenny Lind. They even reverence her early friend and tutor, Lindblad (Lime-Tree Leaf), who may be still seen taking his walk through the streets.

"In 1837, Miss Agatha Bremer came to Stockholm in the autumn and was present at a performance by the pupils of the theatre. On her return she related how much she was struck and bewitched by the acting of a little girl as a beggar child. There was wit and genius in every movement. She threw herself heart and soul into the character, and put in droll inventions of her own, which were inimitable. There never was such an ingenious, saucy, fascinating, little beggar. Miss Agatha, who had a quick native perception of what was truly good, prophesied a great success for her. . . . Next year it was fulfilled."

Her country men and women value Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmid as much for her kind and charitable disposition as for her musical talents.

* *Aunt*, an expression of endearment.

FLITTINGS AND WEDDINGS.

During the month of June carts heavily laden with household furniture, including the baby's cradle and the canary and its cage, are leaving Stockholm. Everyone but such as are confined to the city by office or poverty flit to "some wooden shanty by the side of a pleasant creek, and amongst meadow lands and birch woods." Great folk flit of course, without the trouble of removing their furniture. The city assumes its work-day clothes. Flats lately in possession of families, are known to be unoccupied by the inner surface of the windows being whitewashed to exclude the sun's rays. Summer visitors see the capital of Sweden under a disadvantage.

Weddings, whatever forms they may assume in other countries, ought to be dreaded in Sweden. Such difficulties must be overcome, such turnings of houses topsy-turvy, and such confusion as introduces a union! Formerly a bride not incumbered with worldly goods, perambulated her neighbourhood, tapping with a switch at each door, but not going in; tow, wool, and hemp, were brought out to her. The bridegroom, furnished with a sack, quested for oats. A wedding in a well-to-do family was preceded by the "stowing away of goods and chattels in sheds and barns," and for weeks afterwards nobody knew where to find anything. The bride must not make any part of her clothing; every stitch introduces a tear. Her crown, adorned with a plume of feathers, high enough to sweep the

ceiling, belongs to the parish. She must wear it beginning to dance, though it is sure to fall off. If she can get the first sight of the bridegroom before the ceremony, she will be the master, especially if it is effected through a ring.

A canopy, represented by a shawl in some instances, is held over the pair during the marriage ceremony. When it is concluded the bride dances with the clergyman, and then with all the other men present; the bridegroom undertakes the same labour with the women. At weddings of plain folk, dishes of meat and fish, both flavoured with horse-radish, succeed each other from midnight till three o'clock in the morning. Every dish must be tasted, but vegetables are considered vulgar at these entertainments. Being fortified by this substantial refreshment, they are fitted to endure the fatigues of the ensuing dance. We rejoice at not being among the invited.

We are obliged to leave untouched several subjects of much interest; such as the rare literary treasures still preserved in the University of Upsal, a sketch of Finnish memorabilia, notices of several Swedish literary notabilities, &c. The young authoress being well disposed to see everything connected with Miss Bremer and her country in the best lights, there is a genial, cheerful, good-natured tone about her book, which, besides, shows its writer to possess great powers of observation, a disposition to put the best construction on matters, and a benevolent and religious spirit.

THE BROOK.

Two lovers, straying by a brook,
 Two pair of feet that slowly pace,
 Two earnest eyes, with passionate look,
 Bent on a young and blushing face.
 One eager voice that whispers low,
 The words so often said before,
 A willing ear that hears the vow,
 A heart that yearns for nothing more.
 One drooping form that strays alone,
 To watch the waters gleam and glide,
 To fancy that a lost love-lone
 Is mingling with its murmuring tide;
 To gaze into the stream and trace,
 What of the future it could show,
 Only to see one pale sad face,
 Reflected in the depths below.

LALU.

THE TENANTS OF MALORY.

BY J. S. LE FANU, AUTHOR OF "UNCLE SILAS," "GUY DEVERELL," "THE HOUSE BY THE CHURCHYARD," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLIII.

OLD FRIENDS ON THE GREEN.

TOM SEDLEY saw the Etherage girls on the green, and instead of assisting as he had intended, at the great doings in the town, he walked over to have a talk with them.

People who know Cardyllian remember the two seats, partly stone, partly wood, which are placed on the green, near the margin of the sea—seats without backs—on which you can sit with equal comfort, facing the water and the distant mountains, or the white-fronted town and old Castle of Cardyllian. Looking toward this latter prospect, the ladies sat, interested, no doubt, though they preferred a distant view, in the unusual bustle of the quiet old place.

On one of these seats sat Charity and Agnes, and as he approached, smiling, up got Charity and walked some steps towards him; looking kindly, but not smiling, for that was not her wont, and with her thin hand, in dog-skin glove, extended to greet him.

"How are you, Thomas Sedley? when did you come?" asked Miss Charity, much gladder to see him than she appeared.

"I arrived this morning; you're all well, I hope;" he was looking at Agnes, and would have got away from Miss Charity, but that she held him still by the hand.

"All very well, thank you, except Agnes. I don't think she's very well. I have ever so much to tell you when you and I have a quiet opportunity, but not now,"—she was speaking in a low tone;—"and now go and ask Agnes how she is."

So he did. She smiled a little languidly he thought, and was not looking very strong, but prettier than ever—so very pretty! She blushed too, very brilliantly, as he approached; it would have been very flattering had he not seen Cleve Verney walking quickly over the green toward the Etherage group. For whom was the

blush? Two gentlemen had fired simultaneously.

"Your bird? I rather think *my* bird?—isn't it?"

Now Tom Sedley did not think the bird his, and he felt, somehow, strangely vexed. And he got through his greeting uncomfortably; his mind was away with Cleve Verney, who was drawing quickly near.

"Oh! Mr. Verney, *what* a time it is since we saw you last!" exclaimed emphatic Miss Charity; "I really began to think you'd *never* come."

"Very good of you, Miss Etherage, to think about me."

"And you never gave me your subscription for our poor old woman, last winter!"

"Oh! my subscription? I'll give it now—what was it to be—a pound?"

"No, you promised only ten shillings, but it *ought* to be a pound. I think less would be *shameful*."

"Then, Miss Agnes, shall it be a pound?" he said, turning to her with a laugh—with his fingers in his purse, "whatever you say I'll do."

"*Agnes—of course, a pound,*" said Charity, in her nursery style of admonition.

"Charity says it must be a pound," answered Agnes.

"And *you* say so?"

"Of course, I must."

"Then a pound it is—and mind," he added, laughing, and turning to Miss Charity with the coin in his fingers, "I'm to figure in your book of benefactors—your golden book of saints, or *martyrs*, rather; but you need not put down my name, only 'The old woman's friend,' or 'A lover of flannel,' or 'A promoter of petticoats,' or any other benevolent alias you think becoming."

"'The old woman's friend,' will do very nicely," said Charity gravely. "Thank you, Mr. Verney, and we were so glad to hear that your uncle has succeeded at last to the peerage."

He can be of such *use*—you really would be—he and you *both*, Mr. Verney—quite amazed and astounded, if you knew how much poverty there is in this town.”

“It’s well he does not know just now, for he wants all his wits about him. This is a critical occasion, you know, and the town expects great things from a practised orator. I’ve stolen away, just for five minutes, to ask you the news. We are at Ware, for a few days, only two or three friends with us. They came across in my boat to-day. We are going to set all the tradespeople on earth loose upon the house in a few days. It is to be done in an incredibly short time; and my uncle is talking of getting down some of his old lady relations to act chaperon, and we hope to have you all over there. You know it’s all made up, that little coldness between my uncle and your father. I’m so glad. Your father wrote him such a nice note to-day explaining his absence—he never goes into a crowd, he says—and Lord Verney wrote him a line to say if he would allow him he would go up to Hazelden to pay his respects this afternoon.”

This move was a suggestion of Mr. Larkin’s, who was pretty well up in election strategy.

“I’ve ascertained, my Lord, he’s good for a hundred and thirty-seven votes in the county, and your lordship has managed him with such consummate tact that a very little more will, with the Divine blessing, induce the happiest, and I may say, considering the disparity of your lordship’s relations and his, the most *dutiful* feelings on his part—resulting, in fact, in your lordship’s obtaining the absolute command of the constituency. You were defeated, my Lord, last time, by only forty-three votes, with his influence against you. If your lordship were to start your nephew, Mr. Cleve Verney, for it next time, having made your ground good with him, he would be returned, humanly speaking, by a sweeping majority.”

“So, Lord Verney’s going up to see papa! Agnes, we ought to be at home. He must have luncheon.”

“No—a thousand thanks—but all that’s explained. There’s luncheon to be in the town-hall—it’s part of the programme—and speeches—and

all that kind of rubbish; so he can only run up for a few minutes, just to say, ‘How do ye do?’ and away again. So, pray, don’t think of going all that way, and he’ll come here to be introduced, and make your acquaintance; and now tell me all your news.”

“Well, those odd people went away from Malory”—began Charity.

“Oh, yes, I heard, I think, something of that,” said Cleve, intending to change the subject, perhaps. But Miss Charity went on, for in that eventless scene an occurrence of any kind is too precious to be struck out of the record on any ground.

“They went away as mysteriously as they came—almost—and so suddenly”——

“You forget, Charity, dear, Mr. Verney was at Ware when they went, and here two or three times after they left Malory.”

“So I *was*,” said Cleve, with an uneasy glance at Tom Sedley, “I *knew* I had heard something of it.”

“Oh, yes,” and they say that the old man was both mad and in debt.”

“What a combination!” said Cleve.

“Yes, I assure you, and a Jew came down with twenty or thirty bailiffs—I’m only telling you what Mr. Apjohn heard, and the people here tell us—and a mad doctor, and ever so many people with strait waistcoats, and they surrounded Malory; but he was gone!—not a human being knew where—and that handsome girl, wasn’t she quite *bee-au-ti-ful*?”

“Oh, what everyone says, you know, *must* be true,” said Cleve.

“What do *you* say?” she urged upon Tom Sedley.

“Oh, I say ditto to everyone, of course.”

“Well, I should think so, for you know you are quite desperately in love with her,” said Miss Charity.

“I? Why, I really never spoke to her in all my life. Now if you had said Cleve Verney.”

“Oh, yes! If you had named *me*. But, by Jove, there they go. Do you see? My uncle and the mayor, and all the lesser people, trooping away to the town-hall. Good-bye! I haven’t another moment. You’ll be here, I *hope*, when we get out; *do, pray*. I have not a moment.”

And he meant a glance for Miss

Agnes, but it lost itself in air, for that young lady was looking down, in a little reverie on the grass, at the tip of her tiny boot.

"*There's* old Miss Christian out, I declare," exclaimed Charity. "Did you ever *hear* of such a thing? I wonder whether doctor knows she's out to-day. I'll just go and speak to her. If he doesn't, I'll simply tell her she's *mad*!"

And away marched Miss Charity, bent upon finding out, as she said, all about it.

"Agnes," said Tom Sedley, "it seemed to me you were not glad to see me. Are you vexed with me?"

"Vexed? No, indeed!" she said, gently, and looking up with a smile.

"And your sister said"—Tom paused, for he did not know whether Charity's whisper about her not having been "very strong" might not be a confidence.

"What does Charity say?" asked Agnes almost sharply, while a little flush appeared in her cheeks.

"Well, she said she did not think you were so strong as usual. That was all."

"That was *all*—no great consequence," said she, with a little smile upon the grass and sea-pinks—a smile that was bitter.

"You can't think I meant that, little Agnes, *I* of all people; but I never was good at talking. And you *know* I did not mean that."

"People often say—I do, I know—what they mean without intending it," she answered, carelessly. "I *know* you would not make a rude speech—I'm sure of that; and as to what we say accidentally, can it signify very much? Mr. Verney said he was coming back after the speeches, and Lord Verney, he said, didn't he? I wonder you don't look in at the Town-hall. You could make us laugh, by telling all about it, by-and-bye—that is, if we happen to see you again."

"Of course you should see me again."

"I meant this evening; to-morrow I'm sure we should," said she.

"If I went there; but I'm not going. I think that old fellow, Lord Verney, Cleve's uncle, is an impertinent old muff. Everyone knows he's a muff, though he is Cleve's uncle; he gave me just one finger

to-day, and looked at me as if I ought to be anywhere but where I was. I have as good a right as *he* to be in Cardyllian, and I venture to say the people like me a great deal better than they like him, or ever will."

"And so you punish him by refusing your countenance to this—what shall I call it?—gala."

"Oh! of course you take the Verney's part against me; they are swells, and I am a nobody."

He thought Miss Agnes coloured a little at this remark. The blood grows sensitive and capricious when people are ailing, and a hint is enough to send it to or fro; but she said only—

"I never heard of the feud before. I thought that you and Mr. Verney were very good friends."

"So we were; so we *are*—Cleve and I. Of course, I was speaking of the old Lord. Cleve, of course, no one ever hears anything but praises of Cleve. I suppose I ought to beg your pardon for having talked as I did of old Lord Verney; it's petty treason, isn't it, to talk lightly of a Verney, in Cardyllian or its neighbourhood?" said Sedley, a little sourly.

"I don't know *that*; but I dare say if you mean to ask leave to fish or shoot, it might be as well not to attack them."

"Well, I shan't in your hearing."

And with this speech came a silence.

"I don't think, somehow, that Cleve is as frank with me as he used to be. Can you imagine any reason?" said Tom, after an interval.

"I? No, upon my word—unless you are as frank to him about his uncle, as you have been with me."

"Well, I'm *not*. I never spoke to him about his uncle. But Shrapnell, who tells me all the news of Cardyllian while I'm away"—this was pointedly spoken—"said I thought that he had not been down here ever since the Malory people left, and I find that he was here for a week—at least at Ware—last Autumn, for a fortnight; and he never told me, though he knew, for I said so to him, that I thought he had stayed away, and I think that was very odd."

"He may have thought that he was not bound to account to you for his time and movements," said Miss Agnes.

"Well, he *was* here; Mrs. Jones was good enough to tell me so, though other people make a secret of it; *you* saw him here, I dare say."

"Yes he *was* here, for a few days. I think in October, or the end of September."

"Oh! thank you. But as I said, I had heard that already from Mrs. Jones, who is a most inconvenient gossip upon nearly *all* subjects."

"I rather like Mrs. Jones; you mean the 'draper,' as we call her? and if Mr. Verney is not as communicative as you would have him, I really can't help it; I can only assure you for your comfort that the mysterious tenants of Malory had disappeared long before that visit."

"I know perfectly when they went away," said Sedley drily.

Miss Agnes nodded with a scarcely perceptible smile.

"And I know—that is, I found out afterwards—that he admired her, I mean the young lady—Margaret, they called her—awfully. He never let me know it himself, though. I hate fellows being so close and dark about everything, and I've found out other things; and, in short, if people don't like to tell me their—*secrets* I won't call them, for everyone in Cardyllian knows all about them—I'm hanged if I ask them. All I know is, that Cleve is going to live a good deal at Ware, which means at Cardyllian, which will be a charming thing, a positive blessing, won't it? for the inhabitants and neighbours, and that I shall trouble them very little henceforward with my presence. There's Charity beckoning to me; would you mind my going to see what she wants?"

So, dismissed, away he ran like a "fielder" after a "by," as he had often run over the same ground before.

"Thomas Sedley, I want you to tell Lyster, the apothecary, to send a small bottle of *sal volatile* to Miss Christian immediately. I'd go myself—it's only round the corner—but I'm afraid of the crowd. If he can give it to you now, perhaps you'd bring it, and I'll wait here."

When he brought back the phial, and Miss Charity had given it with a message at Miss Christian's trellaced door, she took Tom's arm, and said—

"She has not been looking well."

"You mean Agnes?" conjectured he.

"Yes, of course. She's not herself. She does not tell me, but I *know* the cause, and, as an old friend of ours, and a friend, beside, of Mr. Cleve Verney, I must tell you that I think he is using her *disgracefully*."

"Really?"

"Yes, *most flagitiously*."

"How do you mean? Shrapnell wrote me word that he was very attentive, and used to join her in her walks, and afterwards he said that he had been mistaken, and discovered that he was awfully in love with the young lady at Malory."

"Don't believe a word of it. I wonder at Captain Shrapnell circulating such *insanity*. He must *know* how it really was, and *is*. I look upon it as *perfectly wicked*, the way that Captain Shrapnell talks. You're not to mention it, of course, to anyone. It would be *scandalous* of you, Thomas Sedley, to think of breathing a word to mortal—*mind that*; but I'm certain you *wouldn't*."

"What a beast Cleve Verney has turned out!" exclaimed Tom Sedley. "Do you think she still cares for him?"

"Why, of course she does. If he had been paying his addresses to *me*, and that I had grown by his perseverance and *devotion* to like him, do you think, Thomas Sedley, that although I might give him up in consequence of his misconduct, that I could ever cease to feel the same kind of feeling about him?" And as she put this incongruous case, she held Tom Sedley's arm firmly, showing her bony wrist above her glove; and with her gaunt brown face and saucer eyes turned full upon him, rather fiercely, Tom felt an inward convulsion at the picture of Cleve's adorations at this shrine, and the melting of the nymph, which by a miracle he repressed.

"But *you* may have more constancy than Agnes," he suggested.

"Don't talk like a *fool*, Thomas Sedley. *Every nice girl is the same*."

"May I talk to Cleve about it?"

"On *no account*. No *nice* girl could marry him *now*, and an apology would be simply *ridiculous*. I have not spoken to him on the subject, and though I had intended cutting him, my friend Mrs. Splayfoot was so clear that I should meet him just as usual,

that I do control the *expression* of my feelings, and endeavour to talk to him indifferently, though I should like *uncommonly* to tell him how *odious* I shall always think him."

"Yes, I remember," said Tom, who had been pondering. "Cleve *did* tell me, that time—it's more than a year ago now—it was a year in Autumn—that he admired Agnes, and used to walk with you on the green every day; he *did* certainly. I must do him that justice. But suppose Agnes did not show that she liked him, he might not have seen any harm."

"That's the way you men always take one another's parts. I must say, I think it is *odious*," exclaimed Charity, with a flush in her thin cheeks, and a terrible emphasis.

"But, I say, *did* she let him see that she liked him?"

"No, of course she didn't. No *nice* girl *would*. But of course he *saw* it," argued Charity.

"Oh, then she *showed* it?"

"No, she did *not* show it; there was *nothing* in *anything* she *said* or *did*, that *could* lead anyone, by look, or word, or act, to imagine that she liked him. How can you be so *perverse* and *ridiculous*, Thomas Sedley, to think she'd *show* her liking? Why, even I don't know it. I never *saw* it. She's a *great* deal too *nice*. You don't *know* Agnes. I should not venture to *hint* at it myself. Gracious goodness! What *fool* you are. Thomas Sedley! Hush."

The concluding caution was administered in consequence of their having got very near the seat where Agnes was sitting.

"Miss Christian is only nervous, poor old thing, and Tom Sedley has been getting *sal volatile* for her, and she'll be quite well in a day or two. Hadn't we better walk a little up and down; it's growing too cold for you to sit any longer, Agnes dear. Come."

And up got obedient Agnes, and the party of three walked up and down the green, conversing upon all sorts of subjects but the one so ably handled by Charity and Tom Sedley in their two or three minutes' private talk.

And now the noble lord and his party, and the mayor, and the corporation, and Mr. Larkin, and Captain Shrapnell, and many other celebrities, were seen slowly emerging from the lane that passes the George Inn, upon the green, and the peer having said a word or two to the mayor, and also to Lady Wimbledon, and bowed and pointed toward the jetty, the main body proceeded slowly toward that point, while Lord Verney, accompanied by Cleve, walked grandly toward the young ladies who were to be presented.

Tom Sedley, observing this movement, took his leave hastily, and in rather a marked way walked off at right angles with Lord Verney's line of march, twirling his cane.

CHAPTER XLIV.

VANE ETHERAGE GREET'S LORD VERNEY.

So the great Lord Verney, with the flush of his brilliant successes in the Town-hall still upon his thin cheeks, and a countenance dry and solemn, to which smiling came not easily, made the acquaintance of the Miss Etherages, and observed that the younger was "sweetly pretty, about it, and her elder sister appeared to him a particularly sensible young woman, and was, he understood, very useful in the charities, and things." And he repeated to them in his formal way, his hope of seeing them at Ware, and was as gracious as such a man can be, and instead of attorneys and writs sent grouse and grapes to Hazelden.

And thus this narrow man, who did not easily forgive, expanded and forgave, and the secret of the subsidence of the quarrel, and of the Christian solution of the "difficulty," was simply Mr. Vane Etherage's hundred and thirty votes in the county.

What a blessing to these countries is representative government, with its attendant institution of the canvass! It is the one galvanism which no material can resist. It melts every heart, and makes the coldest, hardest, heaviest metals burst into beautiful flame. Granted that at starting, the geniality, repentance, kindness, are so many arrant hypocrisies; yet

who can tell whether these repentances, in white sheets, taper in hand, these offerings of birds and fruits, these smiles and compliments, and "Christian courtesies," may not end in improving the man who is compelled to act like a good fellow and accept his kindly canons, and improve *him* also with whom these better relations are established? As muscle is added to the limb, so strength is added to the particular moral quality we exercise, and kindness is elicited, and men perhaps end by having some of the attributes which they began by affecting. At all events, any recognition of the kindly and peaceable social philosophy of Christianity is, so far as it goes, good.

"What a sensible, nice, hospitable old man Lord Verney is; I think him the most sensible and the *nicest man I ever met*," said Miss Charity, in an enthusiasm which was quite genuine, for she was, honestly, no respecter of persons. "And young Mr. Verney certainly looked very handsome, but I don't like him."

"Don't like him! *Why?*" said Agnes, looking up.

"Because I think him perfectly *odious*," replied Miss Charity.

Agnes was inured to Miss Charity's adjectives, and even the fierce flush that accompanied some of them failed to alarm her.

"Well, I rather like him," she said, quietly.

"You *can't* like him, Agnes. It is not a matter of opinion at all; it's just simply a matter of *fact*—and you *know* that he is a most *worldly, selfish, cruel*, and, I think, *wicked* young man, and you need not talk about him, for he's *odious*. And here comes Thomas Sedley again."

Agnes smiled a faint and bitter smile.

"And what do you think of *him?*" she asked.

"Thomas Sedley? Of course I like him; we all like him. Don't you?" answered Charity.

"Yes, pretty well—very well. I suppose he has faults, like other people. He's good-humoured, selfish, of course—I fancy they all are. And papa likes him, I think; but really, Charrie, if you want to know, I don't care if I never saw him again."

"Hush!"

"Well! You've got rid of the

Verneys, and here I am again," said Tom, approaching. "They are going up to Hazelden to see your father."

And so they were—up that pretty walk that passes the mills and ascends steeply by the precipitous side of the wooded glen, so steep, that in two places you have to mount by rude flights of steps—a most sequestered glen, and utterly silent, except for the sound of the mill-stream tinkling and crooning through the rocks below, unseen through the dense boughs and stems of the wood beneath.

If Lord Verney in his conciliatory condescension was grand, so was Vane Etherage on the occasion of receiving and forgiving him at Hazelden. He had considered and constructed a little speech, with some pomp of language, florid and magnanimous. He had sat in his bath-chair for half-an-hour at the little iron gate of the flower-garden of Hazelden, no inmate of which had ever seen him look, for a continuance, so sublimely important, and indeed solemn, as he had done all that morning.

Vane Etherage had made his arrangements to receive Lord Verney with a dignified deference. He was to be wheeled down the incline about 200 yards, to "the bower," to meet the peer at that point, and two lusty fellows were to push him up by Lord Verney's side to the house, where wine and other comforts awaited him.

John Evans had been placed at the mill to signal to the people above at Hazelden by a musket-shot the arrival of Lord Verney at that stage of his progress. The flagstaff and rigging on the green platform at Hazelden were fluttering all over with all the flags that ever were invented, in honour of the gala.

Lord Verney ascended, leaning upon the arm of his nephew, with Mr. Larkin and the Mayor for supporters, Captain Shrapnell, Doctor Lyster, and two or three other distinguished inhabitants of Cardyllian bringing up the rear.

Lord Verney carried his head high, and grew reserved and rather silent as they got on, and as they passed under the solemn shadow of the great trees by the mill, an overloaded musket went off with a sound like a cannon, as Lord Verney afterwards protested, close to the unsuspecting party, and

a loud and long whoop from John Evans completed the concerted signal.

The Viscount actually jumped, and Cleve felt the shock of his arm against his side.

"D— you, John Evans, what the devil are you doing?" exclaimed Captain Shrapnell, who, turning from white to crimson, was the first of the party to recover his voice.

"Yes, sir, thank you—very good," said Evans, touching his hat, and smiling incessantly with the incoherent volubility of Welsh politeness. "A little bit of a squib, sir, if you please, for Captain Squire Etherage—very well, I thank you—to let him know Lord Verney—very much obliged, sir—was at the mill—how do you do, sir?—and going up to Hazelden, if you please, sir."

And the speech subsided in a little, gratified laugh of delighted politeness.

"You'd better not do that *again*, though," said the Captain, with a menacing wag of his head, and availing himself promptly of the opportunity of improving his relations with Lord Verney, he placed himself by his side, and assured him that though he was an old campaigner, and had smelt powder in all parts of the world, he had never heard such a report from a musket in all his travels and adventures before; and hoped Lord Verney's hearing was not the worse of it. He had known a general officer deafened by a shot, and, by Jove, his own ears were singing with it still, accustomed as he was, by Jupiter, to such things!

His lordship, doing his best on the festive occasion, smiled uncomfortably, and said—

"Yes—thanks—ha, ha! I really thought it was a cannon—about it."

And Shrapnell called back and said—

"Don't you be coming on with that thing, John Evans—do you mind?—Lord Verney's had quite enough of that."

"You'll excuse me, Lord Verney, I thought you'd wish so much said," and Lord Verney bowed graciously.

The answering shot and cheer which were heard from above announced to John Evans that the explosion had been heard at Hazelden, and still smiling and touching his heart, he continued his voluble civilities—"Very good, sir, very much obliged,

sir, very well, I thank you; I hope you are very well, sir, very good indeed, sir," and so forth, till they were out of hearing.

The shot, indeed, was distinctly heard at the gay flag-staff up at Hazelden, and the Admiral got under weigh, and proceeded down the incline charmingly till they had nearly reached the little platform at the bower, where, like Christian in his progress, he was to make a halt.

But his plans at this point were disturbed. Hardly twenty yards before they reached it, one of his men let go, the drag upon the other suddenly increased, and resulted in a pull, which caused him to trip, and as men tripping while in motion downhill will, he butted forward, charging headlong, and finally tumbling on his face, he gave to the rotatory throne of Mr. Etherage such an impulse as carried him quite past the harbour, and launched him upon the steep descent of the gravel-walk with a speed every moment accelerated.

"Stop her!—ease her!—d— you, Williams!" roared the Admiral, little knowing how idle were his orders. The bath-chair had taken head, the pace became furious; the running footmen gave up pursuit in despair, and Mr. Vane Etherage was obliged to concentrate his severest attention, as he never did before, on the task of guiding his flying vehicle, a feat which was happily favoured by the fact that the declivity presented no short turns.

The sounds were heard below—a strange ring of wheels, and a powerful voice bawling, "Ease her! stop her!" and some stronger expressions.

"Can't be a carriage, about it, *here*!" exclaimed Lord Verney, halting abruptly, and only restrained from skipping upon the side bank by a sense of dignity.

"Never mind, Lord Verney, don't mind, I'll take care of you, I'm your vanguard," exclaimed Captain Shrapnell, with a dare-devil gaiety, inspired by the certainty that it could not be a carriage, and the conviction that the adventure would prove nothing more than some children and nursery maids playing with a perambulator.

His feelings underwent a revulsion, however, when old Vane Etherage, enveloped in cloaks and shawls, his hat gone, and his long grizzled hair

streaming backward, with a wild countenance, and both hands working the directing handle, came swooping into sight, roaring, maniacally, "Ease her! back her!" and yawing frightfully in his descent upon them.

Captain Shrapnell, they say, turned pale at the spectacle, but he felt he must now go through with it, or for ever sacrifice that castle-in-the-air, of which the events of the day had suggested the ground-plan and elevation.

"Good heaven! he'll be killed, about it!" exclaimed Lord Verney, peeping from behind a tree, with unusual energy; but whether he meant Shrapnell, or Etherage, or both, I don't know, and nobody in that moment of sincerity minded much what he meant. I dare say a front-rank man in a square at Waterloo did not feel before the gallop of the Cuirassiers as the gallant Captain did before the charge of the large invalid who was descending upon him. All he meditated was a decent show of resistance, and as he had a stout walking-stick in his hand, something might be done without risking his bones. So, as the old gentleman thundered downward, roaring "Keep her off—keep her clear," Shrapnell, roaring "I'm your man!" nervously popped the end of his stick under the front wheel of the vehicle, himself skipping to one side, unhappily the wrong one, for the chair at this check spun round, and the next spectacle was, Mr. Vane Etherage and Captain Shrapnell, enveloped in cloaks and mufflers, and rolling over and over in one another's arms, like athletes in mortal combat, the Captain's fist being visible, as they rolled round, at Mr. Vane Etherage's back, with his walking-stick still clutched in it.

The chair was lying on its side, the gentlemen were separated, Captain Shrapnell jumped to his feet.

"Well, Lord Verney, I believe I did something there!" said the gallant Captain with the air of a man who has done his duty, and knows it.

"Done something! you've broke my neck, you lubber!" panted Mr. Vane Etherage who, his legs not being available, had been placed sitting with some cloaks about him, on the bank.

Shrapnell grinned and winked expressively, and confidentially whispered, "Jolly old fellow he is—no

one minds the Admiral; we let him talk."

"Lord Verney," said his lordship, introducing himself with a look and air of polite concern.

"No, my name's Etherage," said the invalid, mistaking—he fancied that Jos. Larkin, who was expounding his views of the accident grandly to Cleve Verney in the background, could not be less than a peer—"I live up there, at Hazelden—devilish near being *killed here*, by that lubber there. Why I was running at the rate of five-and-twenty knots an hour, if I was making *one*; and I remember it right well, sir, there's a check down there, just before you come to the mill-stile, and the wall there; and I'd have run my bows right into it, and not a bit the worse, sir, if that d—fellow had just kept out of the—the—king's course, you know; and egad, I don't know now how it is—I suppose I'm smashed, sir."

"I hope not, sir. I am Lord Verney—about it; and it would pain me extremely to learn that any serious injuries, or—or—things—had been sustained, about it."

"I'll tell that in a moment," said Doctor Lyster, who was of the party, briskly.

So after a variety of twists and wrenches and pokes, Vane Etherage was pronounced sound and safe.

"I don't know how the devil I escaped!" exclaimed the invalid.

"By tumbling on *me*—very simply," replied Captain Shrapnell with a spirited laugh.

"You may set your mind at rest, Shrapnell," said the Doctor walking up to him, with a congratulatory air. "He's all right, this time; but you had better not mind giving the old fellow any more rolls of that sort—the pitcher to the well, you know—and the next time might smash him."

"I'm more concerned about smashing myself, thank you. The next time he may roll to the devil—and through whoever he pleases for me—knocked down with that blackguard old chair, and that great hulking fellow on top of me—all for trying to be of use, egad, when everyone of you funk'd it—and not a soul asks about *my* bones, egad, or my neck either."

"Oh! come Shrapnell, you're not setting up for an old dog yet. There's

a difference between you and Etherage," said the Doctor.

"I hope so," answered the Captain sarcastically, "but civility is civility all the world over; and I can tell you, another fellow would make fuss enough about the pain I'm suffering."

It was found, further, that one wheel of the bath-chair was disorganized, and the smith must come from the town to get it to rights, and that

Vane Etherage, who could as soon have walked up a rainbow as up the acclivity to Hazelden, must bivouac for a while where he sat.

So there the visit was paid, and the exciting gala of that day closed, and the Viscount and his party marched down, with many friends attendant, to the jetty, and embarked in the yacht for Ware.

CHAPTER XLV.

REBECCA MERVYN READS HER LETTER.

THE evenings being short, the shops alight, and the good people of Cardyllian in their houses, Tom Sedley found the hour before dinner hang heavily on his hands. So he walked slowly up Castle-street, and saw Mr. Robson, the worthy post-master, standing, with his hands in his pockets, at the open door.

"No letter for me, I dare say?" asked Sedley.

"No, sir—nothing."

"I don't know how to kill the time. I wish my dinner was ready. You dined, like a wise man, at one o'clock, I dare say?"

"We do—we dine early here, sir."

"I know it; a capital plan. I do it myself, whenever I make any stay here."

"And you can eat a bit o' something hearty at tea then."

"To be sure; that's the good of it. I don't know what to do with myself. I'll take a walk round by Malory. Can I leave the Malory letters for you?"

"You're only joking, sir."

"I was not, upon my honour. I'd be glad to bolt your shutters, or to twig your steps—anything to do. I literally don't know what to do with myself."

"There's no family at Malory, you know, now, sir."

"Oh! I did not know. I knew the other family had gone. No letters to be delivered then?"

"Well, sir, there is—but you're only joking."

"What is it?"

"A letter to Mrs. Rebecca Mervyn—but I would not think of troubling a gentleman with it."

"Old Rebecca; why I made her

acquaintance among the shingles and cockles on the sea-shore last year—a charming old sea-nymph, or whatever you call it!"

"We all have a great respect for Mrs. Mervyn, down here, in Cardyllian. The family has a great opinion of her, and they think a great deal of her, like us," said Mr. Robson, who did not care to hear any mysterious names applied to her without a protest.

"Well—so I say—so have I. I'll give her the letter, and take a receipt," said Sedley, extending his hand.

"There really is a receipt, sir, wanting," said the official, amused. "It came this morning—and if you'll come in—if it isn't too much trouble—I'll show it to you, please, sir."

In he stepped to the post-office, where Mr. Robson showed him a letter which he had that afternoon received. It said—

"SIR,—I enclose five shillings, represented by postage-stamps, which will enable you to pay a messenger on whom you can depend, to deliver a letter which I place along with this in the post-office, into the hand of Mrs. Mervyn, Steward's-house, Malory, Cardyllian, to whom it is addressed, and which is marked with the letter D at the left hand corner."

"I am, Sir,

Your obt. servant,

J. DINGWELL."

"The letter is come," said Mr. Robson, taking it out of a pigeon-hole in a drawer, and thumbing it, and smiling on it with a gentle curiosity.

"Yes—that's it," said Tom Sedley, also reading the address. "Mrs.

Mervyn'—what a queer old ghost of a lady she is!—'Malory,' that's the ground—and the letter D in the corner. Well, I'm quite serious. I'll take the letter with pleasure, and see the old woman, and put it into her hand. I'm not joking, and I shall be back again, in an hour, I dare say, and I'll tell you what she says, and how she looks—that is, assuming it is a love-letter."

"Well, sir, as you wish it; and it's very kind of you, and the old lady must sign a receipt, for the letter's registered—but it's too much trouble for you, sir, isn't it really?"

"Nonsense; give me the letter. If you won't, I can't help it."

"And this receipt should be signed."

"And the receipt also."

So away went our friend, duly furnished, and marched over the hill we know so well, that overhangs the sea, and down by the narrow old road to Malory, thinking of many things.

The phantom of the beautiful lady of Malory was very much faded now. Even as he looked down on the old house and woodlands, the romance came not again. It was just a remembered folly, like others, and excited or pained him little more. But a new trouble vexed him. How many of our blessings do we take for granted, enjoy thanklessly, like our sight, our hearing, our health, and only appreciate when they are either withdrawn or in danger!

Captain Shrapnell had written among his gossip some jocular tattle about Cleve's devotion to Miss Agnes Etherage, which had moved him oddly and uncomfortably; but the next letter disclosed the mystery of Cleve's clandestine visits to Malory, and turned his thoughts into a new channel.

But here was all revived, and worse. Charity, watching with a woman's eyes, and her opportunities, had made to him a confidence about which there could be no mistake; and then Agnes was so changed—not a bit glad to see him! And did not she look pretty? Was there not a slight look of pride—a reserve—that was new—a little sadness—along with the heightened beauty of her face and figure? How on earth had he been so stupid as not to perceive how beautiful she was all this time?

Cleve had more sense. By Jove, she was the prettiest girl in England, and that selfish fellow had laid himself out to make her fond of him, and, having succeeded, jilted her. And now she would not care for any one but him.

There was a time, he thought, when he, Tom Sedley, might have made her like him. What a fool he was! And that was past—unimproved—irrevocable—and now she never could. Girls may affect those second likings, he thought, but they never really care after the first. It is pride, or pique, or friendship, or convenience—anything but love.

Love! And what had he to do with love? Who would marry him on four hundred a year, and no expectations? And now he was going to tease himself because he had not stepped in before Cleve Verney and secured the affections of little Agnes. What a fool he was! What business had he dreaming such dreams? He had got on very well without falling in love with Agnes. Why should he begin now? If he found that folly gaining upon him, he would leave Cardyllian without staying his accustomed week, and never return till the feeling had died as completely as last year's roses.

Down the hill he marched in his new romance, as he had done more than a year ago, over the same ground, in his old one, when in the moonlight, on the shingle, he had met the same old lady of whom he was now in quest.

The old trees of Malory rose up before him, dark and silent, higher and higher as he approached. It was a black night—no moon; even the stars obscured by black lines of cloud as he pushed open the gate, and entered the deeper darkness of the curving carriage-road that leads up through the trees.

It was six o'clock now, and awfully dark. When he reached the open space before the hall-door, he looked up at the dim front of the house, but no light glimmered there. The deep-mouthed dog in the stable-yard was yelling his challenge, and he further startled the solitary woods by repeated double-knocks that boomed through the empty hall and chambers of the deserted house.

Despairing of an entrance at last, and not knowing which way to turn,

he took the way by chance which led him to the front of the Steward's-house, from the diamond casement of which a light was shining. The door lay open; only the latch was closed, such being the primitive security that prevails in that region of poverty and quietude.

With his stick he knocked a little tattoo, and a candle was held over the clumsy banister, and the little servant girl inquired in her clear Welsh accent what he wanted.

So, preliminaries over, he mounted to that chamber in which Mr. Levi had been admitted to a conference among the delft and porcelain, stags, birds, officers, and huntsmen, who, in gay tints and old-fashioned style, occupied every coigne of vantage, and especially that central dresser, which mounted nearly to the beams of the ceiling.

The room is not large, the recesses are deep, the timber-work is of clumsy oak, and the decorations of old-world teapots, jugs, and beasts of the field, and cocked-hatted gentlemen in gorgeous colouring and gilding, so very gay and splendid, reflecting the candle-light, and the wavering glare of the fire from a thousand curves and angles, and the old shining furniture, and carved oak clock; the room itself, and all its properties so perfectly neat and tidy, not one grain of dust or single cobweb to be seen in any nook or crevice, that Tom Sedley was delighted with the scene.

What a delightful retreat, he thought, from the comfortless affections of the world. Here was the ideal of snugness, and of brightness and warmth. It amounted to a kind of beauty that absolutely fascinated him. He looked kindly on the old lady, who had laid down her knitting, and looked at him through a pair of round spectacles, and thought that he would like to adopt her for his housekeeper, and live a solitary life of lonely rabbit-shooting in Penruthyn-park, trout-fishing in the stream, and cruising in an imaginary yacht on the estuary and the contiguous seaboard.

This little plan, or rather vision, pictured itself to Tom Sedley's morbid and morose imagination as the most endurable form of life to which he could now aspire.

The old lady, meanwhile, was looking at him with an expression of wonder and anxiety, and he said—

"I hope, Mrs. Mervyn, I have not disturbed you much. It is not quite so late as it looks, and as the postmaster, Mr. Robson, could not find a messenger, and I was going this way, I undertook to call and give you the letter, having once had the pleasure of making your acquaintance, although you do not, I'm afraid, recollect me."

"I knew it, the moment his face entered the room. It was the same face," she repeated, as if she had seen a picture, not a face.

"Just under the walls of Malory; you were anxious to learn whether a sail was in sight, in the direction of Pendyllion," said he, suggesting.

"No, there was none; it was not there. People—other people—would have tired of watching long ago; my old eyes never dazzled, sir. And he came, so like, he came. I thought it was a spirit from the sea; and here he is. There's something in your voice, sir, and your face. It is wonderful; but not a Verney—no, you told me so. They are cruel men—one way or other they were all cruel, but some more than others—my God! much more. There's something in the eyes—the setting, the light—it can't be mistaken; something in the curve of the chin, very pretty—but you're no Verney, you told me—and see how he comes here a second time, smiling—and yet when he goes, it is like waking from a dream where they were, as they all used to look, long ago; and there's a pain at my heart, for weeks after. It never can be again, sir; I'm growing old. If it ever comes, it will find me so changed—or dead, I sometimes begin to think, and try to make up my mind. There's a good world, you know, where we'll all meet and be happy, no more parting or dying, sir. Yet I'd like to see him even once, here, just as he was, a beautiful mortal; and sometimes, sir, I despair; though I know, I know I *ought not*—God is so good; and while there's life there is hope."

"Certainly, hope, there's always hope; everyone has something to vex them. I have, I know, Mrs. Mervyn; and I was just thinking what a charming drawing-room this is, and how delightful it must be, the

quiet and comfort, and glow of such a room. There is no drawing-room on earth I should like so well," said good-natured Tom Sedley, whose sympathies were easy, and who liked saying a pleasant thing when he could; "And this is the letter, and here is a printed receipt, which, when you have been so kind as to sign it, I've promised to give to my friend, Mr. Robson of the post-office."

"Thank you, sir; this is registered, they call it. I had one a long time ago, with the same kind of green ribbon round it. Won't you sit down while I sign this?"

"Many thanks," said Sedley, sitting down gravely at the table, and looking so thoughtful, and somehow so much at home, that you might have fancied his dream of living in the Steward's-house had long been accomplished.

"I'd rather not get a letter, sir; I don't know the handwriting of this address, and a letter can but bring me sorrow. There is but one welcome chance which could befall me, and that I hope *may* come yet, just a *hope*, sir. Sometimes it brightens up, but it has been low all to-day."

"Sorry you have been out of spirits, Mrs. Mervyn, I know what it is; I've been so myself, and I *am* so, rather, just now," said Tom, who was, in this homely seclusion, tending towards confidence.

"There are now but two hand-writings that I should know; one is his, the other Lady Verney's; all the rest are dead; and this is neither."

"Well, Mrs. Mervyn, if it does not come from either of the persons you care for, it yet may tell you news of them," remarked Tom Sedley, sagely.

"Hardly, sir. I hear every three months from Lady Verney. I heard on Tuesday last. Thank God, she's well. No, it's nothing concerning her, and I think it may be something bad. I am afraid of this letter."

"I know the feeling, Mrs. Mervyn; I've had it myself, when duns were troublesome. But you have nothing of the kind in this happy retreat; which I really do envy you from my heart."

"Envy nothing. Happy retreat! Little you know, sir. I have been for weeks and months at a time half wild with anguish, dreaming of the sea. How can he know?"

"Very true, I can't know; I only speak of it as it strikes me at the moment. I fancy I should so like to live here, like a hermit, quite out of the persecutions of luck and the nonsense of the world."

"You are wonderfully like at times, sir—it is beautiful, it is frightful—when I moved the candle then—"

"I'll sit any way you like best, Mrs. Mervyn, with pleasure, and you can move the candle, and try if it can amuse—no, I mean interest you."

If some of his town friends could have peeped in through a keyhole, and seen Tom Sedley and old Rebecca Mervyn seated at opposite sides of the table, in this very queer old room, so like Darby and Joan, it would have made matter for a comical story.

"Like a flash it comes!"

Tom Sedley looked at the wild, large eyes that were watching him—the round spectacles now removed—across the table, and could not help smiling.

"Yes, the *smile*—it is the smile! You told me, sir, your name was Sedley, not Verney."

"My name is Thomas Sedley. My father was Captain Sedley, and served through a part of the Peninsular campaign. He was not twenty at the battle of Vittoria, and he was at Waterloo. My mother died a few months after I was born."

"Was *she* a Verney?"

"No; she was distantly connected, but her name was Melville," said he.

"Connected. That accounts for it, perhaps."

"Very likely."

"And your father—dead?" she said, sadly.

"Yes; twenty years ago."

"Was he related, sir, to the Verneys?"

"No, they were friends. He managed two of the estates after he left the army, and very well, I'm told."

"Sedley—Thomas Sedley—I remember the name. We did not know the name of Sedley—except on one occasion—I was sent for, but it came to nothing. But I lived so much in the dark about things," and she sighed.

"I forgot, Mrs. Mervyn, how late it is growing, and how much too long I have stayed here admiring your pretty room, and I fear interrupting you," said Tom, suddenly remembering his

dinner, and standing up—"If you kindly give me the receipt, I'll leave it on my way back."

Mrs. Mervyn had clipped the silken cord, and was now reading the letter, and he might as well have addressed his little speech to the china shepherdess, with the straw disk and ribbons on her head, in the bodice and short petticoat of flowered brocade, leaning against a tree, with a lamb with its hind leg and tail broken off, looking affectionately in her face.

"I can't make it out, sir; your eyes are young—perhaps you would read it to me—it is not very long."

"Certainly, with pleasure"—and Tom Sedley sat down, and, spreading the letter on the table, under the candles, read as follows to the old lady opposite:—

"PRIVATE.

"MADAM,—As an old and intimate friend of your reputed husband, I take leave to inform you that he placed a sum of money in my hands for the use of your son and his, if he be still living. Should he be so, will you be so good as to let me know where it will reach him. A line to Jos. Larkin, esq., at the Verney Arms, Cardyllian, or a verbal message, if you desire to see him, will suffice. Mr. Larkin is the solvent and religious attorney of the present Lord Verney, and you have my consent to advise with him on the subject.

"I have the honour to be,

Madam,

Your obedient servant,

J. DINGWELL."

"P.S.—You are aware, I suppose, madam, that I am the witness who proved the death of the late Hon. Arthur Verney, who died of a low fever in Constantinople, in July twelve months."

"Died! My God! Died! did you say died?"

"Yes. I thought you knew. It was proved a year ago nearly. The elder brother of the present Lord Verney."

There followed a silence while you might count ten, and then came a long, wild, and bitter cry.

The little girl started up, with white lips, and said, "Lord bless us!" The sparrows in the ivy about the win-

dows fluttered—even Tom Sedley was chilled and pierced by that desolate scream.

"I'm very sorry, really, I'm awfully sorry," Tom exclaimed, finding himself, he knew not how, again on his feet, and gazing at the white, imploring face of the trembling old woman. "I really did not know—I had not an idea you felt such an interest in any of the family. If I had known I should have been more careful. I'm shocked at what I've done."

"Oh! Arthur—oh! Arthur. He's gone—after all, after all—my darling will never come again—I waiting my whole life away, watching and hoping for you, my darling," she sobbed wildly. "If we could have only met for a minute, just that I might tell you—but, oh! you can't hear, you'll never know." She was drawing back the window-curtain, looking towards the dark Pendyllion and the starless sea—"He was beautiful, my darling, away by Pendyllion. I watched his sail till it was out of sight—watching in the window, till it was quite out of sight—crying alone, till it grew dark. He thought he'd come again—he went smiling—and my heart misgave me. I said that day, crying alone, he'll never come again. I'm never to see my beautiful Arthur any more—never—never—never. Oh, darling, darling, so far away. If I could even see his grave."

"I'm awfully sorry, ma'am; I wish I could be of any use," said honest Tom Sedley, speaking very low and kindly, standing beside her, with, I think, tears in his eyes. "I wish so much, ma'am, you could employ me any way. I'd be so glad to be of any use, about your son, or to see that Mr. Larkin. I don't like his face, ma'am, and would not advise your trusting him too much."

"The little child's dead, sir. It was a beautiful little thing; when it was ten weeks and two days old it died, the darling, and I have no one now."

"I'll come to you and see you in the morning," said Tom.

And he walked home in the dark, and stopped on the summit of the hill, looking down upon the twinkling lights of the town, and back again toward solemn Malory, thinking of what he had seen, and what an odd world it was.

CHAPTER XLVI.

BY RAIL TO LONDON.

ABOUT an hour later, Tom Sedly, in solitude, meditated thus—

"I wonder whether the Etherages"—(meaning pretty Miss Agnes)—"would think it a bore if I went up to see them. It's too late for tea. I'm afraid they mightn't like it. No one, of course, like Cleve now. They'd find me very dull, I dare say. I don't care, I'll walk up, and if I see the lights in the drawing-room windows, I'll try."

He did walk up; he did see the lights in the drawing-room windows; and he did try, with the result of finding himself upon the drawing-room carpet a minute after, standing at the side of Agnes, and chatting to Miss Charity.

"How is your father?" asked Tom, seeing the study untenanted.

"Not at all well, I think; he had an accident to-day. Didn't you hear?"

"Accident! No, I didn't."

"Oh! yes. Somehow, when Lord Verney and the other people were coming up here to-day, he was going to meet them, and among them they overturned his bath-chair, and I don't know really who's to blame. Captain Shrapnell says he saved his life; but, however it happened, he was upset and very much shaken. I see you laughing, Thomas Sedley! What on earth can you see in it to laugh at? It's so exactly like Agnes—she laughed! you did, indeed, Agnes, and if I had not seen it, with my own eyes, I could not have believed it!"

"I knew papa was not hurt, and I could not help laughing, if you put me to death for it, and they say he drove over Lord Verney's foot."

"That would not break my heart, said Sedley. "Did you hear the particulars from Cleve?"

"No, I did not see Mr. Verney to speak to, since the accident," said Miss Charity. "By-the-bye, who was the tall, good-looking girl, in the seal-skin coat, he was talking to all the way to the jetty? I think she was Lady Wimbledon's daughter."

"So she was; has she rather large blue eyes?"

"Yes."

"Oh! it must be she; that's Miss

Caroline Oldys. She's such a joke; she's elder than Cleve."

"Oh! that's impossible; she's decidedly younger than Mr. Cleve Verney, and, I think, extremely pretty."

"Well, perhaps she is younger, and I do believe she's pretty; but she's a fool, and she has been awfully in love with him for I don't know how many years—every one was laughing at it, two or three seasons ago; she is such a muff!"

"What do you mean by a muff?" demanded Charity.

"Well, a goose, then. Lord Verney's her guardian or trustee, or something; and they say, that he and Lady Wimbledon had agreed to promote the affair. Just like them. She is such a scheming old woman; and Lord Verney is such a—I was going to say, such a *muff*,—but he is such a *spoon*. Cleve's wide awake, though, and I don't think he'll do that for them."

I believe there may have been, at one time, some little foundation in fact for the theory which supposed the higher powers favourable to such a consummation. But time tests the value of such schemes, and it would seem that Lady Wimbledon had come to the conclusion that the speculation was a barren one: for, this night, in her dressing-gown, with her wig off, and a silken swathing about her bald head, she paid a very exciting visit to her daughter's room, and blew her up in her own awful way, looking like an angry Turk. "She wondered how any person with Caroline's *experience* could be such an *idiot* as to let that young man go on making a fool of her. He had no other idea but the one of making a *fool* of her before the world. She, Lady Wimbledon, would have no more of any such insensate folly—her prospects should not be ruined, if she could prevent it, and prevent it she *could* and *would*—there should be an end of that odious nonsense; and if she chose to make herself the laughing-stock of the world, she, Lady Wimbledon, would do her duty and take her down to Slominton, where they would be quiet enough at all events;

and Cleve Verney, she ventured to say, with a laugh, would not follow her."

The young lady was in tears, and blubbered in her romantic indignation till her eyes and nose were inflamed, and her mamma requested her to look in the glass, and see what a figure she had made of herself, and made her bathe her face for an hour, before she went to bed.

There was no other young lady at Ware, and Cleve smiled in his own face, in his looking-glass, as he dressed for dinner.

"My uncle will lose no time—I did not intend this; but I see very well what he means, and he'll be disappointed and grow suspicious, if I draw back; and she has really nothing to recommend her, poor Caroline, and he'll find that out time enough, and meanwhile I shall get over some months quietly."

There was no great difficulty in seeing, indeed, that the noble host distinguished Lady Wimbledon and her daughter. And Lord Verney, leaning on Cleve's arm, asked him lightly what he thought of Miss Caroline Oldys; and Cleve, who had the gift of presence of mind, rather praised the young lady.

"My uncle would prefer Ethel, when he sees a hope in that direction, I shan't hear much more of Caroline, and so on—and we shall be growing older—and the chapter of accidents—and all that."

For a day or two Lord Verney was very encouraging, and quite took an interest in the young lady, and showed her the house and the place, and unfolded all the plans which were about to grow into realities, and got Cleve to pull her across the lake, and walked round to meet them, and amused the young man by contriving that little opportunity. But Lady Wimbledon revealed something to Lord Verney, that evening, over their game of *ecarté*, which affected his views.

Cleve was talking to the young lady, but he saw Lord Verney look once or twice, in the midst of a very serious conversation with Lady Wimbledon, at Caroline Oldys and himself, and now without smiling.

It was Lady Wimbledon's deal, but she did not deal, and her opponent seemed also to have forgotten the cards, and their heads inclined one

toward the other as the talk proceeded.

It was about the hour when ladies light their bedroom candles, and ascend. And Lady Wimbledon and Caroline Oldys had vanished in a few minutes more, and Cleve thought, "She has told him something that has given him a new idea." His uncle was rather silent and dry for the rest of that evening, but next morning seemed pretty much as usual, only Lord Verney took an opportunity of saying to him—

"I have been considering, and I have heard things, and, with reference to the subject of my conversation with you, in town, I think you ought to direct your thoughts to *Ethel*, about it—you ought to have money—don't you see? It's very important—money—very well to be *le fils de ses œuvres*, and that kind of thing; but a little money does no harm; on the contrary, it is very desirable. Other people keep that point in view; I don't see why we should not. I ask myself this question:—How is it that people get on in the world? And I answer—in great measure by amassing money; and arguing from *that*, I think it desirable you should have some money to begin with, and I've endeavoured to put it logically, about it, that you may see the drift of what I say." And he made an excuse and sent Cleve up to town next day before him.

I have been led into an episode by Miss Charity's question about Miss Caroline Oldys; and returning to Hazelden, I find Tom Sedley taking his leave of the young ladies for the night, and setting out for the Verney Arms with a cigar between his lips.

Next morning he walked down to Malory again, and saw old Rebecca, who seemed, in her odd way, comforted on seeing him, but spoke little—almost nothing, and he charged her to tell neither Dingwell, of whom he had heard nothing but evil, nor Jos. Larkin, of whom he had intuitively a profound suspicion,—anything about her own history, or the fate of her child, but to observe the most cautious reserve in any communications they might seek to open with her. And having delivered this injunction in a great variety of language, he took his leave, and got home very early to his breakfast, and ran up to

London, oddly enough, in the same carriage with Cleve Verney.

Tom Sedley was angry with Cleve, I am afraid not upon any very high principle. If Cleve had trifled with the affections of Miss Caroline Oldys, I fear he would have borne the spectacle of her woes with considerable patience. But if the truth must be told, honest Tom Sedley was leaving Cardyllian in a pet. Anger, grief, jealousy, were seething in his good-natured heart. Agnes Etherage—his little Agnes—she had belonged to him as long as he could remember; she was gone, and he never knew how much he liked her until he had lost her.

Gone? No; in his wanton cruelty this handsome outlaw had *slain* his pet deer—had *shot* his sweet bird dead, and there she lay in the sylvan solitude she had so beautified—*dead*; and he—heartless archer—went on his way smiling, having darkened the world for harmless Tom Sedley. Could he like him ever again?

Well, the world brooks no heroics now; there are reserves. Men cultivate a thick skin—nature's buff-coat—in which, with little pain and small loss of blood, the modern man-at-arms rides cheerily through life's battle. When point or edge happen to go a little through, as I have said, there are reserves. There is no good in roaring, grinning, or cursing. The scatheless only laugh at you; therefore wipe away the blood quietly, and seem all you can like the rest. Better not to let them see even *that*. Is there not sometimes more of curiosity than of sympathy in the scrutiny? Don't you even see, at times, just the suspicion of a smile on your friend's face, as he prescribes wet brown paper or basilicon on a cobweb, according to his skill?

So Tom and Cleve talked a little—an acquaintance would have said, just as usual—and exchanged newspapers, and even laughed a little now and then; but when at Shillingsworth the last interloper got out, and Tom and Cleve were left to themselves, the ruling idea asserted itself, and Sedley looked luridly out of the window, and grew silent for a time, and pretended not to hear Cleve when he asked him whether he had seen the report of Lord Verney's visit to Cardyllian, as displayed in the county

paper of that day, which served to amuse him extremely.

"I don't think," said Tom Sedley at last, abruptly, "that nice, pretty little creature, Agnes Etherage—the nicest little thing, by Jove, I think I ever saw—I say she is not looking well."

"Is not she really?" said Cleve, very coolly, cutting open a leaf in his magazine.

"Didn't you observe?" exclaimed Tom, rather fiercely.

"Well, no, I can't say I did; but you know them so much better than I," answered Cleve; "it can't be very much; I dare say she's well by this time."

"How *can* you speak that way, Verney, knowing all you do?"

"Why, *what* do I know?" exclaimed Cleve, looking up in unaffected wonder.

"You know all about it; *why* she's out of spirits, *why* she's looking so delicate, *why* she's not like herself," said Tom, impatiently.

"Upon my soul I do *not*," said Cleve Verney, with animation.

"That's odd, considering you've half broken her heart," urged Tom.

"I broken her heart?" repeated Cleve. "Now, really, Sedley, do pray think what you're saying."

"I say I think you've broken her heart, and her sister thinks so too; and it's an awful shame," insisted Tom, very grimly.

"I really do think the people want to set me mad," said Cleve, testily.

"If anyone says that I have ever done anything that could have made any of that family, who are in their senses, fancy that I was in love with Miss Agnes Etherage, and that I wished her to suppose so, it is simply an *untruth*. I never did, and I don't intend; and I can't see, for the life of me, Tom Sedley, what business it is of yours. But thus much I do say, upon my honour, it is a lie. Miss Charity Etherage, an old maid, with no more sense than a snipe, living in that barbarous desert, where if a man appears at all, during eight months out of the twelve, he's a prodigy, and if he walks up the street with a Cardyllian lady, he's pronounced to be over head and ears in love, and of course meditating marriage—I say she's not the most reliable critic in the world in an affair of

that sort, and all I say is that I've given *no* grounds for any such idea, and I mean it, upon my honour as a gentleman; and I've seldom been so astonished in my life before."

There was an air of frank and indignant repudiation in Cleve's manner and countenance, which more even than his words convinced Tom Sedley, who certainly was aware how little the Cardyllian people knew of the world, and what an eminently simple maiden in all such matters the homely Miss Charity was. So Tom extended his hand and said—

"Well, Cleve, I'm so glad, and I beg your pardon, and I know you say truth, and pray shake hands; but though you are not to blame—I'm now quite *sure* you're not—the poor girl is very unhappy, and her sister very angry."

"I can't help *that*. How on earth

can I help it? I'm very sorry, though I'm not sure that I ought to care a farthing about other people's nonsense, and huffs, and romances. I could tell you things about myself, lots of things you'd hardly believe—*real, dreadful* annoyances. I tell you, Tom, I hate the life I'm leading. You only see the upper surface, and hardly that. I'm worried to death, and only that I owe so much money, and can't get away, I can tell you—I don't care two pence whether you believe it or not—I should have been feeding sheep in Australia a year ago."

"Better where you are, Cleve."

"How the devil do *you* know? Don't be offended with me, Tom, only make allowances, and if I sometimes talk a bit like a Bedlamite, don't repeat my ravings; that's all. Look at that windmill; isn't it pretty?"

CHAPTER XLVII.

LADY DORMINSTER'S BALL.

CLEVE VERNEY was in harness again—attending the House with remarkable punctuality; for the eye of the noble peer, his uncle, was upon him. He had the division lists regularly on his table, and if Cleve's name was missing from any one of even moderate importance, his uncle took leave to ask an explanation. Cleve had also reasons of his own for working diligently at the drudgery of public life. His march was not upon solid ground, but over a quaking bog, every undulation and waver of which was answered by a qualm at his heart.

Still it was only some nice management of time and persons; it was a mere matter of presence of mind, of vigilance, of resource, to which he felt—at least hoped—he might be found equal, and all *must* end well. Was not his uncle sixty-six his last birth-day? People might flatter and say he looked nothing like it; but the red book so pronounced, and there is no gainsaying that sublime record. After all, his uncle was not an everlasting danger. Time and the hour will end the longest day; and then must come the title, and estates, and a quiet heart at last.

When the House did not interfere,

Cleve was of course seen at all the proper places. On the night of which I am now speaking there was among others Lady Dorminster's ball, and a brilliant muster of distinguished persons.

On that crowded floor, in those celebrated saloons, in an atmosphere of light and music, in which moved so much of what is famous, distinguished, splendid, is seen the figure of Cleve Verney. Everyone knew that slight and graceful figure, and the oval face, delicate features, and large, dark, dreamy eyes, that never failed to impress you with the same ambiguous feeling. It was Moorish, it was handsome; but there was a shadow there—something secret and selfish, and smilingly, silently insolent.

This session he had come out a little, and made two speeches of real promise. The ministers had complimented his uncle upon them, and had also complimented him. The muse was there; something original and above routine—genius perhaps—and that passion for distinction which breaks a poor man's heart, and floats the rich to greatness.

A man of Cleve's years, with his position, with his promise, with London

life and Paris life all learned by rote, courted and pursued, wary, contemptuous, sensual, clever, ambitious—is not young. The whole chaperon world, with its wiles, was an open book for him. For him, like the man in the German legend, the earth under which they mined and burrowed had grown to his eyes transparent, and he saw the gnomes at work. For him young ladies' smiles were not light and magic—only marsh fires and tricks. To him old and young came up and simpered or fawned; but they dimpled or ogled or grinned, all in the Palace of Truth. Truth is power, but not always pretty. For common men the surface is best; all beyond that is knowledge—an acquisition of sorrow.

Therefore, notwithstanding his years, the clear olive oval of his handsome face, the setting—void of line or colour—of those deep dark eyes, so enthusiastic, yet so cold, the rich wave of his dark hair, and the smooth transparency of temples and forehead, and all the tints and signs of beautiful youth, Cleve Verney was well stricken in years of knowledge; and of that sad gift he would not have surrendered an iota in exchange for the charms and illusions of innocence, so much for the most part do men prefer power to happiness.

"How d'y'e do, Miss Oldys?" said this brilliant young man of actualities and expectations.

"Oh, Mr. Verney, *you* here!"

This pretty Caroline Oldys was just five-and-twenty, and in her sixth London season. Old, like him, in the world's dismal psychology, betrayed into a transient surprise, smiling in genuine gladness, almost forgetting herself, and looking quite country-girlish in the momentary effusion. It is not safe affecting an emotion with men like Cleve, especially when it does not flatter them. He did not care a farthing whether she was surprised or not, or glad or sorry. But her very eye and gesture told him that she had marked him as he stood there, and had chosen the very seat on which her partner had placed her of malice aforethought. Fine acting does it need to succeed with a critic like Cleve.

"Yes, I here—and where's the wonder?"

"Why,—who was it?—some one

told me only half an hour ago, you were somewhere in France."

"Well, if it was a man he told a story, and if a lady she made a mistake," said Cleve, coolly but tartly, looking steadily at her. "And the truth is, I wanted a yacht, and I went down to look at her, tried her, liked her, and bought her. Doesn't it sound very like a marriage?"

Ethel laughed.

"That's your theory—we're all for sale, and handed over to the best bidder."

"Pretty valtz," said Cleve, waving his slender hand just the least in the world to the music. "Pretty thing!"

He did not use much ceremony with this young lady—his cousin in some remote way—who, under the able direction of her mother, Lady Wimbledon, had once pursued him in a barefaced way for nearly three years; and who, though as we have seen, her mother had by this time quite despaired, yet liked him with all the romance that remained to her.

"And who are you going to marry, Caroline? There's Sedley—I see him over there. What do you say to Sedley?"

"No, thanks—much obliged—but Sedley, you know, has seen his fate in that mysterious lady in Wales, or somewhere. I once had a letter from him."

"Oh! has he?" He signed to Sedley to come to them.

Looking through the chinks and chasms that now and then opened in the distinguished mob of which he formed a unit, he occasionally saw the stiff figure and small features of his pompous uncle, Lord Verney, who was talking affably to Lady Wimbledon, whom he used to hate. Lord Verney did not wear his agreeable simper. He had that starch and dismal expression, rather, which came with grave subjects, and he was tapping the fingers of his right hand upon the back of his left, in time to the cadence of his periods, which he did when delivering matter particularly well worth hearing. It plainly did not displease Lady Wimbledon, whatever his discourse might be. "I'm to be married to Caroline, I suppose. I wish that old woman was at the bottom of the red sea."

Cleve looked straight in the eyes

of the Honorable Miss Oldys, and said he, with a smile, "Lady Wimbledon and my uncle are deep in some mystery—is it political? Have you an idea?"

Caroline Oldys had given up blushing very long ago indeed; but there was the confusion, without the tint of a blush in her face, as he said these words.

"I dare say—mamma's a great politician."

"Oh! I know that. By Jove, my uncle's looking this way. I hope he's not coming."

"Would you mind taking me to mamma?"

"No—pray stay for a moment. Here's Sedley."

And the young man, whom we know pretty well, with the bold blue eyes and golden moustaches, and good frank handsome face, approached smiling.

"How are you, Sedley?" said Cleve, giving him two fingers. "Caroline Oldys says you've had an adventure. Where was it?"

"The lady in black, you know, in Wales," reminded Miss Oldys.

"Oh! to be sure," said Sedley, laughing. "A lady in gray, it was. I saw her twice. But that's more than a year old, and there has been nothing ever since."

"Do go on."

Sedley laughed.

"It was at Cardyllian, in the church. She lived at Malory—that dark old place you went to see with the Verneys, the day you were at Cardyllian—don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes, what a romantic place!"

"With an awfully cross old fellow, old enough to be her father, but with the air of her husband, guarding her like a dragon, and eyeing every fellow that came near as if he'd knock him down; a lean, white-whiskered, bald old fellow, with bushy eyebrows, and a fierce face, and eyes jumping out of his head, and lame of one foot, too. Not a beauty by any means."

"Where did you see *him*?" said Cleve.

"I did not see him—but Christmas Jones the boatman told me."

"Well, and which is your fate—which is to kill you—the husband or wife?" inquired Cleve, looking vaguely among the crowd.

"Oh, the wife, as he calls her, is

really quite beautiful, melancholy and that, you know. I'd have found out all about them, but they left before I had time to go back, but Verney was at Cardyllian, when I was there."

"When was that?" asked Cleve.

"I mean when these people were at Malory. Cleve was much more gone about her than I was—at least so I've heard," answered Sedley.

"That's very ungrateful of you, Sedley. I never interfered, upon my honour. I saw her once in church, and accompanied him in his pursuit at his earnest request, and I never saw her again. Are you going on to the Halbury's, Caroline?"

"Yes; are you?"

"No, quite used up. Haven't slept since Wednesday night."

Here a partner came to claim Miss Caroline.

"I'll go with you," said Sedley.

"Very well," answered Cleve without looking back. "Come to my lodgings, Sedley—we'll smoke, shall we? I've some capital cigars."

"I don't care. I'm going on, also."

"What a delicious night!" exclaimed Tom Sedley, looking up at the stars. "Suppose we walk—it isn't far."

"I don't care—let us walk," said Cleve.

So walk they did. It was not far to Cleve's lodgings, in a street off Piccadilly. The young men had walked rather silently; for, as it seemed to Sedley, his companion was not in a temper to talk a great deal, or very pleasantly.

"And what about this gray woman? Did the romance take fire where it ought? Is it a mutual flame?" asked Cleve, like a tired man who feels he must say something, and does not care what. "I don't think you mentioned her since the day you showed me that Beatrice Cenci, over your d—d chimney-piece."

"Of course I'd have told you if there had been anything to tell," said Tom.

"They haven't been at Malory since?"

"Oh! no—frightened away—you'll never see them there again. There's nothing absolutely in it, and never was, not even an adventure," continued Sedley. "She's a wonderfully beautiful creature, though; I wish you saw her again, Cleve. You're such

a clever fellow, you'd make a poem out of her, or something—she'd bring you back to the days of chivalry, and that style of thing. I'm a sort of a fellow, you know, that feels a lot, and I think, I *think* some too; but I haven't the knack of saying it, or writing it—I'm not particularly good at anything; but I went that morning, you know, into the Refectory—you know—there are such a lot of stairs, and long places and doors, it makes a fellow quite foolish—and there she was—I wish I could describe her to you."

"Don't try—you've tried so often—there's a good fellow; but just tell me what is her name?" said Cleve looking straight before him, above the lamps and the slanting slates and chimneys, into the deep sky, where brilliantly, spite of London smoke, shone the clear sad moon.

"Her name?—I never found out, except Margaret—I don't know; but I believe they did not want their name told."

"That did not look well—did it?" suggested Cleve.

"Well, no more it generally does; but it is not her fault. It was—in fact it was—old Sir Booth Fanshawe, you know he's broken—not worth a guinea—and always running about from place to place to avoid pursuit, in fact. It can't signify, you know, now that I think of it, mentioning him, because, of course, he's gone somewhere else long ago."

So said romantic little Sedley, and Cleve sneered.

"I see you can tell a fib on occasion, Tom, like another man. So you found out the name, and knew it all the time you were protesting ignorance. And who told you *that*? People here thought Sir Booth had gone to Italy."

"Well, it was, but you mustn't tell him I told you. There was a Jew fellow down at Malory, with a writ and a lot of fellows to nab him; but the old fellow was off; and the Jew thinking that Wynne Williams knew where he was, came to his office and offered him a hatfull of money to tell, and he was going to kick him out; and that's the way he found out it was old Sir Booth; and he is awfully afraid of getting into a scrape about it, if the old people heard who the tenant was."

"So he would—the worst scrape he ever was in, with my *uncle*, at all

events. And that d—d Larkin would get into the management of everything, I suppose. I hope, you have not been telling everyone?"

"Not a soul—not a human being."

"There are some of the Cardyllian people that hardly come under that term; and, by Jove, if you breathe it to one of them, it's all over the town, and my uncle will be sure to hear it; and poor Wynne Williams!—you'll be the ruin of him very likely."

"I tell you, except to you, I *swear* to you, I haven't mentioned it to a soul on earth," exclaimed Tom.

"Well, I do think, as a matter of conscience and fairness, you ought to hold your tongue, and keep faith with poor Wynne," said Cleve, rudely, "and I think he was a monstrous fool to tell you. You know I'm interested," continued Cleve, perceiving that his vehemence surprised Tom Sedley; "because I have no faith in Larkin—I think him a sneak and a hypocrite, and a rogue—of course that's in confidence, and he's doing all in his power to get a fast hold of my uncle, and to creep into Wynne Williams's place, and a thing like this, with a hard unreasonable fellow like my uncle, would give him such a lift as you can't imagine."

"But, I'm not going to tell, unless *you* tell, or *he*, I don't know who's to tell it—I won't, I know."

"And about Sir Booth—of course he's not in England now—but neither is he in Italy," said Tom.

"It's well he has you to keep his 'log' for him," said Cleve.

"He's in France."

"Oh!"

"Yes, in the north of France, somewhere near Caen," said Tom Sedley.

"I wonder you let him get so near England. It seems rather perilous, doesn't it?"

"So one would think, but *there* he is. Tom Blackmore, of the Guards, you know him?"

"No, I don't."

"Well he saw old Fanshawe there. He happened to be on leave."

"Old Fanshawe?"

"No, Tom Blackmore. He likes poking into out-of-the-way places."

"I dare say."

"He has such a turn for the picturesque and all that, and draws very nicely."

"The long bow, I dare say."

"Well, no matter, he was there—Old Fanshawe I mean—Blackmore saw him. He knows his appearance perfectly—used to hunt with his hounds, and that kind of thing, and often talked to him, so he could not be mistaken—and there he was as large as life."

"Well?"

"He did not know Tom a bit, and Tom asked no questions—in fact, he did not care to know where the poor old fellow hides himself—he preferred not—but Madame something or other—I forget her name—gave him a history, about as true as Jack the Giant-Killer, of the eccentric English gentleman, and told him that he had taken a great old house, and had his family there, and a most beautiful young wife, and was as jealous as fifty devils; so you see Margaret must have been there. Of course that was she," said Tom.

"And you said so to your friend Blackmore?" suggested Cleve Verney.

"Yes," said Tom, "there was no harm in *that*. She's not in danger of those d—d writs and things."

"It seems to me you want to have him caught."

"Well, I don't see."

"Why, saying that had just *this* advantage. That prating Guardsman was sure to talk of the matter when you gave him that subject, although he would probably never have thought again of having seen old Fanshawe, as you call Sir Booth, in France, if it had not been for that."

"Well, I did not think—I hope not—and I did not know you took any interest in him," said Sedley, quite innocently.

"Interest! I—me! Interest, indeed! Why the devil should I take an interest in Sir Booth Fanshawe? Why you seem to forget all the trouble and annoyance he has cost me. Interest, indeed! Quite the contrary. Only, I think, one would not like to get any poor devil into worse trouble than he's in, for no object, or to be supposed to be collecting information about him."

"No one could suppose anything like that of me," said Tom Sedley.

"I beg your pardon; they can suppose anything of anybody," answered

Cleve, and, seeing that Tom looked offended, he added, "and the more absurd and impossible, the more likely with some people. I wish you heard the things that have been said of *me*—enough to make your hair stand on end, by Jove!"

"Oh! I dare say."

They were now turning into the street where Cleve had taken lodgings.

"I could not stand those fellows any longer. My uncle has filled the house with them—varnish and paint and that stifling plaster—so I've put up here for a little time."

"I like these streets. I'm not very far away from you here," said Tom. "And talking of that affair at Caen, you know, he said, by Jove he did, that he saw *you* there."

"Who said?"

"Tom Blackmore of the Guards."

"Then Tom Blackmore of the Guards *lies*—that's all. You may tell him I said so. I never saw him—I never spoke to him—I don't know him; and how should he know me? And if he did, I wasn't there; and if I had been, what the devil was it to him? So besides telling lies, he tells *impertinent* lies, and he ought to be kicked."

"Well, of course as you say so, he must have made a mistake; but Caen is as open to you as to him, and there's no harm in the place; and he knows you by appearance."

"He knows everybody by appearance, it seems, and nobody knows him; and, by Jove, he describes more like a bailiff than a Guardsman."

"He's a thorough gentleman in every *idea*. Tom Blackmore is as nice a little fellow as there is in the world," battled Tom Sedley for his friend.

"Well, I wish you'd persuade that faultless gentleman to let me and my concerns alone. I have a reason in this case; and I don't mind if I tell you, I *was* at Caen, and I suppose he *did* see me. But there was no romance in the matter, except the romance of the Stock Exchange and a Jew; and I wish, Tom, you'd just consider *me* as much as you do the old baronet, for my own sake, that is, for I'm pretty well dipt too, and don't want everyone to know when or where I go in quest of my Jews. I *was* not very far from that about four months ago; and if you go about telling everyone, by Jove my uncle

will guess what brought me there, and old fellows don't like *post-obits* on their own lives."

"My dear Cleve, I had not a notion——"

"Well, all you can do for me now, having spread the report, is to say that I *wasn't* there—I'm serious. Here we are."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A LARK.

"THERE's some 'Old Tom,' isn't there? Get it, and glasses and cold water, *here*," said Cleve to his servant, who, patient, polite, sleepy, awaited his master. "You used to like it—and here are cigars;" and he shook out a shower upon his drawing-room table cover. "And where did you want to go at this time of night?"

"To Wright's, to see the end of the great game of billiards—Seller and Culverin, you know; I've two pounds on it."

"Don't care if I go with you, just now. What's this?—When the devil did this come?" Cleve had picked up and at one pale glance read a little note that lay on the table; and then he repeated coolly enough—

"I say, when did this come?"

"Before one, sir, I think," said Shepperd.

"Get me my coat," and Shepperd disappeared.

"Pestered to *death* about money," he said, moodily. "Upon my soul, I think if my uncle *will* make a statesman of me, he ought in conscience to enable me to *live* without selling my vote; see, you have got the things here, and cigars. I sha'n't be five minutes away. If I'm longer, don't wait for me; but finish this first."

Cleve had turned up the collar of his outer coat, and buttoned it across his chin, and pulled a sort of travelling cap down on his brows, and let the silk flaps cover his cheeks, and away he went.

He did not come back in five minutes; nor in ten, twenty, or forty minutes. The "Old Tom" in the bottle had run low; Sedley looked at his watch; he could wait no longer.

When he got out upon the flagway, though not quite tipsy, he felt the agreeable stimulus of the curious "Old Tom" sufficiently to render a little pause expedient for the purpose of calling to mind with clearness the

geographical bearings of Wright's billiard-rooms—whither accordingly—eastward, along deserted and echoing streets, with here and there a policeman poking into an area, or sauntering along his two-mile-an-hour duty, march, and now and then regaled by the unearthly music of love-sick cats among the roofs.

These streets and squares, among which he had in a manner lost himself, had in their day been the haunts and quarters of fashion, a fairy world, always migrating before the steady march of business. Sedley had quite lost his reckoning. If he had been content to go by Ludgate-hill, he would have been at Wright's half an hour before. Sedley did not know these dingy and respectable old squares; he had not even seen a policeman for the last twenty minutes, and was just then quite of the Irish lawyer's opinion that life is not long enough for short-cuts.

In a silent street he passed a carriage standing near a lamp. The driver on the flagway looked hard at him. Sedley was not a romantic being only; he had also his waggish mood, and loved a lark when it came. He returned the fellow's stare with a glance as significant, slackening his pace.

"Well?" said Sedley.

"Well!" replied the driver.

"Capital!" answered Sedley.

"Be you him?" demanded the driver, after a pause.

"No; be *you*?" answered Sedley.

The driver seemed a little puzzled, and eyed Sedley doubtfully; and Sedley looked into the carriage, which, however, was empty, and then at the house at whose rails it stood; but it was dark from top to bottom.

He had thoughts of stepping in and availing himself of the vehicle; but seeing no particular fun in the procedure, and liking better to walk, he

merely said, nodding toward the carriage—

"Lots of room."

"Room enough, I deassy."

"How long do you mean to wait?"

"As long as I'm paid for."

"Give my love to your mother."

"Feard she won't vally it."

"Take care of yourself for my sake."

Doubtless there was a retort worthy of so sprightly a dialogue; but Sedly could not hear distinctly as he paced on, looking up at the moon, and thinking how beautifully she used to shine, and was no doubt then shining, on the flashing blue sea at Cardyllian, and over the misty mountains. And he thought of his pretty cousin Agnes Etherage; and "Yes," said he within himself, quickening his pace, "if I win that two pounds at Wright's, I'll put two pounds to it, the two pounds I should have lost, that is—there's nothing extravagant in that—and bring little Agnes something pretty; I said I would; and though it was only joke, still it's a promise."

Sedley was a good-natured fellow. Some tradesmen's bills that morning had frightened him, and as he periodically did, he had bullied himself into resolutions of economy, out of which he ingeniously reasoned himself again. "What shall it be? I'll look in to-morrow at Dymock and Rose's—they have lots of charming little French trifles. Where the deuce are we now?"

He paused, and looking about him, and then down a stable-lane between two old-fashioned houses of handsome dimensions, he saw a fellow in a great coat loitering slowly down it, and looking up vigilantly at the two or three windows in the side of the mansion.

"A robbery, by George!" thought Sedley, as he marked the prowling vigilance of the man, and his peculiar skulking gait.

He had no sort of weapon about him, not even a stick; but he is one of the best sparrers extant, of his weight, and thinks pluck and "a fist-full of fives" well worth a revolver.

Sedley hitched his shoulders, plucked off the one glove that remained on, and followed him softly a few steps, dogging him down the lane, with that shrewd, stern glance which men exchange in the prize ring. But when

on turning about the man in the surtout saw that he was observed, he confirmed Sedley's suspicions by first pausing irresolutely, and ultimately withdrawing suddenly round the angle.

Sedley had not expected this tactic. For whatever purpose, the man had been plainly watching the house, and it was nearly three o'clock. Thoroughly blooded now for a "lark," Sedley followed swiftly to the corner, but could not see him; so, as he returned, a low window in the side-wall opened, and a female voice said, "Are you there?"

"Yes," replied Tom Sedley, confidentially drawing near.

"Take this."

"All right"—and thereupon he received first a bag and then a box, each tolerably heavy.

Sedley was amused. A mystification had set in; a quiet robbery, and he the receiver. He thought of dropping the booty down the area of the respectable house round the corner, but just then the man in the surtout emerged from the wing, so to speak, and marching slowly up the perspective of the lane, seemed about to disturb him, but once more changed his mind, and disappeared.

"What is to happen next?" wondered Tom Sedley. In a few minutes a door which opens from the back yard or garden of the house from which he had received his burthen, opened cautiously, and a woman in a black cloak stepped out, carrying another bag, a heavy one it also seemed, and beckoning to him, said, so soon as he was sufficiently near,

"Is the carriage come?"

"Yes'm," answered Tom, touching his hat, and affecting as well as he could the ways of a porter or a cabman.

"When they comes," she resumed, "you'll bring us to where it is, mind, and fetch the things with you—and mind ye, no noise nor talking, and walk as light as you can."

"All right," said Tom, in the same whisper in which she spoke.

It could not be a robbery—Tom had changed his mind; there was an air of respectability about the servant that conflicted with that theory, and the discovery that the carriage was waiting to receive the party was also against it.

Tom was growing more interested in his adventure; and entering into the fuss and mystery of the plot.

"Come round, please, and show me where the carriage stands," said the woman, beckoning to Tom, who followed her round the corner.

She waited for him, and laid her hand on his elbow, giving him a little jog by way of caution.

"Hush—not a word above your breath, mind," she whispered; "*I see that's it; well, it needn't come no nearer, mind.*"

"All right, ma'am."

"And there's the window," she added in a still more cautious whisper, and pointing with a nod and a frown at a window next the hall-door, through the shutter of which a dim light was visible.

"Ha!" breathed Tom, looking wise, "and all safe *there*?"

"We're never sure; sometimes awake; sometimes not; sometimes quiet; sometimes quite wild-like; and the window pushed open, for hair! Hoffer he is!"

"And always was," hazarded Tom.

"Wuss now, though," whispered she, shaking her head ruefully, and she returned round the angle of the house and entered the door through which she had issued, and Tom set down his load not far from the same point.

Before he had waited many minutes the same door re-opened, and two ladies, as he judged them to be from something in their air and dress, descended the steps together, followed by the maid carrying the black-leather bag as before. They stopped just under the door, which the servant shut cautiously and locked; and then these three female figures stood for a few seconds whispering together; and after that they turned and walked up the lane towards Tom Sedley, who touched his hat as they approached, and lifted his load again.

"The two ladies were muffled in cloaks. The taller wore no hat or bonnet; but had instead a shawl thrown over her head and shoulders, hood-wise. She walked, leaning upon the shorter lady, languidly, like a person very weak, or in pain, and the maid at the other side, placed her arm tenderly round her waist, under her mufflers, and aided her thus as she

walked. They crossed the street at the end of the stable-lane, and walked at that side toward the carriage. The maid signed to Tom, who carried his luggage quickly to its destination on the box, and was in time to open the carriage door.

"Don't you mind," said the woman, putting Tom unceremoniously aside, and herself aiding the taller lady into the old-fashioned carriage. As she prepared to mount, Tom for a moment fancied a recognition; something in the contour of the figure, muffled as it was for a second struck him; and at the same moment all seemed like a dream, and he stepped backward involuntarily in amazement. Had he not seen the same gesture. The arm moved backward, exactly so, and that slender hand in a gardening glove, holding a tiny trowel, under the dark transparent foliage of old trees?

The momentary gesture was gone. The lady leaning back, a muffled figure, in the corner of the carriage, silent. Her companion, who he thought looked sharply at him, from within, now seated beside her; and the maid also from her place inside, told him from the window—

"Bid him drive now where he knows, quickly," and she pulled up the window.

Tom was too much interested now to let the thread of his adventure go. So to the box beside the driver he mounted, and delivered the order he had just received.

Away he drove swiftly, City-wards, through silent and empty streets. Tom quickly lost his bearings; the gas-lamps grew few and far between; he was among lanes and arches, and sober, melancholy streets, such as he had never suspected of an existence in such a region.

Here the driver turned suddenly up a narrow way between old brick walls, with tufts of dingy grass here and there at top, and the worn mortar lines overlaid with velvet moss. This short passage terminated in two tall brick piers, surmounted by worn and moss-grown urns of stone.

Tom jumped down and pushed back the rusty iron gates, and they drove into an unlighted, melancholy courtyard; and Tom thundered at a tall narrow hall-door, between chipped

and worn pilasters of the same white stone, surmounted by some carved heraldry, half effaced.

Standing on the summit of the steps he had to repeat his summons, till the cavernous old mansion pealed again with the echo, before a light gave token of the approach of a living being to give them greeting.

Tom opened the carriage door, and let down the steps, perhaps a little clumsily, but he was getting through his duties wonderfully.

The party entered the spacious wainscoted hall, in which was an old wooden bench, on which, gladly, it seemed, the sick lady sat herself down. A great carved doorway, opened upon a square second hall or lobby, through which the ray of the single candle glanced duskiy, and touched the massive banisters of a broad staircase.

This must have been the house of a very great man in its day, a Lord

Chancellor, perhaps, one of those Hogarthian mansions in which such men as my Lord Squanderfield might have lived in the first George's days.

"How could any man have been such an idiot," thought Sedley, filled with momentary wonder, "as to build a palace like this in such a place?"

"Dear me! what a place—what a strange place!" whispered the elder and shorter lady, "where are we to go?"

"Up stairs, please'm," said the woman with a brass candlestick in her hand.

"I hope there's fire, and more light, and—and proper comfort there?"

"Oh! yes'm, please; everythink as you would like, please."

"Come, dear," said the old lady tenderly, giving her arm to the languid figure resting in the hall.

So guided and lighted by the servant they followed her up the great well staircase.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A NEW VOICE.

THE ladies ascended, led by the maid with the candle, and closely followed by their own servant, and our friend Tom Sedley brought up the rear, tugging the box and the bag with him.

At the stair-head was a great gallery from which many doors opened. Tom Sedley halted close by the banister for orders, depositing his luggage beside him. The maid set the candle down upon a table, and opened one of these tall doors, through which he saw an angle of the apartment, a fire burning in the grate, and a pleasant splendour of candlelight; he saw that the floor was carpeted, and the windows curtained, and though there was disclosed but a corner of a large room, there were visible such pieces of furniture as indicated general comfort.

In a large arm-chair, at the further side of the fire-place, sat the lady who had thrilled him with a sudden remembrance. She had withdrawn the shawl that hung in hood-like fashion over her head, and there was no longer a doubt. The Beatrice Cenci was there—his Guido—very pale, dying he thought her, with her

white hands clasped, and her beautiful eyes turned upward in an agony of prayer.

The old lady, Miss Shackleton, came near her, leaned over her, kissed her tenderly, and caressingly smoothed her rich chestnut hair over her temples, and talked gently in her ear, and raised her hand in both hers, and kissed it, and drawing a chair close to hers, she sat by her, murmuring in her ear with a countenance of such kindness and compassion, that Tom Sedley loved her for it.

Looking up, Miss Shackleton observed the door open, and Tom fancied perceived him in the perspective through it, for she rose suddenly, shut it, and he saw no more. Tom had not discovered in the glance of the old lady any sign of recognition, and for the sake of appearances he had buttoned his gray wrapper close across his throat and breast so as to conceal the evidences of his ball costume; his shining boots, however, were painfully conspicuous, but for that incongruity there was no help.

And now the servant who had let them in told Tom to bring the box and bag into the servants' room,

to which she led him across the gallery.

There was a large fire, which was pleasant, a piece of matting on the floor, a few kitchen utensils ranged near the fire-place, a deal table, and some common kitchen chairs. Dismal enough would the room have looked, notwithstanding its wainscoting, had it not been for the glow diffused by the fire.

By this fire, on a kitchen chair, and upon his own opera hat, which he wished specially to suppress, sat Tom Sedley, resolved to see his adventure one hour or so into futurity, before abandoning it, and getting home to his bed, and in the meantime doing his best to act a servant, as he fancied such a functionary would appear in his moments of ease unbending in the kitchen or the servants' hall. The maid who had received the visitors in the hall, Anne Evans by name, square, black-haired, slightly pitted with small-pox, and grave, came and sat down at the other side of the fire, and eyed Tom Sedley in silence.

Now and then Tom felt uncomfortably about his practical joke, which was degenerating into a deception. But an hour or so longer could not matter much; and might he not make himself really useful if the services of a messenger were required?

Anne Evans was considering him in silence, and he turned a little more toward the fire, and poked it, as he fancied a groom would poke a fire for his private comfort.

"Are you servant to the ladies?" at last she asked.

Tom smiled at the generality of the question, but interpreting in good faith—

"No," said he, "I came with the carriage."

"Servant to the gentleman?" she asked.

"What gentleman?"

"You know well."

Tom had not an idea, but could not well say so. He therefore poked the fire again, and said, "Go on, miss; I'm listening."

She did not go on, however, for some time, and then it was to say—

"My name is Anne Evans. What may your name be?"

"Can't tell that. I left my name at home," said Tom, mysteriously.

"Won't tell?"

"Can't."

"I'm only by the month. Come in just a week to-morrow," observed Anne Evans.

"They'll not part you in a month, Miss Evans. No; they has some taste and feelin' among them. I wouldn't wonder if you was here for ever!" said Tom, with enthusiasm; "and what's this place, miss—this house I mean—whose house is it?"

"Can't say, only I hear it's bought for a brewery, to be took down next year."

"Oh, criky!" said Tom; "that's a pity."

There was a short pause.

"I saw you 'ide your 'at," said Anne Evans.

"Not 'ide it," said Tom—only sits on it—always sits on my 'at."

Tom produced it, let it bounce up like a jack-in-a-box, and shut it down again.

Miss Evans was neither amused nor surprised.

"Them's hopera 'ats—first quality—they used to come in boxes on 'em, as long as from here to you, when I was at Mr. Potterton's, the hatter. Them's for gents—they air—and not for servants."

"The gov'nor gives me his old uns," said Tom, producing the best fib he could find.

"And them French boots," she added, meditatively.

"Perquisite likewise," said Tom.

Miss Anne Evans closed her eyes, and seemed disposed to take a short nap in her chair. But on a sudden she opened her eyes to say—

"I think you're the gentleman himself."

"The old gentleman?" said Tom.

"No. The young un."

"I'm jest what I tell you, not objectin' to the compliment all the same," said Tom.

"And a ring on your finger?"

"A ring on my finger—yes. I wear it two days in the week. My grand-uncle's ring, who was a gentleman, being skipper of a coal brig."

"What's the lady's name?"

"Can't tell, Miss Evans; dussn't."

"Fuss about nothin'!" said she, and closed her eyes again, and opened them in a minute more, to add, "but I think you're him, and that's my belief."

"No, I ain't, miss, as you'll see by-and-by."

"Tisn't nothin' to me, only people is so close."

The door opened, and a tall woman in black, with a black net cap on, came quietly but quickly into the room.

"You're the man?" said she, with an air of authority, fixing her eyes askance on Tom.

"Yes 'm, please."

"Well, you don't go on no account, for you'll be wanted just now."

"No, ma'am."

"Where's the box and bag you're in charge of?"

"Out here," said Tom.

"Hish, man, quiet; don't you know there's sickness? Walk easy, *can't* you? *please*, consider."

Tom followed her almost on tip-toe to the spot where the parcels lay.

"Gently now; into this room, please," and she led the way into that sitting-room into which Tom Sedly had looked some little time since, from the stair head.

The beautiful young lady was gone, but Miss Sheckleton was standing at the further door of the room with her hands clasped, and her eyes raised in prayer, and her pale cheeks wet with tears.

Hearing the noise, she gently closed the door, and hastily drying her eyes, whispered, "set them down *there*," pointing to a sofa, on which Tom placed them accordingly. "Thanks—that will do. You may go."

When Sedley had closed the door—"Oh, Mrs. Graver," whispered Anne Sheckleton, clasping her wrists in her trembling fingers, "is she *very* ill?"

"Well, ma'am, she is ill."

"But, oh, my God, you don't think we are going to lose her?" she whispered wildly, with her imploring gaze in the nurse's eyes.

"Oh, no, please God, ma'am, it will all be right. You must not fuss yourself, ma'am. You must not let her see you like this, on no account."

"Shall I send for him now?"

"No, ma'am; he'd only be in the way. I'll tell you when; and his man's here, ready to go, any minute. I must go back to her now, ma'am. Hish!"

And Mrs. Graver disappeared with a little rustle of her dress, and no

sound of steps. That solemn bird floated very noiselessly round sick beds, and you only heard, as it were, the hovering of her wings.

And then, in a minute more, in glided Miss Sheckleton, having dried her eyes very carefully.

And now came a great knocking at the hall door, echoing dully through the house. It was Doctor Grimshaw, who had just got his coat off, and was winding his watch, when he was called from his own bed-side by this summons, and so was here after a long day's work, to make a new start, and await the dawn in this chamber of pain.

In he came, and Miss Sheckleton felt that light and hope entered the room with him. Florid, portly, genial, with a light, hopeful step, and a good, decided, cheery manner, he inspired confidence, and seemed to take command, not only of the case, but of the ailment itself.

Miss Sheckleton knew this good doctor, and gladly shook his hand; and he recognised her with a hesitating look that seemed to ask a question, but was not meant to do so, and he spoke cheerfully to the patient, and gave his directions to the nurse, and in about half an hour more told good Anne Sheckleton that she had better leave the patient.

So, with the docility which an able physician inspires, good Anne Sheckleton obeyed, and in the next room—sometimes praying, sometimes standing and listening, sometimes wandering from point to point, in the merest restlessness—she waited and watched for more than an hour, which seemed to her longer than a whole night, and at last tapped very gently at the door, a lull having come for a time in the sick chamber, and unable longer to endure her suspense.

A little bit of the door was opened, and Anne Sheckleton saw the side of Mrs. Graver's straight nose, and one of her wrinkled eyes, and her grim mouth.

"How is she?" whispered Miss Sheckleton, feeling as if she was herself about to die.

"Pretty well, ma'am," answered the nurse, but with an awful look of insincerity, under which the old lady's heart sank down and down, as if it had foundered.

"One word to Dr. Grimshaw," she whispered, with white lips.

"You *can't*, ma'am," murmured the nurse, sternly, and about to shut the door in her face.

"Wait, wait," whispered the voice of kind old Doctor Grimshaw, and he came into the next room to Miss Sheckleton, closing the door after him.

"Oh, doctor!" she gasped.

"Well, Miss Sheckleton, I hope she'll do very well; I've just given her something—a slight stimulant—and I've every confidence everything will be well. Don't make yourself uneasy; it is not going on badly.

"Oh, Doctor Grimshaw, shall I send for him? He'd never forgive me; and I promised her, darling Margaret, to send."

"*Don't* send—on *no account* yet. Don't bring him here—he's better away. I'll tell you when to send."

The Doctor opened the door.

"Still quiet?"

"Yes, sir," whispered Mrs. Graver. Again he closed the door.

"Nice creature she seems. A relation of yours?" asked the Doctor.

"My cousin."

"When was she married?"

"About a year ago."

"Never any tendency to consumption?"

"Never."

"Nothing to make her low or weak? Is she hysterical?"

"No hardly that, but nervous and excitable."

"I know; very good. I think she'll do very nicely. If anything goes the least wrong I'll let you know. Now stay quiet in there."

And he shut the door, and she heard his step move softly over the next room floor, so great was the silence, and she knelt down and prayed as people have prayed in shipwrecks; and more time passed, and more, slowly, very slowly. Oh,

would the dawn ever come, and the daylight again?

Voices and moans she heard from the room. Again she prayed on her knees to the throne of mercy, in the agony of her suspense, and now over the strange roofs spread the first faint gray of the coming dawn; and there came a silence in the room, and on a sudden was heard a new tiny voice crying.

"The little child!" cried old Anne Sheckleton, springing to her feet, with clasped hands, in the anguish of delight, and such a gush of tears as she looked up, thanking God, with her smiles, as comes only in such moments.

Margaret's clear voice faintly said something; Anne could not hear what.

"A boy," answered the cheering voice of Doctor Grimshaw.

"Oh! he'll be so glad!" answered the faint clear voice in a kind of rapture.

"Of course he will," replied the same cheery voice. And another question came, too low for old Anne Sheckleton's ears.

"A *beautiful* boy! as fine a fellow as ever you could desire to look at. Bring him here, nurse."

"Oh! the darling!" said the same faint voice. "*I'm so happy.*"

"Thank God! thank God! thank God!" sobbed delighted Anne Sheckleton, her cheeks still streaming in showers of tears as she stood waiting at the door for the moment of admission, and hearing the sweet happy tones of Margaret's voice sounding in her ears like the voice of one who had just now died, heard faintly through the door of heaven.

For thus it has been, and thus to the end, it will be—the "sorrow" of the curse is remembered no more, "for joy that a man is born into the world."

CHAPTER I.

CLIVE COMES.

TOM SEDLEY was dozing in his chair, by the fire, when he was roused by Mrs. Graver's voice.

"You'll take this note at once, please, to your master; there's a cab

at the door, and the lady says you mustn't make no delay."

It took some seconds to enable Tom to account for the scene, the actor and his own place of repose, his

costume, and the tenor of the strange woman's language. In a little while, however, he recovered the context, and the odd passage in his life became intelligible.

Still half asleep, Tom hurried down stairs, and in the hall, to his amazement, read the address, "Cleve Verney, Esq." At the hall-door steps he found a cab, into which he jumped, telling the man to drive to Cleve Verney's lodgings.

There were expiring lights in the drawing-room, the blinds of which were up, and as the cab stopped at the steps a figure appeared at one, and Cleve Verney opened the window and told the driver, "Don't mind knocking, I'll go down."

"Come up stairs," said Cleve, addressing Sedley, and mistaking him for the person whom he had employed.

Up ran Tom Sedley at his heels.

"Hollo! what brings you here?" said Cleve, when Tom appeared in the light of the candles. "You don't mean to say the ball has been going on till now—or is it a scrape?"

"Nothing—only this I've been commissioned to give you," and he placed Miss Sheekleton's note in his hand.

Cleve had looked woefully haggard and anxious as Tom entered. But his countenance changed now to an ashy paleness, and there was no mistaking his extreme agitation.

He opened the note—a very brief one it seemed—and read it.

"Thank God!" he said with a great sigh, and then he walked to the window and looked out, and returned again to the candles and read the note once more.

"How did you know I was up, Tom?"

"The lights in the windows."

"Yes. Don't let the cab go."

Cleve was getting on his coat, and speaking like a man in a dream.

"I say, Tom Sedley, how did you come by this note?" he said, with a sudden pause, and holding Miss Sheekleton's note in his fingers.

"Well, quite innocently," hesitated Sedley.

"How the devil was it, sir? Come, you may as well. By heaven, Sedley, you shall tell me the truth!"

Tom looked on his friend Cleve, and saw his eyes gleaming sharply on

him, and his face white with a kind of terror.

"Of course I'll tell you, Cleve," said Tom, and with this exordium he stumbled honestly through his story, which by no means quieted Cleve Verney.

"You d——d little Paul Pry!" said he in an undertone very viciously through his teeth. "Well, you have got hold of a secret now, like the man in the iron chest, and by —— you had better keep it."

A man who half blames himself already, and is in a position which he hates and condemns, will stand a great deal more of hard language, and even of execration, than he would under any other imaginable circumstances.

"You can't blame me half as much as I do myself. I assure you, Cleve, I'm awfully sorry. It was the merest lark—at first—and then—when I saw that beautiful—that young lady——"

"Don't dare to talk of that lady any more; I'm her husband. *There*, you have it all, and if you whisper it to mortal you *may ruin me*; but one or other of us shall die for it!"

Cleve was talking in a state of positive exasperation.

"Whisper it!—tell it! You don't in the least understand me, Cleve," said Tom, collecting himself, and growing a little lofty; "I don't whisper or tell things; and as for daring or not daring, I don't know what you mean; and I hope, if occasion for *dying* came, I should funk it as little as any other fellow."

"I'm going to this d——d place now. I don't much care what you do: I almost wish you'd shoot me."

He struck his hand on the table, looking not at Tom Sedley, but with a haggard rage through the window, and away toward the cold, gray east; and without another word to Sedley, he ran down, shutting the hall-door with a crash that showed more of his temper than of his prudence, and Tom saw him jump into the cab and drive away.

The distance is really considerable, but in Cleve's intense reverie time and space contracted, and before he fancied they had accomplished half the way, he found himself at the tall door and stained pilasters and steps of the old red-brick house.

Anne Evans, half awake, awaited

his arrival on the steps. He ran lightly up the stairs; and, in obedience to Mrs. Graver's gesture of warning, as she met him with raised hand and her frowning "Hish" at the head of the stairs, he checked his pace, and in a whisper he made his eager inquiries. She was going on very nicely.

"I must see Miss Sheckleton—the old lady—where is she?" urged Cleve.

"Here, sir, please"—and Mrs. Graver opened a door, and he found tired Miss Sheckleton tying on her bonnet, and getting her cloak about her.

"Oh! Cleve, dear"—she called him "Cleve" now—"I'm so delighted; she's doing very well; the doctor's quite pleased with her, and it's a boy, Cleve, and—and I wish you joy with all my heart."

And as she spoke, the kind old lady was shaking both his hands, and smiling up into his handsome face, like sunshine; but that handsome face, though it smiled down darkly upon her, was, it seemed to her, strangely joyless, and even troubled.

"And Cleve, dear, my dear Mr. Verney—I'm so sorry; but I must go immediately. I make his chocolate in the morning, and he sometimes calls for it at half-past seven. This miserable attack that has kept him here, and the risk in which he is every day he stays in this town, it is so distracting. And if I should not be at home and ready to see him when he calls, he'd be sure to suspect something; and I really see nothing but ruin from his temper and violence to all of us, if he were to find out how it is. So good-bye, and God bless you. The Doctor says he thinks you may see her in a very little time—half an hour or so—if you are very careful not to let her excite or agitate herself; and—God bless you—I shall be back, for a little, in an hour or two."

So that kindly, fluttered, troubled, and happy old lady disappeared; and Cleve was left again to his meditations.

"Where's the Doctor?" asked Cleve of the servant.

"In the sitting-room, please, sir, writing; his carriage is come, sir, please."

And thus saying, Mistress Anne Evans officiously opened the door,

and Cleve entered. The Doctor, having written a prescription, and just laid down his pen, was pulling on his glove.

Cleve had no idea that he was to see Doctor Grimshaw. Quite another physician, with whom he had no acquaintance, had been agreed upon between him and Miss Sheckleton. As it turned out, however, that gentleman was now away upon an interesting visit to a noble lady, at a country mansion, and Doctor Grimshaw was thus unexpectedly summoned.

Cleve was unpleasantly surprised, for he had already an acquaintance with that good man, which he fancied was not recorded in his recollection to his credit. I think if the Doctor's eye had not been directed toward the door when he entered, that Cleve Verney would have drawn back; but that would not do now.

"Doctor Grimshaw?" said Cleve.

"Yes, sir;" said the old gentleman.

"I think, Doctor Grimshaw, you know me?"

"Oh, yes, sir; of course I do," said the Doctor, with an uncomfortable smile, ever so little bitter, and a slight bow, "Mr. Verney, yes." And the Doctor paused, looking toward him, pulling on his other glove, and expecting a question.

"Your patient, Doctor Grimshaw, doing very well, I'm told?"

"Nicely, sir—very nicely now. I was a little uncomfortable about her just at one time, but doing very well now; and it's a boy—a fine child. Good morning, sir."

He had taken up his hat.

"And, Doctor Grimshaw, just one word. May I beg, as a matter of professional honour, that this—all this, shall be held as strictly secret—everything connected with it as strictly confidential?"

The Doctor looked down on the carpet with a pained countenance. "Certainly, sir," he said, drily.

"That's all, I suppose? Of course, Mr. Verney, I shan't—since such, I suppose to be the wish of all parties—mention the case."

"Of all parties, certainly; and it is in tenderness to others, not to myself, that I make the request."

"I'm sorry it should be necessary, sir;" said Doctor Grimshaw, almost sternly. "I know Miss Sheckleton and her family; this poor young lady,

I understand, is a cousin of her's. I am *sorry*, sir, upon her account, that any mystery should be desirable."

"It is desirable, and, in fact, *indispensable*, sir," said Cleve, a little stiffly, for he did not see what right that old doctor had to assume a lecturer's tone toward him.

"No one shall be compromised by me, sir," said the Doctor, with a sad and offended bow.

And the Doctor drove home pretty well tired out. I am afraid that Cleve did not very much care whom he might compromise, provided he himself were secure. But even from himself the utter selfishness, which toned a character passionate and impetuous enough to simulate quite unconsciously the graces of magnanimity and tenderness, was hidden.

Cleve fancied that the cares that preyed upon his spirits were for Margaret, and when he sometimes almost regretted their marriage, that his remorse was altogether for her, all his caution and finesse were exacted by his devotion to the interests of his young wife, and the long system of mystery and deception, under which her proud, frank spirit was pining, was practised solely for her advantage.

So Cleve was in his own mind something of a hero—self-sacrificing, ready, if need be, to shake himself free, for sake of his love and his liberty, of all the intoxications and enervations of his English life, and *fortis colonus*, to delve the glebe of Canada or to shear the sheep of Australia. She was not conscious that all these were the chimeras of insincerity, that ambition was the breath of his nostrils, and that his idol was—himself.

And if he mistakes himself, do not others mistake him also, and clothe him with the nobleness of their own

worship? Can it be that the lights and the music and the incense that surround him are but the tributes of a beautiful superstition, and that the idol in the midst is cold and dumb?

Cleve, to do him justice, was moved on this occasion. He did—shall I say?—yearn to behold her again. There was a revival of tenderness, and he waited with a real impatience to see her.

He did see her—just a little gleam of light in the darkened room; he stood beside the bed, clasping that beautiful hand that God had committed to his, smiling down in that beautiful face that smiled unutterable love up again into his own.

"Oh! Cleve, darling—oh, Cleve! I'm so happy."

The languid hands are clasped on his, the yearning eyes, and the smile, look up. It is like the meeting of the beloved after shipwreck.

"And look, Cleve," and with just ever so little a motion of her hand she draws back a silken coverlet, and he sees in a deep sleep a little baby, and the beautiful smile of young maternity falls upon it like a blessing and a caress. "Isn't it a darling? Poor little thing! how quietly it sleeps. I think it is the dearest little thing that ever was seen—*our* little baby!"

Is there a prettier sight than the young mother smiling, in this the hour of her escape, upon the treasure she has found? The wondrous gift, at sight of which a new love springs up—never—never, while life remains, to cease its flowing. Looking on such a sight in silence, I think I hear the feet of the angels round the bed—I think I see their beautiful eyes smiling on the face of the little mortal, and their blessed hands raised over the head of the fair young mother.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

"If love be sweet, then bitter death must be;
If love be bitter, sweet is death to me."—TENNYSON.

WHY should I not look happy—
The world is all so bright?
You know, he said he lov'd me;
He told me so last night:
He loves me so!

Such words of love he whisper'd,
I felt my blushes rise;
But half (he said) he told not,
The rest was in his eyes:
He loves me so!

He said, to watch and guard me
Would be his tender'st care;
If I am but beside him,
Joy will be ev'rywhere:
He loves me so!

If love will make life happy,
Mine will be very bright;
His love will shed a lustræ,
And fill it all with light:
He loves me so!

Then should I not be happy—
The world is all so bright?
You know, he said he lov'd me,
He told me so last night;
He loves me so!

Why should I not look mournful—
The world is all so sad?
Because, you know I love him;
Such love is never glad:
I love him so!

I've listened for his footstep
All through the weary day;
But oh! 'twould not be weary,
If *one word* he would say:
I love him so!

Sometimes I thought he loved me,
Then all the world was bright;
But now all hope is ended,
Quite dead since yesternight:
I love him so!

'Twas in the crowd of dancers:
I *felt* that he was nigh.
I longed so for his coming;—
He came—and passed me by:
I love him so!

He turned to some one fairer ;
 I saw him fitting past ;
 But me he never heeded—
 Oh God ! that dream is past :
 I love him so !

Then should I not look mournful ?
 'Twill ne'er be bright again ;
 For still, you know, I love him,
 Such love is only pain :
 I love him so !

Before God's shrine she stands,
 A veil thrown o'er her head ;
 The priest now joins their hands,
 While holy words are said.
 Bathed in mellowed light,
 A wreath around her brow.
 Clad in robes of white—
 A bride, behold her now !
 Music is stealing round—
 The chant of holy hymn ;
 Hark ! how the solemn sound
 Steals through the arches dim.
 They sing "Blest may she be !
 Her work of day by day
 Be blest ! O happy she !"—
 'Tis thus for life we pray.

Laid on her narrow bed,
 Clad in a garment white,
 A cross above her head,
 She's taking rest to-night.
 Flowers are scatter'd round,
 Her hands cross'd o'er her breast ;
 No more shall earthly sound
 Disturb that quiet rest.
 Sweet music steals aloft—
 The chant of holy hymn,
 Those notes, so low and soft,
 Steal through that chamber dim.
 They sing : "The dead are blest !
 Their work of day by day
 Has ceased, and now they rest ;"—
 'Tis thus in death we pray.

Life, to the joyous seems the best ;
 The weary only long for rest.

"MOINEUA."

A MANAGER IN ROBE DE CHAMBRE.

THERE is one incident of the old dramatic days which has grown obsolete—the prologue or epilogue. No new play was complete without this introduction or conclusion; and very often when in the hands of a skilful or lively actor, prologue or epilogue became a greater feature of the night than the play itself. Thus Johnson's well-known Drury-lane prologue had “a run” to itself, and had to be repeated night after night—excellent test of what cultivation and judgment was in an audience who could relish such deep and severe poetry. The custom, too, shows us that the audience came to enjoy their full night's pleasure from the very rising of the curtain; and the present languid, fitful way of taking our dramatic pleasure, may be one of the reasons why the practice has passed away. They were very familiar and “free and easy” in their tone. Now does Mr. King—who was the established prologue speaker—come out mimicking fine ladies and fine gentlemen, pretending to sip tea, or begging indulgence for his own farce about to follow:—

“You've writ a farce? Yes, sir, a foolish thing;
Damned foolish—better mind your acting,
King.”

Now, as the bell rings, Mrs. Abington peeps through the curtain, and calls out coquettishly, “How do you all, good folks?”—and adds, “Beat but your hands, that instant I will come,” and upon a round of applause she comes forth. There was no end to the shapes of familiarity these addresses assumed. Now Mrs. Bulkeley and Miss Catley rush out at the end of a piece, engage in a scolding match, and sing songs against each other; or Mrs. Barry, after finishing her gay part of the *Irish Widow*, comes out and *sings* her epilogue, with a burden:—

“Oh! Love has bewitched widow Brady!”

With doubtful taste allusions were ventured on to the private family concerns of the speaker, his recent accident, his marriage, &c., and even

Mrs. Barry, coming out to play after the death of her famous husband, could talk about being “of the pilot of her life bereft,” and ask, “how for Douglas can I shed a tear, when *real* griefs,” &c. Yet such confidences and familiarity had their benefit and effect on the decency and order of the stage. For the prologue and epilogue, allowing a certain licence, became a sort of guarantee that the regular business of the stage should be kept sacred from all such freedoms. And this we may suppose to have been one of the aims of the prologue—that the audience could thus enjoy a kind of privileged intercourse with their favourite, which their own respect for the play refused to tolerate. Now, as this safety-valve is gone, the buffoonery and “gagging” has forced its way into the regular business of the play itself.

Garrick had a surprising industry and fertility of fancy in these little performances. More than one hundred are left—each containing almost a different thought. All are lively and run off very smartly. They are in all characters and even dialects. They show great ingenuity in their variety, and considerable boldness in their freedom. Sometimes he glanced at the follies of the hour:—

“Nor from my head shall strange vagaries
spring,
To show the soil can teem with every-
thing,
No fruits, roots, greens, shall fill the
ample space,
A kitchen garden to adorn my face.
No rock shall there be seen, no wind-
mill, fountain—
Nor curls, like guns set round to guard
the mountain.”

Or made the forward Mrs. Abington sketch the house, and pleasantly flout the inhabitants of the boxes to their faces:—

“Have at you now—nay, mister—pray
don't stir;
Hold up your head—your fat becomes
you, sir.
Leer with your eye—as thus—now
smirk—well done.
You're ogling, sir—a haunch of venison.”

When Mrs. Griffith offered her "School for Rakes" the same *debonnair* performer could deprecate hostility by such a questionable appeal as this :—

"Pray, sir—*this School for Rakes, the woman's play,*
When do you give it us?—next Saturday.
I hope you'll both be kind to her at least,
A scribbling woman is a dreadful beast."

The exquisite is supposed to make the remark, but there is a want of dignity.

A glimpse of the unique biographer will be entertaining. As we see him so little and chiefly in relationship with his "revered friend," another glance at him will not be unwelcome here. For he was always consistent in his pleasant and most amusing vanity. Is not this passage from a letter written to Garrick not long after the jubilee, rich? "I please myself with the prospect of attending you at several more jubilees at Stratford-upon-Avon. It is true we must all look forward to the last scene. You, who have so often felt and made others feel its solemnity, *must fall, just like others.* This puts me in mind of three essays which I wrote on the profession of a player last year, and which were published in the *London Magazine*, in which I have some concern. Pray, have you read them? *Since I am upon the serious subject of death,* I cannot help expressing to one who feels as you do, that I am affected with much melancholy on the death of Mr. Gray. His 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' has long been like a part of myself, and many passages in his other poems *glance across my soul with the most enlivening force.*" (Nothing can be better than the insertion of the "Essays on the Player," and the "Have you read them?" in the midst of the reflections of death.) "I have just been enjoying," he goes on, "the very great happiness of a visit from my illustri-

ous friend, Pascal Paoli. He was two nights at Auchinleck, and you may figure the joy of my worthy father and me at seeing the Corsican hero in our romantic groves. Count Burgynski, the Polish Ambassador, accompanied him. . . . Why have you not called on General Paoli, since I had the pleasure of presenting you to him in your morning dress, *comme un roi déguisé*, and he paid you so handsome a compliment, which, I dare say, you have added to your cabinet of jewels."

But there is a little scene reported which shows Mr. Boswell very characteristically in his convivial moments, and which is but very little known. At a Guildhall dinner, when Boydell was Lord Mayor, Mr. Pitt was present, with Sir Joshua and other celebrities. After dinner Mr. Boswell contrived to be asked to sing, and standing up delivered a short speech referring to himself, in which he said that he had the good fortune to be introduced to most of the crowned heads and distinguished characters of Europe, but with all his exertions had never attained the happiness of being presented to a gentleman who was an honour to his country, and whose talents he held in the highest esteem. All the company understood the allusion, but Mr. Pitt remained perfectly cold and impassive. Then Mr. Boswell gave his song, which was a sort of parody on Dibdin's "Sweet Little Cherub," and called "A Grocer of London." The minister was a member of the Grocer's Guild, and this absurdity was all in his honour. So far this was ludicrous enough, but Mr. Boswell, half volunteering and half governed by the company, and, no doubt, much affected by the wine, sang this song over no less than six times, until Mr. Pitt's muscles at last relaxed, and he was obliged to join in the general roar at Mr. Boswell's behaviour. Mr. Taylor who was present, walked home with the author of the song, and recollected that they roared "Grocer of London" all through the streets.*

* This amusing story is given in Taylor's "Recollections," a pleasant book, written without the least affectation:—Mr. Boswell was also at Wilkes' mayoralty dinner, was very busy, and got a place for Colman beside himself, with great pride. He stopped the waiters, and called to one in German, which made Colman give him a smart thrust,—*"This must be St. James, as we hear nothing but Scotch and German."*

"Here lies David Garrick; describe me who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
 As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine,
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line.
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 This man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turned and he varied full ten times a day.
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confidently sick
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick,
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
 Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame.
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who peppered the lightest was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind;
 If dunces applauded he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, ye Woodfalls so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
 How did Grab-street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
 While he was be-hoociused, and you were bepraised!
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel, and mix with the skies.
 Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
 Shall still be his flatterers go where he will.
 Old Shakespeare, receive him with praise and with love,
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kelly's above."

Though this inventory of little weaknesses is a good deal exaggerated, still it is in the main a portrait of David Garrick—a description of character, too, in the main, done with the nicest accuracy and choice of terms. For the charm found in Garrick's company could be described by no other term, so happily, as by "pleasant;" familiar experience whispering to us how much more welcome is the society of the "pleasant," than of the wit professional. And this it was that might excuse the little compliment which placed Garrick in the "very first line" of wits, which was a trifling exaggeration. Who that has followed the course of his life so far, will deny him that "excellent heart," full of charity, forgiveness, and *toleration*, or that unfortunate restlessness which would "beplaster" it with the rouge of affectation; it was only, in Goldsmith's happy criticism, off the stage that he was acting.*

That was a curious system of "finessing and trick," but its innocence lay in its perfect openness and its being apparent to everyone. His little useless devices were indeed apparent to all his friends; and they used to tell of these shifts, and of his leaving the company at judicious moments, being called away, as it were; and of his taking a sly glance down a duke's table, to see how his joke affected the butler or waiter. As for that "casting off his friends" as a huntsman would do his pack, it was true in the sense of the "pack," being too often ready to set itself free from him; he would let them go without resentment; and with the same equanimity, when they were weary and distressed, and were glad to find help and comfort, his cheerful "whistle" was ready. A long list of the "hounds" who returned thus cringing to the feet of the man they had snarled at, and even bitten, could be made out. So, too, that relish for the "puffs" of dunces; always welcome as well as that of wise men—was very excusable in an actor,

* Elia improved on this pleasant notion for his fanciful biography of Elliston. "I like Wrench," a friend was saying to him one day, "because he is the same natural, easy creature on the stage that he is off." "My case exactly," returned Elliston, "I am the same person off the stage that I am on." The inference at first sight seems identical, but examine it a little, and it confesses only that the one performer was never, and the other always *acting*.

whose whole subsistence exists on praise, purchased or extorted; and in those Grub-street days, when the horizon was darkened with "hacks," even the praise of dunces was almost as profitable as that of the discriminating. But the true explanation was, that *he did not court* their approbation, but *dreaded their really blood-thirsty attacks*. And this sensitiveness friends did not care to distinguish from "gluttony." Well might Goldsmith appeal to the crew of Kenricks and Kellys, and the Woodfalls, the former of whom was a mere bravo, the second, a person who had written rhymes on a stage, could write more, and was besides an "Irishman," and the last of whom was an agent of the dreadful Junius. Handsomely, too, were their wretched services rewarded, either by loans of money, or the acceptance of poor plays. His retort on Goldsmith is well known.

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

A FABLE.

"Here, Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
Go fetch me some clay; I will make an odd fellow.
Right and wrong shall be jumbled—some gold and some dross.
Without cause be he pleased, without cause be he cross.
Be sure as I work, to throw in contradictions;
A great love of truth—yet a mind turned to fictions.
Now mix these ingredients, which warmed in its baking,
Turn to learning and gaming, religion, and raking.
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste;
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste.
That the rake and the poet, o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail.
For the joy of each sex on the world I'll bestow it.
This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet,
Tho' a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals, be GOLD-SMITH his name!
When on earth this strange mixture no more shall appear,
You, Hermes, shall fetch him, to make us sport here!"

But he had other things to harass him. Lacy, perhaps overset by the success of his sole management, was beginning to obstruct and take airs, and claim a share in the management, though it had been stipulated that he was to confine himself to his own special department. This, in fact, Garrick's solicitors wished to have inserted in the deed, but Garrick's delicacy—his wonderful and unfailing delicacy—wished to spare an affront to the vanity of his partner. He seems to have been an obstinate man, and with a kind of crooked suspicion in his mind, which was worked on by friends. Garrick, wearied of his humours, began actively to look out for a purchaser for his share of the patent, which, though nominally supposed to be of equal value to his partner's, was worth infinitely more, as it was his talent that brought profit to both, and when that was withdrawn not much would be left behind. It was some such reflection, no doubt, that always acted as a wholesome check upon Lacy. Early in the following year he made a handsome apology, begged that things might go on on the old footing, and gave his word of honour that he would never object to Garrick's management but in a private and friendly way. This was his reply to a formal memorandum sent by a solicitor. Garrick at once withdrew, though matters had gone so far, with his usual graciousness. "I should have quitted Drury Lane," he said, "with reluctance, and nothing but being convinced that Mr. Lacy chose to part with me, should have drove me to the step I was obliged to take. . . . And am ready to meet Mr. Lacy as my partner and friend, without having the least remembrance that we disagreed." Thus was the matter accommodated for a time.

But Mrs. Cibber's fond anticipation of "entering the horse Belvidera," was not to be fulfilled. She had been playfully rallying him as to "all their amours" being ended, but she did not think the real end was so near. She just played with him in "Sir John Brute," and during a few days later fell ill and died.* No wonder Garrick said that tragedy was now dead. In the same month another great

* On the 30th January, 1765. Murphy says the 31st; a trifling mistake for him.

actor was to pass away, and the stage was to lose the great pillar of the old "exploded" classical style. Quin,* long since retired, and given up to the enjoyment of venison and claret—made welcome at Chatsworth—was (in the favourite historical quotation) "to shuffle off this mortal coil." De-throned by the new and more fashionable player, his disappointment or mortification threw in some rough sallies of his rude Irish humour. It was said that after a coolness of some years they met at Chatsworth, where they had been invited, to use Davies' bombastic language, "to fill up the large cup of social happiness which the noble owner proposed to enjoy in the company of his friends." In the evening, when they were left alone, a warm inquiry after Mrs. Garrick renewed old friendship, which intimacy Garrick never allowed to slacken. From that date he was often to be found at Hampton, where he found excellent claret; and was always chosen for a visit to the cellar, to select a good bottle of Burgundy. Garrick had his picture painted for him, and it was one of his inducements to visit Chatsworth later to know that Quin was to be there. And when Garrick was down at Bath, racked with gout and endless disorders, he set himself to labouring out an epitaph for his friend, which it must be said reflects the dulness and languor of the sick room.†

Garrick's foreign tours had scarcely been of so much benefit as he anticipated; for he had presently to go down to Bath to drink the waters and try to drive out his complaints. They had the best effect, and made him, as he said, feel like a feathered Mercury. He found strange company there too, which amused him, and the pleasant society of Mr. Selwyn. But presently, when he was "cent. per cent. better," the gout came on, and all but crippled him. Soon after he found his way

down to Mistley, to the social Rigby's, one of the political portraits of the last century, who managed to combine a boisterous *bonhomme* for all his friends with a reckless and unscrupulous morality at the expense of the nation. At his pleasant house there was always a welcome for Garrick, for not yet had he been overtaken by evil days, nor had a fashionable morality come into existence which made him its first victim. In all these trips he thought of Colman, and showed that his little card, written in his pew, were something more than the *effusion* of the season. He was his "ever affectionate friend." Colman's little boy he and Mrs. Garrick looked after most carefully. He christened him "Georgy-go-jing," and rode over often to look after him, play with him, and amuse him. He was brought to stay at Hampton. All Colman's concerns were looked after carefully during his absence. But it was Garrick's lot that those on whom he poured out all these good offices should select him as the object of some ungenerous return.

When Colman was in Paris Garrick wrote a great piece of news that was secretly stirring the theatrical world. The Covent Garden patent was coming into the market; "Beard and Co." were going to sell—the price sixty thousand. No one knew the probable purchasers. "There will be the devil to do," but all was to be "mum." Whitworth and Spilsbey, Pritchard's son-in-law, were said to have offered. Foote also was spoken to, but his hands were full. The difficulty was to find the money.

Garrick wrote all this to his friend in the most affectionate letter—"I wish to God we had you here; your letter has made me miserable. Let me beg you, for my sake, not to let your spirits sink." Colman now told

* Murphy is as usual inaccurate, and contradictory of himself. He says Quin followed Mrs. Cibber, in the month of March; (two mistakes, for he *preceded* her, and died in January); and later says they *both* died in January.

† Plenty of Quin's jests are to be found in the regular collections, but the following are not so well known. When he was put to sleep at an inn with a clergyman whose linen was not very clean, he said—"What! are you coming to bed in your *cassock*, parson?" His saying to the turnspit who had shirked his duty, and obliged his master to procure another to roast the meat—"Ah! you must keep a curate too." When a struggle for the dishes went on at an ordinary he said—"Gentlemen, if ever I dine at an ordinary again I will have basket-handled knives."

him that he had a letter from a person of fashion, full of news. "I can guess," says Garrick, "what its subject was ;" it was to offer a share in the patent. It was the last thing in the world he contemplated that his friend would think of entering into opposition against him.

Not until the twenty-fifth of June in the following year did a sort of infatuation hurry him into this scheme. Worse than all, Powell—also under heavy obligations to Garrick—joined with him in the speculation. Harris and Rutherford were the two other partners. The whole negotiation was conducted with the secrecy of a guilty plot ; but never did man pay such a heavy penalty for gratifying a theatrical taste. He was supposed to be heir to the enormous Bath estates, and General Pulteny, when he heard of their plans, fairly warned him of his displeasure ; but with what can only be called an infatuation he persevered. Never did penalty come so swiftly ; within a few months the affairs of the theatre began to fall into disorder ; and unluckily within a few months also General Pulteny died, and left the whole of this vast property away from him.* He could not have hoped to have received the whole of this splendid fortune, as it was likely the General would have preferred leaving the bulk to relations bearing his own name. But it was always understood that Colman was in some shape to be the General's heir. The foolish Colman fancied he had overcome all the General's scruples by quoting the precedents of Sir Richard Steele, Sir William Davenant, and other persons of condition who had managed theatres. The stage has cost many of its votaries serious sacrifices of character, station, and fortune, but from none has the Jugernaut exacted so tremendous a penalty as this.

He seems to have kept Garrick in the dark until all was nearly concluded. It must be said that Garrick most handsomely admitted that he could not blame Colman. They were at variance : an offer was made to Colman, and in this state of things he said he could not find fault. It

was with Powell's treachery he was disgusted ; the latter had even broken his articles to carry out his scheme. He was a scoundrel, said Garrick, and Colman would repent. Early in February Colman had a comedy ready, called the "English Merchant"—a piece founded on Voltaire's "L'Ecossaïse," which in its turn had been founded in some measure on the "Douglas" of Home. Through such odd shifts and suits had a good play to pass. Garrick worked hard at it ; offered an epilogue for this, he being kept awake all night by violent coughing. The good air of Hampton, however, set him up, and with his "warmest affections to his dear Coley," he hoped he would come down on a Wednesday, and take share of a fine haunch of venison which Mrs. Garrick promised them.

Requiring every aid, and left to its own unadorned attractions, Garrick proposed that every new piece should be supported by a farce or light comedy. He began the system with Colman's Play ; but the latter was angry, and refused to submit to the regulation. As a matter of course, the manager gave way to his friend, whose resentment was excited.

But a change which he intended in the arrangements of *his* theatre seems to have brought about a fresh coolness. By the recent alterations the house was now made each night about a hundred guineas more valuable in capacity than it was before. It now held 337 guineas instead of 220. Such increased receipts of course brought increased expenses, and he proposed to charge an author who took his benefit night seventy guineas for expenses instead of sixty. He also brought in a judicious change in dealing with every new play, which was always set down as the sole entertainment for the night. Thus, as the performance began at five, and ended about nine, the audience were dismissed too early ; and what inflamed him was finding that Garrick's plan and Garrick's advice would have been best to follow, for the play failed and was thinly attended. But Colman would not forgive.

In April he found himself once

* Besides the estates, the reversionary interest in ground-rents of streets and houses about Piccadilly was valued at £100,000 a-year.

more at Bath, taking the waters which had been of such benefit to him. He found himself growing as "fat as a hog." Very soon Colman arrived there too, with a French friend. They met coldly. "We pulled off our hats to each other, but did not smile." Kind friends wished hard to reconcile them. That is to say, to abate Colman's resentment. With Garrick, of course, there was no difficulty. Though he said, happily enough, that he feared it would be "only a darn." The reconciliation took place, and though he could not forgive Powell, he was indulgent to Colman, and even gave him counsel in his embarrassment with General Pulteny. A better and more straightforward appeal, though not less cool, was made to him by Hugh Kelly, who had set up to be a sort of "Brumagem" Churchill, made a *specialite* of theatrical criticism, and had actually written a satirical poem on the stage, in feeble imitation of the grander slander. These were claims to ensure him respect with Garrick's easy nature; but it must be said, his appeal for the consideration of his comedy was so obsequious that it was difficult to resist. The manager was to make perfectly free with it; for he was not one of those writers who "agonized at every pore," when they are told of an amendment. He only asked that the manager would let him know as soon as convenient if he was really an incorrigible blockhead in dramatic literature. He had already submitted some "wretched stuff," but would now seriously set to work on a comedy, some friends of his having "so worked upon his vanity" as to make him think it would succeed. He did not like sitting down, even to *begin*, until he got some encouragement. He was a stranger to Garrick at the time. So the proceeding was a little "cool." But he was encouraged to go on, and the result was the highly successful comedy of "False Delicacy," which had such a surprising "run."^{*}

Towards the close of his life, as he

looked back to many distant nights of triumph and glitter, on none could his thoughts have rested with such pleasure as on that fourteenth of March, when the King was in the royal box, and the house was crammed to the ceiling, all London having come to see their favourite actor reappear after his long absence and travel. The tumult of welcome that greeted him, the plaudits sustained and gradually swelling into shouts, then an unusual form of welcome, must have told him what a hold he had upon their hearts. Such approbation, now grown tolerably cheap, had then a double value. He remained silent for a time. Then advanced and spoke with infinite point and gaiety, the lines he had written to introduce himself. They are in that vein of personality which, even when it has its own action for an object, is scarcely in the best taste, and must lessen respect. The archness of his manner, and roguish play of feature, carried all off, and kept the audience in one flow of merriment.

"I'm told,—what flattery to my heart
—that you

Have wished to see me—nay, have
pressed it, too.

I, like a boy who long had truant
played,

No lessons got, no exercises made,
On Bloody Monday takes his fearful
stand,

And often eyes the birchen-sceptered
hand.

.
A very nine pin, I my stage life
through,
Knocked down by wits, set up again by
you.

In four and twenty years the spirits
cool;

Is it not long enough to play the
fool?

To prove it is, permit me to repeat
What late I heard, in passing through
the street.

A youth of parts, with ladies by his
side,

Thus cock'd his glass, and through it,
shot my pride.

^{*} I refer readers to Mr. Forster's humorous description of the comedy, in his *Life of Goldsmith*. The play was so successful, and Garrick said so much of it that Lord Pembroke was eager to be back from Paris to see it, though he said, with true aristocratic pride, that he could expect very little from such a name as "Kelly," especially if there be an "O" before it. Some wonderful things in politics and in the drama have been done by men with this objectionable "O" before them.

'Tis he! by Jove—grown quite a clumsy fellow;
 He's fit for nothing but a Punchinello;
 O yes, for comic secrets—Sir John—
 no further;
 He's much too fat for battles, rapes,
 and murder.*
 Worn with the service, you my faults
 will spare,
 And make allowance for the wear and
 tear.
 The Chelsea pensioner, who, rich in
 scars,
 Fights o'er in prattle all his former
 wars,
 Though past the service, may the young
 ones teach
 To march, present, to fire, and mount
 the breach.
 Should the drum beat to arms, at first
 he'll grieve,
 For wooden leg, cortege, and armless
 sleeve,
 Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and
 swells his chest—
 'Tis for my King! and, zounds! I'll
 do my best."

There is good spirit in these lines, and the "hit" at the close, with the King himself looking down from his box, must have awakened enthusiasm.

The curtain then rose on the first scene, "Much Ado about Nothing," and in a moment it was seen that there was not the least ground for that assumed consciousness of decay. On the contrary, it was perceived that in ease and elegance of manner, and in an unaffected and natural manner, he had gained immensely by the influence of French habits and French acting; and above all, that he had now lost that rather anxious look of expectancy and waiting for applause, which usually attended on the close of one of his "points." Prologues were repeated like plays. For more than ten nights this prologue had to be given.

His next venture was a revival of Wycherly's "Plain Dealer," which was prepared for the stage by the hands of Bickerstaff. This was a strange selection, for it may be safely

said the piece would suffer less by getting rid of the decent portions, and leaving the impurities, than by following the opposite course. By cutting away about half, it was brought into some sort of maimed shape; though the humours of the *Widow Blackacre*, as given by Mrs. Clive, carried it through, in spite, too, of the absurdity of Yates, a man who had acted at Ipswich, when Garrick first came out, playing a youth of seventeen. Before this appearance he still seems to have thought of retiring from the stage; he had looked forward to it with nervousness and apprehension†—but this uproarious, and above all, the open approbation of the King, determined him.

Not long before he had set out on his travels, one of the friends he had made in Dublin, Mr. Robert Jephson, a clever and cheerful Irishman, who filled the pleasant office of Master of the Horse at Dublin Castle, happened to be in London. This gentleman wrote plays which had success, and was foremost in organizing the numerous private theatricals for which Irish persons of quality had such a taste. As he was jovial, it followed, almost of course, that he wanted money, and Garrick, with his usual generosity, seems to have lent him a sum of no inconsiderable amount; for with a pleasant frankness he admitted that "his circumstances in life had been such as oftener subjected him to receive than enabled him to confer benefits." But he had a sensitiveness which it must be said was a little characteristic of his country. Garrick, who had voluntarily offered his assistance, as he was now going abroad for some years, and settling his affairs, proposed some shape of formal security. This was indignantly resented by the sensitive Master of the Horse, as he frankly admitted, "from the consciousness of my own inability to discharge so considerable a debt if the power of demanding it fell into

* There is a hint here of another pensioner, who "shoulders his crutch, and showed how fields were won."

† See Mrs. Cibber's letter, p. 207 of the first vol. of the Garrick Letters. He had written to her on that very day, and that charming woman had been in a flutter all through it. I am almost inclined to think he had asked her to pray for him, for she was a devout Catholic, and he had just come from the land of Catholic practices. "I assure you," he writes, "you were the subject of my thoughts and discourse the whole day, and at six o'clock, 'when the play was beginning,' I obeyed your commands."

any other hands but your own." The result was a rather natural coolness. On Garrick's return, Mr. Jephson determined to make some amende. He saw his fault.

It is almost amusing to read the Micawber-like flourish with which he comes forward. Owns he has been wrong, but is determined "to do *all* that *now* remains for my satisfaction and your own." Which is not to pay the money he owed, but "to acknowledge myself under the greatest obligations to you, and to assure you, if you now please to accept my bond, or other instrument, for the money, *it will in no degree lessen the sense of the great service your kindness,*" &c. Garrick, with that charming sweetness which always distinguished him, only said, "The more I think of this matter, the less I am able to account for your particular diffidence. I wish your next friend may be as much more able to serve you, as more deserving of your confidence; and I wish that I could not think that you have withheld the only proof you could give me that this confidence was mutual." He then reassured Mr. Jephson, by telling him that he had protected him, as to the bond, in his will. The Master of the Horse, after all, was a good fellow; and this was in what Johnson would have called "the sensitiveness of impecuniosity." His plays were afterwards brought out by the same friend. I have no scruple in dwelling on these passages a little minutely, as they illustrate, more than anything, Garrick's charming temper.

Now comes a blunt, plain application to him from his old schoolfellow, Johnson, then busy with Shakespeare. He knew that great regard would be had to "his opinion of an edition of Shakespeare." "I desire, therefore, to secure an honest prejudice in my favour by securing your suffrage, and that this prejudice may be really honest, I wish you would name such plays as you would wish to see." As, of course, his friend worked for him—canvassed—secured subscribers—the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Beighton, and others;—indeed, whatever view we take of him, he seems to be always working for others. Now, he is interceding with influential people in behalf of

Edmund Burke, who had got into some scrape with the Commissioners of Customs. Now, an unfortunate wretch, lying under sentence of death, and ordered for execution, writes from the condemned cell the most piteous of appeals, from "your dying and ever obliged, humble servant." And Garrick works, and, late as it is, through the Rockingham, procures a respite. Johnson, too, had benefited by his friendly assistance of a loan of a hundred pounds, which, however, the sturdy moralist repaid, telling his creditor, in a blunt, surly way, that "it was lying ready for him in Mrs. Johnson's hands."

More pleasant is it to see with what affection true friends, who wanted little from him, looked for him. Mrs. Cibber, down at Woodley, with droll friends, and her parrot and her dogs, was eager that he and "sweet Mrs. Garrick" should come down. Her health was very bad, but she looked forward to joining him at Christmas, and as we have seen, "entering his favourite mare Belvidera." Burke, too, was eager for his company, promising him farmer's fare—fowls from his own poultry yard and beef of his own rearing—early hours, boiled mutton, drowsy conversation, and a little clabber milk.

He had, however, time to settle himself in his house or think of his plans before the playwrights were upon him. An Eton master, who had been civil to his brother's boy, now appeared in this capacity.

For some time past he had had peace, only through the agency of a fortunate coolness, from Arthur Murphy's querulousness and attacks. This must have been a sincere relief, for no one, as Wilkinson delighted to observe, possessed such a collected, measured power of annoyance from his special knowledge of Garrick's weak places. It was, however, convenient now to come to an accommodation. Bickerstaff was his agent, who in the November of this year ('67), bringing about the matter with Garrick, heard him speak kindly and handsomely of Murphy. Bickerstaff, with all his short-comings, was a warm-hearted, enthusiastic Irishman, reported this good news, called three times on Mr. Garrick, and begged of him to come to his "hovel" some night, and meet

Johnson and Murphy, and have a complete reconciliation. Garrick's answer was as warm and as eager:—

DEAR BICKERSTAFF,—You are a good Christian. I shall with great pleasure meet the company you mention at your house. As I am almost on my theatrical deathbed, I wish to die in charity and goodwill with all men of merit, and with none more so (as he wishes it too) than with Mr. Murphy.—I am, dear sir, most truly yours,

D. GARRICK.

P.S.—Pray let us meet as if we had never thought unkindly of each other.

The same agency brought another penitent—another playwright also—to his feet to beg forgiveness. This was the Rev. Mr. Franklin, who took that opportunity of lamenting the loss of Mr. G.'s friendship and who cannot but acknowledge himself both sorry and surprised at the continuance of Mr. G.'s ill-placed and ill-deserved resentment. As a matter of course all was condoned in both instances, and we may say with Bickerstaff, "Did I want anything to make me think better of you, or love you better, your charming behaviour in this affair would make me do it." But it is to be feared that both only found it an interest to make submission. Franklin had most likely another play by him; and in two days a new play was sent to Garrick by Murphy—a little surprisingly near to the date of reconciliation. Garrick's consenting to "make up," he said, gave him as good an opinion of his heart as he always had of his judgment, which, in theatrical matters, he thinks infallible, *therefore* he gladly submits his tragedy, &c. Not long after the intercessor himself had to fly the country.

But in the next month Garrick was to pay the usual penalty for Mr. Murphy's "friendship." The latter's sensitiveness began to be disturbed about a loan of £100 from Garrick, the only security for which was the profit of any play to be written in future. Garrick was not able to bring out the new play, "Zenobia," that season, and sent it back to the author for safe custody, possible alteration, &c. This Murphy resented. He did not like the air of putting his plays in pawn, as it were, "which is to work itself clear, the Lord knows when. This is 'he old trait of business, and I much

wish to avoid it." "What a pity!" says Garrick, with infinite temper, "that your natural good humour and good sense will now and then fail when you are to judge of me!" He then shows him how mistaken he was: "I think it a very small favour to lend money to a friend; and to lend it with his silver spoons in my drawer seems to me the very spirit of pawnbroking without the three blue balls. You are acquainted with no man who would have more pleasure in serving you in every manner he could than myself." With all this, Garrick strained a point, and the play was actually fixed for the first month of the next year. A day for reading was fixed. But Mr. Murphy was "sensitive" still. He did not care about it. It was premature to put the play in rehearsal, as no terms had been agreed on between him and the managers. This might be all "false delicacy," but still he was indifferent. He received a reply from Garrick's brother, but really dictated by Garrick himself from his sick bed; for there is one stroke in it quite after his manner:—"It may be a false delicacy in you not to fix a value on your own works, but it is a *real delicacy* in the managers which hinders them from doing it." When the play was brought out on the 27th February, Mr. Barry got ill, or took airs, and this was an occasion for fresh pettishness. "Alzuma," a new one, was in Garrick's hands, and he demanded it back in disgust, with a "*valeat res ludicra*." Garrick sent it to him as desired, and might well congratulate himself on this farewell resolution.

His health was not very good at this time. He was, besides, worried and harassed. Lacy, with whom he had been reconciled, had begun again to be dissatisfied and quarrelsome. He had taken a dislike to George Garrick and was determined to drive him out of the theatre. He was insensible to Garrick's own merit and services. But the latter, sick and weary of this altercation, was determined to end all, and retire from the theatre. A report even reached the Norfolk circuit that he was dead. The lawyers were all ready to go into mourning, with Sergeant Whitaker at their head. At the Bar mess there was sincere grief. "How well he played this, that, the other, everything!" A monument was built to

him in Westminster Abbey in a moment.

He was now to find his intercourse with Cumberland renewed after a long coolness. There were, of course, the usual reasons on Cumberland's side. Indeed the situation of manager at Drury Lane at this era must have been unrivalled, as a spot from which to study the little meannesses of human nature. The flourishing theatre, the celebrity and profit commenced with it, and the power wielded by its chief gathered about it as many intriguers as might gather in a little German kingdom. Even from his letters alone, Garrick might learn to what abasement self-interest would make men stoop. Cumberland had a farce ready, which, in a cavalier fashion, and without a word of allusion to the past, he proposes to send in for Mr. Garrick's acceptance. The other will give it his best consideration, but "at the same time, must confess himself as much surprised, after so long a silence, to receive his note of yesterday. . . . Indeed he little thought after his new scheme he should be again honoured with his commands." . . . "I perceive," replied Cumberland, in his strangely pompous style, "that you write under resentment. Weak as are the foundations on which you build your anger, I am well content you should have some plea for your neglect of me. . . . And I had rather that excuse should proceed from passion (*though self-interest be the root of it*), than be found to proceed from the lassitude of friendship."

They had now taken the charge of two of the improvident George's daughters, Arabella and Catherine, and sent them over to Paris to Mons. and Madame Descombe's school.

This adoption, as it will be seen, brought trouble and responsibility, and there are some charming letters of Mrs. Garrick to her "dear Kitty," written at this time, and full of grace and of good sense too. Her little advice about dress is admirable, and perhaps a little new—"Remember," she says, "that the dearest silks are not always the prettiest, and never think they will wear the longer for being richer. I compare them to

an old woman who, when she has lost her beauty, will not be admired, *because she was once handsome.*" . . .

Remember likewise that two coats are better than one; and that paying for the turning of an old sack, costs twice for the making one new." She tells them that Mr. Garrick hopes they will furnish their *petite cervelle*, and read a little history. "So hear ends my first sermon."*

This good advice was directed to Miss Kitty; but Miss Bell, her half sister, was all the time being the heroine of a romance, and stood more in need of it. A peaniless French officer, named Molière, had met the young English girl, and had fallen in love, or had affected to fall in love with her. With the usual adventure of Frenchmen in such affairs, he had actually taken a garret in M. Descombe's house, and from this ambuscade carried on his plans. He was met on the stairs, wrote letters about his *grand passion*, and obtained some from the foolish girl, which, with the true chivalry of the Frenchman whose profession is following *bonnes fortunes*, he exhibited to his friends. The matter soon transpired, and the young ladies were sent home. Nothing could be more admirable than Garrick's letters—judicious, severe, and yet not unkind—skilfully addressed to her pride, and without anything artificial; contemptuously exposing the true character of the admirer, and stripping the whole of its romance. He was justly displeased, and for some time was cold and severe to her; but on her justifying herself in some very "proper" letters, he looked over the past, and wrote to her again as "my dear Bell."

This essence of roses,
The sweetest of posies,
Was given by dear Hannah More;
Near my heart I will wear it,
No movement shall tear it
From thence with the weight of proud ore.

An infant must,

MARIA GARRICK.

In Monsey's company Garrick could not resist giving way to his taste for "practical joking." That Doctor reports many of these odd jests. Once when they went into the City with

Mr. Windham of Norfolk, Garrick stopped at the top of Ludgate-hill, and going into the road, looked up and repeated aloud, several times, "I never saw two before." This soon attracted some of those who were passing, and gradually a large crowd was formed round the gentleman who was looking up and talking to himself so strangely. He was asked what he saw, but he only repeated the same remark. One man said it must be two storks. Garrick's face then took an idiotic stare, as he looked round on the crowd; and he told his friends that from their mystified and puzzled expression he had obtained some useful professional hints. How, too, he stopped a number of school-boys coming out of school, and accused one of them of ill-treating the other. The latter declared he had *not* been ill-treated. But Garrick went on sternly reprimanding the other, telling him how little he deserved the generosity of his companion, who would excuse him by a falsehood. The awe-struck looks of the boys, scared by Garrick's piercing eyes, and the bewildered expression of the boy, half persuaded that he *had* bullied his schoolfellow, was a rich treat. How, too, at old Somerset-house he overtook a cheerful sheet poster, who was singing, and declared he would get a crowd about the man before they reached Temple-bar. He went in front of him, turned and gave him a piercing look, which at once checked the fellow's gaiety. A little way on Garrick stopped at an apple-stall, and gave him another penetrating glance, and went on. Much discomposed the man began to look if there was anything strange about him, pulling his wig, &c., and his eager anxiety and odd motions soon gathered the crowd that Garrick wished for. But another of his jests had nearly ended more seriously: for the trade of the practical joker has its risks. As he and Dr. Monsey were getting into a wherry, he observed a smart, well-dressed young waterman, standing on the steps, and called out to him—"Are you not

ashamed to be dressed up in that finery when you know that your poor mother is starving, and you do not allow her more than three-pence a week?" A brickbat, with some stones, was the reply to this jest; and the actor and his friend were glad to be rowed away out of distance.*

No one could tell a "good story" so dramatically, and he was very fond of the practical—as it was a sort of useful, unprofessional training, and gave him a freedom he would not have on the stage. They were of an informal character, and he was particularly effective in describing some with characteristic sketch that he had witnessed himself among the people. He saw a little scene outside of a public-house at Kenington gravel-pits, where a man had undertaken to eat a large quantity of bacon and beans—this was one of his most effectivestories. An enormous crowd was gathered, who grew impatient as the man did not appear, but who at last came forward without his coat, "his shirt-sleeves tied with red ribbons," and a large lump of bacon with the beans on his knees. He was well received, and began to eat with alacrity, but gradually slackened, and finally ran in and escaped. The mob then riotous grew, and wrecked the house. Garrick's animated picture of the whole scene—the cries of the mob, "Beans and Bacon!"—to bring out the man—and his vivid picture of the confusion, made up a most diverting story, and convulsed all his hearers.†

It was now time for him to begin to think of rest and retirement, and yet it was early; he had seen but little more than thirty years' service, and many an actor at only fifty-six years old, and earning large sums, would hesitate before sacrificing so much profit, and would have laboured until they became infirm veterans. But Garrick was manager as well as actor, and was growing weary; and his tastes, which were naturally in the direction of elegant pleasures and social enjoyment, led him fondly to hope that there was a tolerably long

* Johnson was more than a match for a waterman. Readers of Boswell will recall the wonderful "double-barrelled" stroke of Billingsgate with which he overwhelmed his opponent.

† Taylor.

interval before the great curtain fell, which he might devote in tolerable wealth and enjoyment to "living as a gentleman." Fifty-six seems a little premature, when we think of the many artists, singers as well as players, who have been so lost to their own dignity and self-respect as to linger ingloriously on the stage which they almost totter across, mere wrecks and shadows, whom the audiences pity, or tolerate with good-natured contempt. We may at least admire the wise self-restraint of Garrick, who determined to abstain in time, and carry away with him respect and admiration. It is the unworthy greed of money that tempts them into this unworthy exhibition, which indeed brings with it a heavy penalty; for they do not consider that this holding up the spectacle of their own decay obscures their old and genuine glory, and their feeble and exhausted efforts are taken as the standard of their best exertions.

With the usual eagerness to have a precise cause for everything, the gossiping world settled that he had been driven the stage by the persecution of three of his actresses. This notion was ill-naturedly relished, and epigrams on this pleasant idea were duly made and repeated. One was entitled:—

"ORPHEUS AND GARRICK.

"Three thousand wives kill'd Orpheus in a rage;

Three actresses drove Garrick from the stage."

Another ran—

" 'I have no nerves,' says Y——g: 'I cannot act.'

'I've lost my limbs,' cries A——n: ' 'tis fact.'

'Y——s' screams, 'I've lost my voice, my throat's so sore'—

Garrick declares 'he'll play the fool no more.' "

The ladies alluded to here were the vivacious Abington, Miss Young and Mrs. Yates—admirable actresses, and a trio whom it would be vain to think of matching at any theatre. Almost in the year of his departure from the stage he had disputes with these petulant ladies, who were as froward as spoiled children; but more than two years before he had formed his resolution, and was setting things in

order for his retreat. It was not a sudden resolve, and many things combined to make it a very natural one. There was the weary burden of the theatre, with its discussion and responsibility, and his querulous partner. Its success as a speculative undertaking was precarious, and in a great measure depended on his own attraction; and when he lectured his contumacious actresses he was quite warranted that in reminding them that, with all their gifts, they were not sufficient load stars to attract the town; but when the houses grew thin his appearance was very necessary to crowd the theatre. This was the simple truth, and a most surprising one. Management, therefore, and acting was a double burden, and one too much for him. But there were other reasons.

It may be justly said that the rough, outspoken address of Williams, which told such cruel home truths, had come on him with a shock. Old as an artist may be—failing as his strength and powers may be—he still clings fondly to the idea that there is a charm, a secret genius that redeems all, and hides those defects. It must have been a blow to be told suddenly, and for the first time, "You are getting old and getting stiff. It is a ludicrous exhibition to see you in young lovers' parts, like Ranger and Archer, where the spectacle of your trying to climb into balconies by rope ladders, and mimicking the agility of youth, is comic and humiliating." "Rouge and powder cannot give back the bloom of youth. An old man, let him move ever so briskly, moves in straight lines and turns almost at right angles." There was no softness in his eyes; they had grown hard, and "wanting the fine bewitching liquid which passions sends to the eye of the young." "Your voice is growing hollow and hoarse; your dimples are furrows," &c. This was heartless, and we may be confident sank deeply into Garrick's mind, and came back on him very often. When a wager, not in the very best taste, was made about his age by Governor Penn and another gentleman, and the point discussed in the papers and all over the town, Garrick wrote to answer the appeal which was made to him, in rather an *aigre* tone. The Governor had wagered he was sixty,

and begged he would decide the point. But it is evident that Garrick, showing that he was four years younger, was thinking ruefully of the plain speaking in the pamphlet. "His Excellency must know," he said, "that persons on the stage, like ladies upon the town, must endeavour, by paint, dress, and candlelight, to set themselves off for what they are not. My age, thanks to your Excellency's proclamation of it, has been published with a proper certificate in all the papers, so that I am obliged to resign all the love-making and ravishing heroes. The ladies, who are very quick in these matters, sit now very quietly in the boxes and think that Mrs. Sullen and Mrs. Strickland are in no great danger from Archer and Ranger, and that Jane Shore may easily escape from a Lord Hastings of FIFTY-SIX." This was all the more trying, as such a wager could not have been laid unless it had been seen by his looks and conversation "that I was quite grown an old man." However, it was a warning, "and as you have so kindly pulled off my mask, it is time for me to make my exit." This had an air of banter, but there was a mortification under the banter. It was a second hint, as rude and plain as the first.

In October, 1773, he gave a formal announcement to Lady Hertford of his intention. Always a little sensitive, but wearing this sensitiveness on his sleeve, he was a little "sore" at having been neglected by Lord Hertford, the chamberlain, he told her that he supposed his "retreat was too insignificant to announce to his lordship;" and he hoped she would mention "this very trifling circumstance to my Lord Chamberlain." This was a little of that social coquetting to which he was so partial, and which bore fruit in a charming answer from the lady, to the effect that "she desired to share with Mr. Garrick in his retirement when their Lord Chamberlain was deposed. But, till then, she thinks she can answer for it, that Lord Hertford will take every opportunity in his power to give Mr. Garrick pleasure, and never agree to anything that can give him pain."

But now, early in January, 1774, comes the death of his old friend and patron, Lacy; the sharer in his prosperity, and who hunted with his Grace of Grafton to win his patent, so many years before.

This was doubling the burden that was cast on him; and young Willoughby Lacy, who was his father's heir, seemed to inherit his father's quarrelsomeness. Almost at once he raised the old point about jurisdiction, and after discussing his claim with Garrick in a friendly way, went and took counsel's opinion, which was in his favour, and wrote exultingly to Garrick to say that "Mr. Mansfield is of opinion that I have an equal right with you in the management of every branch of the business relative to the theatre." A short reply of Garrick showed his admirable knowledge of man, and at once cowed the tone of the young man. He was surprised, he said, at receiving the news that he had consulted counsel "in a less amicable way than I proposed." "You do me justice in supposing that I have no wish to deprive you of any benefit that you are entitled to. I commend your prudence, and before I give you a final answer, I shall follow your example, and be properly advised."

The young man at once changed his tone; begged pardon humbly; and promised to make some proposals which would be accepted. All was then arranged smoothly.

But he was sagacious enough to see that this trouble would break out again.

His painful malady was growing worse, and distressing him a good deal; and the "airs" and pettishness of his actors were now beginning to harass him. Indeed, it was now his constant trouble, and gave him much distress and anxiety.* It besides interfered with his acting; any violent exertion, such as falling on the stage, &c., causing him great anguish. All these were reasons enough, without having to place it to the account of the rebellious behaviour of three lively actresses.

He first thought of Colman as a likely purchaser, and privately proposed to him to take his share at

* In this very year of his retirement, he was under the hands of Pott, the surgeon.

£35,000. There had been already another offer for the whole from a gentleman. But Colman declined the proposal, on the ground that there was to be a sharer which he could not endure. "Believe me, my dear Garrick, I love and honour you, and have never in my most petulant moments gone beyond the *amantium ira*. Take care of yourself—your dear woman will, I know, take care of you." Indeed this news, now buzzed abroad, was to bring pouring in upon him a whole tide of renewed sympathy and affection, which must have been inexpressibly comforting to him. Every little coldness and estrangement was smoothed, and there was a general outstretching of hands, and a shower of kindly wishes. Very soon it was known that all was concluded—that

Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Messrs. Linley and Ford had become the purchasers of his moiety for £35,000. Sheridan and Linley were acquainted with him during many agreeable visits to Bath.

A most delightful letter of congratulation came to him from the spirited lady he always called "my Pivy." This gay creature was immensely amused at the jumble of purchasers she read in the papers. "I thought I should have died laughing when I saw a man-midwife among them." Still she had her doubts about his not being able to shake himself wholly free, and if he should still long to be dipping his fingers "in their theatrical pudding (now without plums) you will be no Garrick for your Pivy."

LORD PLUNKET'S LIFE AND SPEECHES.

WANTING a full and honest history of a time of large political and social change, the best material of sound views is the biography of some principal actor, around whom events cluster, and other personages stand grouped. Such a central figure in the Irish ante-Union and post-Union conflicts is Plunket. In the struggle for the preservation of the Irish Parliament no one bore a part more chivalrous: the unavailing protest of the brilliant minority owed much of its lustre to his eloquence, and of its force his colossal logic was the chief element. The qualities shown on this narrower stage, and appreciated by a few, he had subsequently full opportunity of asserting in the greater arena, despite the prophecies of extinction for Irish genius by the Union which he and others had reiterated. Plunket fills a considerable place in the imperial chronicle. He became the trusted of the most experienced statesmen—trusted both for worth and judgment; and the crisis of 1829, and the public and personal controversies that led up

to it, at least in their Irish aspect, can best be viewed from the eminence on which he stood. To have written Plunket's life is to have done more than tell the tale of one career: such a biography must be hardly distinguishable from history—must be marked by its simplicity and severity. To Mr. David Plunket must be accorded the praise of having rightly estimated the nature of a task, in his hands somewhat more difficult than it would have been in those of another. He has furnished the right kind of Life of Plunket. His art consists in assuming that no question exists respecting Plunket's political wisdom and foresight; and this, probably, was the truest conception of an effective portrait. But, correcting the biography by the evidence which it supplies itself, it will be seen that Plunket's whole-hearted adoption of a principle led to a too ready belief in the professions of others, and enabled crafty men to use his honest intensity as their powerful instrument for the advancement of designs held in reserve. That

"The Life, Letters, and Speeches of Lord Plunket." By his Grandson, the Hon. David Plunket. With an Introductory Preface by Lord Brougham. Two vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co., Cornhill, 1867.

Plunket was disappointed by the later attitude of those for whose sincerity he had pledged himself beyond the bounds of reason, is evident from words of his own. That he did not understand their mode of political warfare, or the end of it, is certain; and this ignorance gives his prominent earnestness an aspect of weakness. The change, however, which his constancy of view, and his service under various English Governments aided to effect, would have come inevitably had his public life terminated with his rhetorical engagement to "resist the Union with the last gasp of his existence, and the last drop of his blood"—to swear his children at the altar, at his hour of dissolution, like the father of Hannibal, "to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom." The deceptions practised upon its champion were then a new device, which would have been employed to meet the occasion whoever had the case in hand, though others might have been less captivated by the bait than Plunket. Since then the game has been played again and again, and is now vulgar and familiar.

Plunket was the son of a remarkable man, who, at a time when wit and eloquence were critically appreciated in Dublin, filled the office of pastor of the Presbyterian congregation of Strand-street, where a number of the wealthiest merchants attended, and to which the most refined of the professional classes were attracted by his preaching. In a city having amongst its residents many distinguished humourists, his society was coveted. He seems to have been a favourite with the public as well as with the smaller class of politicians, courtiers, and men of eminence, of every creed and party. Long after his death, his customary seat in the Irish House of Commons was spoken of as "Dr. Plunket's stall," both by the few who valued his criticism on their own and others' oratory, and by the many to whom his appearance there had been fondly familiar. He died in 1778, when William Conyngham Plunket was fourteen years of age. Even at that age, however, the example, the advice, the indirect and insensible intellectual influence of such a father may have done much to mould the greater Plunket of later times. Cer-

tain it is that in his mental and moral constitution, Plunket exhibited more of the severity of Presbyterian inspirations than of the characteristics of his subsequent studies, or the influences to which he was subjected on his way to manhood. Dr. Plunket's inability to have made a provision for his family having been compensated by a grateful subscription among his congregation and general admirers, his widow was enabled to give her children a liberal education. One, Patrick, became a Dublin physician, and stood ultimately in the first rank of his profession, leaving, on his death, £60,000 to his brother William. Another, David, having fought bravely under Washington, afterwards made a fortune as a merchant in the United States, and left £40,000, half to a lady to whom he had been engaged in marriage, and half to Lord Plunket, who, however, lost it, though a lawyer, through some sharper practice of an American attorney than, it is to be hoped, attorneys in another hemisphere are capable of. Young William Plunket had also a heritage in his father's good name, which strengthened and assisted him onward from the date of his sorrow. The death of a father is most keenly felt, and the effects upon the whole after-life are generally most serious, when the event occurs at about the age when Plunket suffered the loss. It is not only that the resources too commonly then fail, which, continued for a few years more, would have placed the succeeding race on the high road to the same condition of life into which they were born; but how frequently do friends whose counsels would avert many a danger, and whose advice might determine and direct many an honourable ambition, fail the orphaned waver of a premature struggle. Plunket's was not a nature to have sunk at any age, under any circumstances; but his "heart of controversy" from boyhood was well sustained by truer friendships, which his father's genial qualities had ensured to his children. Counsellor Yelverton, subsequently Baron Avonmore, one of Dr. Plunket's familiar friends, recognising the talents of William Plunket, encouraged the association of his studies with those of his own son. Young Yelverton and

Plunket entered Trinity College together, Plunket taking a high entrance place. At seventeen Plunket is found a member of the Historical Society founded by Edmund Burke in 1747, which in 1770 had been admitted within the walls. At this period the original "Historical Club" had expanded into something more than a debating society. Its members dealt with subjects having a positive practical interest, and there was given to their discussion an earnestness, and an educating power for the work of active life, which must be absent where the topics are entirely of a "dead past." A rule existed by which members were allowed to remain such after their connexion with the University had closed; and even when parliamentary representatives, some of these took occasional part in the mimic debates, the better to qualify themselves for the real tourney. On the minutes of the society the record appears of a member's excuse for absence from a students' wrangle—"compulsory attendance in the House of Commons." A gallery was specially set apart in the House for University students, and the relations that existed between Old Trinity and the building confronting it, were of a character to stimulate the oratorical faculty, rather than to encourage deep and patient scholarship. These young men were fired with a love of liberty, and their models fostered the patriotic virtues. Those whom they chose for their heroes, and honoured with an ardent affection, honestly loved their country, were proudly conscious of the victory obtained in the regeneration of her national assembly, were sanguine as to her future, and resolute in her cause.

Plunket entered the arena of the Historical Society amid the excitements of 1782. In 1798 he became a member of the Irish House of Commons. The first two years of this interval he was a prominent figure—twice elected president—in the Historical Society, and had for companions, rivals in debate, but fast in friendship, Bushe, Peter Burrowes, Miller, Magee, Parsons, the hapless Wolfe Tone, and Thomas Addis Emmett. The last two excepted, all lived to a great age, and held the highest positions in various walks, a considerable

part of their success being referable to the early confidence, intellectual activity, tact and readiness, acquired in those weekly controversies. The little band furnished the State with more than one leading politician. In 1784 Plunket is found in London keeping his terms; several of his letters to a friend written at this time show that he was studying for his profession conscientiously and courageously. The style in which they are penned is flowing and elegant, and the sentiments are earnest and manly. In 1787 he was called to the Bar in Dublin, and began the work of his life.

The first real effort required from the young lawyer arose out of the election of 1790 for the University of Dublin. It was made before a Committee of the House of Commons sitting to consider the return of Mr. Hutchinson, second son of Provost Hutchinson, by whom Sir Laurence Parsons had been corruptly displaced; and it is remarkable that the Committee had among its members Arthur Wellesley, to become Duke of Wellington, and the ill-fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Such passages of Plunket's speech impeaching the return as have been preserved indicate laborious preparation, a perfect mastery of his materials, and no lack of boldness. The argument is vehement, and pressed again and again with that superabounding force which was Plunket's peculiar power. For eleven years afterwards he quietly practised his profession with success. His ability as a speaker had attracted the attention of Lord Charlemont, the commander of the Volunteers, and the honourable offer was made to him of a seat for the family pocket-borough of Charlemont. In 1782 Grattan had sat for the same borough. Complete unity of political sentiment did not then exist between the young lawyer and his patron, Lord Charlemont being opposed to the granting of large political concessions to the Roman Catholics, which Plunket even at that time made a principal point of his political creed. In 1799, however, Lord Charlemont mentioned to his son that his opinion had changed—"Plunket had prevailed over an old prejudice."

Thus, at thirty-four years of age, Plunket's public career commenced.

No subject could be better fitted to excite and inspire a young and ambitious politician than that which was then coming up for debate. The moment was fortunate for developing great faculties. The country had sunk to a frightful condition. It is needless to inquire into the causes of the disorganization and hatreds which culminated in the Rebellion, or to consider such delusions of the day as that the Government had deliberately planned for it for the purpose of carrying the Union. The true estimate, doubtless, would be one which generously construed the aspirations and acts of statesmen who thought themselves obliged to sanction a course of dealing with the members of the Irish Parliament, by which alone it was possible to bring about what they knew to be essential to the establishment of peace in Ireland—its speedy destruction. If it be true that the Irish Parliament could never have succeeded in governing the people peaceably, and maintaining at the same time satisfactory relations with the Crown, it is not hard to see how strong and honest the motives must have been that influenced those who pressed on the Union, though the means used to accomplish it can never be extenuated, or regrets cease that the experiment of an independent Irish Parliament failed. Nor can the admiration ever decline which Irishmen feel for the men, of unexampled genius and patriotism, who resisted to the end what they regarded as the enslavement of their country. If it was impossible to reform the Irish Parliament without producing great social evils within Ireland itself, it was better that it should perish. Thus at least thought cooler heads than the native patriots about to be dwarfed and dishonoured by the change, and, the object thus justified to themselves, what the necessities of the case demanded was done with daring unscrupulousness and absence of shame. It was honourable to the Irish name that amongst the crowd of the corrupt a few incorruptibles were found, whose virtue, whose eloquence, whose noble courage, made the expiring hours of the Irish Legislature a splendid passage in our history, a boast for all of us—of every class, creed, and tradition.

To carry the Union was no great

difficulty after the state of things had come into existence which Pitt was assured of in 1784. Having directed information to be procured of the constitution of the Irish House of Commons, elaborate digests were prepared, from which it appeared that 116 nomination seats were in the possession of 25 proprietors; Lord Shannon returned 16 members; the family of Ponsonby, 14; Lord Hillsborough, 9; the Duke of Leinster, 7. The Government had altogether 186 votes, whilst the Opposition numbered 82 only. The House was classed in a manner which might suggest a curious catalogue of seats at the present time. There were 86 proprietary seats, "the owners of which had let them out in consideration of titles, offices, and pensions in possession or expectancy;" twelve seats belonged to "the Castle;" forty-four were occupied by placemen. There were, besides, thirty-two votes of gentlemen who had promises, "or who had avowed their expectations of favours and qualifications." There was a party of twenty-nine, "though willing to cultivate private intercourse with ministers, who affected, and sometimes asserted, an independent opposition in the House." "Lastly," states the record, "there were twelve members not registered in the Secretary's books as demanding either peerages, places, or pensions, and therefore set down as supporting the Government on public grounds." The support, however, of these twelve was not free from suspicion, and no doubt a majority, even of that small residuary party was not immaculate. The document, which Mr. Masssey quotes in his *History*, from the Bolton MSS., has such particulars of the transactions which secured the compliance of the Parliament as these:—

"H. H., son-in-law to Lord A—, and brought into Parliament by him, studies law, and wishes to be commissioner of barracks, or in some similar place. Would go into orders and take a living.

"H. D., brother to Lord C—, applied for an office; but as no specific promise could be made, has lately voted in opposition; easy to be had, if thought expedient. A silent, gloomy man.

"L. M., refuses to accept £500 per annum; states very high pretensions from his skill in House of Commons' management; expects £1,000 per annum. N.B.—Be careful of him.

"T. N. has been in the army, and is now on half-pay. Wishes a troop of dragoons in full pay. States his pretensions to be fifteen years' service in Parliament. N.B.—Would prefer office to military promotion, but already has, and has long had, a pension. Especially on the side of truth not favourably.

"R. P., independent, but well disposed to Government. His four sisters have pensions; his object is a living for his brother."

A Parliament which it was found so easy to demoralize was hardly worth the defence of its existence in which Plunket bore so brave and brilliant a part. That defence was simply a protest. It could never have influenced a foregone conclusion. The weakness of their replies to it arose in part from the consciousness of the ministers that they had made sure of the actual strength to accomplish what they had taken in hand; that the means they employed to gain it could not bear sifting; and that it was best to let the steam blow off of a patriotism, numerically weak, though pure and elevated, and as they considered vain and impractical. Mr. David Plunket shows the spirit of fairness which raises his work to the rank of history, by admitting that Lord Cornwallis united the Union policy with a lenient system of rule, and that Castlereagh, though his speeches were "a mixture of dislocated arguments, broken metaphors, and cold, hard sneers," nevertheless helped forward the cause which with such extraordinary courage he was conducting, by the "abrupt, inevitable force with which unpleasant truths were put." Of those truths the following are a sample:—

"After the melancholy state to which this country had been reduced, His Majesty's Ministers would feel that they abdicated their duty to the empire, if they did not seriously consider that state, and adopt the best remedy for the evils which it comprised. It was the misfortune of this country to have in it no fixed principles on which the human mind could rest—no one standard to which the different prejudices of the country could be accommodated. What was the price of connexion at present with Great Britain? A military establishment far beyond our national means to support, and for which we are indebted to Great Britain, who is

also obliged to guarantee our public loans. It was not by flattery that the country would be saved—truths, however disagreeable, must be told—and if Ireland did not boldly look her situation in the face, and accept that Union which would strengthen and secure her, she would, perhaps, have no alternative but to sink into the embrace of French fraternity. You talk of national pride and independence, but where is the solidity of this boast? You have not the British Constitution, nor can you have it consistently with your present species of connexion with Great Britain: that Constitution does not recognize two separate and independent legislatures under one crown—the greater country must lead—the lesser naturally follow, and must be practically subordinate in imperial concerns; but this necessary and beneficial operation of the general will must be preceded by establishing one common interest. As the pride of this country advances with her wealth, it may happen that you will not join Great Britain in her wars—it is only a common polity that will make that certain. Incorporate with Great Britain, and you have a common interest and common means. If Great Britain calls for your subjection, resist it; but if she wishes to unite with you on terms of equality, 'tis madness not to accept the offer. All questions have arguments on both sides, but the least evils are to be chosen. It is objected that the legislature will not be local. 'Tis for that reason the measure is adopted, for with a local legislature and the present division of your people, you can't go on. Absentees—another objection—they would be somewhat increased, no doubt, but this evil would be compensated by other advantages, and, amongst others, by the growth of an intermediate class of men between the landlord and the peasant—a class whose loss is felt in Ireland—to train the mind of the lower class: these we should have from England."

The answer to Castlereagh was Plunket's first prominent parliamentary effort, and his speech was intense, and massive. Its most telling portion consisted of an intrepid defence of the freedom of discussion. Powerful as it was, it ran wide of points which Castlereagh had roughly stated. It attained its highest elevation thus—

"The example of the Prime Minister of England, imitable in its vices, may deceive the noble lord. The Minister of England has his faults. He abandoned in his latter years the principles of reform, by professing which he had attained the early confidence of the people of England, and in the whole

of his political conduct he has shown himself haughty and intractable; but it must be admitted that he is endowed by nature with a towering and transcendent intellect, and that the vastness of his resources keeps pace with the magnificence and unboundedness of his projects. I thank God that it is much more easy for him to transfer his apostasy and his insolence than his comprehension and his sagacity; and I feel the safety of my country in the wretched feebleness of her enemy. I cannot fear that the Constitution which has been founded by the wisdom of sages, and cemented by the blood of patriots and of heroes, is to be smitten to its centre by such a green and sapless twig as this."

So direct an attack does not seem to have been provoked, and was a studied effort at effect. He recurred to these personal allusions even more trenchantly at a later stage in the same address:—

"But, sir, we are told that we should discuss this question with calmness and composure. I am called on to surrender my birthright and my honour, and I am told I should be calm and should be composed. National pride! Independence of our country! These, we are told by the Minister, are only vulgar topics fitted for the meridian of the mob, but unworthy to be mentioned to such an enlightened assembly as this; they are trinkets and gew-gaws fit to catch the fancy of childish and unthinking people like you, sir, or like your predecessor in that chair, but utterly unworthy the consideration of this House, or of the matured understanding of the noble lord who condescends to instruct it! Gracious God! We see a Pery reascending from the tomb, and raising his awful voice to warn us against the surrender of our freedom, and we see that the proud and virtuous feelings which warmed the breast of that aged and venerable man are only calculated to excite the contempt of this young philosopher, who has been transplanted from the nursery to the cabinet to outrage the feelings and understanding of the country."

Castlereagh's rejoinder, intended to meet all such assaults, given some days after, was short and explicit. He reprobated the personalities used by gentlemen in the course of the debates, and added, "I deprecate a contest of this nature, but if any gentleman conceives himself injured by any gentleman on this side of the house, there is a remedy for wounded honour which they will not find it difficult to obtain." Nor was this general cartel a momentary impulse.

Duelling had been deliberately selected as a method of intimidating the patriotic opposition, who mingled with arguments hard to overturn such exposures of the doings of the agents of the Government as could not be denied or borne with. Castlereagh had surrounded himself with a number of men of "fighting families," ready at any instant to give his menace effect; and it is stated by Sir Jonah Barrington that at a dinner in his house in Merrion-street, the company filled a bumper to their resolution to eat, drink, speak, *and fight* for Lord Castlereagh. "They so far kept their words," adds the chronicler, "that the supporters of Union indisputably showed more personal spirit than their opponents during the session." Plunket was never mixed up in a duelling quarrel, and certainly did not allow himself to be driven from his duty by the threats of those bravos. The defeat of the Government after the first Union debate inspired the Opposition, but produced no change or delay of purpose in Castlereagh's great master. Pitt's unchangeable conviction and irrevocable determination were stated in the English House with the simplicity and energy of statesmanship. "The evils and calamities with which Ireland is afflicted lie deep in the situation of the country; they are to be attributed to the manners of the inhabitants, to the state of society, to the habits of the people at large, to the unequal distribution of property, to the want of civilized intercourse, to the discord of party, to the prejudices of religious sects." And, he added, "There is no circumstance of probable difficulty, no idea of the loss of popularity, no personal consideration, however weighty, that can prevent me from using every exertion, every effort in my power to accomplish a measure which in my firm conviction tends to promote the happiness of the people of Ireland."

Among the speeches against Union in 1800, one of the best was a short one of Sir L. Parsons, who concluded after this fashion:—

"Remove your Parliament and you quit your posts, and abandon your country. You want to preserve the peace of Ireland; where is the place to do so but in Ireland? You want to preserve the connexion of this

country with England; where is the place to do so but in this country? Suppose any man of plain understanding met your peers and your one hundred members on the road to London and asked them, 'What are you going there for?' they answer, 'To preserve the peace of Ireland!' Would he not say, 'Good people, go back to your own country; it is there you can best preserve its peace. England does not want you—Ireland does.'"

The invective of Plunket during these magnificent debates, and especially in his last great anti-Union speech, has hardly been surpassed. For patriotic boldness, language of concentrated severity, weight and ingenious variety of argument, the orations stand almost alone. The reproduction of the best of them by the biographer was necessary to show not only the character of the question which evoked such displays of genius, but to make any fair presentment of the man, of those with whom he fought, and of the scenes amid which his intellectual powers quickened. It was a battle of giants, and Mr. Plunket sets us in a gallery above the combat raging beneath, causing its every incident and utterance to be seen and heard. Plunket, a sketch with the pen, however vividly done, would not have filled the eye as does the picturesquely-conceived Plunket of these pages.

Perhaps the bitterest and most effective, though by no means the grandest, of his efforts in those fierce contests, was that in which Plunket denounced the means employed to provide the semblance of a public opinion in Ireland in favour of the measure. "The independence of a nation," he said—

"Does not appear to me to be exactly that kind of bagatelle which is to be offered by way of compliment, either to the youth of the noble lord who honours us by his presence in this House, or to the old age of the noble Marquess, who occasionally sheds his setting lustre over the other. To the first I am disposed to say, in the words of Waller—

'I pray thee, gentle boy,
Press me no more for that slight toy;'

and to the latter I might apply the language of Lady Constance:—

'That's a good child—go to its grandam—
give grandam kingdom—and its grandam

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will give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig—there's a good grandam.'

"I hope, therefore, sir, I shall not be thought unpolite if I decline the offer of the Constitution of Ireland, either as a garland to adorn the youthful brow of the secretary, or to be suspended over the pillow of the viceroy. . . . During the whole interval between the sessions the same barefaced system of parliamentary corruption has been pursued. Dismissals, promotions, threats, promises, in despite of all this, the Minister found he could not succeed in Parliament, and he affected to appeal to what he had before despised—the sentiment of the people. When he was confident of a majority, the people were to be heard only through the constitutional medium of their representatives. When he was driven out of Parliament the sense of the people became everything. Bribes were promised to the Catholic clergy—bribes were promised to the Presbyterian clergy—I trust they have been generally spurned with the contempt they merited. The noble lord understands but badly the genius of the religion in which he was educated. You held out hopes to the Catholic body which were never intended to be gratified—regardless of the disappointment, and indignation, and eventual rebellion which you might kindle—regardless of everything provided the present party object were obtained. In the same breath you held out preferences to the Protestant equally delusive; and having thus prefaced the way, the representative of majesty sets out on his mission to court the sovereign majesty of the people.

"It is painful to dwell on that disgraceful expedition; no place too obscure to be visited—no rank too low to be courted—no threat too vile to be employed; the counties not sought to be legally convened by their sheriffs; no attempt to collect the unbiassed suffrage of the intelligent and independent part of the community; public addresses begged for from petty villages, and private signatures smuggled from public counties—and how procured? By the influence of absentee landlords, not over the affections, but over the terrors of their tenantry. By griping agents, and revenue officers. And after all this mummery had been exhausted; after the lustre of royalty had been tarnished by this vulgar intercourse with the lowest of the rabble; after every spot had been selected where a filthy address could be procured, and every place avoided where a manly sentiment could be encountered; after abusing the names of the dead and forging the signatures of the living; after polling the inhabitants of the gaol, and calling out against the Parliament the suffrages of those who dare not come in to sign them till they had got their protection in their pocket; after employing the revenue officer to threaten the publican that

he should be marked as a victim, and the agent to terrify the shivering tenant with the prospect of his turf-bog being withheld if he did not sign your addresses; after employing your military commanders, the uncontrolled arbiters of life and death, to hunt the fable against the constituted authorities; after squeezing the lowest dregs of a population of near five millions, you obtained about five thousand signatures, three-fourths of whom affixed their names in surprise, terror, or total ignorance of the subject; and after all this canvass of the people, and after all this corruption wasted on the Parliament; and after all your boasting that you must carry the measure by a triumphant majority, you do not dare to announce the subject in the speech from the Throne.

"You talk of respect for our gracious Sovereign. I ask what can be a more gross disrespect than this tampering with the royal name—pledged to the English Parliament to bring the measure before us at a proper opportunity? . . . Is it not notorious why you do not bring forward the measure now? Because the fruits of your corruption have not yet ripened. Because you did not dare to hazard a debate last session, in order to fill up the vacancies which the places bestowed by you, avowedly for this question, had occasioned. Because you have employed the interval in the same sordid traffic; and because you have a band of disinterested patriots waiting to come in and complete the enlightened majority who are to vote away the liberties of Ireland.

"Will you dare to act on a majority so obtained? Fatal will be your councils, and disastrous your fate, if you resolve to do so. You have adopted the extremes of the despot and the revolutionist; you have invoked the loyal people and Parliament of Ireland, who were not calling on you; you have essayed every means to corrupt that Parliament, if you could, to sell your country; you have exhausted the whole patronage of the Crown in execution of that system; and to crown all, you openly avow, and it is notoriously a part of your plan, that the Constitution of Ireland is to be purchased for a stipulated sum. I state a fact, for which, if untrue, I deserve serious reprehension—I state it as a fact which you cannot dare to deny, that £15,000 a piece is to be given to certain individuals, as the price of their surrendering—what? Their property? No; but the rights of the representatives of the people of Ireland. . . Do not persuade yourselves that a young, gallant, hardy, enthusiastic people are to be enslaved by means so vile, or will submit to injuries so palpable and galling. From those acts of despotism you plunge into the frenzy of revolution, at a time when political madness has desolated the face of the world; when all establishment is staggering

under the drunkenness of theory; when in this country, which, it is said, has been peculiarly visited by the pestilence, even the projects which the noble lord may recollect to have been entertained by the Northern Whig Club, have been necessarily suspended, if not abandoned. When you have found it necessary to enact temporary laws, taking away almost every one of the ordinary privileges of the subject of a free Constitution. With the trial by jury superseded, and the whole country subject to martial law—a law by which the liberty and life of every man rest merely on the security of military discretion—a law which you have not yet ventured to repeal, and the necessity of whose continuance is strangely hinted at in the speech from the Throne. With a bloody rebellion only extinguished, and a formidable invasion only escaped, you call on this distracted country to unroof itself of its Constitution, and having been refuted by the wisdom and virtue of Parliament, you desire the rabble of every description to array themselves against the constituted authorities, and to put down the Parliament, because Parliament would not put down the Constitution."

Such were Plunket's speeches, in their extraordinary power of amplification, and irresistible momentum, before the Union. The portrait of the speaker is drawn by Mr. Curran:—

"His frame is tall, robust, and compact. His face is one of the most striking I ever saw, and yet the peculiarity lies so much more in the expression than in the outline, that I find it not easy to describe it; the features on the whole are blunt and harsh, there is extraordinary breadth and capacity of forehead, and when the brows are raised in the act of thought it becomes intersected with an infinite series of parallel lines and folds. Neither the eyes nor brows are particularly expressive, nor, indeed, can I say that any of the other features would singly indicate the character of the man, if I except a particular muscular largeness and rigidity about the mouth and lips, from which you may collect that smiling has never been their 'occupation.' The general character of Mr. Plunket's countenance is deep seriousness, an expression that becomes more strongly marked from the unvarying palor that overspreads his features. It is literally the 'pale cast of thought.'"

The Union accomplished, "Dublin," says Mr. Plunket,

"Lately the centre of so much political excitement, wore an aspect of melancholy calm. The Houses of Parliament in College-green were closed. The Lords and Commons who had kept up fashionable town-

houses, and whose carriages had lately thronged the streets, sold off their mansions and broke up their establishments. Of these the few who could afford to do so migrated to London, but the greater number retired to their country seats, and a deep despondency settled upon all whose circumstances compelled them to remain behind; for it was felt that Dublin had fallen from being the capital of Ireland, to the position of a provincial town of the British empire. It may easily be imagined how unhappy were the circumstances in which the old patriotic party then found themselves. Grattan retired wholly from public life. He had a beautiful country place, Tinnehinch, situated on the borders of the counties of Dublin and Wicklow, just where the river Dargle comes rushing down from the Powerscourt Waterfall. There he lived with his own family, declining all political correspondence, and only seeing a few of those who had stood by him in the last bitter struggle. Plunket was at that time one of the most frequent of his visitors, for already had begun an intimacy which ever grew with the growth of their mutual respect until twenty years later Plunket received from the dying hand of his great patron that magnificent bequest the conduct of the Catholic cause. . . . A large family was growing up around him (Plunket). He turned his back resolutely upon the brilliant scenes in which he had lately taken a part, and applied himself intensely to the details of a lawyer's life."

Plunket, who contended none the less earnestly against the Union because it put a termination to his political ambition, could not have passed back into the obscurity of the mere professional lawyer after such a display of powers. English statesmen for whom he had shown no affection saw in him a man whose talents it was desirable to secure for the imperial service; and his speech for the Crown on Emmett's trial indicating that he had, as to the Union, accepted accomplished facts, he was offered the Solicitor-Generalship in 1803. His enemies, of course, described him as a renegade. There is nothing easier than to fix ill names. But it should have been remembered that he had never been a revolutionist, that he had quarrelled with Toney years before he prosecuted Emmett, and that there was no inconsistency in his condemnation of doctrines after the Union, with which, before it, no man could say he had ever uttered one word of sympathy. His weak-

ness lay in the want of frankness to confess, what his position was at all events understood by every one to declare, that his vehement and elaborate arguments against Union had been of much less value than in the high fever of patriotism he had supposed them to be. The career opened to Plunket himself in the imperial legislature falsified many of his own most tremendous predictions.

The second half of his life begins properly with his return to Parliament in 1812, and adoption of the championship of the Catholic claims. Here again Plunket did not strike upon a new line, and cannot have been impelled by motives of a personal and meaner order, since in ante-Union days he had proclaimed the same views. Throughout the long subsequent controversy on the concessions to Roman Catholics, his voice was the most energetic, his purpose the steadiest, and his confidence in the good faith of those representing them the least disturbed by any uncertainty as to the effect of their political action upon the institutions of the country, or doubt of the trustworthiness of the pledges tendered on their behalf. The biographer leads up to Plunket's "great speech" of 1813 by a political summary which is clear, honest, and philosophical, and consults in this portion of his work as carefully as elsewhere for a just and artistic effect. The portion of the orator's address, which is its most interesting feature now, as it was its most striking one then, is that in which he deals with the argument that the admission of the Catholics would endanger the Established Church. "The overthrow of the Protestant Establishment," he said,

"How is this to be effected? In Parliament or out of Parliament? By force or by legislation? If by force, how does the removal of civil disabilities enable them? Does it not make it much more unlikely that they should make the attempt? And if they should make it, will not the removal of the real grievance deprive them of the co-operation of the moderate and the honest? If the latter, is it really apprehended that the number of members let in would be strong enough to overrule the Protestants, and force a law to pull down

the Establishment? Would you have the returns much more favourable to the Catholics than they are at present? If the entire one hundred members were to be Catholic, could such a measure, in the range of human possibility, be successful, or could it seriously enter into the contemplation of any man in his senses? The apprehension, when it undergoes the test of close examination, is perfectly chimerical. These are not the fruits of the wholesome caution of statesmen, but the reveries of disordered brains."

Still more decidedly, Plunket added—

"Sir, I consider the safety of the State is essentially interwoven with the integrity of the Establishment. The established religion is the child of freedom. The Reformation grew out of the free spirit of bold investigation; in its turn it repaid the obligation with more than filial gratitude, and contributed with all its force to raise the fabric of our liberties. Our civil and religious liberties would each of them lose much of their security if they were not so deeply indented each with the other. The Church need not be apprehensive. It is a plant of the growth of three hundred years; it has struck its roots into the centre of the State, and nothing short of a political earthquake can overturn it: while the state is safe it must be so; but let it not be forgotten that if the State is endangered it cannot be secure. No Church is protected by the purity of its doctrines and its discipline, the learning and piety of its ministers, their exemplary discharge of every moral and Christian duty, the dignity of its hierarchy, the extent and lustre of its possessions, and the reverence of the public for its ancient and unquestioned rights: to these the Catholic adds the mite of his oath that he does not harbour the chimerical hope, or the unconstitutional wish, to shake or to disturb it; and therefore all that is requisite for the security of the Church is that it should remain in repose on its own deep and immovable foundations; and this is the policy which the great body of the Church of Ireland, and I believe I may add, of the Church of England, have adopted. If anything could endanger its safety, it would be the conduct of intemperate and officious men, who would erect the Church into a political arbiter, to prescribe rules of imperial policy to the Throne and to the Legislature."

And further, in justice to Plunket's views, and in order to show the precise ground on which the strongest advocates of the Catholic claims took their stand, a portion of the closing section of this address must be re-

called. "The opinion which I have always entertained, and always expressed," continued the speaker, "is,

"That this measure cannot be finally and satisfactorily adjusted unless some arrangement shall be made with respect to the Roman Catholic clergy, and some security afforded to the State against foreign interference. On the best consideration I have been able to give the subject, and on the fullest communication I have been able to obtain on it, I am satisfied that such security may be afforded without interfering in any degree with the essentials of their religion; and if so, the mere circumstance of its being required is a sufficient reason for conceding it. This is not a struggle for the triumph of one party of the State over another; it is a great national sacrifice of mutual prejudices for the common good; and any opportunity of gratifying the Protestant mind should be eagerly seized by the Catholic, even if the condition required were uncalled for by any real or well-founded apprehension. But I must go a step further, and avow that the State has, in my opinion, a right to require some fair security against foreign influence in its domestic concerns. What this security may be, provided it shall be effectual, ought, as I conceive, to be left to the option of the Catholic body. I am little solicitous about the form, so that the substance is attained. As a veto has been objected to, let it not be required, but let the security be afforded, either by domestic nomination of the clergy, or in any shape or form which shall exclude the practical effect of foreign interference."

Mr. Plunket would have ill performed his task if he had not also given us the speech of 1821, in which the same views were expounded even more elaborately. Such arguments were of the very character to forward the question, as being practical and constitutional, and Plunket's power, through them, was such—his power over English opinion and over the policy and conduct of the Catholics in Ireland—that it would have hardly been possible at one time to have governed the country without his aid. He was introduced, along with the Grenvillites, into the Cabinet of Lord Liverpool, and so closely was he identified with the subject, and so important had it become, that the Marquis of Buckingham, in a letter of November 30, 1821, makes his consent to the proposition that he should, with his friends, support Lord Liverpool, "depend in a great degree" on Plunket's taking a share in the combina-

tion, retaining his seat, and giving his attendance in the House of Commons. The correspondence in connection with the appointments of Lord Wellesley and Mr. Plunket is honourable to Plunket, whose assistance was expressly sought, "that the Roman Catholics might have the full advantage of the existing laws, and that their future emancipation might be facilitated." Lord Liverpool, although not himself admitting their claims, expressed a belief that these might be easier conceded by a mixed government than by one exclusively Protestant or exclusively Catholic in sympathy.

Plunket's greatest official difficulty was the prosecution of the Dublin theatre rioters, who had flung a bottle at the Royal box when occupied by Lord Wellesley, shouting at the same time, "Down with the Popish government;" "A groan for the Popish Lord Lieutenant." The grand jury ignored the bills, and Plunket proceeded against the offenders by "*ex officio* informations." To mollify the Protestant party he pronounced a panegyric upon the memory of William the Third—"a model of tranquil courage, undeviating probity, and armed with a resoluteness and constancy in the cause of truth and freedom which rendered him superior to the accidents that control the fate of ordinary men." The petty jury disagreed, and the conduct of Plunket was brought before Parliament, where he successfully defended himself, and was specially complimented by Lord Grenville.

The "policy of moderation," the work really of Plunket, was not an unvaryingly just and wise policy, but in its general principle was that which under the circumstances of the time seemed alone possible. Lord Wellesley was closely attached to him. In March, 1823, Plunket being in London, the Lord Lieutenant writes an urgent letter, full of expressions of confidence, threatening to resign his charge from the dangers and annoyances thickening about him, unless enabled to "have a conversation" immediately with his friend and adviser. The numerous valuable letters found among his papers, and published by his grandson, present Plunket as the

politician and administrator only, but show that, besides being a trusted colleague, to whose judgment deference was invariably paid, he was a man who gained the attachment of those with whom he was called to act. There are several curious letters from O'Connell; one confidentially conveying friendly hints to the Government, through the Attorney-General, but at the same time adroitly suggesting the growing power of the writer himself. He counsels the establishment of a Dublin yeomanry force of a thousand or twelve hundred men, half Protestants, half Catholics, "to protect the Catholic population from their Orange neighbours." A note from Canning intimates that Lord Wellesley need not fear a disturbance of his government through foreign wars, and avows full reliance in Plunket's honesty and wisdom. Dr. Doyle's correspondence with Plunket reads at present strangely. The Bishop denies that he and his brother Roman Catholic prelates are averse to education, and mentions that in a paper they had drawn up as a statement of their views they had signified their willingness that "The Evangelical Life of Christ," and books containing the Four Gospels, with the Acts of the Apostles, and without notes, should be substituted in the room of the Sacred Scriptures for Catholic children in schools: "so anxious were the Catholic prelates (added Dr. Doyle) to make every sacrifice in their power for the purpose of having the youth of the country *educated together*." A letter from the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Grenville's nephew, and the then recognized leader of Lord Grenville's former followers, shows that the "piebald government" of Lord Liverpool found the artifice of setting one party against another in Ireland as harassing as it has since been found by various other ministries, and never rose to the disregard of faction which would have been an easier way of disarming it of its mischievous energy than any system of counter-checks. Lord Wellesley, tired of this system, revolting against the subjection in which he was kept by the Cabinet, and perhaps a little apprehensive that even his friend might be a helper in the work of controlling

him, writes in 1824, under much irritation, to Plunket, then in London :

"This country is in the most tremendous condition, and I am left without support or countenance to submit to the kicks of the ass and the dirt of the monkey. The suppression of my despatch on this great question is an ignominy, an insult not to be endured. It is a sequel of the same plan of extinction, which, on the question of the Statue, the Riot, the Orange, the Ribbon confederacies, by concealing my opinions, reduced me to the condition of a villain and a slave on a mock throne, and rendered me an object of ridicule and contempt to a country which would have hailed me with respect and gratitude if I had not been crushed by pretended candour at Whitehall.

"I am indeed most unhappy here—degraded, villified, an object of scorn and detestation, without protection or even care; anxious to save the country; able to save it, as far as relates to my own powers; frustrated, baffled, and betrayed by all my own agents; encompassed by traitors even at my own table; the whole machinery of my own government working to my destruction; and in England not the slightest symptom of a disposition to give me support or credit, but a contemptuous silence even of my name, and a contemptuous, if not treacherous, suppression of my communications on the most important affairs of my government. From such a condition I pant for release. Although far gone in years, much broken in health, and much afflicted in spirit, I have powers enough remaining to meet any and all of my compeers in my place in the House of Lords, where I hope to appear before the Easter holidays, free from office and prepared for battle."

When, in 1825, Plunket delivered the most constitutional of his House of Commons speeches in support of the Bill for suppressing the Catholic Association, he had already found that some of the assurances repeatedly tendered by him in Parliament as to the moderation of the Catholic claims, and the manageableness of the Catholic bishops, were not destined to be verified, and he no longer had the Catholics to any extent in hand. The conduct of their case had passed to another. Their demands had risen under the leadership of O'Connell; and Plunket is found urging—

"Of what materials do gentlemen think the Protestants of Ireland are composed, if they imagine they will stand tamely by

while such a formidable array (as the Catholic Association) is forming and combining against them? Will they not seek the means of defending themselves? Will they not establish a counter-association? And to what will this give birth? To two associations destructive of mutual confidence between man and man, and dangerous to the peace of the country. I don't believe that among the Catholics there is any present purpose of having recourse to force. Their designs, I make no doubt, are peaceable, but they are not their own masters; they must obey the behests of those under whom they have ranged themselves, be the intentions of their leaders pacific or otherwise. The day may not be far off when these very leaders will themselves yield to a power superior to their own, and be urged into measures which they now honestly abhor. Let the dregs of that population whom they now control be once stung by the madness of the moment into thoughtless exasperation, they will find their place and influence usurped by desperate and reckless men—they will yield to the pressure of millions behind, and driven headlong, and be forced over that precipice on whose 'slippery edge' they would now fain stop."

The origin and strength of the influence of the agitators lay more in the stimulating and timid policy of the Government than in parliamentary resistance to a liberal change on the part of a majority who distrusted Roman Catholic engagements. O'Connell, feeling his power over Plunket, wrote in May, 1825, an intimidatory epistle:—

"It is proposed that, in the event of the Catholic Relief Bill being thrown out in the Lords, every Catholic in England and Ireland should call for gold at all the banks; and thus to the extent of their properties, add to the embarrassment now created by the increased rate of exchange. I need not tell you that I do not approve of this project, and yet I should not be surprised if it became hereafter necessary to carry it into effect. The Catholics are now combined. The Government has now [the italics are in the original] the offer of the aid of that combination to assist every work of mutual conciliation, and it may now fling to pieces that combination itself, simply by taking away the causes which keep us together and force us to combine. May I add what insanity not to seize this most propitious moment!"

There was a series of those threatening letters sent to Plunket by O'Connell, part of whose system they were. In October, 1826, Plunket makes a full exposition of his views to Canning,

admitting that he had not the same confidence, as in 1825, either in the honest acceptance by the Roman Catholic clergy of any constitutional pledge, or in the efficiency of the Relief Bill itself in tranquillizing Ireland. But, by this time he had succeeded in convincing the statesmen of both parties that the measure was inevitable. That was Plunket's achievement, and all that was subsequently done by the Catholic leaders was but the application of "force," enabling those statesmen to accomplish the change on which they had determined.

Plunket's best speeches were decidedly those delivered in the House of Lords. Their marvellous logical compactness, their skilful putting of the case so as to satisfy prejudices, their pervading constitutional spirit, their fidelity to the Established Church, so greatly advanced the question, that his transfer to the Upper House in 1827 must be described as one of the important stages in its progress. Those speeches approach nearest the character of the best modern parliamentary eloquence. Their sentences have not the long roll of the orations of his earlier years. Arguments are not returned upon, and multiplied, and heaped up, to raise a merely enormous structure. The work is still that of a giant, but one whose disciplined strength accomplishes results with vastly greater ease and a higher effect.

With the passing of the Emancipation Act the interest in Plunket's political career ceases. There is no anxiety felt to know what such a man said or did on minor questions. As Lord Chancellor of Ireland his influence was maintained and his policy carried out. The well known story of his displacement by an intrigue of course occupies some pages of the biography, without which it would be obviously incomplete.

"After he left the Bench, Lord Plunket withdrew himself wholly from politics. He at first spent some time on the Continent, lingering long at Rome, in whose venerable monuments his well-remembered classical lore caused him to take a deep interest; and, when he returned to Ireland, he settled at once at Old Connaught, where he passed the rest of his life surrounded by his many children and grandchildren. For several

years after his retirement his mind retained its perfect vigour, and, with a few friends, who were old enough to remember the stirring events of his earlier career, he was fond of recurring to those times. It particularly pleased him too, to cap quotations from the great Greek and Latin authors with those who were fresh from school and college studies—a competition in which he was always successful. Gradually, however, the weight of nearly ninety years began to press heavily upon him, and the complete change from habits of busy life to those of total idleness told upon his mind, so that his last days were spent in a sad intellectual lethargy, and death came to him with a merciful release. Lord Plunket died on the 4th day of January, 1854, in his ninetyeth year, and was buried in Mount Jerome cemetery, near Dublin."

The humour which was so remarkable a quality in Plunket the divine, was not wanting in Plunket the orator; his biographer, however, gives but few examples of his happy sayings. The best, decidedly, was his explanation to Lord Avonmore, when a dishonest witness, evading a close question, affected to complain that Plunket had "bothered him entirely, and given him the *maigrims*." "Maigrims," said the judge, "I never heard that word before." "My lord," was counsel's answer, "it is a well-known affection—merely a confusion of the head arising from a corruption of the heart." Lord Brougham is the authority for saying that Plunket's jokes were always perfectly apposite, throwing some singular and unexpected light upon the subject. A composition of his in the *Anti-Union* newspaper, written when he was quite a young man, evinced much power in irony, the freer use of which would have lightened some of his speeches. There is also better evidence of a rare humour in it than mere passing hits at a table or in a court supply. It was Plunket who informed Lord Redesdale *impromptu* that "Kites in England and Ireland are very different things. In England the wind raises the kite, in Ireland the kite raises the wind." The unlucky pleader of noted ugliness who ventured to say before him, "I am a pretty old practitioner, my lord," and was corrected—"An old practitioner, Mr. S—," had reason to fear the edge of a blade so keen. Lord Wellesley having, at his own

board, asked his aide-de-camp, who had written a book and called it a "Personal Narrative," what the word personal conveyed, Plunket instantly observed, "I hope, at all events, we are not to put a legal interpretation upon it, for with us lawyers 'personal' is always used in contradistinction to 'real.'" The particular figure, of the precise expression of which Lord Brougham and Mr. David Plunket give different versions, is a specimen of the happier of the orator's more elaborate efforts. It was a description of the limitation of actions by time. "Time," he said, according to the better version of Mr. Plunket, "while with one hand he mows down the muniments of our titles, with the other metes out those portions of durations which render unnecessary the evidence which he has swept away." In a speech at a much later period (1830), when speaking of his own change of view with respect to the question of Reform, he observed, "In those days, reform approached us in a far different guise; it came as a felon, and we resisted: it now comes as a creditor; we admit the debt, and only dispute on the instalments by which it shall be paid."

Lord Brougham's introductory essay is more a eulogy than a criticism. It is the work of friendship; but forms an admirable preface to the volumes. In the estimate made of Plunket's political honesty and earnestness, the reader, when closing the book, will readily concur. His advocacy of the cause of the Roman Catholics sprang from a strong and deep conviction, and the question was rather forced by him upon statesmen than taken up from them as one to be urged forward for their purposes. His zeal, however, rendered him at times far too trustful of those by whom he was briefed. It is certain that so soon as his sponsorship could be safely dispensed with, his often-asserted constitutional basis was knocked from beneath his feet by

those who had put him forward as a negotiator on their behalf, and there was in this an ingratitude and a treachery which his sincerity had prevented him from anticipating.

It is time to speak of Mr. David Plunket's execution of the task to which affection prompted. Its difficulty was increased by the fact that Plunket, though urged by Lord Brougham, never seriously engaged in the revision of his speeches; and without the Speeches there could be no Life of Plunket. In nothing, as we think, has Mr. Plunket acted more wisely than in the careful preservation of the best of these. Plunket did little besides—the great political exploit was enough for even so great a man. His judicial decisions were marked with the masterly traits of his orations, but their interest perishes in the greater glory of his public deeds. Of the last scenes of his personal history there was little to tell. It may be not usual to confess it, but the closing days of many prominent actors in the world's affairs have been days of cloud and weakness, not of vivid retrospects and self-exposition. Mr. David Plunket's narrative style is vigorous and clear; his grasp of political events, with their surroundings, large and firm. Many of his passages are animated and picturesque. The points were numerous in which his judgment was tested, and he offends in none. The plan he has adopted allows the figure of Plunket to be seen in its true proportions among the crowd around. Nothing is obtruded between it and the eye—no needless defence, argument of justification, or reflections suggested by a later time. To the touches of political philosophy upon which Mr. Plunket ventures exception might at times be taken; but had these been other than they are, we could not have so completely seen the Plunket of the Emancipation struggle.

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THE FRENCH THEATRE BEFORE MOLIERE.

THE DRAMA IN FRANCE BEFORE A.D. 1400.

HAVING in former papers handled in more or less detail some matters connected with the early French theatre we shall in the present paper touch but slightly on those things already discussed.

Though the French theatre may be said to have commenced about A.D. 1400 (Temp. Henry V. of England), there was before that date no lack of humourists, who either to gratify their own mimetic propensities, or to better their condition, set up their little stages in waste houses or the public squares, and entertained their fellow-citizens with some free-spoken drolleries. Long before the date mentioned real or pretended pilgrims to the Holy Land entertained the multitudes with mysteries taken from the Scripture narrative.

Two hundred years before the institution of the *Confrères de la Passion* at St. Maur, 1402, rhymed tragedies in indifferent Latin and with plain-song annotations, were performed in churches. They were the very remote ancestors of Italian operas. Before the revolution of 1789, many abbeys possessed copies of these dramas, which were once acted in recitative, and with suitable gesture and declamation.

There had been attempts by worldly-minded companies to get themselves enrolled and legalized even before the days of Philip

Augustus, the unfriendly ally of our Richard Cœur de Lion. That politic prince suppressed all such attempts, saying that the comedy of human life furnished enough of characters, amusement, and interest to all people of sense, and of course there was no need of mere counterfeits.

The perilous exploits of performers on ropes, and the ingenuity of mechanical contrivances exhibited at the marriage of Charles VI. with Isabella of Bavaria, 1385, would do no discredit to a Crystal Palace exhibition of our days. Children made a sloping descent from the roofs of buildings to place crowns on the head of the royal bride. When the cortege was passing the bridge at the end of the Isle-Notre Dame in the night, a daring professor descended along a rope from its tower to the bridge, waving a flaming torch the while, placed a crown on Isabella's head, and returned by the same conveyance to his eyrie. Stages were erected in the streets and squares, on which choruses sung epithalamiums; organs were put in request, and young people represented "divers histories of the Old Testament"—more anticipations of the operatic pieces of modern times.

THE CONFRÈRES OF THE PASSION; 1400 TO 1548.

The devout and display-loving individuals of this body enjoyed a good name, but as time wore on, obtained a very indifferent reputation for piety

or morality. They must have been fairly skilled in stage mechanism and practical chemistry. One of their successful hits was a capital representation of hell at the back of the stage. On receiving his cue a terrible dragon with eyes of cut steel and mouth belching flame, rushed out of it, and ran furiously to the front of the stage as if to spring into the pit, and carry off sundry of the miserable sinners there collected.

These precious brothers constructed their stage at St. Maur, near Vincennes, as being in the neighbourhood of several hotels of note and of the Place Royal. In 1402 they had the good fortune to please poor Charles VI., and were permitted to perform in a hall in the Hospital of the Trinity, Rue Saint-Denis. For a century and a half they enjoyed a monopoly of giving dramatic entertainments. In 1541 the government imposed on them a yearly tax of about £35 of our money, to supply a deficiency in the public contributions to the hospitals. The government attributed the failure to the general taste for the mysteries, and accordingly put the professors under contribution.

In Sweden during the reign of John II., a veritable tragedy was enacted at the representation of the "Passion." The actor who filled the part of the lance-bearing soldier entered into the spirit of his part with such earnestness that he killed the performer who was fastened to the cross, and he in falling crushed the actress who presented the Blessed Virgin. The king rushed on the stage in a paroxysm of fury, and struck the head off the unlucky soldier. The audience shocked at the death of the actor, who was a great favourite, crowded on to the stage, and put their king to death.

We have never been able to conceive how an audience conscious of the disorderly lives of those performers, could take pleasure in, or even tolerate their personation of the sacred characters of the New Testament, or their representation of the awful scenes of the Passion. People of these islands have witnessed the decennial performance of the Passion at Ober-Ammergau, in Germany, without being shocked, but there is something exceptional in this case.

The performers, especially Pflunger, who presents the chief character, are irreproachable in their lives, and feel as if discharging a religious duty in zealously and carefully filling their parts. But what edification could be afforded by the sight of a sacred personage and the devil, the first in a perwig, the other in a close cap furnished with horns, first disputing with their tongues, then with their fists, and finally dancing a saraband together.

MORALITIES AND MORAL AGENTS.

The morality played after the mystery to cheer up the spirits of the spectators, came to supersede the mystery at last. Jean Bouchet, attorney-general at Poitiers, composed the earliest of these moralities. Louis XII. permitted the poets to satirize any one they pleased; and the above-named writer in using this privilege ridiculed the avarice of the king, who laughed as heartily as any of the audience at the exhibition.

A favourite and not indecent morality was thus provided with a framework. A fond father and mother having got their only son married, made over the chief part of their property to him. Falling into deep distress they applied to him for relief, which instead of administering he made his servants drive them from his door. Sitting down to dine off a venison haunch, a toad jumped out of it and fastened on his nose. No means resorted to were available to dislodge the creature, and he became sensible that it was there in punishment of his crime. He applied for relief to his parish priest, who not feeling sufficient power in himself, sent him to the bishop; the bishop despatched him to the pope, and it was not till he had been well disciplined that the holy father gave him absolution. At the moment the toad fell off, and the good moral was established.

Sacred persons played their parts in the mysteries; the devils had a good deal to do in the moralities. According as there were less or more than four devils in these pieces they were called small or great diableries. The proverb of *Le Diable à quatre* arose from this circumstance.

Some of the moralities were really estimable in intention. One such

was preceded by this prologue spoken by the the author.

"One day as I lay asleep I found myself all at once transported to the gates of hell, and there I heard Satan conversing with Lucifer. He was relating to him the means he used in tempting Christians. 'With heretics and infidels,' said he, 'I take no trouble, as they are mine already.' The devil not being aware of my presence, laid open all his wiles without the least disguise. So as soon as I felt myself conveyed back, I took pen in hand, and put down all Satan's tricks, at least all I could remember, in order that I might put all Christians on their guard."

Another author of mysteries and moralities was evidently not under the same good influence. Barthelemy Annea, principal of the college of Lyons in 1542, was not in good reputation though being the author of the "Mystery of the Nativity by characters." On the 21st of June, 1565, as the Host was carried in procession before the college, a large stone flung from one of the windows, fell on the officiating priest. The enraged populace broke in to the college and before they quitted it, massacred the irreligious principal.

Another composer of these pieces Jean or Pont Allais, had his self-opinion blown out beyond bounds by popular applause. He was at "hail fellow well met" with many of the dissolute young nobility, and was not a whit mortified by a hump which he bore. One day meeting a cardinal who happened to be similarly provided, he was impudent enough to stand up by his eminence back to back and cry out,—"Let no one from this to the end of the world say that mountains can't meet." The dignitary did not at all relish the jest. Such was his effrontery that he once announced a piece by sound of drum in the yard of St. Eustache's church, while a sermon was being preached. A considerable portion of the congregation rushed out to hear the publication. The preacher left the pulpit, came out, and asked him how dare he announce his entertainment while he (the clergyman) was preaching. "And how dare you!" said the impudent professor, "preach while I announce my play." This piece of wit cost him six months in prison.

FARCES.

Some time before the moralities had taken place of the mysteries in the affections of the people, farces began to be known, but of all which had a shorter or longer run before 1500 the only one which in a modified form still retains possession of the stage, is "*L'Avocat Pathelin*" (Our Village Lawyer).

The author François Corbeuil otherwise *Villon* was still living in the early part of the sixteenth century. In his old age he retired to end his days in Poitou with an old friend an abbé at Saint Maixent. To amuse the society of that place he got performed the "Mystery of the Passion." Unfortunately the actors had no suitable outer garment sufficiently splendid for a heavenly personage of the piece. The poet appealed to the sacristan of the church of the Cordeliers for the loan of a magnificent cope which he had in charge, but he would not accommodate him or his mystery. The offended actors resolved to punish the disobliging man. So one day when he was out on quest, he was terrified beyond measure by the sight of several figures appropriately attired as devils, and armed with forks, all rushing on him. While inflicting some malicious pricks and bangs on his body, they ceased not chanting in his ears,—"Oh the rascal, the rascal that wouldn't lend a cope to his Lord!" The mule dismayed by the charivari, kicked up her heels, flung her unfortunate master over her head, and left him on the battle field more dead than alive. "*L'Avocat Pathelin*" served as after-piece to the Passion. Some authors attribute the piece to Pierre Blanchet born at Poitiers A.D. 1459. It seems to have been known as early as 1488.

THE HOTEL DE BOURGOGNE: 1548 to 1588.

The year 1548 saw the last of the mysteries; the wonder is that they were allowed to exist so long. The confrères were ejected from their hospital but they did not suffer the loss to prey on their spirits. They had enjoyed their exclusive privileges for a century and a half, the fathers transferring their parts to their children, and the company extant in the above-mentioned year had money in

their purse. They were permitted to represent profane, lawful, and moral pieces, and without loss of time they purchased the palace of the ancient dukes of Burgundy. Whatever they felt they declared that it grated on their pious feelings to be obliged to interest the public about the tragic end of Priamus and Agamemnon, two pagans, not a bit better than they should be, instead of edifying pious play-goers by the crucifixion of this saint, the flaying of that, and the broiling of the other, and frighting hardened rogues by the sight of devils and dragons in their native ugliness and with all their dreadful accompaniments, ready to pounce upon them as they sat on their benches. Their exhibition of a saint and devil dancing together to a popular play-house melody was objected to them, but they insisted their intentions were good. They could not dismiss their patrons in lowness of spirits, and merely cheered them up a bit, and sent them home in a cheerful mood after their severe mental discipline.

However, some innovation had been made before the terrible 1548. Here are the titles of three plays, the first two by Lazarus Baif presented in 1537, the third by Chopinel performed in 1544.

No. 1, "Electra, a tragedy, containing the vengeance taken for the inhuman and pitiful murder of Agamemnon, king of the great Mycène, committed by his wife Clytemnestra and her adulterous paramour *Egyptus* (*Egythus*). Translated from the Greek of Sophocles, line for line and verse for verse, in French rhymed poetry." No. 2, "Hecuba;" No. 3, the "Destruction of Troy."

This Lazarus Baif was an abbe, a councillor in the parliament, and an ambassador to Venice in 1538. He was in some sort a regenerator in tragedy. Jean de la Taille de Bondaray did the same good office for comedy. Ronsard had a five act prose comedy (the *Plutus* of Aristophanes) represented in 1539, thus anticipating Jean de la Taille by a few years. This last-named writer, besides his comedies of the "Corrivaux," 1562, "Negromant," 1568, and the "Combat of Riches and Poverty," 1578, wrote the tragedy of "Famine," with a chorus. His prologue to the "Corrivaux" taken
Ariosto ran thus—

"Seeing you assembled in this place, gentlemen, I take for granted, you expect to hear a comedy. In truth you shall not be disappointed. A comedy you shall certainly see,—neither a farce nor a morality. We employ our invention in nothing so low, nor so silly, nor so destitute of knowledge of our old French tongue. You shall see a comedy made after the mode and pattern of the old Greek and Latin ones,—a comedy, which I make bold to say, will give you more pleasure than all the farces and moralities ever played in France. We entertain a strong desire to banish from this realm these ribaldries and fooleries, which like unsavoury spices, serve but to destroy a taste for our native language."

Iodelle the protégé of Henri II. and Charles IX., when very young, had his tragedy of "Clytemnestra" with choruses represented before the first named monarch, and pleased him so much that he made him a present of five hundred gold crowns, which piece of good fortune brought some ill-luck in its wake. The wonderful success turned the heads of Ronsard and some other poetic friends of his, who resolved to show their joy and sympathy in an appropriate classic style. Meeting at Auteuil this Gallic Pleiad of poets, as they styled themselves, sacrificed a goat to their fortunate brother, sung strophes and anti-strophes in his honour, and so well caricatured a pagan solemnity that all nearly came under the laws appointed to punish impious and atheistical persons.

"Dido's Sacrifice" and "Cleopatra," two others of his tragedies, were likewise acted with choral accompaniments. His comedies, then considered models of good taste, were somewhat lower in the moral scale than Shadwell's, or Etheridge's, or Mrs. Aphra Behn's, admitting that any lower point could be achieved. Iodelle really appreciated the excellence of the ancient classic drama, but lacked skill and materials to arrive at a successful imitation.

Jean de la Rivey carried comedy to a higher degree of merit still than Iodelle. He composed comic pieces in prose without borrowing his plots from Terence or Plautus. Even Molière did not disdain to help himself to some of his choice scenes. We quote a monologue of one of his misers who, on finding himself robbed, exclaims,—

"Oh—how light it is (his purse, to

wit)! I'm lost, I'm destroyed, I'm ruined. Thieves! robbers! seize them, stop every one passing by, close the doors, the casements, the windows! Wretch that I am! where shall I go? I know not where I am, what I am to do, or where I am going. *To the Spectators*.—Alas, my friends, I commend myself to your pity; succour me I beg; I am dying, I'm lost. Tell me who has stolen my soul, my life, my heart, and all my hopes. Why have I not a halter to hang myself? Isn't it better to die than live in this plight? It is empty (the purse, to wit); who can have been so cruel as to ravish from me my property, my honour, and my life? Miserable that I am, why should I desire to live having lost my crowns, which I had gathered, and loved more than my eyes,—my crowns which I so well spared, refusing myself my very food, and now some one is enjoying himself at my ruin."

The author of successful pieces could no more insure a competence for his old age in the 16th than the 19th century. Though Iodelle was treated as we have seen with pagan honours, and nearly overwhelmed with a shower of gold, his old age was far from comfortable. In his last illness he addressed his patron, Charles IX., in a complaining sonnet in which he compared his condition to that of the philosopher Anaxagoras, patronized but sadly neglected by Pericles, and at last determined to put an end to his existence. His noble-minded but negligent patron hearing of his state, flew to his bed-side, with remorse in his heart and gold in his girdle, but it was too late. "Ah!" said the expiring man, "your visit is useless. Whoever avails himself of a lamp, should at least supply it with oil."

The "Brothers of the Passion" kept possession of their Hotel de Bourgogne for forty years, i.e., to 1588, and could not complain of public neglect, though they never ceased to look back with regret to the days when they were privileged to present the personages of the Old and New Testament. Alas, alas that THESE should ever have been obliged to make room for such contemptible and immoral folk as *Dido*, *Cleopatra*, *Marc Antony*! Though putting money in their purse by these disreputable characters, they never took kindly to them.

The chief poet who cut out work for the theatre during this second stage of its existence, was Robert Garnier, a man intrusted with the

discharge of sundry public duties, but overruled by a strong impulse towards dramatic literature. His style was somewhat turgid. He endeavoured to overcome such difficulties as Iodelle found in the roughness of the native tongue by the introduction of words manufactured from the Latin. Living in a period afflicted with religious dissensions and extreme party feeling, he exercised himself in a most praiseworthy manner in displaying the horrors of civil strife from the history of Rome, and never ceased to denounce pride, envy, and cruelty. Compared with other writers of the epoch, his productions were decidedly moral and decent in language. His most successful pieces were "*Hippolytus*," "*Marc Antony*," "*Porcia*," "*The Troad*," "*Antigone*," "*Bradamante*," and "*Sedecias*."

Garnier was not exempt from defects no more than dramatists in our own days. Theseus listening all in tears to the recital of the death of his son, suddenly interrupted the messenger by asking him what sort of appearance had the monster. An actor in his pieces was never able to surmount a certain difficulty in his part. He had to repeat a distich which may be loosely translated:—

"Come in, good sir, and occupy this seat,
I fear you're weary, standing on your feet."

But he always rendered it—

"Come in, good sir, and occupy this seat,
I fear you're weary, standing on your legs."

The reader need scarcely be reminded of the parallel of the "Serpent's thanks" in modern times, of the difficulty found by the actor to give the correct version, and of the preference shown by the amused audience to the faulty one:—

"And oh! how sharper than a serpent's
thanks it is
To have a toothless child!"

A NEW COMPANY AND A DIVISION: 1588 to 1630.

Having occupied themselves more or less to their taste for forty years, the confrères sold their patent or leased their hotel, in 1588, to a new company, who may be said, in a cer-

tain sense, to be the first ancestors of the living members of the Theatre Français. These artists got so much to do, and were favoured with such flowing houses, that a portion of them quitted the hive, and founded a new colony in the Marais, in 1600. For the next fifty years Paris had only these two houses to indulge their laughing or weeping moods. Then Molière became a public benefactor in furnishing it with a third house.

In the year following the separation, that wonder of dramatic composition, Alexander Hardy began to write for the actors; and during the remaining twenty-eight years of his life, he composed, it is said, 700 dramatic pieces. A most valuable co-adjutor was Hardy to the inmates of the Hotel de Bourgogne. If the audience became restless, or stayed away, Hardy's services were invoked, and in five or six days a new piece was in active rehearsal. There is not much to be said in praise of his language, either on the head of grammar or decency, but the plots were well constructed, the characters well designed and supported, the situations striking, and the interest well sustained. Hardy did not give himself or his audience any trouble about the unities. Sometimes a play embraced the whole lifetime of the chief character. About forty of his pieces are still to be found in the libraries of collectors. We shall devote a few lines to two only.

Readers of Cervantes' "Exemplary Novels," will recollect the "Force of Blood." Its treatment by Alexander Hardy exhibits the utter neglect of the unities. In the first act *Don Alphonsus* carries off *Leocadia*; in the second, he sends her home; in the third, her son has time to be born and to arrive safely at his tenth year; in the fourth, the father recognises his son; in the fifth, father and mother are married. Hardy's drama of "Theagenes and Charicles,"* required eight days for performance, every evening's portion embracing five acts. "Monte Cristo," or the "Three Musketeers," occupying only six or

seven hours in performance, and coming to an end at two o'clock in the morning, is but a short refreshing farce in comparison.

HOURS OF PERFORMANCE.

During those old golden days when cheap magazines, parlour-library novels, or fortnightly reviews, published once a month, did not block up the approaches to the theatre, the Parisian tradesman paid five sous (2½*l.*) to the back part of the pit, and the gentleman or merchant only a sou more for a seat in first or second tiers of boxes. There was no advance in fees till 1699, when an additional sou was laid on admission to the pit, and two sous to the boxes. The hours were early and the time short. In 1609, when Hardy was enjoying his pride of place, the doors opened at 1, p.m., the performance commenced precisely at 2, and was concluded at half-past 4 o'clock. Play-going folk now entering a theatre at 7, p.m., enjoying the entertainment for three hours, and grumbling and dozing for the next two, leave the theatre in an uncomfortable state, and with a bad feeling towards the institution, especially when they recollect the long intervals between the pieces and the acts. The Paris playgoer two and a half centuries since, experienced but very short delays which were filled up by choral music, and leaving the theatre with lively spirits, he promised himself a speedy renewal of his enjoyment. The dangerous condition of the streets at night was a chief inducement to the early hour system.

The chorus-singing between the acts (no instrumental music having been yet introduced at theatres) endured till 1630; then a change took place. The singing body as being too much in the way and too expensive, was dismissed, and instrumental performers were allotted a place at the audience side near the stage. After some time they were removed to the back of the gallery, whence they were some time later promoted to the back of the upper boxes. Their

* The original is the earliest existing romance written by a Christian. The author was Heliodorus, Bishop of Trica, in Thessaly, end of 4th century. Cervantes took it for his model when composing in his old age his romance of the wanderings and trials of 'Persiles and Sigismunda.'

last remove was to the front space between parterre (pit) and stage, and there they have since remained.

SOME EARLY DRAMAS AND THEIR PRICES.

The dramatic authors of the period were not very liberally paid. This is not wonderful, taking the smallness of admission prices into account. If the play was in five acts the manager deducted a portion for the poor and the expenses of the house out of the receipts, and gave the author the ninth of the residue; if the play did not exceed three acts he handed him the eighteenth.

There was considerable variety in the character and merit of the dramas performed during those days of cheap play-going. In the *Alboin* (1608) of Nicolas Chretien a Norman poet, the Christians use the language of pagans, and the mixture of pure religion with mythology was awful to witness. *Alboin's* widow being forced to wed her husband's murderer, presents him with the bridal goblet into which she has dropped some poison.

"This wine is not good!" "Oh, it is your taste that has got some change," answered the queen. "Oh! it is frothing in my stomach!" "Something that was wrong is changing for the better!" "Ah! it's poison; what do you say, great gods? I am poisoned!" "Oh, you're crazy!" "Drink the rest of it, and I will believe you!" "I am not thirsty." "O dangerous pest, you shall soon drink it." "I drank some before I handed it to you, and my thirst is quenched!" "You must drink it, however, wicked she-wolf! open your vile mouth!"

"Wretched is he who confides in his wife."

This line seems to embody the moral of the piece.

The "*Astrea*" of D'Urfé furnished more than one pastoral. It being objected to Raissinger of Languedoc, author of the "*Loves of Astrea and Celadon*," that the piece was too long, he was rather surprised and offended, as he had presented in two thousand verses the matter of five stout volumes.

The play was couched in good language but it bristled all over with conceits and antitheses. *Celadon* being treated with scorn by *Astrea*, flings

himself into the Lignon; but observe the wonder!—

"The God of the Lignon deeply commiserating him,
Against his (*Celadon's*) inclination
flung him out on the sand,
Fearing that the intensity of his love's
flame
Should change his damp residence into
a dry field."

Occasionally a mystery would be revived, and set the public thinking and talking for a while. In 1606, and as late as 1624, Nicholas Sorot got presented in Rheims, "*The bloody Martyrdom of St. Cecilia*," and the "*Divine Election of St. Nicholas to the Archbishoprick of Myra*." Such attempts as these were only the isolated flashes and flickerings arising from a large fire on the point of extinction.

A strange incident occurred at the representation of one of the pastorals of that period, "*Cloreste*," or the *Rival Comedians*" by Balthazar Baro, who concluded the "*Astrea*" after the decease of D'Urfé. A hair-brained author named Cyrano, a cadet of a noble house, having some disagreement with an actor, named Montfleury, forbade him on his own private authority to appear on the stage for a month. Two days later, Cyrano attending at the representation of "*Cloreste*," saw the obnoxious performer going on with his part as if he had never got warning. Standing up in the middle of the parterre, he shouted '*Montfleury, quit the stage, or I shall cut off your ears*,' and the actor submissively retired. Wonderful time, wonderful audience, wonderful actor! '*This fellow is so big*,' said Cyrano to those about him, '*that he takes liberties with people. He knows that it would require a day to go round him, and give every part of him a good beating.*'

This Cyrano was a genuine Paladin for protecting distressed damsels and duelling. One evening finding a person of his acquaintance mobbed at the Porte de Nesle, he drew his sword, and fell on, wounding seven, killing two, and delivering his protégé. Having entered at an early age into the Guards, his duels were almost of daily occurrence, the greater part being undertaken on account of his friends.

WRITERS OF THIS TRANSITION PERIOD.

The authors, whose works amused and interested the public during the epoch under consideration, 1558 to 1630, were Ryer, Mairet, Racan, Scuderi, Nancel, Troterel, Claude Billard, Mainfray, Boissy de Gatterdon, Despanney, and Thullin. Scarcely could one of their most decent pieces be performed on any existing stage in Europe at this moment, even on the one most noted for its laxity of morals. The "Debora," "Dina," and "Joshua," of Nancel, performed in 1606, are distinguished by the earliest stage battles occurring in the French drama. It was not till after the revolution of 1789, that this early example of *le Grand Spectacle* was effectively revived.

One of the most prolific theatrical writers of that time was Mons. Scuderi, who deserves mention, if only for the decency of his dramas. His first play was performed in 1625, and this was followed in succession by twenty-nine others, each of them being of great length. Scuderi was born at Havre in 1601, his father being governor of that seaport. In his youth he had travelled much; later he was an officer in the Guards. He had a lively but too fertile imagination, and the facility he found in writing was an injury to his literary fame. He possessed wit and boldness of metaphor, and presented in his pieces happily devised, interesting, and diversified situations. Having seen much life he was enabled to introduce many romantic adventures, curious facts, bizarre passages, and diverting incidents. The construction of an interesting plot was a matter of no trouble to him. In his preface to his first piece, "Ligdamon and Lidias," he stated that "he was a mere man of helm and plume, that he had passed many more hours among arms than in his study, that he had used more powder-matches than candles, that he was better acquainted with ranging soldiers than words, and with squaring battalions than periods." He would be a daring member of the Dramatic Authors' Society, who would now put into the mouth of his heroine the following reply to the offer of his heart by her lover—

"Let him keep this precious gift; as for me I reject it.

I do not desire to pass for a bird of prey
Which feeds upon hearts; and it is not
my will
To resemble a monster with two hearts in
her breast."

If the lady looked to things as they were, and discarded euphuism, she was well fitted in a lover. He essayed to reduce her self complacency in this style—

"When avenging time, which is ever advancing,
Shall change thy golden hair into threads
of silver;
When heat and moisture forsaking thy
breasts,
Shall send thee to the fire, suffering from
chagrin;
When your brow shall be more wrinkled
than an angry sea,
And your sunken eyes have lost their
mildness;
And when if any flash or glow be visible,
It shall take its splendour from the red
of their lids;
When your purple lips and your teeth of
charcoal
Have lost their beauty, and give a bad
odour;
When your body so upright and so finely
shaped,
Shall merely resemble an arched roof;
When your limbs become as slender as
twigs,
And your beauteous arms,—dry spindles;
When teeth, colour, and hair, rest on
your toilette,
And nought enters your bed but a dry
skeleton,
Then of a certainty, more hideous than a
démon,
You'll be forced to remember your poor
love, *Ligdamon*!"

TURLUPINADES.

Contemporary with Scuderi and the other writers mentioned, were the concoctors and performers of outrageous and indecent farces,—*Gautier Garguille*, *Gros Guillaume*, and *Turlupin*, the last of whom left his name to the class of pieces in which he shone. Garguille was the school-master or the philosopher whose forte consisted in singing with a stupid air songs composed by himself. Gros Guillaume was the utterer of wise and serious sayings calculated to set every one in a roar. The farcical performers of the day used masks, but Gros Guillaume had no more occasion for one than the late Mr.

Liston. He had a trick of shaking flour from his face on any one with whom he happened to be conversing, simply by stirring his lips. Turlupin the most active and lithe of the three, was the shrewd knave, the thief, the intriguing valet of the party.

One circumstance which added to the gaiety of the audience was the contrast between the jocularity of Gros Guillaume's speeches and the wretched expression of his face. Liston's stolid and massive countenance, as is well remembered, much enhanced the drollery that issued from his mouth; but poor Guillaume, while exciting the liveliest merriment of his audience, was really suffering torture from the calculus. This the public knew nothing about. Notwithstanding his grievous ailment Gros Guillaume acted till he was eighty years, and even then his end was not brought about by natural decay.

Turlupin was the life and soul of the farce; in the slang of the theatre he kept the boards on fire. He scattered jests and witticisms like a fire-work all round; he was the *paillasse* or merry devil of the scene.

These once journeymen bakers, having fitted up a movable theatre as well as they could, and supplied scenes by painted boat-sails, admitted the public twice a day at a sou per head, and became so popular that the company at the Hotel Burgogne became alarmed, and appealed to Cardinal Richelieu to have themselves and their theatre suppressed. This gave his Eminence a long-desired opportunity for witnessing a genuine Turlupinade. So alleging the necessity of seeing a performance in order to be able to judge of its merits and defects, he summoned Gros Guillaume and Turlupin to the *Palais Cardinal*, and there on a temporary stage they kept the Cardinal laughing for an hour, Gros Guillaume presenting a blameable wife, Turlupin the offended husband. He is on the point of beheading her with his wooden sword when she reminds him of the excellent cabbage soup which she had prepared for him the evening before. His resentment vanished, his faulchion fell from his hand, and all was forgiven.

In the "Out-door Spectacles of Paris" we have dwelt on the details of this incident and the injunctions

given by the Cardinal to the Hotel Burgogne Company to take the three great comedians into partnership, so that the audiences might be sent away in a cheerful mood every evening.

The promotion of the artists was the cause of their downfall and death. Gros Guillaume on his new stage so well imitated the gestures of a certain magistrate that everyone laughed except the man imitated. Orders were given to arrest the three comrades, and poor Guillaume was in fact secured. The imprisonment had such an effect on his nature that he expired in a few days; and so affected were his two associates, who had made their escape, that they followed him within a week.

The famous three had many successors, but none have attained their fame.

The title of a farce represented in 1588 will convey an idea of the taste of the time, "The Women who were salted, or Facetious Discourses of some Men who salted their wives because they were too sweet." This farce is extant in black letter.

A notable farce was founded on the following circumstance, related by an author who lived in the reign of Charles IX. :—

"In the year 1550, in the month of August, an advocate fell into such melancholy and alienation of mind that he said and believed he was dead. On this account he would neither speak, laugh, nor eat, nor walk about, but kept his bed. At last he became so feeble that his people thought he was on the point of expiring. Just then there came to the house his wife's nephew, who, after trying in vain to make his uncle take nourishment, devised a plan to effect his cure. For this purpose he got himself wrapped in a winding sheet in a neighbouring room, leaving his face bare, and had himself conveyed into his uncle's room and laid on a table, with four lighted candles set at the corners. This was so neatly executed that neither the assistants could refrain from laughing, nor the wife of the sick man, nor even the chief actor; for, seeing those around him make ludicrous grimaces to keep down the laughter, he was forced to explode. The patient asked his wife who was lying on the table, who that person was; and she informed him that it was her nephew lately deceased. 'But,' said the sick man, 'how can he laugh so loud if he be dead?' The wife replied that the dead have it in their power to laugh when they please. The patient,

wishing to see if that was the case, called for a mirror, and, forcing himself to laugh, was convinced of the truth of what his wife had told him. This was the commencement of the cure. The young man, after lying about three hours on the table, asked for something good to eat. They brought him a fowl and a pint of wine, with which he refreshed himself, and this attracting the attention of the sick man, he asked if the dead were accustomed to eat. They answered in the affirmative, and so he said he would like to take something. This he did with a good appetite, and so by little and little his melancholy left him. The event was worked into a farce and printed, and was represented one evening before Charles IX., myself being present."

ROTROU AND OTHER PREDECESSORS OF CORNEILLE.

We are approaching a new era in the existence of the drama of France, the appearance of the plays of Corneille. Before he begins to occupy our attention let us introduce Rotrou, his predecessor, and in some respects his master. His plays are the connecting link between such as we have spoken of, 1588 to 1630, and the finished and correct tragedies of Peter Corneille.

Rotrou, born at Dreux, 1609, was remarked at an early age for his facility in poetical composition. Cardinal Richelieu distinguished him by his patronage, and would have got him admitted into the French Academy but for the circumstance of non-residence in Paris. Rotrou would never consent to quit his native place, where he died of a pestilence at the age of forty-one (1650). France at the time was visited by an epidemic which more than decimated Rotrou's native town. He held the office of deputy-governor; and notwithstanding the pressing entreaties of his friends in Paris to come away from the infected locality, he would not stir, feeling his presence necessary for the maintenance of order. He produced thirty-five successful pieces, the first of which, "The Ring of Oblivion," was brought out in 1628, the last, "Lopez de Cardone," in the year of his death. He introduced regularity into the drama, but his compositions fell far short of Corneille's, as he did not give himself time to correct and improve them. He was cursed with a passion for play, and when he was left destitute, sat down and wrote a drama off-

hand to free himself from his embarrassment. The piece, as may be supposed, suffered from the haste of its composition, and the troubled mind of the gambler. He made good use of the Greek and Latin dramatists, and did not neglect the Spanish. Many of his pieces exhibit the defects common to others of his time. Those in which he came nearest to the finish of Corneille's productions are "Wenceslas," "Antigone," "The Death of Hercules," "Belisarius," "Iphigenia," and "Khosroës." The speech of Isabelle, in the play of "The Lost Opportunities," is worth quotation. The Queen of Naples wishes to secure the heart of Cloriman, but reluctant to compromise her dignity, she instructs Isabelle, her confidante, to be her agent, on pretence of winning him for herself. The lady thus naïvely proposed to her royal mistress her plan for the campaign. It is the same in some respects which a beauty of our own days would adopt.

"My eyes, to commence, shall learn from
the mirror
The very movements which possess the
most grace,
By what smiles I may obtain the most
vows,
And in what fashion to dress my hair.
To bring under my rule his willing soul
I shall employ both paint and the letting
of blood;
My hands shall obtain a charming white-
ness
By cosmetics and the wearing of gloves
in bed.
I shall employ the most devoted of tailors
To improve my carriage and my shape.
By much whalebone and steel in my
dress
I shall squeeze my waist to the stifling
point.
I shall ever speak of sighs and flames
To this young stranger, who has stolen
your heart;
A hundred valets shall be employed in
messages,
And a thousand bleeding hearts shall fill
my notes.
I shall ever style myself love's prisoner,
And him, MY ALL—my sole light.
My billets shall be all loves, sighs, and
vows,
And I shall wind round each a lock of
my hair.
I shall shed bitter tears; he shall find
me in illness
When he dares throw on another a glance
from his eye."

The queen, listening to this exposi-

tion, cries out, with much misgiving :—

"Very fine, my dear pet, you obey me too well ;

Intending to oblige, I fear you'll betray."

Rotrou was on the point of finishing his best drama, "*Wenceslas*," in 1648, two years before his death, when under the influence of a strong temptation, he flew to the gaming-table. He lost as usual, played for an amount not in his possession, was arrested for the debt of honour, and thrown into prison. Being left to his reflections, he thought on his tragedy, sent for the comedians, sold it for twenty pistoles (about £7 10s.), and was restored to the free air of heaven. The play was so successful that the grateful actors made a handsome present to the author. Let us hope that it did not go to his next successful antagonist at the cards and dice. On occasions like this he put his ready money into a curiously-concocted little bundle of twigs, which he shook whenever he was in need. Some pieces always remained behind, so he was seldom left altogether destitute. Rotrou's genius was essentially tragic. His compositions exhibit elevated sentiments, happy contrasts of character, and a vigorous style, but all was marred to some extent by his facility of composition.

CORNEILLE AND HIS ERA—1625 to 1670.

Corneille's first connexion with the theatre arose from a trifling misunderstanding which occurred between these two great powers, love and friendship. One of his Rouen friends brought him with him one day, in order to have his opinion on the graces and merits of a young lady to whom he was paying his addresses. As ill luck would have it, she at once set the visitor higher in her esteem and affections, such as they were, than the too-curious lover. Corneille was so pleased and interested with the turn things had taken, that he wrote the play of "*Melita*," taking the transfer as groundwork. The piece had such success that the house could not contain the crowd which flocked evening after evening to see it performed. A new company was formed, and they got permission to hire a five-courts in Rue Michel le Comte

for two years, and convert it into a theatre. Rue Michel le Comte was a short and narrow street, containing twenty-four private houses ; and any quiet citizen may suppose the dismay of the indwellers when they found their quiet thoroughfare blocked up by men, women, and children, crowding about noontide, and stopping the way till the theatre opened, to rejoice their hearts with the representation of "*Melita*." Some of the inhabitants complained in a memorial which was soon drawn up, that they had been kept out of their houses till night, remaining in the interim a laughing stock for the lacqueys, and a prey to the pickpockets. The memorial was laid before Parliament, and in an Act passed by that body, 22nd March, 1633, it was forbidden to present any theatrical piece at the five-courts till it was otherwise decreed. It was not otherwise decreed till the poor actors lost patience, and so this third theatre was closed nearly as soon as opened.

Corneille was distinguished by the public of his day even from his first dramatic attempt. Nothing like his dramas had appeared till then. They were distinguished by great powers of invention, variety in the structures of the plots, truth and development of character, elevation and vastness of idea. A heroic and patriotic spirit imbued the historic pieces, and the admiration and enthusiasm of the audience were roused, and never suffered to flag till the catastrophe was attained.

Considering "*Melita*" too simple in construction, he made a complicated plot for his tragi-comedy of "*Clitandra*." Some loose expressions and passages of bad taste disfigured this piece as originally played. It was the first play in which the action was limited to twenty-four hours, a precedent so rigidly followed afterwards in France till the first revolution.

This piece was followed in succession by the "*Widow*," 1634, and the "*Gallery of the Palace*." In this last piece the indispensable *Nurse* of the old plays was replaced by the waiting-maid. At a time when it was not so easy to get female parts well filled, the nurse was a popular and convenient institution, as it could be filled by a humourist of the male sex.

After a couple of other comedies had been well received, he selected the subject of "Medea," but was not pleased with the chastened success it obtained. He returned to his original line of subjects, and finished the "Illusion," an indifferent comedy, and then, ill-satisfied with his late achievements, he paid a visit to Rouen, his native place, and began at the study of the poem of the "Cid," by Guillin de Castro.

THE CID AND HIS TROUBLES.

In 1636 appeared his renowned play on this subject, and from the first it was stamped by universal approbation. It is said that the great cardinal, who would have been better pleased by praise of his mediocre tragedies than of his great political genius, on reading the play before representation, expressed a wish to be considered its father. Corneille set more value on literary glory than on riches or political favour, and refused. Great was the resentment of the great man, and in consequence he took a step which, under the same circumstance, the most powerful monarch or minister of modern times would not venture on. He proposed to the members of the French Academy to examine the play of the "Cid," and pronounce on its literary and dramatic merits. The French Academy had been founded with the good will, and by the assistance of Richelieu himself, and the members did not feel themselves at liberty to express the admiration which they really felt for the piece. Neither did they express such disparagement of it as would have satisfied their patron. Rotrou, though willing to please his good friend, openly expressed his admiration of it from the first, and it says something for the magnanimity of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's hero, that he still extended his friendship to the stout-minded poet.

Richelieu though jealous of Corneille as a literary rival, befriended him well as minister. After his death, the poet expressed his feelings in this quatrain:—

"Of the famous Cardinal let them speak
ill or well;
Neither in prose nor in verse shall I
utter my thoughts.

He did me such good that I cannot
speak ill,
He did me such ill that I cannot speak
good!"

Racine's verse on the subject of the
"Cid" are worth a literal translation.

"Vainly gainst the 'Cid' the minister
forms a league,
The public looks on *Chimène* with the
eyes of Rodrigo;
The academy collected may censure in
vain,
The obstinate public persists in admi-
ration!"

STAGE ANECDOTES OF CORNEILLE'S DAY.

Many anecdotes are related in connection with the representation of the "Cid." Of these we can quote but a couple.

The father of the celebrated Baron the actor met his death in the representation. His sword being struck out of his hand when personating *Don Diego*, he kicked it aside in an awkward manner, wounding his foot in consequence. The wound being slight he neglected it till it turned to a mortification. He would not allow the leg to be cut off, saying that a king with a wooden leg would be sure to be hissed, and so death ensued.

His son the famous Baron, who after successfully representing the hero for many years, had retired from the stage, resumed his acting in the same youthful part when he was eighty years of age. It is little to be wondered at that when he repeated the two following lines, the house was convulsed with laughter.

"It is true I am young, but among noble
souls,
Valour waits not for a certain number
of years."

Baron commenced his speech again, but the laughter burst out anew. He then came forward to the front of the stage, and said, 'Gentlemen I am going to commence for the third time. If you interrupt me again I will quit the house. Respect and love for the actor held their tongues, and all went on smoothly till he had to kneel to *Chimène*. At this point he literally fell at her feet, and there he was obliged to remain, vainly urging the lady in a low voice to raise him up. Two stage servants issuing from the wings did the good office, but when

the actor began to think over the matter he came to the conclusion that his days for personating youthful lovers had passed.

The success of the "Cid" gave a new direction to the thoughts of the poet. He devoted his allegiance to the tragic muse, and produced in rapid succession (1639-1640) the "Horatii," "Cinna," and "Polyeuctus." It being rumoured that "Les Horaces" would be examined by the Academy, some one uttered the pithy sentence, "Horatius was condemned by the Duumviri, and absolved by the people." The celebrated actor, Baron, then in his youth, was warmly congratulated by Corneille, on his personation of the principal character. If the following ludicrous incident which happened at one of its representations, had occurred at its first—its success might have been placed in peril. *Camilla* addressing two of the heroes should have said

"Let one of you slay, and the other
avenge me;"

but she substituted *mange* for *venge**—a trifling departure in sound, but awful in signification. The house was so pleasantly excited that it was with great difficulty the piece was allowed to proceed.

On another representation, the actress personating *Camilla* and attiring the Roman damsel in the Paris fashion of the 17th century uttered her imprecation against Rome, and rushed towards the *coulisse*, but her long train tripped her, and she fell on the stage. Baron (the *Horace* of the piece) who, the moment she was hidden by the side-scene, should furiously have launched his javelin in the same direction, was obliged to introduce a needful variety. Removing his plumed hat, he stooped, raised the poor heroine, and politely conducted her to the side; then suddenly replacing his hat, he wickedly flung the harmless missile after her. Never was a stage murder before or since hailed with such bursts of laughter.

"Cinna" is considered by many people of good taste as the most perfect in composition and construction of all

Corneille's tragedies. Louis XIV. said one day after witnessing in it the scene of Augustus's clemency, 'If any one now asked me pardon for the chevalier de Rohan,† I think I could not refuse it.

Corneille intended to dedicate his "Cinna" to that shade of the great Richelieu, Cardinal Mazarin, but being reminded of the stinginess of the little man, he addressed it to M. de Montauron, who sent him immediately a thousand pistoles (£375). Thenceforward the name *Montauron Epistoles*, was applied to money-seeking dedications.

At the time when Baron undertook the part of *Cinna* the actors were in the habit of mouthing and ranting their parts, and Baron's natural mode of enunciation was not well received. But in the conjuration scene his earnestness and the strong feeling he manifested, carried away the suffrages of the audience. "Cinna" was followed by the "Death of Pompey," and then our play-wright took into his head to refresh himself by the composition of some comedies. In 1642 appeared his "Liar," taken from the repertory of Lope de Vega, and the sequel was acted the next year.

"Rodogune," his own favourite tragedy, was acted in 1646. It employed a whole year of his time in its composition, and perhaps pleased him least, as it had given him the greatest trouble of all his tragedies. He was now arrived at his fortieth year, and did not thenceforth produce any piece equal in merit to the "Cid" or "Cinna." One of the representations of "Rodogune" was nearly marred by a mere display of good-feeling on the part of a bystander.

A soldier stationed at the wing, as was the custom of the day, watched the progress of the action with the greatest attention. Several times he warned *Antiochus* by gestures that the murderer of his brother was *Cleopatra*. At last the prince cried out, addressing Rodogune,—

"— A hand which was most dear:
Madame, is that hand yours or my
mother's?
Is it you?"

* "Que l'un de vous me tue, et que l'autre me mange!"

† De Rohan had had the impudence to play rival in love to his royal master, a most unpardonable proceeding!

Here the good-hearted and justice-loving sentinel, under the strong influence of the scene pointed to *Cleopatra*, and cried out "there she is!" The house burst out into a roar, and the actors were disabled by laughter from continuing their discourse. It was found a difficult matter to bring the play to a suitable conclusion. In more modern times a good-hearted sailor sprung from the pit on the stage to rescue a virtuous damsel from the villain of the scene; and another flung his purse to suffering, at least well dissembling poverty. .

CORNEILLE IN HIS DECLINE.

"Theodore" succeeded "Rodogune," and "Heraclius" "Theodore" in 1647. "Heraclius" required more study to make out its sense than any one would be disposed to sacrifice to a mere fiction; Boileau said of it:—

"I laugh at the author, who slow in expression,
Is unable to inform me what he intends,
And who badly unfolding a painful plot,
Converts an amusement into dreary fatigue."

Corneille himself, when attending the representation of the play some years after its production, avowed that he did not understand the language nor the plot.

In 1650 the author of the "Cid" was solicited to write a piece which would afford a framework for the exhibition of a noble spectacle for the amusement of the young king (Louis XIV). He accordingly produced "Andromeda," which was brought out with costly adornments, and wonderful machinery, and for the first time on the French stage a horse was made to go through his paces. The dramatic romance was enacted at the Hotel du Petit Bourbon, and was highly successful. The theatre in the Marais sued for permission to play it, and all Paris ran to see the noble steed prancing, curvetting, and neighing, with such fire and such intelligence at the proper time. Little were the good Parisians aware that the poor animal, had been kept fasting for hours before the performance, and that while he seemed so impatient to get the fair *Andromeda* on his back, and put her

beyond the power of the monster, his eyes and ears were devouring a sieve of oats which a useful actor was agitating at the bottom of the side scene in his sight. This banquet, accompanied by a pail of refreshing water, was his when the rescue was achieved.

"Don Sancho of Aragon" followed "Andromeda," rather *Andromeda's* horse, and this was succeeded in 1652 by "Nicomedes," which obtained the public favour as much by allusions to the princes (the Condés) who had just then been liberated from prison, as from its intrinsic merits. In 1653 was performed "Pescharite King of the Lombards," the first drama of his which met with no success, and this reverse so disheartened him that he resolved on giving up writing for the stage.

He proposed to himself to translate the "Imitation of Christ" into French verse, and kept to his renouncement of the stage for six years. However, the pious work remained in abeyance; and in 1659, having broken his "lover's vows," the public once more welcomed their old favourite in "Ædipus." To this succeeded the "Golden Fleece," "Sertorius," "Sophonisba," "Otho," "Agésilas," "Attila," and "Titus and Berenice;" this last in 1670. Young Racine had made himself be heard of a few years before the presentation of "Titus," was rather encouraged by the actors of the Hotel de Bourgogne, and it was in vain that our poet, now advanced in life, strove to keep ahead of his youthful rival. Boileau, defined his "Titus" as a double piece of *galimatias* (balderdash), for neither his audience nor he himself understood it. A good proof of the justice of the observation is furnished by the following fact.

Baron, who was intrusted with the chief character, began to study his part with his usual conscientious care and diligence, but spite of his utmost efforts he found himself still ignorant of the author's meaning. He betook himself to Molière, and begged his assistance. Molière began to study the piece, but after some laborious attempts he was obliged to own himself vanquished. "But," said he to Baron, "the author will sup with me to-night. Join us, and ask for light from its source." The actor gladly

complied, and when Corneille appeared he threw himself on his neck, and besought him to explain sundry verses. The author read them carefully over, shook his head, and acknowledged his entire ignorance of the sense. "No matter," said he; "recite them with confidence. Those who do not understand will not the less admire them."

"*Pulcheria*," a tragi-comedy, and "*Surena*," a tragedy, were the latest of Corneille's plays, if we except "*Psyche*," which he wrote in collaboration with Molière and Quinault, Lully composing the music. The beautiful little pastoral, or whatever it may be called, was composed to give pleasure to Louis XIV., the dramatic veteran condescending from the severe style of his ordinary productions, to take an interest in youthful wishes and impulses. The younger Baron personated *Love*, Mdlle. Desmares, *Psyche* (the soul), and they performed their parts so zealously and naturally, that the lady was taken to task by her royal protector, the Duke of Orleans. Being left to make a choice between her admirers, she selected her stage-fellow.

CLOSE OF A NOBLE CAREER.

Towards the close of his days he paid a visit to the theatre, and his appearance was a signal to the actors to suspend their parts, to the great Condé and other nobles sitting on the stage, and to the audience in general, to rise, and to all, to welcome the veteran genius to the scene of his many triumphs, which he had improved and dignified by the tone and spirit of the dramas he had left it.

After his death, Racine and the Abbé Delaveau contended for the honour of writing his epitaph. An actor composed this touching distich, whose point we are not able to preserve, as it consists in the circumstance of the same word implying a *root*, as well as the successor of the great poet.

"Puisque Corneille est mort qui nous donnait du pain,
Faut vivre de Racine, ou bien mourir de faim."

This man, whose writings possessed such elevation of thought and such command of language, had not the gift of expressing himself with ease or grace. A great lady having once conversed with him, said to her acquaintance, "If you want to hear M. Corneille speak, you must go to the Hotel de Bourgogne." When he attempted to recite his own verses he completely tired his auditory. He was painfully sensible of this defect. On sending his portrait to Pelisson he accompanied it with these lines:—

"In matters of love I am very unequal.
I write fairly enough, but speak very ill;
I possess a fertile pen and a sterile mouth;
Successful lover at the theatre, unlucky in the town.
There are but few who hear me without being tired,
Save when I speak by the mouth of another."

In 1750, about seventy years after the death of the great dramatist, the admirers of the "*Cid*" arranged a benefit for a great nephew of his who was in indifferent circumstances. It is supposed to have been the first thing of the kind that was done in Paris. The pieces were "*Rodogune*" and the "*Citizens of Quality*." This last piece was selected, as it gave an opportunity of many actors to contribute their services. The net receipt was 5,000 francs. Voltaire, who was kind-hearted and generous, when no paltry prejudices or motives intervened, gave the daughter of the same man a dowry, and had her well married. The mode of raising this marriage portion was characteristic. He brought out an edition of Corneille's works by subscription, and handed over the net proceeds to the young lady.

THOMAS CORNEILLE.

Peter had for brother Thomas, who, but for the great fame monopolized by himself, might have won a high reputation. His best dramas are "*Timocrates*," "*Commodus*," and "*Camma*;" the names of some others are subjoined;—"*Ariadne*," "*The Count of Essex*," "*The Unknown*,"

* "Since Corneille is no more, who shall give us bread?
We must either live on roots (*Racine*) or die of hunger."

"Laodicea," and the "Fortune-teller." His comedies and tragedies possessed much merit, the language being good, and the plots well designed, and interesting. He understood stage business perfectly. His different pieces amounted to thirty-five in number. He had a wonderful memory, and when called on, as was then the fashion in the salons, to recite any passages from his plays, he was always ready without having recourse to a manuscript. Peter's tragedies were performed at the Hotel de Bourgogne, Thomas's for the most part at the house in the Marais. One evening when the audience were loudly calling for the representation of the "Ariadne" on the morrow, Dancourt advanced timidly to the front of the stage, somewhat embarrassed, as he had to convey to the audience in nice language that Mme. Duclos being in an interesting situation, would find it difficult to give them that satisfaction so much desired by self and partners. The information was given partly in pantomime, but was so little to the approval of the lady who was standing in the *coulisse*, that she came forward at a lively pace, applied a tingling slap to the cheek of the timid actor and announced in a loud and composed tone, "Gentlemen, to-morrow, 'Ariadne.'"

A ballad sung by a peasantess in *patois* in the play of "The Unknown" is subjoined to give an idea of the poetry which pleased the five sou-paying company of the Marais. The girl is giving a lesson in politeness and the moral fitness of things to her swain.

"Do not crumple my frilled cap;—

This you know is Sunday.

I tell you in all truth

Pins are in my sleeve;

My hand's as heavy as it's white,

And you will earn a rousing slap;

To-day you know is Sunday.

Wait until to-morrow,

And when my week-day clothes are on,

I shan't be so exact.

But now I tell you plainly,

If you show your impudence;

If you soil clean cap or sleeves,

I'll trounce you in all haste;

I'll beat you, pinch you, prick you,

I'll whack you, grind you, bruise you,

As small as mince meat for the pot.

Ah ha! you see the head I've got;

So do not crumple my frilled cap,

To-day you know is Sunday!"

Louis XIV. condescended to visit the theatre in the Marais on purpose to enjoy the representation of "Timocrates,"—a rare proceeding of royalty at that date, itself and nobility exclusively patronising the Hotel de Bourgogne. "Timocrates" was performed eighty nights in succession, and the actors became completely tired of it. Not so the audience. They still cried out at the end of the evening's performance for their darling "Timocrates" on to-morrow. The players at last took heart of grace, and sent forward a favourite spokesman, who thus addressed the audience:—"Gentlemen, it appears you will never be tired of hearing "Timocrates"; we are heartily tired of playing it. We run the risk of forgetting our other pieces. Please allow us to lay it aside." The actors of the other house, much superior to the Marais folk in ability, were anxious to perform "Timocrates" on their own boards, but in this particular piece they felt they would be inferior to their brothers of the other house, and did not attempt it.

"Camma" was played at the hotel, and such was the crowd of nobles standing and sitting on the stage that the actors could scarcely move. This decided the management to add Thursday to their days of acting. Before this time their performances were confined to Sundays, Tuesdays, and Fridays. Up to the time at which we have arrived, and later still, there was no actual change of scene. So the foolish sprigs of nobility and gentility would persist in sitting at the sides, and down to the front of the stage, thus destroying the illusion of the scene, the principal ingredient in the mental feast.

Thomas Corneille, like many other French dramatists, wrote a drama on Achilles, and much gratified was the actor (once a carpenter), who personated the fierce Greek, so well did the plumed casque and the shield become him. He had his portrait taken in character; but the painter, hearing that he was a stingy youth, prepared for a disappointment. When the portrait was finished he asked for his fee, but the gallant Achilles only offered him about the third of his demand. He took it and being about to depart, he presented some vinegar

in a cup to the original, and told him to rub it over the picture to bring out the hues. He complied, and after one or two courses, the brilliant buckler, painted in distemper, disappeared, and the hero in helm and cuirass was seen handling a carpenter's plane.

Thomas never felt the least jealousy of his brother. They were married to two sisters, and both families dwelt in the one house in the most perfect harmony. Thomas died at Andelys, in 1709, having survived his brother twenty-five years.

MOLIÈRE'S DAWN.

We have arrived at an epoch in the French drama beyond which it did not arrive at greater perfection in classic tragedy. Molière was bringing French comedy to perfection during the days of Corneille, but it would not be doing justice to the improvements he effected, to introduce them in a passing notice at the end of an article. London audiences had the opportunity of witnessing the masterpieces of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, before the Paris playgoers began to have their taste formed by Corneille and the best of his contemporaries ;

but even before the middle of the seventeenth century a change was taking place to the disadvantage of English playgoers, while French audiences were interested, and in some degree edified, by the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, and amused not much to their injury by the sprightly scenes of Molière. The ordinary entertainments of the city and court of London were furnished by Shadwell, Etherege, Mrs. Behn, and Wycherly (one or two of the worst being contributed by *glorious John*). The abominations relished at the Burgogne or the Marais in the early part of the seventeenth century, would not be then tolerated at the theatres by the Thames ; but Parisians and Londoners apparently changed their notions on decency about forty or fifty years later. The good result being entirely in favour of the dwellers by the Seine. At this agreeable juncture we leave them, exhorting them not to return to their old evil amusements if possible. They will probably observe decency in a greater or less degree till Anacharsis Oloots and the goddess of reason arrive with a troop of Satyrs and Bacchanals in their train, and give up city and country to the government of the passions.

As evening fades on the September shore—
 The calm bright waves and fields—the scene brings back
 The days on which we paced the beach of yore,
 And meadows crossed with many a winding track ;
 Once more the time returns to me, once more
 The happy airs that by us went and came,
 As by the winding autumn road we pass ;
 The scent of apple orchards by the sea,
 And gleams of clusters ripening ruddily ;
 And here and there amid the rain-bright grass,
 The poppy's fluctuant spot of crimson flame.
 Then through the tranquil blue air, from its noon,
 Sinks the gold sun, slanting long shadows o'er
 The yellow harvest fields along the shore,
 From grassy steep and full-leaved tree, where sings
 The thrush in the clear stillness, until soon,
 Through the faint mist of the green hollow rings,
 The sprinkled tinkle of the gathering sheep,
 Footing the herb toward their quiet fold.
 A furl of cloud o'er the sea line is roll'd,
 And o'er the misty meadows drowsed in sleep ;
 The windows of the town, late flashing gold,
 Begin to glimmer whitely in the moon.

THE TENANTS OF MALORY.

BY J. S. LE FANU, AUTHOR OF "UNCLE SILAS," "GUY DEVERELL," "THE HOUSE BY THE CHURCHYARD," &c., &c.

CHAPTER LI.

"Teach me, ye groves, some art to ease my pain,
Some soft resentments that may leave no stain
On her loved name, and then I will complain."

NEXT day, after dinner, Lord Verney said to Cleve, as they two sat alone, "I saw you at Lady Dorminster's last night. I saw you—about it. It seems to me you go to too many places, with the House to attend to; you stay too long—one can look in, you know. Sometimes one meets a person; I had a good deal of interesting conversation last night, for instance, with the French Ambassador. No one takes a hint better; they are very good listeners, the French, and that is the way they pick up so much information and opinion, and things. I had a cup of tea, and we talked—about it—for half-an-hour, until I had got my ideas well before him. A very able man, a brilliant person, and seemed—he appeared to go with me—about it—and very well up upon our history—and things—and—and—looking at you, it struck me—you're looking a good deal cut up, about it—and—and as if you were doing too much. And I said, you know, you were to look about, and see if there was any young person you liked—that was suitable—and—that kind of thing; but you know you must not fatigue yourself, and I don't want to hurry you; only it is a step you ought to take with a view to strengthen your position—ultimately. And—and—I hear it is too late to consider about Ethel—that would have been very nice, it struck me; but that is now out of the question, I understand—in fact, it is certain, although the world don't know it yet; and therefore we must consider some other alliance; and I don't see any very violent hurry. We must look about—and—and—you'll want some money, Cleve, when you have made up your mind."

"You are always too good," said Cleve.

"I—I mean with your wife—about

it," and Lord Verney coughed a little. "There's never any harm in a little money; the more you get, the more you can do. I always was of that opinion. Knowledge is power, and money is power, though in different ways; that was always my idea. What I want to impress on your mind, however, at this moment, particularly, is, that there is nothing very pressing as to time; we can afford a little time. The Onslow motto, you know, it conveys it, and your mother was connected with the Onslows."

It would not be easy to describe how the words of his noble uncle relieved Cleve Verney. Every sentence seemed to lift a load from his burthen, or to cut asunder some knot in the cordage of his bonds. He had not felt so much at ease since his hated conversation with Lord Verney in the library.

Not very long after this, Cleve made the best speech by many degrees he had ever spoken, a really forcible reply upon a subject he had very carefully made up, of which, in fact, he was a master. His uncle was very much pleased, and gave his hearers to understand pretty distinctly from what fountain he had drawn his inspiration, and promised them better things still, now that he had got him fairly in harness, and had him into his library, and they put their heads together; and he thought his talking with him a little did him no harm, Cleve's voice was so good, he could make himself heard—you must be able to reach their ears or you can hardly hope to make an impression; and Lord Verney's physician insisted on his sparing his throat.

So Lord Verney was pleased. Cleve was Lord Verney's throat, and the throat emitted good speeches, and everyone knew where the head was.

Not that Cleve was deficient; but Cleve had very unusual advantages.

Tom Sedley and Cleve were on rather odd terms now. Cleve kept up externally their old intimacy when they met. But he did not seek him out in those moods which used to call for honest Tom Sedley, when they ran down the river together to Greenwich, when Cleve was lazy, and wanted to hear the news, and say what he liked, and escape from criticism of every kind, and enjoy himself indolently.

For Verney now there was a sense of constraint wherever Tom Sedley was. Even in Tom's manner there was a shyness. Tom had learned a secret which he had not confided to him. He knew he was safe in Tom Sedley's hands. Still he was in his power, and Sedley knew it, and that galled his pride, and made an estrangement.

In the early May, "When winds are sweet though they unruly be," Tom Sedley came down again to Cardyllian. Miss Charity welcomed him with her accustomed emphasis upon the green. How very pretty Agnes looked. But how cold her ways had grown.

He wished she was not so pretty—so *beautiful* in fact. It pained him, and somehow he had grown strange with her; and she was changed, grave and silent rather, and, as it seemed, careless quite whether he was there or not. Although he could never charge her with positive unkindness, much less with rudeness. He wished she would be rude. He would have liked to upbraid her. But her gentle, careless cruelty was a torture that justified no complaint, and admitted no redress.

He could talk volubly and pleasantly enough for hours with Charity, not caring a farthing whether he pleased her or not, and thinking only whether Agnes, who sat silent at her work, liked his stories and was amused by his fun; and went away elated for a whole night and day because a joke of his had made her laugh. Never had Tom felt more proud and triumphant in all his days.

But when Charity left the room to see old Vane Etherage in the study, a strange silence fell upon Tom. You could hear each stitch of her tambour-work. You could hear Tom's breathing. He fancied she might hear the

beating of his heart. He was ashamed of his silence. He could have been eloquent had he spoken from that loaded heart. But he dare not, and failing this he must be silent.

By this time Tom was always thinking of Agnes Etherage, and wondering at the perversity of fate. He was in love. He could not cheat himself into any evasion of that truth—a tyrant truth that had ruled him mercilessly; and there was she pining for love of quite another, and bestowing upon him, who disdained it, all the treasure of her heart, while even a look would have been cherished with gratitude by Sedley.

What was the good of his going up every day to Hazelden, Tom Sedley thought, to look at her, and talk to Charity, and laugh, and recount entertaining gossip, and make jokes, and be agreeable, with a heavy and strangely suffering heart, and feel himself every day more and more in love with her, when he knew that the sound of Cleve's footstep, as he walked by, thinking of himself, would move her heart more than all Tom Sedley, adoring her, could say in his lifetime?

What a fool he was! Before Cleve appeared she was fancy-free, no one else in the field, and his opportunities unlimited. He had lapsed his time, and occasion had spread its wings and flown.

"What beautiful sunshine! What do you say to a walk on the green?" said Tom to Charity, and listening for a word from Agnes. She raised her pretty eyes, and looked out, but said nothing.

"Yes. I think it would be very nice; and there is no wind. What do *you* say, Agnes?"

"I don't know. I'm lazy to-day, I think, and I have this to finish," said Agnes.

"But you ought to take a walk, Agnes; it would do you good, and Thomas Sedley and I are going for a walk on the green."

"Pray do," pleaded Tom timidly.

Agnes smiled and shook her head, looking out of the window, and, making no other answer resumed her work.

"You are *very* obstinate," remarked Charity.

"Yes, and lazy, like the donkeys on the green, where you are going;

but you don't want me particularly—I mean *you*, Charrie—and Mr. Sedley, I know, will excuse me, for I really feel that it would tire me to-day. It would tire me to death," said Agnes, winding up with an emphasis.

"Well, I'll go and put on my things, and if you *like* to come you *can* come, and if you don't you can stay where you are. But I wish you would not be a fool. It is a beautiful day, and nothing on earth to prevent you."

"I don't like the idea of a walk to-day. I know I should feel tired immediately, and have to bring you back again, and I've really grown interested in this little bit of work, and I feel as if I must finish it to-day."

"You *are* such a goose, Agnes," said Charity, marching out of the room.

Tom remained there standing, his hat in his hands, looking out of the window—longing to speak, his heart being full, yet not knowing how to begin, or how to go on if he had begun.

Agnes worked on diligently, and looked out from the window at her side over the shorn grass and flower-beds, through the old trees in the foreground—over the tops of the sloping forest, with the back-ground of the grand Welsh mountains, and a glimpse of the estuary, here and there, seen through the leaves, stretching in dim gold and gray.

"You like that particular window," said Tom, making a wonderful effort; "I mean, why do you like always to sit there?" He spoke in as careless a way as he could, looking still out of his window, which commanded a different view.

"This window! oh, my frame stands here always, and when one is accustomed to a particular place, it puts one out to change."

Then Agnes dropped her pretty eyes again to her worsted, and worked and hummed very faintly a little air, and Tom's heart swelled within him, and he hummed as faintly the same gay air.

"I thought perhaps you liked that view!" said Tom Sedley, arresting the music.

She looked out again—

"Well, it's very pretty."

"The best from these windows; some people think, I believe, the prettiest view you have," said Tom, gathering force, "the water is always so pretty."

"Yes, the water," she assented listlessly.

"Quite a romantic view," continued Sedley, a little bitterly.

"Yes, every pretty view is romantic," she acquiesced, looking out for a moment again. "If one knew exactly what *romantic* means—it's a word we use so often, and so vaguely."

"And can't you define it, Agnes?"

"Define it? I really don't think I could."

"Well, that does surprise me."

"You are so much more clever than I, of course it does."

"No, quite the contrary; you are clever—I'm serious, I assure you—and I'm a dull fellow, and I know it quite well—I can't define it; but *that* doesn't surprise me."

"Then we are both in the same case; but I won't allow it's stupidity—the idea is not quite definable, and that is the real difficulty. You can't describe the perfume of a violet, but you know it quite well, and I really think flowers a more interesting subject than romance."

"Oh, really! not, surely, than the romance of *that* view. It is so romantic!"

"You seem quite in love with it," said she, with a little laugh, and began again with a grave face to stitch in the glory of her saint in celestial yellow worsted.

"The water—yes—and the old trees of Ware, and just that tower, at the angle of the house."

Agnes just glanced through her window, but said nothing.

"I think," said Sedley, "if I were peopling this scene, you know, I should put my hero in that Castle of Ware—that is, if I could invent a romance, which, of course, I couldn't." He spoke with a meaning, I think.

"Why should there be heroes in romances?" asked Miss Agnes, looking nevertheless toward Ware, with her hand and the needle resting idly upon the frame. "Don't you think a romance ought to resemble reality a little; and do you ever find such a monster as a hero in the world? I don't expect to see one, I know,"

and she laughed again, but Tom thought, a little bitterly, and applied once more diligently to her work, and hummed a few bars of her little air again.

And Tom, standing now in the middle of the room, leaning on the back of a chair, by way of looking still upon the landscape which they had been discussing, was really looking, unobserved, on her, and thinking that there was not in all the world so pretty a creature.

Charity opened the door, equipped for the walk, and bearing an alpaca umbrella such as few gentlemen would like to walk with in May-fair.

"Well, you won't come, I see. I think you are very obstinate. Come, Thomas Sedley. Good-bye, Agnes;" and with these words the worthy girl led forth my friend Tom, and as they passed the corner of the house, he saw Agnes standing in the window, looking out sadly, with her finger-tips against the pane.

"She's lonely, poor little thing!" thought he, with a pang. "Why wouldn't she come? Listlessness—apathy, I suppose. How selfish and odious any trifling with a girl's affections is;" and then aloud to Charity, walking by her side, he continued, "you have not seen Cleve since the great day of Lord Verney's visit, I suppose?"

"No, nothing of him, and don't desire to see him. He has been the cause of a great deal of suffering, as you see, and I think he has behaved *odiously*. She's very odd; she doesn't choose to confide in me. I don't think it's nice or kind of her, but, of course, it's her own affair; only this is plain to me, that she'll never think of any one else now but Cleve Verney."

"It's an awful pity," said Tom Sedley, quite sincerely.

They were walking down that steep and solitary road, by which Vane Etherage had made his memorable descent a few months since, now in deep shadow under the airy canopy of transparent leaves, and in total

silence, except for the sounds, far below, of the little mill-stream struggling among the rocks.

"Don't you know Mr. Cleve Verney pretty well?"

"Intimately—that is, I *did*. I have not lately seen so much of him."

"And do you think, Thomas Sedley, that he will ever come forward?" said blunt Miss Charity.

"Well, I happen to know that Cleve Verney has no idea of anything of the kind. In fact, I should be deceiving you, if I did not say distinctly that I know he won't."

Tom was going to say he *can't*, but checked himself. However, I think he was not sorry to have an opportunity of testifying to this fact, and putting Cleve Verney quite out of the field of conjecture as a possible candidate.

"Then I must say," said Miss Charity, flushing brightly, "that Mr. Verney is a villain."

From this strong position Tom could not dislodge her, and finding that expostulation involved him in a risk of a similar classification, he abandoned Cleve to his fate.

Up and down the green they walked until Miss Flood espied and arrested Charity Etherage, and carried her off upon a visit of philanthropy in her pony-carriage; and so Tom Sedley transferred his charge to fussy, imperious Miss Flood; and he felt strangely incensed with her, and walked the green, disappointed and bereft. Was not Charity Agnes's sister? While he walked with her he could talk of Agnes. He was still in the halo of Hazelden, and near Agnes. But now he was adrift, in the dark. He sat down, looking toward the upland woods that indicated Hazelden, and sighed with a much more real pain than he had ever sighed toward Malory; and he thought evil of meddling Miss Flood, who had carried away his companion. After a time he walked away toward Malory, intending a visit to his friend old Rebecca Mervyn, and thinking all the way of Agnes Etherage.

CHAPTER LII.

MRS. MERVYN'S DREAM.

HE found himself, in a little time, under the windows of the steward's house. Old Rebecca Mervyn was seated on the bench beside the door, plying her knitting needles; she raised her eyes on hearing his step.

"Ha, he's come!" she said, lowering her hands to her knees, and fixing her dark wild gaze upon him, "I ought to have known it—so strange a dream must have had a meaning."

"They sometimes have, ma'am, I believe; I hope you are pretty well, Mrs. Mervyn."

"No, sir, I am not well."

"Very sorry, very sorry, indeed, ma'am," said Tom Sedley, "I've often thought this must be a very damp, unhealthy place—too much crowded up with trees; they say nothing is more trying to health. You'd be much better, I'm sure, anywhere else."

"No where else; my next move shall be my last. I care not how soon, sir."

"Pray, don't give way to low spirits; you really mustn't," said Tom.

"Tell me what it is, sir; for I know you have come to tell me something."

"No, I assure you; merely to ask you how you are, and whether I can be of any use."

"Oh! sir; what use?—no."

"Do you wish me to give any message to that fellow Dingwell? Pray make use of me in any way that strikes you. I hear he is on the point of leaving England again."

"I'm glad of it," exclaimed the old lady. "Why do I say so? I'm glad of nothing; but I'm sure it is better. What business could he and Mr. Larkin, and that Jew, have with my child, who, thank God, is in heaven, and out of the reach of their hands, evil hands, I dare say."

"So I rather think, also, ma'am; and Mr. Larkin tried, did he?"

"Larkin;—yes, that was the name. He came here, sir, about the time I saw you; and he talked a great deal about my poor little child. It is dead, you know, but I did not tell him so. I promised Lady Verney I'd tell nothing to strangers—they all grow angry then. Mr. Larkin was angry,

I think. But I do not speak—and you advised me to be silent—and though he said he was their lawyer, I would not answer a word."

"I have no doubt you acted wisely, Mrs. Mervyn, you cannot be too cautious in holding any communication with such people."

"I'd tell you, sir—if I dare; but I've promised, and I *daren't*. Till old Lady Verney's gone, I *daren't*. I know nothing of law-papers—my poor head! How should I? And she could not half understand them. So I promised. *You* would understand them. Time enough—time enough."

"I should be only too happy—whenever you please," said Tom.

"And, you, sir, have come to tell me something; what is it?"

"I assure you I have nothing particular to say; I merely called to inquire how you are."

"Nothing more needless, sir; how can a poor lonely old woman be, whose last hope has gone out and left her alone in the wilderness? For twenty years—more, *more than* twenty—I have been watching, day and night; and now, sir, I look at the sea no more. I will never see those head-lands again. I sit here, sir, from day to day, thinking; and, oh, dear, I wish it was all over."

"Any time you should want me, I should be only too happy, and this is my address."

"And you have nothing to tell me?"

"No, ma'am nothing more than I said."

"It was wonderful: I dreamed last night I was looking toward Pendillon, watching as I used; the moon was above the mountain, and I was standing by the water, so that the sea came up to my feet, and I saw a speck of white far away, and something told me it was his sail at last, and nearer and nearer, very fast it came; and I walked out to meet it, in the shallow water, with my arms stretched to meet it, and when it came very near I saw it was Arthur himself coming upright in his shroud, his feet on the water, and with his

feet, hands, and face as white as snow, and his arms stretched to meet mine; and I felt I was going to die; and I covered my eyes with my hands, praying to God to receive me, expecting his touch; and I heard the rush of the water about his feet, and a voice—it was yours, not his—said, ‘Look at me,’ and I did look, and saw you, and you looked like a man that had been drowned—your face as white as his, and your clothes dripping, and sand in your hair; and I stepped back, saying, ‘My God! how have you come here!’ and you said, ‘Listen, I have great news to tell you;’ and I waked with a shock. I don’t believe in dreams more I believe than other people, but this troubles me still.”

“Well, thank God, I have had no accident by land or by water,” said Tom Sedley, smiling in spite of himself at the awful figure he cut in the old lady’s vision; “and I have no news to tell, and I think it will puzzle those Jews and lawyers to draw me into their business whatever it is. I don’t like that sort of people; you need never be afraid of me, ma’am, I detest them.”

“Afraid of you, sir!—Oh no. You have been very kind. See, this view here is under the branches; you can’t see the water from this, only those dark paths in the wood; and I walk round sometimes through that hollow and on by the low road toward Cardyllian in the evening, when no one is stirring, just to the ash tree, from which you can see the old church and the churchyard; and oh! sir, I wish I were lying there.”

“You must not be talking in that melancholy way, ma’am,” said Tom, kindly; “I’ll come and see you again if you allow me; I think you are a great deal too lonely here; you ought to go out in a boat, ma’am, and take a drive now and then, and just rattle about a little, and you can’t think how much good it would do you; and—I must go—and I hope I shall find you a great deal better when I come back”—and with these words he took his leave, and as he walked along that low narrow road that leads by the inland track to Cardyllian, of which old Rebecca Mervyn spoke, whom should he encounter but Miss Charity coming down the hill at a brisk pace with Miss Flood, in that

lady’s pony carriage. Smiling, hat in hand, he got himself well against the wall to let them pass; but the ladies drew up, and Miss Charity had a message to send home if he, Thomas Sedley, would be so good as to call at Jones’s they would find a messenger, merely to tell Agnes that she was going to dine with Miss Flood, and would not be home till seven o’clock.

So Tom Sedley undertook it; smiled and bowed his adieus, and then walked faster toward the town, and instead of walking direct to Mrs. Jones, sauntered for a while on the green, and bethought him what mistakes such messengers as Mrs. Jones could provide, sometimes make, and so resolved himself to be Miss Charity’s Mercury.

Sedley felt happier, with an odd kind of excited and unmeaning happiness, as he walked up the embowed steep toward Hazelden, than he had felt an hour or two before while walking down it. When he reached the little flowery platform of closely mown grass, on which stands the pretty house of Hazelden, he closed the iron gate gently, and looked toward the drawing-room windows that reach the grass, and felt a foolish flutter at his heart as he saw that the frame stood in Agnes’s window without its mistress.

“Reading, now, I suppose,” whispered Tom, as if he feared to disturb her. “She has changed her place, and she is reading;” and he began to speculate whether she sat on the ottoman or on the sofa, or in the cushioned arm-chair, with her novel in her hands. But his sidelong glances could not penetrate the panes, which returned only reflections of the sky or black shadow, excepting of the one object, the deserted frame which stood close to their surface.

There was a time, not long ago either, when Tom Sedley would have run across the grass to the drawing-room windows, and had he seen Agnes within would have made a semi-burglarious entry through one of them. But there had come of late, on a sudden, a sort of formality in his relations with Agnes; and so he walked round by the hall-door, and found the drawing-rooms empty, and touching the bell, learned that Miss Agnes had gone out for a walk,

"I've a message to give her from Miss Charity; have you any idea which way she went?"

He found himself making excuse to the servant for his inquiry. A short time since he would have asked quite frankly where she was, without dreaming of a reason; but now had grown, as I say, a reserve, which has always the more harmless incidents of guilt. He was apprehensive of suspicion; he was shy even of this old servant, and was encountering this inquiry by an explanation of his motives.

"I saw her go by the beech walk, sir," said the man.

"Oh! thanks; very good."

And he crossed the grass, and entered the beech walk, which is broad and straight, with towering files of beech at each side, and a thick screen of underwood and evergreens, and turning the screen of rhododendrons at the entrance of the walk, he found himself quite close to Agnes, who was walking toward him.

She stopped. He fancied she changed colour; had she mistaken him for some one else?

"Well, Agnes, I see the sun and the flowers prevailed, though we couldn't; and I'm glad, at all events, that you have had a little walk."

"Oh! yes, after all, I really couldn't resist; and is Charity coming?"

"No, you are not to expect her till tea time. She's gone with Miss Flood somewhere, and she sent me to tell you."

"Oh! thanks;" and Agnes hesitated, looking towards home, as if she intended returning.

"You may as well walk once more up and down; it does look so jolly; doesn't it?" said Tom; "pray do, Agnes."

"Well, yes, once more, I will; but that is all, for I really am a little tired."

They set out in silence, and Tom, with a great effort, said—

"I wonder, Agnes, you seem so cold, I mean so unfriendly with me, I think you do; and you must be quite aware of it; you must, *indeed*, Agnes. I *think* if you knew half the pain you are giving me—I really do—that you wouldn't."

The speech was very inartificial, but it had the merit of going direct to the point, and Miss Agnes began—

"I haven't been at all unfriendly."

"Oh! but you *have*—*indeed* you have—you are quite *changed*. And I don't know what I have done—I wish you'd tell me—to deserve it; because—even if there was—another—anything—no matter what—I'm an old friend, and I think it's very unkind; you don't perceive it, perhaps, but you are awfully changed."

Agnes laughed a very little, and she answered, looking down on the walk before her, as Sedley thought, with a very pretty blush, and I believe there was—

"It is a very serious accusation, and I don't deserve it. No, indeed, and even if it were true, it rather surprises me that it should in the least interest you; because we down here have seen so little of you that we might very reasonably suspect that you had begun to forget us."

"Well, I *have* been an *awful* fool, it is quite true, and you have punished me, not more than I deserve; but I think you might have remembered that you had not on earth a better friend—I mean a more earnest one—particularly *you*, Agnes, than I."

"I really don't know what I have done," pleaded she, with another little laugh.

"I was here, you know, as intimate almost as a brother. I don't say, of course, there are not many things that I had no right to expect to hear anything about; but if I had, and been thought worthy of confidence, I would at all events have spoken honestly. But—may I speak quite frankly, Agnes?—You won't be offended, will you?"

"No; I shan't—I'm quite sure."

"Well, it was only this—you *are* changed, Agnes, you know you are. Just this moment, for instance, you were going home, only because I came here, and you fancied I might join you in your walk; and this change began when Olive Verney was down here staying at Ware, and used to walk with you on the green."

Agnes stopped short at these words, and drew back a step, looking at Sedley with an angry surprise.

"I don't understand you—I'm certain I don't. I can't conceive what you mean;" she said.

Sedley paused in equal surprise.

"I—I beg pardon; I'm awfully sorry—you'll never know *how* sorry—if I

have said anything to vex you ; but I *did* think it was some influence, or something connected with that time."

"I really don't pretend to understand you," said Agnes, coldly, with eyes, however, that gleamed resentfully. "I do recollect perfectly Mr. Cleve Verney's walking half-a-dozen times with Charity and me upon the green, but what that can possibly have to do with your fancied wrongs, I cannot imagine ; I fancied you were a friend of Mr. Verney's."

"So I was—so I am ; but no such friend as I am of yours—*your* friend, Agnes. There's no use in saying it ; but, Agnes, I'd die for you—I would indeed."

"I'm not likely to ask you, Mr. Sedley ; but I thought it very strange, your coming so very seldom to inquire for papa, when he was so poorly last year, when you were at Cardyllian. *He* did not seem to mind it ; but, considering as you say how much you once used to be here, it did strike me as very *rude*—I may as well say what I really thought—not only unkind but rude. So that if there has been any change, you need not look to other people for the cause of it."

"If you knew how I blame myself for that, I think, bad as it was, you'd forgive me."

"I think it showed that you did not very much care what became of us."

"Oh ! Agnes, you did not think that—you never thought it. Unless *you* are happy, I *can't* be happy, nor even then unless I think you have forgiven me ; and I think if I could be sure you liked me ever so little, even in the old way, I should be one of the happiest people in the world. I don't make any excuses—I was the stupidest fool on earth—I only throw myself on your mercy, and ask you to forgive me."

"I've nothing to forgive," said Agnes, with a cruel little laugh.

"Well, well—*forget*—oh, *do* ! and shake hands like your old self. You have no idea how miserable I have been."

With a very beautiful blush and a smile—a little shy, and so gratified—and a little silvery laugh, Agnes relented, and did give her hand to Tom Sedley.

"Oh, Agnes ! Oh, Agnes ! I'm so

happy and so grateful ! Oh, Agnes, you won't take it away—just for a moment."

She plucked her hand to remove it, for Tom was exceeding his privilege, and kissing it.

"*Now* we are friends," said Agnes, laughing.

"Are we *quite* friends ?"

"Yes, quite."

"You must not take your hand away—one moment more. Oh, Agnes, I can never tell you—never how I love you. You are my darling, Agnes, and I can't live without you."

"Agnes said something—was it reproach or repulse ? He only knew that the tones were sad and gentle, and that she was drawing her hand away.

"Oh, darling, I adore you ! You would not make me miserable for life. There is nothing I won't do—nothing I won't try—if you'll only say you like me—ever so little. Do sit down here, just for a moment"—there was a rustic seat beside them—"only for a moment."

She did sit down, and he beside her. That "moment" of Tom Sedley's grew as such moments will, like the bean that Jack sowed in his garden, till it reached Titania knows whither. I know that Miss Charity on her return surprised it still growing.

"I made the tea, Agnes, fancying you were in your room. I've had such a search for you. I really think you might have told Edward where you were going. Will you drink tea with us, Thomas Sedley, this evening ? though I am afraid you'll find it perfectly cold."

If Miss Charity had been either suspicious or romantic she would have seen by a glance at the young people's faces what had happened ; but being neither, and quite pre-occupied with her theory about Cleve Verney, and having never dreamed of Tom Sedley as possibly making his *debut* at Haselden in the character of a lover—she brought her prisoners home, with only a vague sense now and then that there was either something a little odd in their manner or in her own perceptions, and she remarked, looking a little curiously at Tom, in reference to some query of hers—

"I've asked you that question twice without an answer, and now you say something totally unmeaning !"

CHAPTER LIII.

"WILL you tell her?" whispered Sedley to Agnes.

"Oh, no. Do you," she entreated.

They both looked at Charity, who was preparing the little dog's supper of bread and milk in a saucer.

"I'll go in, and see papa, and you shall speak to her," said Agnes.

Which Tom Sedley did, so much to her amazement that she set the saucer down on the table beside her, and listened, and conversed for half an hour, and the poodle's screams, and wild jumping and clawing at her elbow, at last reminded her that he had been quite forgotten.

So while its mistress was apologizing earnestly to poor Bijou, and superintending his attentions to the bread and milk, now placed upon the floor, in came Agnes, and up got Charity, and kissed her with a frank beaming smile, and said—

"I'm *excessively* glad, Agnes. I was always so fond of Thomas Sedley; and I wonder we never thought of it before.

They were all holding hands in a ring by this time.

"And what do you think Mr. Etherage will say?" inquired Tom.

"Papa! why of *course* he will be *delighted*," said Miss Charity. "He likes you *extremely*."

"But you know, Agnes might do so much better. She's such a treasure, there's no one that would not be proud of her, and no one could help falling in love with her, and the Ad—I mean Mr. Etherage, may think me so presumptuous, and, you know, he may think me quite too poor."

"If you mean to say that papa would object to you because you have only four hundred a year, you think most meanly of him. I know I should not like to be connected with anybody that I thought so meanly of, because that kind of thing I look upon as really *wicked*; and I should be sorry to think papa was wicked. I'll go in and tell him all that has happened this moment."

In an awful suspense, pretty Agnes and Tom Sedley, with her hand in both his, stood side by side, looking earnestly at the double door which separated them from this conference.

In a few minutes they heard Vane Etherage's voice raised to a pitch of testy bluster, and then Miss Charity's rejoinder with shrill emphasis.

"Oh! gracious goodness! he's very angry. What shall we do?" exclaimed poor little Agnes, in wild helplessness.

"I *knew* it—I *knew* it—I *said* how it would be—he can't endure the idea, he thinks it such audacity. I knew he must, and I really think I shall lose my reason. I could not—I *could* not live. Oh! Agnes, I *couldn't* if he prevents it."

In came Miss Charity, very red and angry.

"He's just in one of his odd tempers. I don't mind one *word* he says to-night. He'll be quite different, you'll *see*, in the morning. We'll sit up here, and have a good talk about it, till it's time for you to go; and you'll see I'm quite right. I'm *surprised*," she continued, with severity, "at his talking as he did to-night. I consider it quite worldly and *wicked*! But I contented myself with telling him that he did not think one word of what he said, and that he *knew* he didn't, and that he'd tell me so in the morning; and instead of feeling it, as I thought he would, he said something intolerably rude."

Old Etherage, about an hour later, when they were all in animated debate, shuffled to the door, and put in his head, and looked surprised to see Tom, who looked alarmed to see him. And the old gentleman bid them all a glowering good-night, and shortly after they heard him wheeled away to his bed-room, and were relieved.

They sat up awfully late, and the old servant who poked into the room oftener than he was wanted towards the close of their sitting, looked wan and bewildered with drowsiness; and at last Charity, struck by the ghastly resignation of his countenance, glanced at the French clock over the chimney-piece, and ejaculated,—

"Why, merciful goodness! is it possible? A quarter to one! It *can't possibly be*. Thomas Sedley *will* you look at your watch, and tell us what o'clock it really is?"

His watch corroborated the French clock.

"If papa heard this! I really

can't the least *conceive* how it happened. I did not think it could have been *eleven*. Well, it is *unsubtly* the *oddest* thing that *ever* happened in this house!"

In the morning between ten and eleven, when Tom Sedley appeared again at the drawing-room windows, he learned from Charity, in her own emphatic style of narration, what had since taken place, which was not a great deal, but still was uncomfortably ambiguous.

She had visited her father at his breakfast in the study, and promptly introduced the subject of Tom Sedley, and he broke into this line of observation,—

"I'd like to know what the deuce Tom Sedley means by talking of business to girls. I'd like to know it. I say, if he has anything to say, why doesn't he *say* it, that's what *I* say. Here *I am*. What has he to *say*. I don't object to hear him, be it sense or be it nonsense—out with it! That's my maxim; and be it sense or be it nonsense, I won't have it at second-hand. That's my idea."

Acting upon this, Miss Charity insisted that he ought to see Mr. Etherage; and with a beating heart, he knocked at the study door, and asked an audience.

"Come in," exclaimed the resonant voice of the Admiral. And Tom Sedley obeyed.

The Admiral extended his hand, and greeted Tom kindly, but gravely.

"Fine day, Mr. Sedley; very fine, sir. It's an odd thing, Tom Sedley, but there's more really fine weather up here, at Hazelden, than anywhere else in Wales. More sunshine, and a *deal* less rain. You'd hardly believe, for you'd fancy on this elevated ground we should naturally have *more* rain, but it's *less*, by several inches, than anywhere else in Wales! And there's next to no damp—the hygrometer tells *that*. And a curious thing, you'll have a southerly wind up here when it's blowing from the east on the estuary. You can see it, by Jove! Now just look out of that window; did you ever see such sunshine as that? There's a clearness in the air up here—at the *other* side, if you go up, you get *mist*—but there's something about it here that I would not change for any place in the world."

You may be sure Tom did not dispute any of these points.

"By Jove, Tom Sedley, it would be a glorious day for a sail round the point of Penruthyn. I'd have been down with the tide, sir, this morning if I had been as I was ten years ago; but a fellow doesn't like to be lifted into his yacht, and the girls did not care for sailing; so I sold her. There wasn't such a boat—take her for everything—in the *world*—*never*!"

"The *Feather*; wasn't she, sir?" said Tom.

"The *Feather*! that she was, sir. A name pretty well known, I venture to think. Yes, the *Feather* was her name."

"I *have*, sir; yes, indeed, often heard her spoken of," said Tom, who had heard one or two of the boatmen of Cardyllian mention her with a guarded sort of commendation. I never could learn, indeed, that there was anything very remarkable about the boat; but Tom would just then have backed any assertion of the honest Admiral's with a loyal alacrity, bordering, I am afraid, upon unscrupulousness.

"There are the girls going out with their trowels, going to poke among those flowers; and certainly, I'll do them the justice to say, their garden prospers. I don't see such flowers anywhere; do you?"

"*Nowhere*!" said Tom, with enthusiasm.

"Ay, there they're at it—grubbing and raking. And by-the-bye, Tom, what was that? Sit down for a minute."

Tom felt as if he was going to choke, but he sat down.

"What was that—some nonsense Charity was telling me last night?"

Thus invited, poor Sedley, with many hesitations, and wanderings, and falterings, did get through his romantic story. And Mr. Etherage did not look pleased by the recital. on the contrary, he carried his head unusually high, and looked hot and minatory, but he did not explode. He continued looking on the opposite wall, as he had done as if he were eyeing a battle there, and he cleared his voice.

"As I understand it, sir, there's not an income to make it at all prudent. I don't want my girls to marry; I should, in fact, miss them very much;

but if they do, there ought to be a settlement, don't you see? there should be a settlement, for I can't do so much for them as people suppose. The property is settled, and the greater part goes to my grand-nephew after me; and I've invested, as you know, all my stock and money in the quarry at Llanrwyd; and if she married you, she should live in London the greater part of the year. And I don't see how you could get on upon what you both have; I don't, sir. And I must say, I think you ought to have spoken to me before paying your addresses, sir. I don't think that's unreasonable; on the contrary, I think it *reasonable, perfectly* so, and only right and fair. And I must go further, sir; I must say this, I don't see, sir, without a proper competence, what pretensions you had to address my child."

"None, sir; none in the world, Mr. Etherage. I know, sir, I've been thinking of my presumption ever since. I betrayed myself into it, sir; it was a kind of surprise. If I had reflected I should have come to you, sir; but—but you have no idea, sir, how I adore her." Tom's eye wandered after her through the window, among the flowers. "Or what it would be to me to—have to"—

Tom Sedley faltered, and bit his lip, and started up quickly and looked at an engraving of old Etherage's frigate, which hung on the study wall.

He looked at it for some time steadfastly. Never was man so affected by the portrait of a frigate, you would have thought. Vane Etherage saw him dry his eyes stealthily two or three times, and the old gentleman coughed a little, and looked out of the window, and would have got up, if he could, and stood close to it.

"It's a beautiful day, certainly; wind coming round a bit to the south, though—south by east; that's always a squally wind with us; and—and—I assure you I like you, Tom; upon my honour I do, Tom Sedley—better, sir, than any young fellow I know. I think I *do*—I am *sure*, in fact, I do. But this thing—it

wouldn't do—it really wouldn't; no, Tom Sedley, it wouldn't *do*; if you reflect you'll see it. But, of course, you may get on in the world. Rome wasn't built in a day."

"It's very kind of you, sir; but the time's so long, and so many chances," said Sedley, with a sigh like a sob; "and when I go away, sir, the sooner I die, the happier for me."

Tom turned again quickly toward the frigate—the *Vulcan*—and old Etherage looked out of the window once more, and up at the clouds.

"Yes," said the Admiral, "it will; we shall have it from south by east. And, d'ye hear, Tom Sedley? I—I've been thinking there's no need to make any fuss about this—this thing; just let it be as if you had never said a word about it, do you mind, and come here just as usual. Let us put it out of our heads; and if you find matters improve, and still wish it, there's nothing to prevent your speaking to me; only Agnes is perfectly free, you understand, and you are not to make any change in your demeanour—ha—a—or—I mean to be more with my daughters, or anything *marked*, you understand. People begin to talk here, you know, in the club-house, on very slight grounds; and—and—you understand now; and there mustn't be any nonsense; and I like you, sir—I like you, Thomas Sedley; I do—I do, indeed, sir."

And old Vane Etherage gave him a very friendly shake by the hand, and Tom thanked him gratefully, and went away relieved, and took a walk with the girls, and told them, as they expressed it, *everything*; and Vane Etherage thought it incumbent on him to soften matters a little by asking him to dinner; and Tom accepted; and when they broke up after tea, there was another mistake discovered about the hour, and Miss Charity most emphatically announced that it was *perfectly unaccountable*, and must *never* occur again; and I hope, for the sake of the venerable man who sat up, resigned and affronted, to secure the hall-door and put out the lamps after the party had broken up, that these irregular hours were kept no more at Hazelden.

CHAPTER LIV.

ARCADIAN LILAC, AND LABURNUM AND RED BRICK.

As time proceeds, renewal and decay, its twin principles of mutation, being everywhere, and necessarily active, apply to the moral as well as to the material world. Affections displace and succeed one another. The most beautiful are often the first to die. Characteristics in their beginning, minute and unsubstantial as the fairy brood that people the woodland air, enlarge and materialize till they usurp the dominion of the whole man, and the people and the world are changed.

Sir Booth Fanshawe is away at Paris just now, engaged in a great negotiation, which is to bring order out of chaos, and inform him at last what he is really worth *per annum*. Margaret and her cousin, Miss Sheckleton have revisited England; their Norman retreat is untenanted for the present.

With the sorrow of a great concealment upon her, with other sorrows that she does not tell, Margaret looks sad and pale.

In a small old suburban house, that stands alone, with a rural affectation, on a little patch of shorn grass, embowered in lilacs and laburnums, and built of a deep vermilion brick, the residence of these ladies is established.

It is a summer evening, and a beautiful little boy, more than a year old, is sprawling, and rolling, and babbling, and laughing on the grass upon his back. Margaret is seated on the grass beside him, prattles and laughs with him, and rolls him about, delighted, and adoring her little idol.

Old Anne Sheckleton, sitting on the bench, smiling happily, under the window, which is clustered round with roses, contributes her quota of nonsense to the prattle.

In the midst of this comes a ring at the bell in the jessamine-covered wall, and a tidy little maid runs out to the green door, opens it, and in steps Cleve Verney.

Margaret is on her feet in a moment, with the light of a different love, something of the old romance, in the glad surprise, "Oh, darling, it is you!" and her arms are about his neck, and he stoops and kisses

her fondly, and in his face for a moment is reflected the glory of that delighted smile.

"Yes, darling. Are you better?"

"Oh, yes—ever so much; I'm always well when you are here; and look, see our poor little darling."

"So he is."

"We have had such fun with him—haven't we, Anne? I'm sure he'll be so like you."

Is that in his favour, Cousin Anne?" asked Cleve, taking the old lady's hand.

"Why should it not?" said she, gaily.

"A question—well, I take the benefit of the doubt," laughed Cleve. "No, darling," he said to Margaret, "you mustn't sit on the grass; it is damp; you'll sit beside our Cousin Anne, and be prudent."

So he instead sat down on the grass, and talked with them, and prattled and romped with the baby by turns, until the nurse came out to convey him to the nursery, and he was handed round to say what passes for "Good night," and give his tiny paw to each in turn.

"You look tired, Cleve, darling."

"So I am, my Guido; can we have a cup of tea?"

"Oh, yes. I'll get it in a moment," said active Anne Sheckleton.

"It's too bad disturbing you," said Cleve.

"No trouble in the world," said Anne, who wished to allow them a word together; besides, I must kiss baby in his bed."

"Yes, darling, I am tired," said Cleve, taking his place beside her, so soon as old Anne Sheckleton was gone. "That old man!"

"Lord Verney, do you mean?"

"Yes; he has begun plaguing me again."

"What is it about, darling?"

"Oh, fifty things; he thinks among others I ought to marry," said Cleve, with a dreary laugh.

"Oh! I thought he had given up that," she said, with a smile that was very pale.

"So he did for a time; but I think he's possessed. If he happens to

take up an idea that's likely to annoy other people he never lets it drop till he teases them half to death. He thinks I should gain *money* and political connexion, and I don't know what all, and I'm quite tired of the whole thing. What a vulgar little box this is—isn't it, darling? I almost wish you were back again in that place in France."

"But I can see you so much oftener here, Cleve," pleaded Margaret, softly, with a very sad look.

"And where's the good of seeing me here, dear Margaret? Just consider, I always come to you anxious; there's always a risk, besides, of discovery."

"Where you are is to me a paradise."

"Oh, darling, do *not* talk rubbish. This vulgar, odious little place! No place can be *either—quite*, of course; where *you* are. But you must see what it is—a paradise"—and he laughed peevishly—"of red brick, and lilacs, and laburnums—a paradise for old Mr. Dowlas, the tallow-chandler."

There was a little tremor in Margaret's lip, and the water stood in her large eyes; her hand was, as it were, on the coffin-edge; she was looking down in the face of a dead romance.

"Now, you really must not shed tears over *that* speech. You are too much given to weeping, Margaret. What have I said to vex you? It merely amounts to this, that we live just now in the future; we can't well deny *that*, darling. But the time will come at last, and my queen enjoy her own."

And so saying he kissed her, and told her to be a good little girl; and from the window Miss Sheckleton handed them tea, and then she ran up to the nursery.

"You *do* look very tired, Cleve," said Margaret, looking into his anxious face.

"I *am* tired, darling," he said, with just a degree of impatience in his tone; "I said so—horribly tired."

"I wish so much you were out of the House of Commons."

"Now, my wise little woman is talking of what she doesn't understand—not the least; besides, what would you have me turn to? I should be totally without resource and pursuit—don't you see? We must be reasonable. No, it is not

that in the least that tires me, but I'm really overwhelmed with anxieties, and worried by my uncle, who wants me to marry, and thinks I can marry very well, and whom I like—that's all."

"I sometimes think, Cleve, I've spoiled your fortunes," with a great sigh said Margaret.

"Now, where's the good of saying that, my little woman? I'm only talking of my uncle's teasing me, and wishing he'd let us both alone."

Here came a little pause.

"Is that the baby?" said Margaret, raising her head and listening.

"I don't hear our baby or anyone else's," said Cleve.

"I fancied I heard it cry, but it wasn't."

"You must think of me more, and of that child less, darling—you must, indeed," said Cleve, a little sourly.

I think the poor heart was pleased, thinking this jealousy; but I fear it was rather a splenetic impulse of selfishness, and that the baby was, in his eyes, a bore pretty often.

"Does the House sit to-night, Cleve, darling?"

"Does it, indeed? Why it's sitting now. We are to have the second reading of the West India Bill on to-night, and I must be there—yes—in an hour"—he was glancing at his watch—"and heaven knows at what hour in the morning we shall get away."

And just at this moment old Anne Sheckleton joined them. "She's coming with more tea," she said, as the maid emerged with a little tray, "and we'll place our cups on the window-stone when we don't want them. Now, Mr. Verney, is not this a charming little spot just at this light?"

"I almost think it is," said Cleve, relenting. The golden light of evening was touching the formal poplars, and the other trees, and bringing out the wrinkles of the old bricks duskiely in its flaming glow.

"Yes, just for about fifteen minutes in the twenty-four hours, when the weather is particularly favourable, it has a sort of Dutch picturesqueness; but on the whole, it is not the sort of cottage that I would choose for a permanent dove-cot. I should fear lest my pigeons should choke with dust."

"No, there's no dust here; it is

the quietest, most sylvan little lane in the world."

"Which is a wide place," said Cleve. "Well, with smoke then."

"Nor smoke either."

"But I forgot, love does not die of smoke, or of anything else," said Cleve.

"No, of course, love is eternal," said Margaret.

"Just so; the King never dies. *Les rois neurent-ils ? Quelquefois, madame.* Alas, theory and fact conflict. Love is eternal in the abstract; but nothing is more mortal than a particular love," said Cleve.

"If you think so, I wonder you ever wished to marry," said Margaret, and a faint tinge flushed her cheeks.

"I thought so, and yet I did wish to marry," said Cleve. "It is perishable, but I can't live without it," and he patted her cheek, and laughed a rather cold little laugh.

"No, love never dies," said Margaret, with a gleam of her old fierce spirit. "But perhaps it may be killed."

"It is terrible to kill anything," said Cleve.

"To kill love," she answered, "is the worst murder of all."

"A veritable murder," he acquiesced; "once killed, it never revives."

"You like talking awfully, as if I might lose your love," said she, haughtily; "as if, were I to vex you, you never could forgive."

"Forgiveness has nothing to do with it, my poor little woman. I no more called my love into being than I did myself; and should it die, either naturally or violently, I could no more recall it to life, than I could Cleopatra or Napoleon Bonaparte. It is a principle, don't you see? that comes as direct as life from heaven. We can't create it, we can't restore it; and really about love, it is worse than mortal, because, as I said, I am sure it has no resurrection—no, it has no resurrection."

"That seems to me a reason," she

said, fixing her large eyes upon him with a wild resentment, "why you should cherish it *very* much while it lives."

"And *don't* I, darling?" he said, placing his arms round her neck, and drawing her fondly to his breast, and in the thrill of that momentary effusion was something of the old feeling when to lose her would have been despair, to gain her heaven, and it seemed as if the scent of the woods of Malory, and of the soft sea breeze, was around them for a moment.

And now he is gone, away to that weary House—lost to her, given up to his ambition, which seems more and more to absorb him; and she remains smiling on their beautiful little baby, with a great misgiving at her heart, for four and twenty hours more.

As Cleve went into the House, he met old Colonel Thongs, sometime whip of the "outs."

"You've heard about old Snowdon?"

"No."

"In the Cabinet, by Jove."

"Really?"

"Fact. Ask your uncle."

"By Jove, it is very unlooked for; no one thought of him; but I dare say he'll do very well."

"We'll soon try that."

It was a *very* odd appointment. But Lord Snowdon was gazetted; a dull man, but laborious; a man who had held minor offices at different periods of his life, and was presumed to have a competent knowledge of affairs. A dull man, owing all to his dulness, quite below many, and selected as a negative compromise for the vacant seat in the Cabinet, for which two zealous and brilliant competitors were contending.

"I see it all," thought Cleve; "that's the reason why Caroline Oldys and Lady Wimbleton are to be at Ware this autumn, and I'm to be married to the niece of a Cabinet minister."

Cleve sneered, but he felt very uneasy.

CHAPTER LV.

THE TRIUMVIRATE.

THAT night Lord Verney waited to hear the debate in the Commons—waited for the division,—and brought Cleve home with him in his brougham.

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He explained to Cleve on the way how much better the debate might have been. He sometimes half regretted his seat in the Commons;

there were so many things unsaid that ought to have been said, and so many things said that had better have been omitted. And at last he remarked—

"Your uncle Arthur, my unfortunate brother, had a great natural talent for speaking. It's a talent of the Verney's—about it. We all have it; and *you* have got it also; it is a gift of very decided importance in debate; it can hardly be over-estimated in that respect. Poor Arthur might have done very well, but he didn't, and he's gone—about it; and I'm very glad, for your own sake, you are cultivating it; and it would be a very great misfortune, I've been thinking, if our family were not to marry, and secure a transmission of those hereditary talents and things—and what's your opinion of Miss Caroline Oldys? I mean, quite frankly, what sort of wife you think she would make."

"Why, to begin with, she's been out a long time; but I believe she's gentle—and foolish; and I believe her mother bullies her."

"I don't know what you call bullying, my good sir; but she appears to me to be a very affectionate mother; and as to her being foolish—about it—I can't perceive it; on the contrary, I've conversed with her a good deal—and things—and I've found her very superior indeed to any young woman I can recollect having talked to. She takes an interest in things which don't interest or—interest other young persons; and she likes to be instructed about affairs—and, my dear Cleve, I think where a young person of merit—either rightly or wrongly interpreting what she conceives to be your attentions—becomes decidedly *épris* of you, she ought to be—a *considered*—her feelings, and things; and I thought I might as well mention my views, and go—about it—straight to the point; and I think you will perceive that it is reasonable, and that's the position—about it; and you know, Cleve, in these circumstances you may reckon upon me to do anything in reason that may still lie in my power—about it."

"You have always been too kind to me."

"You shall find me so still. Lady Wimbledon takes an interest in you, and Miss Caroline Oldys will, I un-

dertake to say, more and more decidedly as she comes to know you better."

And so saying, Lord Verney leaned back in the brougham as if taking a doze, and after about five minutes of closed eyes and silence he suddenly wakened up and said—

"It is, in fact, it strikes me, high time, Cleve, you should marry—about it—and you must have money, too; you want money, and you shall have it."

"I'm afraid money is not one of *Caroline's* strong points."

"You need not trouble yourself upon that point, sir; if I'm satisfied I fancy *you* may. I've quite enough for both, I presume; and—and so, we'll let that matter rest."

And the noble lord let himself rest also, leaning stiffly back with closed eyes, and nodding and swaying silently with the motion of the carriage.

I believe he was only ruminating after his manner in these periods of apparent repose. He opened his eyes again, and remarked—

"I have talked over this affair carefully with Mr. Larkin—a most judicious and worthy person—about it, and you can talk to him, and so on, when he comes to town, and I should rather wish you to do so."

Lord Verney relapsed into silence and the semblance, at least, of slumber.

"So Larkin's at the bottom of it; I knew he was," thought Cleve, with a pang of hatred which augured ill for the future prospects of that good man. "He has made this alliance for the Oldys and Wimbledon faction, and I'm Mr. Larkin's parti, and am to settle the management of everything upon him; and what a judicious diplomatist he is—and how he has put his foot in it. A blundering hypocritical coxcomb—D—n him!"

Then his thoughts wandered away to Larkin, and to his instrument, Mr. Dingwell, "who looks as if he came from the galleys. We have heard nothing of him for a year or more. Among the Greek and Malay scoundrels again, I suppose; the Turks are too good for him."

But Mr. Dingwell had not taken his departure, and was not thinking of any such step *yet*, at least. He had business still on his hands, and a mission unaccomplished.

Still in the same queer lodgings, and more jealously shut up during the daytime than ever, Mr. Dingwell lived his odd life, professing to hate England—certainly in danger there—he yet lingered on for a set purpose, over which he brooded and laughed in his hermitage.

To so chatty a person as Mr. Dingwell solitude for a whole day was irksome. Sarah Rumble was his occasional resource, and when she brought him his cup of black coffee he would make her sit down by the wall, like a servant at prayers, and get from her all the news of the dingy little neighbourhood, with a running commentary of his own flighty and savage irony, and he would sometimes entertain her, between the whiffs of his long pipe, with talk of his own, which he was at no pains to adapt to her comprehension, and delivered rather for his own sole entertainment.

"The world, the flesh, and the devil, ma'am. The two first we know pretty well—hey? the other we take for granted. I suppose there is somebody of the sort. We are all pigs, ma'am—unclean animals—and this is a sty we live in—slime and abomination. Strong delusion is, unseen, circling in the air. Our ideas of beauty, delights of sense, varieties of intellect—all a most comical and frightful cheat—egad! What fun we must be, ma'am, to the spirits who *have* sight and intellect! I think, ma'am, we're meant for their pantomime—don't you? Our airs, and graces, and dignities, and compliments, and beauties, and dandies—our metal coronets, and lawn sleeves, and whalebone wigs—fun, ma'am, lots of fun! And here we are, a wonderful work of God. Eh? Come, ma'am—a word in your ear—all *putrefaction*—pah! nothing clean but fire, and that makes us roar and vanish—a very odd position we're placed in; hey, ma'am?"

Mr. Dingwell had at first led Sarah Rumble a frightful life, for she kept the door where the children were peremptorily locked, at which he took umbrage, and put her on fatigue duty, more than trebling her work by his caprices, and requiting her with his ironies and sneers, finding fault with everything, pretending to miss money out of his desk, and every day threat-

ening to invoke Messrs. Levi and Goldshed, and invite an incursion of the police, and showing in his face, his tones—his jeers pointed and envenomed by revenge—that his hatred was active and fiendish.

But Sarah Rumble was resolute. He was not a desirable companion for childhood of either sex, and the battle went on for a considerable time; and poor Sarah in her misery besought Messrs. Levi and Goldshed, with many tears and prayers, that he might depart from her; and Levi looked at Goldshed, and Goldshed at Levi, quite gravely, and Levi winked, and Goldshed nodded, and said, "A bad boy;" and they spake comfortably, and told her they would support her, but Mr. Dingwell must remain her inmate, but they'd take care he should do her no harm.

Mr. Dingwell had a latch-key, which he at first used sparingly or timidly; with time, however, his courage grew, and he was out more or less every night. She used to hear him go out after the little household was in bed, and sometimes she heard him lock the hall-door, and his step on the stairs when the sky was already gray with the dawn.

And gradually finding company such as he affected out of doors, I suppose, he did not care so much for the seclusion of his fellow-lodgers, and ceased to resent it almost, and made it up with Sarah Rumble.

And one night, having to go up between one and two for a match-box to the lobby, she encountered Mr. Dingwell coming down. She was dumb with terror, for she did not know him, and took him for a burglar, he being somehow totally changed—she was too confused to recollect exactly, only that he had red hair and whiskers, and looked stouter.

She did not know him the least till he laughed. She was near fainting, and leaned with her shoulder to the corner of the wall; and he said:

"I've to put on these; you keep my secret, mind; you may lose me my life, else."

And he took her by the chin, and gave her a kiss, and then a slap on the cheek that seemed to her harder than play, for her ear tingled with it for an hour after, and she uttered a little cry of fright, and he laughed, and glided out of the hall-door, and

listened for the tread of a policeman, and peeped slyly up and down the court; and then, with his cotton umbrella in his hand, walked quietly down the passage and disappeared.

Sarah Rumble feared him all the more for this little rencontre and the shock she had received, for there was a suggestion of something felonious in his disguise. She was, however, a saturnine and silent woman, with few acquaintances, and no fancy for collecting or communicating news. There was a spice of danger, too, in talking of this matter; so she took counsel of the son of Sirach, who says, "If thou hast heard a word, let it die with thee, and, behold, it will not burst thee."

Sarah Rumble kept his secret, and henceforward at such hours kept close when in the deep silence of the night she heard the faint creak of his stealthy shoe upon the stair, and avoided him as she would a meeting with a ghost.

Whatever were his amusements, Messrs. Goldshed and Levi grumbled savagely at the cost of them. They grumbled because grumbling was a principle of theirs in carrying on their business.

"No matter how it turns out, keep always grumbling to the man who led you into the venture, especially if he has a claim to a share of the profits at the close."

So whenever Mr. Larkin saw Messrs. Goldshed and Levi he heard mourning and imprecation. The Hebrews shook their heads at the Christian, and chanted a Jeremiad, in duet, together, and each appealed to the other for confirmation of the dolorous and bitter truths he uttered. And the iron safe opened its jaws and disgorged the private ledger of the firm, which ponderous and greasy tome was laid on the desk with a pound, and opened at this transaction—the matter of Dingwell, Verney, &c.; and Mr. Levi would run his black nail along the awful items of expenditure that filled column after column.

"Look at that—look here—look, will you?—look, I say: you never saw an account like that—never—all this here—look—down—and down—and down—and down—and down—"

"Enough to frighten the Bank of England!" boomed Mr. Goldshed.

"Look down thish column," re-

sumed Levi, "and thish, and thish, and thish—there's nine o' them—and not one stiver on th' other side. Look, look, look, look, *look!* Da-am, it'sh all a quaag, and a quickshand—nothing but shink and shwallow, and give ush more"—and as he spoke Levi was knocking the knuckles of his long lean fingers fiercely upon the empty column, and eyeing Larkin with a rueful ferocity, as if he had plundered and half-murdered him and his partner, who sat there innocent as the babes in the wood.

Mr. Larkin knew quite well, however, that so far from regretting their investment, they would not have sold their ventures under a very high figure indeed.

"And that da-am Dingwell, talking as if he had us all in quod, by —, and always whimperin', and whingin', and swearin' for more—why you'd say, to listen to his bosh, 'twas *him* had us under his knuckle—you would—the lunatic!"

"And may I ask what he wants just at present?" inquired Mr. Larkin.

"What he always wants, and won't be easy never till he gets it—a walk up the mill, sir, and his head cropped, and six months' solitary, and a touch of corporal now and again. I never saw'd a cove as wanted a teazin' more; that's what he wants. What he's looking for, of course, is different, only he shan't get it, nohow. And I think, looking at that book there, as I showed you this account in—considering what me and the gov'nor here has done—'twould only be fair you should come down with summut, if you goes in for the lottery, with other gentlemen as pays their pool like bricks, and never does modest, by no chance."

"He has pushed that game a little too far," said Mr. Larkin; "I have considered his feelings a great deal too much."

"Yesh, but *we* have feelinsh. The gov'nor has feelinsh; I have *feelinsh*. Think what state our feelinsh is in, lookin' at that there account," said Mr. Levi, with much pathos.

Mr. Larkin glanced toward the door, and then toward the window.

"We are quite *alone*!" said he, mildly.

"Yesh, without you have the devil

in your pocket, as old Dingwell saysh," answered Levi, sulkily.

"For there are subjects of a painful nature, as you know, gentlemen, connected with this particular case," continued Mr. Larkin.

"Awful painful; but we'll sta-an' it," said Goldshed, with unctuous humour; "we'll sta-an it, but wishes it over quick;" and he winked at Levi.

"Yesh, he wishes it over quick," echoed Levi; "the gov'nor and me, we wishes it over quick."

"And so do I, *most* assuredly; but we must have a little patience. If deception does lurk here—and you know I warned you I suspected it—we must not prematurely trouble Lord Verney."

"He might throw up the sponge, he might, I *know*," said Levi, with a nod.

"I don't know what course Lord Verney might think it right in such a case to adopt; I only know that until I am in a position to reduce suspicion to certainty, it would hardly consist with right feeling to torture his mind upon the subject. In the meantime he is—a—growing"——

"Growing warm in his berth," said Goldshed.

"Establishing himself, I should say, in his position. He has been incurring, I need hardly tell you, enormous expense in restoring (I might say *re-building*) the princely mansions of Ware, and of Verney House. He applied much ready money to that object, and has charged the estates with nearly sixty thousand pounds besides." Mr. Larkin lowered his tones reverentially at the mention of so considerable a sum.

"I know Sirachs did nigh thirty thousand o' that," said Mr. Goldshed.

"And that tends to—to—as I may say, *steady* him in his position; and I may mention, in confidence, gentlemen, that there are other measures on the *tapis* (he pronounced *taypis*) which will further and still more decidedly fix him in his position. It would pain us all deeply, gentlemen, that a premature disclosure of my uneasiness should inspire his lordship with a panic in which he might deal ruinously with his own interests, and, in fact, as you say, Mr. Levi, throw up the—the"——

"Sponge," said Levi, reflectively.

"But I may add," said Mr. Larkin, "that I am impatiently watching the moment when it may become my duty to open my suspicions fully to Lord Verney; and that I have reason to know that that moment cannot now be distant."

"Here's Tomlinshon comin' up, gov'nor," said Mr. Levi, jumping off the table on which he had been sitting, and sweeping the great ledger into his arms, he pitched it into its berth in the safe, and locked it into that awful prison-house.

"I said he would," said Goldshed, with a lazy smile, as he unlocked a drawer in the lumbering office table at which he sat. "Don't bring out them overdue renewals; we'll not want them till next week."

Mr. Tomlinson, a tall, thin man, in light drab trousers, with a cotton umbrella swinging in his hand, and a long careworn face, came striding up the court.

"You won't do *that* for him?" asked Levi.

"No, not to-day," murmured Mr. Goldshed, with a wink. And Mr. Tomlinson's timid knock and feeble ring at the door were heard.

And Mr. Larkin put on his well-brushed hat, and pulled on his big lavender gloves, and stood up at his full length, in his new-black frock-coat, and waistcoat and trowsers of the accustomed hue, and presents the usual glossy and lavender-tinted effect, and a bland simper rests on his lank cheeks, and his small pink eyes look their adieux upon Messrs. Goldshed and Levi, on whom his airs and graces are quite lost; and with his slim silk umbrella between his great finger and thumb, he passes loftily by the cotton umbrella of Mr. Tomlinson, and fancies, with a pardonable egotism, that that poor gentleman, whose head is full of his bill-book and renewals, and possible executions, and preparing to deceive a villainous omniscience, and to move the compassion of Pandemonium—is thinking of *him*, and mistaking him, possibly, for a peer, or for some other type of aristocracy.

The sight of that unfortunate fellow, Tomlinson, with a wife and a seedy hat, and children, and a cotton umbrella, whose little business was possibly about to be knocked about

his ears, moved a lordly pity in Mr. Larkin's breast, and suggested contrasts, also, of many kinds, that were calculated to elate his good humour; and as he stepped into the cab, and the driver waited to know "where," he thought he might as well look in upon the recluse of Rosemary-court, and give him, of course with the exquisite tact that was peculiar to him, a hint or two in favour of reason and moderation; for really it *was quite* true what Mr. Levi had said about the preposterous presumption of a person in Mr. Dingwell's position affecting the airs of a dictator.

So being in the mood to deliver a lecture, to the residence of that uncomfortable old gentleman he drove, and walked up the flagged passage to the flagged court-yard, and knocked at the door, and looked up at the square ceiling of sickly sky, and strode up the narrow stairs after Mrs. Rumble.

"How d'ye do, sir? Your soul quite well, I trust. Your spiritual concerns flourishing to-day?" was the greeting of Mr. Dingwell's mocking voice.

"Thanks, Mr. Dingwell; I'm very well," answered Mr. Larkin, with a bow which was meant to sober Mr. Dingwell's mad humour.

Sarah Rumble, as we know, had a defined fear of Mr. Dingwell, but also a vague terror; for there was a great deal about him ill-omened and mysterious. There was a curiosity, too, active within her, intense and rather ghastly, about all that concerned him. She did not care, therefore, to get up and go away from the small hole in the carpet which she was darning on the lobby, and through the door she heard faintly some talk she didn't understand, and Mr. Dingwell's voice, at a high pitch, said—

"D— you, sir, do you think I'm a fool? Don't you think I've *your letter*, and a copy of my own? If we draw swords, egad, sir, mine's the longer and sharper, as you'll feel. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, lawk!" gasped Sarah Rumble, standing up, and expecting the clash of rapier.

"Your face, sir, is as white and yellow—you'll excuse me—as an old turban. I beg your pardon; but I

want you to understand that I see you're frightened, and that I won't be bullied *by* you."

"I don't suppose, sir, you meditate totally ruining yourself," said Mr. Larkin, with dignity.

"I tell you, sir, if anything goes wrong with me, I'll make a clean breast of it—*everything*—ha, ha, ha!—upon my honour—and we two shall grill together."

Larkin had no idea he was going in for so hazardous and huge a game when he sat down to play. His vision was circumscribed, his prescience small. He looked at the beast he had imported, and wished him in a deep grave in Scutari, the scheme quashed, and the stakes drawn.

But wishing would not do. The spirit was evoked—in nothing more manageable than at first; on the contrary, rather more insane. Nerve was needed, subtlety, compliance, and he must manage him.

"Why the devil did you bring me here, sir, if you were not prepared to treat me properly? You know my circumstances, and you want to practise on my misfortunes, you vile rogue, to mix me up in your fraudulent machinations."

"Pray, sir, not so loud. Do—do command yourself," remonstrated Larkin, almost affectionately.

"Do you think I'm come all this way, at the risk of my life, to be *your* slave, you shabby, canting attorney? I'd better be where I was, or in kingdom come. By Allah! sir, you *have* me, and I'm your *master*, and you shan't have my soul for nothing."

There came a loud knock at the hall-door, and if it had been a shot and killed them both, the debaters in the drawing-room could not have been more instantaneously and breathlessly silent.

Down glided Sarah Rumble, who had been expecting this visit, to pay the taxman.

And she had hardly taken his receipt, when Mr. Larkin, very pink, endeavouring to smile in his discomfiture, and observing with a balmy condescension, "A sweet day, Mrs. Rumble," appeared, shook his ears a little, and adjusted his hat, and went forth, and Rosemary-court saw him no more for some time.]

CHAPTER LVI.

IN VERNEY HOUSE.

MR. LARKIN got into his cab, and ordered the cabman, in a loud voice, to drive to Verney House.

"Didn't he know Verney House? He thought every cabman in London knew Verney House! The house of Lord Viscount Verney, in — square. Why it fills up a whole side of it!"

He looked at his watch. He had twenty-seven minutes to reach it in. It was partly to get rid of a spare half hour, that he had paid his unprofitable visit to Rosemary-court.

Mr. Larkin registered a vow to confer no more with Mr. Dingwell. He eased his feelings by making a note of this resolution in that valuable little memorandum book which he carried about with him in his pocket.

"Saw Mr. Dingwell this day—as usual impracticable and ill-bred to a hopeless degree—waste of time and worse—resolved that this gentleman being inaccessible to reason, is not to be argued, but DEALT with, should occasion hereafter arise for influencing his conduct."

Somewhere about Temple-bar, Mr. Larkin's cab got locked in a string of vehicles, and he put his head out of the window, not being sorry for an opportunity of astonishing the citizens by calling to the driver—

"I say, my good fellow, can't you get on? I told Lord Verney to expect me at half past one. Do, pray, get me out of this, any way, and you shall have a gratuity of half-a-crown. Verney House is a good step from this. Do try. His lordship will be as much obliged to you as I am."

Mr. Larkin's assiduities and flatteries were, in truth, telling upon Lord Verney, with whom he was stealing into a general confidence which alarmed many people, and which Clave Verney hated more than ever.

With the pretty mansion of Hazelden, the relations, as Lord Verney would have said of the House of Ware, were no longer friendly. This was another instance of the fragility of human arrangements, and the vanity of human hopes. The altar had been erected, the swine sacrificed, and the augurs and haruspices on both sides had predicted nothing but amity and concord. Game, fruit, and venison,

went and came,—*"Much good may it do your good heart."* "It was ill-killed," &c. Master Shallow and Master Page could not have been more courteous on such occasions. But on the *fete champêtre* had descended a sudden procella. The roses were whirling high in the darkened air, the flatteries and laughter were drowned in thunder, and the fiddles smashed with hailstones as large as potatoes.

A general election had come and gone, and in that brief civil war old Vane Etherage was found at the wrong side. In Lord Verney's language neighbour meant something like vassal, and Etherage who had set up his banners and arrayed his power on the other side, was a rebel. The less forgivable that he had, as was authentically demonstrated, by this step himself inflicted that defeat in the county which had wounded Lord Verney to the quick.

So silence descended upon the interchange of civil speeches; the partridges and pheasants, winged from Ware in a new direction, and old Vane Etherage stayed his friendly hand also; and those tin cases of Irish salmon, from the old gentleman's fisheries, packed in ice, as fresh as if they had sprung from the stream only half an hour before, were no longer known at Ware; and those wonderful fresh figs, green and purple, which Lord Verney affected, for which Hazleden is famous, and which Vane Etherage was fond of informing his guests were absolutely unequalled in any part of the known world. England could not approach them for bulk and ripeness, nor foreign parts—and he had eaten figs wherever figs grow—for aroma and flavour, no longer crossed the estuary. Thus this game of beggar-my-neighbour began. Lord Verney recalled his birds, and Mr. Etherage withdrew his figs. Mr. Etherage lost his great black grapes; and Lord Verney sacrificed his salmon, and in due time Lord Verney played a writ, and invited an episode in a court of law, and another, more formidable, in the Court of Chancery.

So the issues of war were knit

again, and Vane Etherage was now informed by his lawyers there were some very unpleasant questions mooted affecting his title to the Windermore estate, for which he paid a trifling rent to the Verneys.

So, when Larkin went into Verney House he was closetted with its noble master for a good while, and returning to a smaller library—devoted to blue books and pamphlets—where he had left a despatch-box and umbrella during his wait for admission to his noble client, he found Cleve busy there.

"Oh, Mr. Larkin. How d'ye do? Anything to say to me?" said the handsome young man, whose eye looked angry though he smiled.

"Ah, thanks. No, no, Mr. Verney. I hope and trust I see you well; but no, I had not any communication to make. Shall I be honoured, Mr. Verney, with any communication from you?"

"I've nothing to say, thanks, except of course to say how much obliged I am for the very particular interest you take in my affairs.

"I should be eminently gratified, Mr. Verney, to merit your approbation, but I fear, sir, as yet I can hardly hope to have merited your thanks," said Mr. Larkin, modestly.

"You won't let me thank you; but I quite understand the nature and extent of your kindness. My uncle is by no means so reserved, and he has told me very frankly the care you have been so good as to take of me. He's more obliged even than I am, and so, I am told, is Lady Wimpleton also.

Cleve had said a great deal more than at starting he had at all intended. It would have been easy to him to have dismissed the attorney without allusion to the topic that made him positively hateful in his eyes; but it was not easy to hint at it, and quite command himself also, and the result illustrated the general fact that total abstinence is easier than moderation.

Now the effect of this little speech of Cleve's upon the attorney, was to abash Mr. Larkin, and positively to confound him, in a degree quite unusual in a Christian so armed on most occasions with that special grace called presence of mind. The blood mounted to his hollow cheeks, and up to the summit

of his tall bald head; his eyes took their rat-like character, and looked dangerously in his for a second, and then down to the floor, and scanned his own boots; and he bit his lip, and essayed a little laugh, and tried to look innocent, and broke down in the attempt. He cleared his voice once or twice to speak, but said nothing; and all this time Cleve gave him no help whatsoever, but enjoyed his evident confusion with an angry sneer.

"I hope Mr. Cleve Verney," at length Mr. Larkin began, "where duty and expediency pull in opposite directions, I shall always be found at the right side."

"The winning side at all events," said Cleve.

"The *right* side, I venture to repeat. It has been my misfortune to be misunderstood more than once in the course of my life. It is our duty to submit to misinterpretation, as to other afflictions, patiently. I hope I have done so. My first duty is to my client."

"I'm no client of yours, sir."

"Well, conceding that, sir, to your *uncle*—to Lord Verney, I will say—to his views of what the interests of his house demand, and to his feelings."

"Lord Verney has been good enough to consult *me*, hitherto, upon this subject—a not quite unnatural confidence, I venture to think—more than you seem to suspect. He seems to think, and so do I, that I've a voice in it, and has not left me absolutely in the hands—in a matter of so much importance and delicacy—of his country lawyer."

"I had no power in this case, sir; not even of mentioning the subject to you, who certainly, in one view, are more or less affected by it."

"Thank you for the concession," sneered Cleve.

"I make it unaffectedly, Mr. Cleve Verney," replied Larkin, graciously.

"My uncle, Lord Verney, has given me leave to talk to you upon the subject. I venture to decline that privilege. I prefer speaking to him. He seems to think that I ought to be allowed to advise a little in the matter, and that with every respect for *his* wishes; *mine* also are entitled to be a little considered. Should I ever talk to you, Mr. Larkin, it shan't be to ask your advice. I'm detaining

you, sir, and I'm also a little busy myself."

Mr. Larkin looked at the young man for a second or two a little puzzled; but encountering only a look of stern impatience, he made his best bow, and the conference ended.

A few minutes later in came our old friend, Tom Sedley.

"Oh! Sedley? Very glad to see you here; but I thought you did not want to see my uncle just now; and this is the most likely place, except the library, to meet him in."

"He's gone; I saw him go out this moment. I should not have come in otherwise; and you mustn't send me away, dear Cleve, I'm in such awful trouble. Everything has gone wrong with us at Hazelden. You know that quarrying company—the slates—that *odious* fellow, Larkin, led him into, before the election—and all the other annoyances began."

"You mean the Llandrwyd company?"

"Yes; so I do."

"But that's quite ruined, you know. Sit down."

"I know. He has lost—frightfully—and Mr. Etherage must pay up ever so much in calls beside; and unless he can get it on a mortgage of the Windermore estate, he can't possibly pay them—and I've been trying, and the result is just this—they won't lend it anywhere till the litigation is settled."

"Well, what can I do?" said Cleve, yawning stealthily into his hand, and looking very tired. I am afraid these tragic confidences of Tom Sedley's did not interest Cleve very much; rather bored him, on the contrary.

"They won't lend, I say, while this litigation is pending."

"Depend upon it they won't," acquiesced Cleve.

"And in the mean time, you know, Mr. Etherage would be ruined."

"Well, I see; but, I say again, what can I do?"

"I want you to try if anything can be done with Lord Verney," said Tom, beseechingly.

"Talk to my uncle? I wish, dear Tom, you could teach me how to do that."

"It can't do any harm, Cleve—it can't," urged Tom Sedley, piteously.

"Nor one particle of good. You might as well talk to that picture—I do assure you, you might."

"But it could be no pleasure to him to ruin Mr. Etherage!"

"I'm not so sure of that; between ourselves, forgiving is not one of his weaknesses."

"But I say it's quite impossible—an old family, and liked in the county—it would be a scandal for ever!" pleaded Tom Sedley, distractedly.

"Not worse than that business of Booth Fanshawe," said Cleve, looking down; "no, he never forgives anything. I don't think he perceives he's taking a revenge; he has not *mind* enough for repentance," said Cleve, who was not in good humour with his uncle just then.

"Won't you try? you're such an eloquent fellow, and there's really so much to be said."

"I do assure you, there's no more use than in talking to the chimney-piece; but if you make a point of it, I will; but, by Jove, you could hardly choose a worse advocate just now, for he's teasing me to do what I *can't* do. If you heard my miserable story, it would make you laugh; it's like a thing in a *petit comédie*, and it's breaking my heart."

"Well, then, you'll try—won't you try?" said Tom, overlooking his friend's description of his own troubles.

"Yes; as you desire it, I'll try; but I don't expect the slightest good from it, and possibly some mischief," he replied.

"A thousand thanks, my dear Cleve; I'm going down to-night. Would it be too much to ask you for a line, or, if it's *good* news, a telegram to Lluinan?"

"I may safely promise you that, I'm sorry to say, without risk of trouble. You mustn't think me unkind, but it would be cruel to let you hope when there is not, really, a chance."

So Tom drove away to his club, to write his daily love-letter to Agnes Etherage, in time for post; and to pen a few lines for old Vane Etherage, and try to speak comfortably to that family, over whose roof had gathered an awful storm.

CHAPTER LVII.

"That night a child might understand
The de'il had business on his hand."

I ENDED my last chapter with mention of a metaphoric storm; but a literal storm broke over the city of London on that night, such as its denizens remembered for many a day after. The lightning seemed, for more than an hour, the continuous pulsations of light from a sulphurous furnace, and the thunder pealed with the cracks and rattlings of one long roar of artillery. The children, waked by the din, cried in their beds in terror, and Sarah Rumble got her dress about her, and said her prayers in panic.

After a while the intervals between the awful explosions were a little more marked, and Miss Rumble's voice could be heard by the children, comforting and reassuring in the brief lulls; although had they known what a fright their comforter was herself in, their confidence in her would have been impaired.

Perhaps there was a misgiving in Sarah Rumble's mind that the lightnings and thunders of irate heaven were invoked by the presence of her mysterious lodger. Was even she herself guiltless, in hiding under her roof-tree that impious old sinner, whom Rosemary-court disengaged at dead of night, as the churchyard does a ghost—about whose past history—whose doings and whose plans, except that they were wicked—she knew no more than about those of an evil spirit, had she chanced, in one of her spectre-seeing moods, to spy one moving across the lobby.

His talk was so cold and wicked; his temper so fiendish; his nocturnal disguises and outgoings so obviously pointed to secret guilt; and his relations with the meek Mr. Larkin, and with those potent Jews, who, grumbling and sullen, yet submitted to his caprices, as genui to those of the magician who has the secret of command,—that Mr. Dingwell had in her eyes something of a supernatural horror surrounding him. In the thunderstorm, Sarah Rumble vowed secretly to reconsider the religious propriety of harbouring this old man; and amid these qualms, it was with

something of fear and anger that, in a silence between the peals of the now subsiding storm, she heard the creak of his shoe upon the stair.

That even on such a night, with the voice of divine anger in the air, about his ears, he could not forego his sinister excursions, and for once at these hours remain decorously in his rooms! Her wrath overcame her fear of him. She would not have her house burnt and demolished over her head, with thunderbolts, for *his* doings.

She went forth, with her candle in her hand, and stood at the turn of the banister, confronting Mr. Dingwell, who, also furnished with a candle, was now about mid-way down the last flight of stairs.

"Egeria, in the thunder!" exclaimed the hard, scoffing tones of Mr. Dingwell; whom, notwithstanding her former encounter with him, she would hardly have recognized in his ugly disguise.

"A hoffle night for anyone to go out, sir," she said, rather sternly, with a courtesy at the same time.

"Hoffle, is it?" said Mr. Dingwell, amused, with mock gravity.

"The hoffiest, sir, I think I hewer 'ave remembered."

"Why, ma'am, it isn't raining; I put my hand out of the window. There's none of that hoffle rain, ma'am, that gives a fellow rheumatism. I hope there's no unusual fog—is there?"

"There, sir," exclaimed she, as a long and loud peal rattled over Rosemary-court, with a blue glare through the lobby window and the fanlight in the hall. She paused, and lifted her hand and eyes till it subsided, and then murmured an ejaculation.

"I like thunder, my dear. It reminds me of your name, dear Miss Rumble;" and he prolonged the name with a rolling pronunciation. "Shakespeare, you know, who says everything better than anyone else in the world, makes that remarkable old gentleman, King Lear, say, 'Thunder, rumble thy bellyfull!' Of course, I would not say *that* in a drawing-

room, or to you; but kings are so refined they may say things *we* can't, and a genius like Shakespeare hits it off."

"I would not go out, sir, on such a night, except I was very sure it was about something *good* I was a-going," said Miss Rumble, very pale.

"You labour under electro-phobia, my dear ma'am, and mistake it for piety. I'm not a bit afraid of that sort of artillery, madam. Here we are, two or three millions of people in this town; and two or three millions of shots, and we'll see by the papers, I venture to say, not one shot tells. Don't you think if Jupiter really meant mischief he could manage something better?"

"I know, sir, it ought to teach us"—here she winced and paused; for another glare, followed by another bel- low of the thunder, "long, loud, and deep," interposed. "It should teach us some godly fear, if we has none by nature."

Mr. Dingwell looked at his watch.

"Oh! Mr. Dingwell, it is hoffle. I wish you would only see it, sir."

"See the *thunder*—eh?"

"My poor mother. She always made us go down on our knees, and say our prayers—she would—while the thunder was."

"You'd have had rather long prayers to-night. How your knees must have ached—egad! I don't wonder you dread it, Miss Sarah."

"And so I do, Mr. Dingwell, and so I should. Which I think all other sinners should dread it also."

"Meaning *me*?"

"And take warning of the wrath to come."

Here was another awful clap.

"Hoffle it is, Mr. Dingwell, and a warnin' to *you*, sent special, mayhap."

"Hardly fair to disturb all the town for *me*, don't you think?"

"You're an old man, Mr. Dingwell."

"And you're an old woman, Miss Sarah," said he—not caring to be reminded of his years by other people, though he playfully called himself on occasions an old "boy"—"as old as Abraham's wife, whose name-sake you are, though you have not lighted on an Abraham yet, nor become the mother of a great nation."

"Old enough to be good enough, as my poor mother used to say, sir; I am truly; and sorry I am, Mr. Ding-

well, to see you, on this hoffle night, bent on no good. I'm afraid, sir—oh, sir, sir, oughtn't you think, with them sounds in your ears, Mr. Dingwell?"

"The most formidable thunder, my dear Sarah, proceeds from the silvery tongue of woman. I can stand any other. *It* frightens me. So, egad, if you please, I'll take refuge in the open air, and go out, and patter a prayer."

And with a nod and a smirk, having had enough fooling, he glided by Miss Rumble, who made him an appalled courtesy, and, setting down his candle on the hall-table, he said, touching his false whiskers with his finger tips, "Mind, not a word about these—By ——— you'd *better* not."

She made another courtesy. He stopped and looked at her for an answer.

"Can't you *speak*?" he said.

"No, sir—sure—not a word," she faltered.

"Good girl!" he said, and opened the door, with his latch-key in his pocket, on pitchy darkness, which instantaneously illuminated by the lightning, and another awful roar of thunder broke over their heads.

"The voice of heaven in warning!" she murmured to herself, as she stood by the banisters, dazed by the gleam, and listening to the reverberation ringing in her ears. "I pray God he may turn back yet."

He looked over his shoulder.

"Another shot, Miss Rumble—missed again, you see." He nodded, stepped out into darkness, and shut the door. She heard his steps in the silence that followed, traversing the flags of the court.

"Oh dear! but I wish he *was* gone, right out—a hoffle old man he is. There's a weight on my conscience like, and a fright in my heart, there is, ever since he came into the ouse. He is so presumptuous. To see that hold man made hup with them rings and whiskers, like a robber or a play-actor! And defyin' the blessed thunder of heaven—a walking hout, a mockin' and darin' it, at these hours—Oh law!"

The interjection was due to another flash and peal.

"I wouldn't wonder—no more I would—if that flash was the death o' 'im!"

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE PALE HORSE.

SALLY RUMBLE knocked at the usual hour at the old man's door next morning.

"Come in, ma'am," he answered, in a weary, peevish voice. "Open the window-shutter, and give me some light, and hand me my watch, please."

All which she did.

"I have not closed my eyes from the time I lay down."

"Not ailing, sir, I hope?"

"Just allow me to count, and I'll tell you, my dear."

He was trying his pulse.

"Just as I thought, egad. The pale horse in the Revelation, ma'am, he's running a gallop in my pulse; it has been threatening the last three days, and now I'm in for it, and I should not be surprised, Miss Sally, if it ended in a funeral in our alley."

"God forbid, sir."

"Amen, with all my heart. Ay, the pale horse; my head's splitting; oblige me with the looking-glass, and a little less light will answer. Thank you—very good. Just draw the curtain open at the foot of the bed; please, hold it nearer—thank you. Yes, a ghost, ma'am—ha, ha—at last, I do suppose. My eyes, too—I've seen pits, with the water drying up, hollow—ay, ay; sunk—and—now—did you see? Well, look at my tongue—here"—and he made the demonstration; "you never saw a worse tongue than *that*, I fancy; that tongue, ma'am, is eloquent, I think."

"Please God, sir, you'll soon be better."

"Draw the curtain a bit more; the light falls oddly, or—does it?—my face. Did you ever see, ma'am, a face so nearly the colour of a coffin-plate?"

"Don't be talking, sir, please, of no such thing," said Sally Rumble, taking heart of grace, for women generally pluck up a spirit when they see a man floored by sickness. "I'll make you some whey or barley-water, or would you like some weak tea better?"

"Ay; will you draw the curtain close again, and take away the looking-glass? Thanks. I believe I've drunk all the water in the carafe. Whey—well, I suppose it's the right thing; *caudle* when we're coming in,

and *whey*, ma'am, when we're going out. Baptism of Infants, Burial of the Dead! My poor mother, how she did put us through the prayer-book, and Bible—Bible. Dear ma."

"There's a very good man, sir, please—the Rev. Doctor Bartlett, though he's gone rather old. He came in, and read a deal, and prayed, every day with my sister when she was sick, poor thing."

"Bartlett? What's his Christian name? You need not speak loud—it plays the devil with my head."

"The Reverend Thomas Bartlett, please, sir."

"Of Jesus?"

"What, sir, please?"

"Jesus College."

"Don't know, I'm sure, sir."

"Is he old?"

"Yes, sir, past seventy."

"Ha—well I don't care a farthing about him," said Mr. Dingwell.

"Will you, please, have in the apothecary, sir? I'll fetch him directly, if you wish."

"No—no apothecary, no clergyman; I don't believe in the Apostles' Creed, ma'am, and I do believe in the jokes about apothecaries. If I'm to go, I'll go quietly, if you please."

Honest Sally Rumble was heavy at heart to see this old man, who certainly did look ghastly enough to suggest ideas of the undertaker and the sexton, in so unsatisfactory a plight as to his immortal part. Was he a Jew?—there wasn't a hair on his chin—or a Roman Catholic!—or a member of any one of those multitudinous forms of faith which she remembered in a stout volume, adorned with woodcuts, and entitled "A Dictionary of all Religions," in the back parlour of her granduncle, the tallow-chandler?

"Give me a glass of cold water, ma'am," said the subject of her solicitude.

"Thank you—that's the best drink. *Slop*, I think you call it, a sick man can swallow.

Sally Rumble coughed a little, and fidgeted, and at last she said: "Please, sir, would you wish I should fetch any other sort of a minister?"

"Don't plague me, pray; I believe

in the prophet Rabelais and *je m'en vais chercher un grand peut être*—the two great chemists, Death, who is going to analyse, and Life, to recombine me. I tell you, ma'am, my head is splitting; I'm very ill; I'll talk no more."

She hesitated. She lingered in the room, in her great perplexity; and Mr. Dingwell lay back, with a groan.

"I'll tell you what you may do: go down to your landlord's office, and be so good as to say to either of those d——d Jew fellows—I don't care which—that I am as you see me; it mayn't signify, it may blow over; but I've an idea it is serious; and tell them I said they had better know that I am *very ill*, and that I've taken no step about it."

With another weary groan Mr. Dingwell let himself down on his pillow, and felt worse for his exertion, and very tired and stupid, and odd about the head, and would have been very glad to fall asleep; and with one odd pang of fear, sudden and cold, at his heart, he thought, "I'm going to die at last—I'm going to die at last—I'm going to die."

The physical nature in sickness acquiesces in death; it is the instructed mind that recoils; and the more versed about the unseen things of futurity, unless when God, as it were, prematurely glorifies it, the more awfully it recoils.

Mr. Dingwell was not more afraid than other sinners who have lived for the earthy part of their nature, and have taken futurity pretty much for granted, and are now going to test by the stake of *themselves* the value of their loose guesses.

No; he had chanced a great many things, and they had turned out for the most part better than he expected. Oh! no; the whole court, and the adjoining lanes, and, in short, the whole city of London, must go as he would—lots of company, it was not to be supposed it was anything very bad—and he was so devilish tired, *over-fatigued*—queer—worse than seasickness—that headache—fate—the change—an end—what was it? At all events, a rest, a sleep—sleep—could not be very bad; lots of sleep, sir, and the chance—the chance—oh, yes, things go pretty well, and I have not had my good luck yet. I wish I

could sleep a bit—yea, let kingdom-come be all sleep"—and so a groan, and the brain duller, and more pain, and the immense fatigue that demands the enormous sleep.

When Sarah Rumble returned, Mr. Dingwell seemed, she thought, a great deal heavier. He made no remark, as he used to do, when she entered the room. She came and stood by the bed-side, but he lay with his eyes closed, not asleep; she could see by the occasional motion of his lips, and the fidgety change of his posture, and his weary groanings. She waited for a time in silence.

"Better, sir?" she half-whispered, after a minute or two.

"No," he said, wearily.

Another silence followed, and then she asked, "Would you like a drink, Mr. Dingwell, sir?"

"Yes—water."

So he drank a very little, and lay down again.

Miss Sarah Rumble stayed in the room, and nearly ten minutes passed without a word.

"What did he say?" demanded Mr. Dingwell so abruptly that Sarah Rumble fancied he had been dreaming.

"Who, sir, please?"

"The Jew—landlord," he answered.

"Mr. Levi's a-coming up, sir, please—he expected in twenty minutes," replied she.

Mr. Dingwell groaned; and two or three minutes more elapsed, and silence seemed to have re-established itself in the darkened chamber, when Mr. Dingwell raised himself up with a sudden alacrity, and said he—

"Sarah Rumble, fetch me my desk."—Which she did, from his sitting-room.

"Put your hand under the bolster, and you'll find two keys on a ring, and a pocket-book. Yea. Now, Sarah Rumble, unlock that desk. Very good. Put out the papers on the coverlet before me; first bolt the door. Thank you, ma'am. There are a parcel of letters among those, tied across with a red silk cord—just so. Put them in my hand—thank you—and place all the rest back again neatly—*neatly*, if you please. Now lock the desk; replace it, and come here; but first give me pen and ink, and bolt the door again."

And as she did so he scrawled an address upon the blank paper in which these letters were wrapt.

The brown visage of his grave landlady was graver than ever, as she returned to listen for further orders.

"Mrs. Sarah Rumble, I take you for an honest person; and as I may die this time, I make a particular request of *you*—take this little packet, and slip it between the feather-bed and the mattress, as near the centre as your arm will reach—thank you—remember it's there. If I die, ma'am, you'll find a ten-pound note wrapped about it, which I give to you; you need not thank—that will do. The letters addressed as they are you will deliver, without showing them, or *saying one word to anyone* but to the gentleman himself, into whose own hands you must deliver them. You understand?"

"Yes, sir, please; I'm listening."

"Well, *attend*. There are two Jew gentlemen—your landlord, Mr. Levi, and the *old Jew*, who have been with me once or twice—you know *them*; that makes *two*; and there is Mr. Larkin, the tall gentleman who has been twice here with them, with the lavender waistcoat and trousers, the eye-glass with the black ribbon, the black frock coat—heigho! oh, dear, my head!—the red grizzled whiskers, and bald head."

"The religious gentleman, please, sir?"

"Exactly; the religious gentleman. Well, *attend*. The two Jews and the religious gentleman together make *three*; and those three gentlemen are all *robbers*."

"What, sir?"

"*Robbers*—robbers! Don't you know what '*robbers*' means? They are all three *robbers*. Now, I don't think they'll want to fiddle with my money till I'm dead."

"Oh, Lord, sir!"

"Oh, Lord! of course. That will do. They won't touch my money till I'm dead, if they trust you; but they *will* want my desk—at least Larkin will. I shan't be able to look after things, for my head is very bad, and I shall be too drowsy—soon knocked up; so give 'em the desk, if they ask for it, and these keys from under the pillow; and if they ask you if there are any other papers, say *no*; and

don't you tell them one word about the letters you've put between the beds here. If you betray me—you're a religious woman—yes—and believe in God—may God d—n you; and He will, for you'll be accessory to the villainy of those three miscreants. And now I've done what in me lies; and that is all—my last testament."

And Mr. Dingwell lay down wearily. Sarah Rumble knew that he was very ill; she had attended people in fever, and seen them die. Mr. Dingwell was already perceptibly worse. As she was coming up with some whey, a knock came to the door, and opening it she saw Mr. Levi, with a very surly countenance, and his dark eyes blazing fiercely on her.

"How'sh Dingwell now?" he demanded, before he had time to enter and shut the door; "*worse*, is he?"

"Well, he's duller, sir."

"In his bed? Shut the door."

"Yes, sir, please. Didn't get up this morning. He expected you two hours ago, sir."

Levi nodded.

"What doctor did you fetch?" he asked.

"No doctor, please, sir. I thought you and *him* would choose."

Levi made no answer; so she could not tell by his surly face, which underwent no change, whether he approved or not. He looked at his watch.

"Larkin wasn't here to-day?"

"Mr. Larkin? No, sir, please."

"Show me Dingwell's room, till I have a look at him," said the Jew, gloomily.

So he followed her upstairs, and entered the darkened room without waiting for any invitation, and went to the window, and pulled open a bit of the shutter.

"What's it for?" grumbled Dingwell indistinctly from his bed.

"So you've bin and done it, you have," said the Jew, walking up with his hands in his pockets, and eyeing him from a distance as he might a glandered horse.

Dingwell was in no condition to retort on this swarthy little man, who eyed him with a mixture of disgust and malignity.

"How long has he been thish way," said the Jew, glowering on Sarah Rumble.

"Only to-day in bed, please, sir; but he has bin lookin' awful bad this two or three days, sir."

"Do you back it for fever?"

"I think it's fever, sir."

"I s'pose you'd twig fever fasht enough! Sheen lotsh of fever in your time?"

"Yes, sir, please."

"It *is* fever, ten to one in fifties. Black death going, ma'am—*my* luck! Look at him there, d—n him, he'sh got it."

Levi looked at him surlily for a while with eyes that glowed like coals.

"This comsh o' them d—d holes you're always a-going to; there's always fever and everything there, you great old buck goat."

Dingwell made an effort to raise himself, and mumbled, half awake—

"Let me—I'll talk to him—how dare you—when I'm better—*quiet*"—and he laid down his head again.

"When you *are*, you cursed sink. Look at all we've lost by you."

He stood looking at Dingwell savagely.

"He'll *die*," exclaimed he, making an angry nod, almost a butt, with his

head toward the patient, and he repeated his prediction with a furious oath.

"See, you'll send down to the apothecary's for that chloride of lime, and them vinegars and things—or—no; you must wait here, for Larkin will come; and don't you let him go, mind. Me and Mr. Goldshed will be here in no time. Tell him the doctor's coming; and us—and I'll send up them things from the apothecary, and you put them all about in plates on the floor and tables. Bad enough to lose our money, and d— bad; but I won't take this—come out o' this room—if I can help."

And he entered the drawing-room, shutting Dingwell's door, and spitting on the floor, and then he opened the window.

"He'll *die*—do you *think* he'll die? he exclaimed again.

"He's in the hands of God, sir," said Sally Rumble.

"He won't be long there—he'll die—I say he *will*—by — he will;" and the little Jew stamped on the floor, and clapped his hat on his head, and ran down the stairs, in a paroxysm of business and fury.

CHAPTER LIX.

IN WHICH HIS FRIENDS VISIT THE SICK.

MR. LEVI, when Sarah Rumble gave him her lodger's message, did not, as he said, "vally it a turn of a half-penny." He could not be very ill if he could send his attendant out of doors, and deliver the terms in which his messages were to be communicated. Mr. Levi's diagnosis was that Mr. Dingwell's attack was in the region of the purse or pocket-book, and that the "dodge" was simply to get the partners and Mr. Larkin together for the purpose of extracting more money.

Mr. Larkin was in town, and he had written to that gentleman's hotel, also he had told Mr. Goldshed, who took the same view, and laughed in his lazy diapason over the weak invention of the enemy.

Levi accordingly took the matter very easily, and hours had passed before his visit, which was made pretty late in the afternoon, and he was smiling over his superior sagacity in

seeing through Dingwell's little dodge, as he walked into the court, when an officious little girl, in her mother's bonnet, running by his knee, said, pompously—

"You'd better not go there, sir."

"And why sho, chickabiddy?" inquired Mr. Levi, derisively.

"No, you better not; there's a gentleman as has took the fever there."

"Where?" said Mr. Levi, suddenly interested.

"In Mrs. Rumble's."

"Is there?—how do you know?"

"Lucy Maria Rumble, please, sir, she told me, and he's *very* bad."

The fashion of Levi's countenance was changed as he turned from her suddenly, and knocked so sharply at the door that the canary, hanging from the window in his cage over the way, arrested his song, and was agitated for an hour afterwards.

So Mr. Levi was now thoroughly

aroused to the danger that had so suddenly overcast his hopes, and threatened to swallow in the bottomless sea of death the golden stake he had ventured.

It was not, nevertheless, until eight o'clock in the evening, so hard a thing is it to collect three given men [what then must be the office of whip to Whig or Tory side of the House?] that the two Jews and Mr. Larkin were actually assembled in Mr. Dingwell's bed-room, now reeking with disinfectants and prophylactic fluids.

The party were in sore dismay, for the interesting patient had begun to maunder very preposterously in his talk. They listened, and heard him say—

"That's a lie—I say, I'd nail his tongue to the post. Bells won't ring for it—lots of bells in England; you'll not find any *here*, though."

And then it went off into a mumbling, and Mr. Goldshed, who was listening disconsolately, exclaimed, "My eyesh!"

"Well, how do you like it, gov'nor? I said he'd walk the plank, and so he will," said Levi. "He will—he will;" and Levi clenched his white teeth, with an oath.

"*There*, Mr. Levi, *pray*, pray, none of *that*," said Mr. Larkin.

The three gentlemen were standing in a row, from afar off observing the patient, with an intense scrutiny of a gloomy and, I may say, a savage kind.

"He was an unfortunate agent—no energy, except for his pleasures," resentfully resumed Mr. Larkin, who was standing furthest back of the three speculators. "Indolent, impracticable enough to ruin fifty cases; and now here he lies in a fever, contracted, you think, Mr. Levi, in some of his abominable haunts."

Mr. Larkin did not actually say "d— him," but he threw a very dark, sharp look upon his acquaintance in the bed.

"Abawminable, to be sure, abawminable. Bah! It's all true. The hornies has their eye on him these seven weeks past—curse the beasht," snarled Mr. Levi, clenching his fists in his pockets, "and every da—a—am muff that helped to let me in for this here rotten business."

"Meaning *me*, sir?" said Mr. Larkin, flushing up to the top of his head a fierce pink.

Levi answered nothing, and Mr. Larkin did not press his question.

It is very easy to be companionable and good-humoured while all goes pleasantly. It is failure, loss, and disappointment, that try the sociable qualities; even those three amiable men felt less amicable under the cloud than they had under the sunshine.

So they all three looked in their several ways angrily and thoughtfully at the gentleman in the typhus fever, who said rather abruptly—

"She killed herself, sir; foolish 'oman! Capital dancing, gentleman! Capital dancing, ladies! Capital—capital—admirable dancing. God help us!" and so it sunk again into mumbling.

"Capital da-a-ancing, and who pays the piper?" asked Mr. Goldshed, with a rather ferocious sneer. It has cost us five hundred to a thousand."

"And a doctor," suggested Levi.

"Doctor, the devil! I say; I've paid through the nose," or as he pronounced that organ through which his metallic declamation droned, *nohe*. "It's Mr. Larkin's turn now; its all da-a-am rot; a warm fellow like you, Mr. Larkin, putting all the loss on me; how can I sta-a-an' that—sta-a-an' all the losses, and share the profits—ba-a-ah, sir; that couldn't pay nohow."

"I think," said Mr. Larkin, "it may be questionable how far a physician would be, just in this imminent stage of the attack, at all useful, or even desirable; but, Miss Rumble, if I understand you, he is quite *compos*—I mean, quite, so to speak, in his senses, in the early part of the day."

He paused, and Miss Rumble from the other side of the bed contributed her testimony.

"Well, that being so," began Mr. Larkin, but stopped short as Mr. Dingwell took up his parable, forgetting how wide of the mark the sick man's interpolations were.

"There's a vulture over there," said Mr. Dingwell's voice, with an unpleasant distinctness; "you just tie a turban on a stick," and then he was silent.

Mr. Larkin cleared his voice and resumed—

"Well, as I was saying, when the attack, whatever it is, has developed itself, a medical man may possibly

be available; but in the mean time, as he is spared the possession of his faculties, and we all agree, gentlemen, whatever particular form of faith may be respectively ours, that some respect is due to futurity; I would say, that a clergyman, at all events, might make him advantageously a visit to-morrow, and afford him an opportunity at least of considering the interests of his soul."

"Oh! da-a-am his shoul, it's his body. We must try to keep him together," said Mr. Goldshed impatiently. "If he dies the money's all lost, every shtiver; if he don't, he's a sound speculation; we must raise a doctor among us, Mr. Larkin."

"It is highly probable indeed that before long the unfortunate gentleman may require medical advice," said Mr. Larkin, who had a high opinion of the "speculation," whose pulse was at this moment unfortunately at a hundred and twenty. "The fever, my dear sir, if such it be, will have declared itself in a day or two; in the mean time, nursing is all that is really needful, and Miss Rumble, I have no doubt, will take care that the unhappy gentleman is properly provided in that respect."

The attorney, who did not want at that moment to be drawn into a discussion on contributing to expenses, smiled affectionately on Miss Rumble, to whom he assigned the part of good Samaritan.

"He'll want some one at night, sir, please; I could not undertake myself, sir, for both day and night," said brown Miss Rumble, very quietly.

"*There!* That'sh it!" exclaimed Levi, with a vicious chuckle, and a scowl, extending his open hand energetically toward Miss Rumble, and glaring from Mr. Larkin to his partner.

"Nothing but *pay*; down with the dust, Goldshed and Levi. Bleed like a pair o' beashtly pigs, Goldshed and Levi, *do!* There's death in that fellow's face, I say. It's all bosh, doctors and nurses; throwing good money after bad, and then, five pounds to bury him, drat him!"

"Bury? ho! no, the parish, the workhouse, the authorities shall bury him," said Mr. Goldshed, briskly.

"Dead as a Mameluke, dead as a Janizary bowstrung!" exclaimed Mr. Dingwell, and went off into an

indistinct conversation in a foreign language.

"Stuff a stocking down his throat, will you?" urged Mr. Levi; a duty, however, which no one undertook. "I see that cove's booked; he looks just like old Solomons looked when he had it. It isn't no use; all rot, throwing good money arter bad, I say; let him be; let him die."

"I'll *not* let him die; no, he shan't. I'll *make* him pay. I made the Theatre of Fascination pay," said Mr. Goldshed serenely, alluding to a venture of his devising, by which the partnership made ever so much money in spite of a prosecution and heavy fines and other expenses. "I say 'tisn't my principle to throw up the game, by no means—*no*—with my ball in hand and the stakes in the pocket—*never!*"

Here Mr. Goldshed wagged his head slowly with a solemn smile, and Mr. Dingwell, from the bed, said—

"Move it, will you? That way—I wish you'd help—b-bags, sir—sacks, sir—awfully hard lying—full of ears and noses—egad!—why not?—cut them all off, I say. D—n the Greeks! Will you move it? *Do* move that sack—it hurts his ribs—ribs—I never got the bastinado."

"Not but what you deserved it," remarked Mr. Levi.

And Mr. Dingwell's babbling went on, but too indistinctly to be unravelled.

"I say," continued Mr. Goldshed, sublimely, "if that 'ere speculative thing in the bed there comes round, and gets all square and right, I'll make him pay. I'm not funk'd—who's afraid?—wiry old brick!"

"I think so," acquiesced Mr. Larkin with gentle solemnity; "Mr. Dingwell is certainly, as you say, wiry. There are many things in his favour, and Providence, Mr. Goldshed—Providence is over us all."

"Providence, to be sure," said Mr. Goldshed, who did not disdain help from any quarter. "Where does he keep his money, ma'am?"

"Under his bolster, please, sir—under his head," answered Sarah Rumble.

"Take it out, please," said Mr. Goldshed.

She hesitated.

"Give the man hish money, woman, ca-a-an't you?" bawled Mr. Levi

fiercely, and extending his arm toward the bed.

"You had better—yes, ma'am, the money belongs to Messrs. Goldshed and Levi," said Mr. Larkin, interposing in the character of the *vir pietate gravis*.

Sally Rumble, recollecting Mr. Dingwell's direction, "Let 'em have the money, too, if they press for it," obeyed, and slid her hand under his bolster, and under his head, from the other side, where she was standing; and Dingwell, feeling the motion, I suppose, raised his head and stared with sunken eyes dismally at the three gentlemen, whom he plainly did not recognise, or possibly saw in the shapes of foxes, wolves, or owls, which Æsop would have metaphorically assigned them, and with a weary groan he closed his wandering eyes again, and sank down on the pillow.

Miss Rumble drew forth a roll of bank notes with a string tied round them.

"Take the money, Levi," said Goldshed, drawing a step backward.

"Take it yourself, gov'nor," said Levi, waving back Miss Sally Rumble, and edging back a little himself.

"Well," said Goldshed, quietly, "I see you're afraid of that infection."

"I believe you," answered Levi.

"So am I," said Goldshed, uneasily.

"And no wonder!" added Mr. Larkin, anticipating himself an invitation to accept the questionable trust.

"Put them notes down on the table there," said Mr. Goldshed.

And the three gentlemen eyed the precious roll of paper as I have seen people at a chemical lecture eye the explodable compounds on the professor's table.

"I tell you what, ma'am," said Goldshed, "you'll please get a dry bottle and a cork, and put them notes into it, and cork it down, ma'am, and give it to Mr. Levi."

"And count them first, please, Miss Rumble—shan't she, Mr. Goldshed?" suggested Mr. Larkin.

"What for?—isn't the money ours?" howled Mr. Levi, with a ferocious stare on the attorney's meek face.

"Only, Mr. Goldshed, with a view to distinctness, and to prevent possible confusion in any future account," said

Mr. Larkin, who knew that Dingwell had got money from the Verneys, and thought that if there was anything recovered from the wreck, he had as good a right to his salvage as another.

Mr. Goldshed met his guileless smile with an ugly sneer, and said—

"Oh, count them, to be sure, for the gentleman. It isn't a ha'penny to me."

So Miss Rumble counted seventy-five pounds in bank notes and four pounds in gold, two of which Mr. Goldshed committed to her in trust for the use of the patient, and the remainder were duly bottled and corked down according to Mr. Goldshed's grotesque precaution, and in this enclosure Mr. Levi consented to take the money in hand, and so it was deposited for the night in the iron safe in Messrs. Goldshed and Levi's office, to be uncorked in the morning by old Solomons, the cashier, who would, no doubt, be puzzled by the peculiarity of the arrangement, and with the aid of a cork-screw, lodged to the credit of the firm.

Mr. Goldshed next insisted that Dingwell's life, fortunately for that person, was too important to the gentlemen assembled there to be trifled with; and said that sage—

"We'll have the best doctor in London—six pounds' worth of him—d'ye see? And under him a clever young doctor to look in four times a day, and we'll arrange with the young 'un on the principle of no cure no pay—that is, we'll give fifty pounds this day six weeks, if the party in bed here is alive at that date."

And upon this basis I believe an arrangement was actually completed. The great Doctor Langley, when he called, and questioned Miss Rumble, and inspected the patient, told Mr. Levi, who was in waiting, that the old gentleman had been walking about in a fever for more than a week before he took to his bed, and that the chances were very decidedly against his recovery.

A great anxiety overcame Mr. Larkin like a summer cloud, and the serene sunshine of that religious mind was overcast with storm and blackness. For the recovery of Mr. Dingwell were offered up, in one synagogue at least, prayers as fervent as any ever made for that of our

early friend Charles Surface, and it was plain that never was patriarch, saint, or hero, mourned as the venerable Mr. Dingwell would be, by at least three estimable men, if the fates were to make away with him on this critical occasion.

The three gentlemen as they left his room on the evening I have been describing, cast their eyes upon Mr. Dingwell's desk, and hesitated, and looked at one another, darkly, for a moment in silence.

"There'sh no reashon why we shouldn't," drawled Mr. Goldshed.

"I object to the removal of the desk," said Mr. Larkin, with a shake of his head, closing his eyes, and raising his hand as if about to pronounce a benediction on the lid of it. "If he is spared it might become a very serious thing—I decidedly object."

"Who want'sh to take this man'sh desk?" drawled Mr. Goldshed, surlily.

"Who want'sh to take it?" echoed Levi, and stared at him with an angry gape.

"But there will be no harm, I shay, in looking what paper'sh there," continued Mr. Goldshed. "Does he get letters?"

"Only two, sir, please, as I can remember, since he came here."

"By po-sht, or by ha-a-an'?" inquired Goldshed.

"By 'and, sir, please; it was your Mr. Solomons as fetched 'em here, sir."

He lifted up the desk, swayed it gently, and shook it a little, looking at it as if it were a musical box about to strike up, and so set it down again softly. "There'sh papersh in that box," he hummed thoughtfully to himself.

"I think I may speak here," said Mr. Larkin, looking up sadly and loftily, as he placed his hat upon his bald head, "with some little authority as a professional man—if in no higher capacity—and I may take upon myself to say, that by no possibility can the contents of that desk affect the very simple and, in a certain sense, direct transactions in which our clients' interests, and in a degree ours also, are involved, and I object on higher grounds still, I hope, to any irregularity as respects that desk."

"If you're confident, Mr. Larkins, there'sh nothing in it can affect the bushiness we're on, I would not give you a cancel' Queen's head for the lot."

"Perfectly confident, my dear Mr. Goldshed."

"He'sh perfectly confident," repeated Mr. Levi in his guv'nor's ear, from over his shoulder.

"Come along then," said Mr. Goldshed, shuffling slowly out of the room, with his hands in his pockets.

"It's agreed then, gentlemen, there's no tampering with the desk?" urged Mr. Larkin entreatingly.

"Shertainly," said Mr. Goldshed, beginning to descend the stairs.

"Shertainly," repeated Mr. Levi, following him.

And the three gentlemen, in grave and friendly guise, walked away together, over the flagged court. Mr. Larkin did not half like taking the arms of these gentlemen, but the quarter of the town was not one where he was likely to meet any of either the spiritual or the terrestrial aristocracy with whom he desired specially to stand well. So he moved along conscious, not unpleasantly, of the contrast which a high-bred gentleman must always present in juxtaposition with such persons as Goldshed and Levi. They walked through the dingy corridor called Caldwell-alley, and through Ive's-lane, and along the market, already flaring and glaring with great murky jets of gas wavering in the darkening stalls, and thence by the turn to the left into the more open street, where the cab-stand is, and then having agreed to dine together at the "Three Roses" in Milk-lane in half an hour, the gentlemen parted—Messrs. Goldshed and Levi to fly in a cab to meet their lawyer at their office, and Mr. Larkin to fly westward to his hotel, to inquire for a letter which he expected. So smiling they parted; and, so soon as Mr. Larkin was quite out of sight, Mr. Levi descended from their cab, and with a few parting words which he murmured in Mr. Goldshed's ear, left him to drive away by himself, while he retraced his steps at his leisure to Rosemary-court, and finding the door of Miss Rumble's house open with Lucy Maria at it, entered and walked straight up to Mr. Dingwell's drawing-room, with a bunch of small keys in his hand, in his coat-pocket.

He had got just two steps into the room towards the little table on which the patient's desk stood, when from the other side of that piece of furniture, and the now open desk, there rose up the tall form of Mr. Jos. Larkin, of the Lodge.

The gentlemen eyed one another for a few seconds in silence, for the surprise was great. Mr. Larkin did not even set down the parcel of letters, which he had been sorting like a hand at whist, when Mr. Levi had stepped in to divert his attention.

"I thought, Mr. Larkin'sh, I might as well drop in just to give you a lift," said Levi, with an elaborate bow, a politeness, and a great smile, that rather embarrassed the good attorney.

"Certainly, Mr. Levi, I'm always happy to see you—always happy to see *any* man—I have never done anything I am ashamed of, nor shrunk from any duty, nor do I mean to do so now."

"Your hands looksh pretty full."

"Yes, sir, *pretty* tolerably full, sir," said Mr. Larkin, placing the letters on the desk; "and I may add so do *yours*, Mr. Levi; those keys, as you observe, might have given one a lift in opening this desk, had I not preferred the *other* course," said Mr. Larkin loftily, "of simply requesting Mr. Dingwell's friend, the lady at present in charge of his papers, to afford me, at her own discretion, such access to the papers possibly affecting my client, as I may consider necessary or expedient, as his legal adviser."

"You have changed your view of your duty, something; haven't you, Mr. Larkinsh?"

"No, sir, *no*; simply my action on a point of expediency. Of course, there was some weight, too, sir, in the suggestions made by a gentleman of Mr. Goldshed's experience and judgment; and I don't hesitate to say that his—his ideas had their proper weight with me. And I may say, once for all, Mr. Levi, I'll not be hectored, or lectured, or *bullied* by you, Mr. Levi," added Mr. Larkin, in a new style, feeling, perhaps, that his logical and moral vein was not quite so happy as usual.

"Don't frighten ush, Larkin, pray don't, only just give me leave to see

what them letters is about," said Levi, taking his place by him; "did you put any of them in your pocket?"

"No, sir; upon my *soul*, Mr. Levi, I did no such thing," said Mr. Larkin, with a heartiness that had an effect upon the Jew. "The occasion is so serious that I hardly regret having used the expression," said Mr. Larkin, who had actually blushed at his own oath. "There was just one letter possibly worth looking at."

"That da-a-am foolish letter you wrote him to Conshtantinople?"

"I wrote him *no* foolish letter, sir. I wrote him no letter, sir, I should fear to have posted on the market cross, or read from the pulpit, Mr. Levi. I only wonder, knowing all you do of Mr. Dingwell's unfortunate temper, and reckless habits of assertion, that you should attach the smallest weight to an expression thrown out by him in one of his diabolical and—lamentable frenzies. As to my having abstracted a letter of his—an imputation at which I smile—I can, happily, cite evidence other than my own." He waved his hand toward Miss Rumble. "This lady has, happily, I will say, been in the room during my very brief examination of my client's half-dozen papers. Pray, madam, have I taken one of these—or, in fact, put it in my pocket?"

"No, sir, please," answered Miss Rumble, who spoke in good faith, having, with a lively remembrance of Mr. Dingwell's description of the three gentlemen who had visited the sick that day, as "three robbers," kept her eye very steadily upon the excellent Mr. Larkin, during the period of his search.

Mr. Levi would have liked to possess that letter. It would have proved possibly a useful engine in the hands of the Firm in future dealings with the adroit and high-minded Mr. Larkin. It was not to be had, however, if it really existed at all; and when some more ironies and moralities had been fired off at both sides, the gentlemen subsided into their ordinary relations, and ultimately went away together to dine on turtle, sturgeon, salmon, and I know not what meats, at the famous "Three Roses" in Milk-lane.

SWEET ANNE PAGE.

Morning Chronicle, Thursday, 5 August, 18—.

"SUICIDE OF A BARONET.—Yesterday morning great excitement was caused in fashionable circles by the rumour that Sir Arthur Willeaden, bart., had committed suicide. The report was found to be only too true. The sad event must have occurred many hours before the deceased gentleman was discovered. He was found yesterday morning in his drawing-room, at No. — Jermyn-street, having run himself through with a foil, from which he had taken the button. A short note was found in his handwriting, stating that the dreadful act had resulted from pecuniary difficulty. His valet gave evidence that the deceased gentleman had ordered a postchaise-and-four to be ready for him at a late hour on Tuesday evening, so that it is supposed he had at one time thoughts of evading his numerous creditors by going abroad. We," &c.

[It is observable that the penny-a-liner of the period was very inferior in sublimity of style to his successor of the present date.]

Globe and Traveller, Wednesday, 4 August, 18—.

"SINGULAR DISAPPEARANCE OF A MARRIED LADY.—A gentleman whose name it would be unfair to mention, being chosen by the Right Honorable Secretary of State for the Foreign Department to conduct a difficult negotiation in the East, was about to start at an early hour this morning, when he was suddenly delayed by the mysterious disappearance of his wife, a peculiarly charming young lady, to whom he had not long been united. Although the agonized husband has caused every conceivable means to be taken to discover what has become of her, we sincerely regret to say that up to the present moment this remarkable occurrence is veiled in the deepest mystery. We," &c.

Sun, Friday, 6 August, 18—.

"We are informed that the mysterious disappearance of a married lady, already alluded to in our columns, gave rise this morning to a duel between the learned gentleman whom she has so unexpectedly deserted, and her cousin, the well-known Mr. Raphael Branscombe, who was rashly accused of being privy to her abduction. Mr. Morill, the lady's husband, received a wound in his shoulder, and immediately expressed his regret that he should have made so unfounded a charge. It is very discreditable to the New Police that a lady of position can," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE LANGTONS, TANNERS.

"STEPHEN!" exclaimed a shrill-voiced young lady of thirty-five, "what are you doing now?"

This was Stephen Langton's aunt, Harriet, his bitterest foe, his perpetual persecutor. She was a lanky personage, with reddish hair, bluish eyes, no eyelashes to speak of, and a figure whose waist might be anywhere. Her utterance was always a whining scold. Every incident of life was to her a subject of complaint. She was the terror of the whole family, except her father; and, as old Stephen Langton, the tanner, had never been known to fear anything, he was not likely to begin with his own daughter. She was quiet enough

in his presence, awed by his stormy voice and ready hand. Ten years before, for some slight opposition to his will, he had boxed her ears in the presence of a gathering of his neighbours, among whom was the only young man who had seemed to take a fancy to her; and she was well aware that he was just as impetuous as ever.

Little Stephen, a bright-haired blue-eyed boy of eleven, was coiled in a window-seat of the old wainscoted room. A book was in his hand, Bunyan's "Holy War;" he was reading for the twentieth time of the siege of Mansoul, that city whose besiegers never relax their

efforts ; but ever and anon he looked across the street to the windows of a large quiet house just opposite.

The house in which the Langtons lived had instead of a front door a wide archway, through which waggons laden with oak-bark and raw hides entered, and waggons laden with leather came out. To the right, as you passed under this archway, was the dwelling-house ; to the left, a shop fronting the street, and spacious warehouses ; behind, a courtyard, stables, gardens, orchards, and farthest of all the tanyard, which was bounded at the foot of the hill by a stream, which it greatly defiled. The house was old and large, with lofty rooms and closets innumerable ; the front parlour was the principal living room of the family. It had two windows : little Stephen was in the window-seat to the left, while at the other sate his grandmother, bolt upright, knitting stockings. She sate there from morning till night, never rising to join in any of the meals, which were served on a small table at her side. She occasionally uttered some brief oracular sentence, of which no one took the slightest notice. She had been stupefied years before by her husband's brutality.

Her grandson Stephen was an orphan. His mother died at his birth ; his father when he was five years old. Stephen did not realize his father's death. He often loitered through the Cathedral Close and under the school cloisters, and along the meadowy margin of the river Idle, in the hope of meeting him. He was a strange dreamy boy, whom his uncles and aunts despised, because they could not understand him. Nor did he get on at all with his cousins, of whom there were several of both sexes ; for, Miss Harriet excepted, all the Langtons were married and prolific.

Miss Harriet officiated as school-mistress to all but Stephen. He was rather older than any of his cousins, but his aunt's reason for giving him up was his pertinacity in asking questions which she was unable to answer. So he was sent just now to an old-fashioned day-school in which boys and girls were mixed, and where he had positively managed to fall in love already. There is nothing strange in that ; but it so

happened that Stephen's little love-fancy was destined to colour his whole life.

"What a lazy boy you are !" went on Aunt Harriet. "Have you no lessons to learn ? You learn nothing at Miss Martin's."

"Not very much, aunt," said Stephen. "She never will answer my questions. I asked her to-day whether she didn't think Christian in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' a very bad man for running away from his wife, and she called me a wicked boy, and made me stand on the form."

"She ought to have given you a good whipping, sir," said his aunt. "What had that to do with your lessons ? Go and learn your spelling, directly."

"He's a very tiresome boy," said his grandmother, in her oracular way.

Stephen got up, took Carpenter's Spelling Book in his hand, and retreated. It was a soft summer evening, and the boy wandered down through garden and orchard into the tanyard beyond. Thence he found his way to the brook, and strolled along its margin through the meadows, which were rimmed with the fainting flush of sunset. He loitered and dreamed. With this child the difference between reality and dream was indistinctly marked. His waking fancies, his dreams of the early morning, were often more real to him than his grandfather's stern presence or his maiden aunt's endless scold. He read over and over again all the books that he found readable among the scanty supply which the house afforded. In a healthy household he would have had "Robinsce Crusoe" and the "Arabian Nights"—would have voyaged with Sindbad, and gone underground with Aladdin. But the only books he could find were Milton's "Paradise Lost" and the works of John Bunyan, and these he almost knew by heart. He loved to identify himself with the characters. He had, it must be confessed, great sympathy with Satan in the epic, and liked to fancy himself the exploring arch-fiend, winging his way through Chaos. But often he was Abdiel the faithful, or Ithuriel, with the keen spear of truth ; and this very evening, as the sun sank to the verge, he had imagined himself Uriel, whom

John beheld from Patmos. He revelled also in Ezekiel's visions, and in the "Apocalypse." Often his imagination upbuilt that glorious city of gold, with its twelve gates, each one pearl, and its clear river flowing from the great white throne, and its mystic atmosphere of peace and joy.

As to-night he mooned along, dreaming of anything but words of three syllables, a shout aroused him to reality. It was the voice of his cousin Charles, a youngster about a year his junior.

"Hulloh, Steve! Where are you going? Supper's ready. Aunt Harriet's been looking for you everywhere."

"All right," said Stephen, wearily. "I'm coming."

"She isn't in a temper, I don't think. You'll catch it. Grandfather isn't at home."

Mr. Langton would not tolerate his daughter's scolding, so his presence was always a relief to the children.

"Where is he?" asked Stephen.

"Gone down to the Half-Moon to smoke. Aunt asked him if he'd be late, and he told her to mind her own business."

Stephen heartily wished she would.

The boys entered the parlour together. Bread and cheese and cider made up the supper, and Uncle Tom and Uncle Charles, both of whom were their father's partners, and lived on the premises, were pegging away at it. So were their wives and children. So was Aunt Harriet, looking very unamiable.

"Stephen," she said, "you are the most tiresome child. Why can't you come in at the right time? I've a great mind to send you to bed without supper."

"Oh, let him have something to eat and drink," said Uncle Tom, who was the genial uncle.

"Better give him a good horse-whipping," said Uncle Charles, who was the fierce uncle, and flogged his own children unmercifully.

"He's a dreadfully troublesome boy," said the oracular voice from the side-table.

"Come and sit by me, Steve," said his black-eyed and black-haired cousin Mary, a pretty little girl of eight.

Stephen accepted the invitation, and was suffered to eat his supper in peace.

By nine o'clock the children had gone to bed, and their mothers to look after them; the old grandmother had also retired. The two uncles and the maiden aunt were holding half-whispered converse, the men being supplied with long pipes and hot brandy and water.

"That boy, Stephen, must be sent to boarding-school," said Aunt Harriet. "He's very much in the way at home, and he ought to be learning something."

"So he ought," said Uncle Tom; but then it'll cost so much."

"Not above twenty pounds a year," said Aunt Harriet. "And he must be brought up to be a clerk or something. He'll never make a tanner."

"I don't mean that he shall," said Uncle Charles.

"Why not?" asked his brother.

"Why not? As if there weren't enough besides him to make tanners of! D'ye think that tanyard 'll keep a regiment of Langtons!"

"That's true," said Tom, whose intellect moved more slowly than his brother's. "Well, where had he better go?"

"I've thought about that," said the aunt. "You know Parson Sadbrooke, that was drowned bathing. Well, his school at Kingsleat is going on. I saw Amelia Sadbrooke at market to-day, and she said her mamma, as she called her, the affected thing, had hired another young parson to teach the school."

"But why should we, who are Dissenters, send the boy to a Church school?" asked Uncle Tom.

"Oh, he's very young yet," said Miss Langton. "It can't matter much for the present, and Amelia says they're going to be very cheap."

"What's the parson's name?" asked Uncle Charles.

"She did tell me, but I forget—something like Verily; for I thought of 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee.' But he's a very clever young man."

"Is he?" said Charles Langton.

"Well, I hope he'll make the young scamp some use. I suppose father won't object."

"Not he," said Harriet. "I'll ask him about it to-night, if he's not very late."

Presently the men also went off to bed, and Miss Harriet sat alone, reading a battered copy of Baxter's

"Saints' Rest." The Langtons of this generation were very religious. The family had a curious habit of being very wild in one generation and very tame in the next. Its present head bore the reputation of being the most thorough reprobate the Langtons had ever had amongst them; women and wine, horse-racing and cockfighting, had impoverished, without taming him; at sixty-five he was just as reckless as ever, and his mad orgies and desperate deeds were proverbial. So his sons and daughters had all shown exemplary piety, externally at least: he being a regular church-goer, they had unanimously deserted to a peculiarly rabid conventicle, and their Calvinism was of the most rigorous type, and their idea of a future world for all who differed from them the hottest possible. It might be predicted that their children would relapse into the old gentleman's ways.

Aunt Harriet waited about an hour for her father. He came at last, earlier than usual, bringing in with him a strong smell of tan and tobacco. He was about five feet nine inches high, very broad in the shoulders, very deep in the chest, with arms and thighs and calves of muscular proportions. He wore an old fashioned deep-pocketed blue coat with brass buttons, but almost all the rest of his costume was leather. The long waistcoat was leather, tanned with the hair on it; he wore leather breeches and top boots. He came in, riding-whip in hand, flung himself heavily into a great leather chair which he always occupied, and exclaimed—

"You up, Harry? Then get me some hot brandy and water, and be quick about it."

"The kitchen fire is out, I expect, father."

"The kitchen fire be d—d. Light it again, if that's all. What good are you?"

Mr. Langton's frequent oaths may as well be imagined in his future conversations. There is this to be said for him, that he always apologized if he happened to swear in the presence of a clergyman.

His daughter very soon returned with the brandy and water.

"A nice Christian young woman you are for an excuse," said old Langton, to whom his children's devotion

to Dissent was supremely ridiculous. "Does your snivelling parson teach you to tell lies to your father? It used to be 'Honour your father and mother' when I was a boy."

"I was afraid the fire would be out, really, father."

"Were you? More likely afraid I should drink too much brandy. Children would like to keep their fathers in order now-a-days. Can't do it with me though, can you Miss Harriet? And, now I think of it, what are you stopping up so late for to-night? Little girls like you ought to be in bed. Come what is it?"

"Nothing, father, nothing at all. I was reading."

The truth is that, finding her father unusually cantankerous, she was afraid to enter on the question of Stephen's going to school, lest he should decide against it from sheer caprice. But she could not quiet the old gentleman.

"Reading, miss; eh? No, no, that won't do. You haven't been seeing a sweetheart, have you? No, you're too old for that, I'm afraid. Perhaps there is one too—men are such asses: come, where is he? In the clock?"

"Well, father, if you must know," she said, "I wanted to have a word with you about Stephen's going to school."

"Upon my life!" exclaimed Mr. Langton, bursting into a roar of laughter, "this is good. Oh, I like you canting people. Why that's the second lie you've told me within ten minutes, and all for no purpose in the world. I've a great mind to send for that parson of yours to-morrow, and tell him the whole story, and give you a precious good tanning before his face. I WILL, BY JINGO!"

He slapped his mighty fist upon the oak table, and lay back in his great black chair laughing a Titanic laugh. But it was no joke to Aunt Harriet. If little Stephen had seen her, he would have felt that he was avenged.

"Don't, father, don't!" she cried, bursting into tears, and throwing herself at his feet in an agony of terror; for the vehement old man's caprices were uncontrollable by public opinion, and he was quite capable of castigating his daughter as if she had been a quarter of a century younger than she was. So she was in mortal fear, and could say nothing but "Don't

father, don't: I'll never do it again"—just as if she had changed places with her little niece Mary.

But the old man had laughed himself into a better temper.

"Never mind, Harry, I'll let you off this time. And now hold your blubbing and tell me what's all this about Steve."

"We all think he ought to go to a good school, father. He's getting a big boy, and he's learning nothing."

"Well isn't Charley getting a big boy, too?"

"Charles isn't as quick as Stephen," she said.

"That's true," he said, emphatically. "Charley 'll be just such another fool as his father. Well, where d'ye mean to send the lad?"

"To Mrs. Sadbrooke's, at Kingsleat. She's going to keep on the school."

"Oh, you've had sense enough to choose a Church school, have you? Well, he may go, as soon as you like. When does the school open?"

"This day week, father."

"Very well: Tom can drive him over. He needn't go to Miss Martin's again. Now get me some more brandy and water and be off to bed."

Aunt Harriet obeyed orders this time with exemplary promptitude. When she got up to her room she almost fainted; she had obtained what she wanted, but she had been thoroughly frightened. And, with strange mental obliquity, she blamed her poor little nephew for her sufferings.

"He'll have a week's holiday, the little brat," she thought to herself; "and I can't have him to lessons, he's so terribly troublesome and fidgety. Well, I'll write and ask Mrs. Sadbrooke to call, and I'll tell her he must be kept strict and well punished when he does anything wrong. The way that boy comes into the parlour without wiping his shoes shows he's got an unregenerate heart. I hope that young parson—Verily, or what his name is—will give it him well."

Thus amiably meditated Miss Harriet while she unlaced her stays; and when she got to bed she found sleep impossible; and, if she fell into a half doze, had horrid dreams of the minister and deacons of Bethesda Chapel in full assembly, and her father, horse-whip in hand, ready to give her the threatened "tanning."

Meanwhile Stephen, sound asleep by his cousin Charles, was in Fairy Land; and the Queen of the Fairies had a pretty infantile face, with tender brown eyes, and a little pouting rosebud of a mouth, and glossy curls of chestnut hair—a face of which he dreamed by day and night. And in the morning Stephen had his pleasantest time: for a clangorous bell always awoke him at six, when it called the men to work in the tanyard; and he had a delightful hour of morning dreams, in which will and fancy united to produce visions most exquisite; and when dressed, if he went to the great window on the staircase, he could see at a window the very face of his dreams, fresh and rosy from its morning bath, and a plump dimpled hand was kissed to him. All this took place in its usual order on the following morning; and Stephen came down to breakfast as joyous as a young lark, eager for *gesang und lust*. Even his aunt's acidulated countenance did not make him uncomfortable.

Old Mr. Langton seldom breakfasted with his family. He had a large back parlour, looking out upon the courtyard, whence he could watch the traffic to and from the tanyard. On a side-board in this room he always kept a round of salt beef, and immediately below a barrel of homebrewed ale; and at about six o'clock, after two or three slices of the beef and about a quart of the beer, the old tanner went forth to his day's work. He thoroughly knew his business. He was the best tanner in the county, and the Langton butts were famous in those days when leather lasted longer than most things. He kept everybody hard at work, his two sons not excepted. The worst of it was that he spent his money faster than he made it.

In the midst of breakfast on the present occasion, however, the old gentleman strode in, sat down in his great chair, and said to Mary Langton, uncle Tom's daughter—

"Polly, draw me a mug of ale."

Mary was his favourite child; a sweet little creature, whose perfect temper and wondrous docility made sage gossips remark that she was too good to live. She went for the ale, while Aunt Harriet looked on in some anxiety, remembering the scene of

the previous evening. The thirsty old tanner poured the contents of the tankard down his throat, and then said—

"What day is Steve to go to school, Harry?"

"Next Thursday, father."

Stephen's blue wondering eyes were very wide open.

"All right: I'll drive him over, I want to go to Kingsleat. What do you think I heard last night at the Half-Moon, Tom?"

"Good news, I hope," said his son. "Not particularly good, nor yet bad, either. Devil Branscombe's back at Kingsleat."

"Not living at the house?" said Tom.

"Nothing could live there but a rat," said his father. "No, he's taken the old place at the top of the street."

"What can he want down here?" asked Charles.

"I don't think he's likely to tell you, or me either," said his father. "But I shall like to see the Squire; so I mean to drive Steve over to Widow Sadbrooke's, where he's going to school. I suppose *you've* no objection, Harriet?"

Stephen seldom listened to anything anybody said, being occupied with his own dreams; but now he had been wide awake, drinking in the amazing news. He wasn't at all sorry to go to school, but for two things. He couldn't expect to meet his father at Kingsleat, and he should never see—*her*. Like most precocious boys, he felt indistinctly conscious that his intellect required guidance which it did not receive. And the atmosphere of his grandfather's house oppressed him, and Aunt Harriet tortured him. Still, to his temperament, in every day there were long hours of happiness. And he was haunted by one vision from which he must be entirely severed.

Breakfast over, Aunt Harriet summoned all the children to a room up stairs, where she acted as schoolmistress. She called Stephen to come also, but her father said—

"Let the boy run about these few days. He don't want *your* lessons now."

So she gathered her little tribe, who sat upright and unhappy round a long table, at the head of which Miss Harriet herself took up an im-

posing position. A portentous pile of books was before her, and close to her hand lay a rod ravished from the branches of that most beautiful silver-rinded tree, whose pendulous boughs the poet loves to see kissing the stream. It had been well used, that rod; and found farther use this morning. Poor little Mary, whom no human being had ever equitably accused of doing wrong, was the chief victim: what school master or mistress ever found any difficulty in discovering faults worthy of punishment in children whom they wished to punish? Now Mary Langton was the only one her grandfather ever petted: whence Miss Harriet's plague propensity. The boys whispered to each other that Aunt was as cross as two sticks, and had got out on the wrong side of the bed: *we*, who know what that charming person had endured, have no need to form theories about the matter. 'Twas a happy moment for those young folks when, red-eyed, red-eared, hot, and stupid, and sore on various parts of their bodies, they escaped at twelve o'clock. I should like to know what will happen in the next world to those who tyrannize over children in this.

Meanwhile Stephen was having a delightful dreamy morning. Finding himself free, he went down to the cathedral, and sat in the nave, listening to the music of the choir. Then he went away across green meadows to a weir on the Idle, where he stripped, and got under the swift fresh tumbling water, and had a most delicious douche-bath. Then he lay in the shadow of a great lime tree on the bank, drinking in the beauty of the sunny morning, and the music of the gushing water, and dreaming of his fairy sweetheart.

Only a few months earlier, a pretty little girl, about six years old, had come to Miss Martin's academy. She was the daintiest little thing, daintily dressed. Stephen thought he had never beheld such a gem of beauty. A footman was wont to bring her in the morning and take her home when school was over; but one day the footman did not come. It was a frosty morning, and the poor fellow had alighted on a slide and sprained his ankle. The little girl set off alone; Stephen followed her a few paces off. The ground was

dumb with snow; and, in a wide open space which she had to cross, the grammar school boys were making huge snowballs, and occasionally pelting the passengers. Those grammar school boys were the dread of all other young folk in Idlechester; they were athletic, audacious, heroic; they had distinguished themselves that morning by attacking the young ladies of Miss Christy's seminary, who were walking decorously three and three, and putting the governesses to flight with well-aimed snowballs, and actually kissing one or two of the prettiest girls. Stephen Langton was too sensitive and imaginative a boy to have much physical courage. His delicate nerves shrank from a black eye or a demolished nose. He was not uncommonly called a coward. Now, when the schoolboy rioters saw a pretty little girl coming, they surrounded her in an instant, and sat her upon the top of a monster snowball, about six feet high. It was a damp and chilly elevation, and she began to cry. Stephen rushed forward to interfere, and was greeted

with a sharp smack in the face, and cries of "Young snob."

"If I'm a snob," he exclaimed to the boy who had struck him, "you're no gentleman, or you wouldn't behave so to a young lady."

The argument, strange to say, found a hearing; the child was liberated, and Stephen had the pleasure of bringing her safely to her father's house. It was the large house exactly opposite his grandfather's; but a house of quite a different character. No business ever intruded there. A small lawn divided it from the street. Stephen would have left his charge at the front door, but the young lady would not let him. "Come in and see papa," she said; and in a few moments he was sitting in a superb library by a noble fire, with a slice of marvellous cake in his hand, and a glass of some strange nectar by his side. And the young lady of six, who melted off the snow from her silk frock, and watched him eat, was no other than our heroine—

"Sweet Anne Page."

CHAPTER II.

MR. PAGE THE BOTANIST.

ANNE's father sat by the fire also. A slender man, of middle height, a thoroughbred gentleman, with abundance of crisp curly hair, as white as the snow which lay in the streets. His countenance was mild and calm, his profile pure Greek, his hands were transparently white, with long slender filbert-nailed fingers, which seemed intended to do some work of extreme delicacy and difficulty; and indeed such was their occupation. Mr. Page, a man of large fortune, devoted himself entirely to the study of botany, and was one of the greatest authorities in the science. He did not, however, adhere entirely to the *hortus siccus* department; he had in his beautiful gardens—the wonder of Idlechester—a unique collection of foreign and unusual plants, and his conservatories were unequalled by any private gentleman in England. A pleasant odour of exotic flowers strove for the mastery with the fragrance of Russia bindings in this library.

The signs of opulence and taste in

the room struck Stephen's sensitive fancy with delight. The boy had never seen so many books, such beautiful pictures, such graceful plants, and gorgeous blossoms. The silver salvers and richly-cut decanters amazed him; so did the luscious cakes and rare wines. To Stephen this was Fairy-Land, and Sweet Anne Page its proper queen. From that time he dreamt of her night and day. She was the lady of his visions.

Mr. Page was very kind to him, and thanked him for taking care of Anne, and told him that he had known his mother very well (which he had to his cost), and asked him to come and see him when he pleased. And Stephen and the little girl struck up an immediate friendship. She showed him all her dearest toys. So, in the course of time, it became an understood thing that the footman need not fetch Anne from Miss Martin's—Stephen would take care of her. And he used to bring her home regularly, and often go in with her, and on half-holidays loiter with her

through the paths of Mr. Page's garden, wondering always at the strange beauty of the tropical plants in his conservatories, of the foreign birds in his aviaries.

Stephen left the banks of the Idle that morning in good time to fetch his young mistress at twelve from Miss Martin's; and as they came homewards he told her the news.

"O, Stephen," she said, "you mustn't go. What can I do without you?"

"I am afraid I must," he said, sadly.

"Well, I shall ask papa," she answered, being at the age when childhood believes in papa's omnipotence.

Mr. Page, of course, told his young friend that going to school was the very best thing for him, and then sent him over to ask his Aunt Harriet to let him stay and dine. That amiable lady snarled something about Anne Page being "a pert little hussy," but gave permission. And for the brief, the too brief week which intervened, Stephen and Anne had plenty of pleasant play in Mr. Page's glorious gardens. It was an Elysian period to the visionary boy.

Years before Mr. Page had very deeply loved a little blue-eyed fair-haired flirt called Amy Wexford. Keen-sighted in most matters, he did not perceive how foolish a creature he had taken to his heart. He told his love, and she accepted him; she was not the girl to refuse some thousands a year, though she privately remarked to her gossiping acquaintance that he was old enough to be her father—he was about ten years her senior. Though engaged to him, she reserved the right of flirtation, and was abetted therein by young Langton, who didn't mean marriage, but who liked flirting with a pretty girl when it was not very dangerous. Now the contrast between Mr. Page and young Langton was a very strong one. First of all, Langton was about Amy's own age. And then Mr. Page was a courteous and ceremonious wooer; his love was mixed with reverence; he treated this commonplace little biped in petticoats as if she were Spenser's Una or Shakespeare's Miranda; he kissed her hand much oftener than her lips. Langton was of quite another sort. He pulled her about and romped with her to her

heart's content. He met her by moonlight alone, and walked with his arm round her waist, and lifted her over styles like a baby, and kissed her at every pause in the conversation. So, fully intending to marry Mr. Page, Amy Wexford took every opportunity of flirting with Langton.

Now it chanced that there was a Christmas party at Mrs. Wexford's, and of course there was abundant mistletoe. The scene was rather trying to Mr. Page's sensitive delicacy. Girl after girl was seized and kissed so thoroughly that he felt disgusted; especially disgusted when Amy, whose pretty lips he touched as if he feared to take away their bloom, submitted to as much osculation as anybody would give her.

"Now, another kiss, Miss Amy," said Langton, with a horse laugh. "Here's a sly bit of mistletoe."

And he caught the reluctant maiden in his arms, and operated as if he were washing her face.

"You take great liberties, Mr. Langton," said Mr. Page, sternly.

"Do I? That's Miss Amy's affair. Isn't it, Amy?"

"Of course," she said. "Why it would be ridiculous not to have some fun at Christmas time."

"I think you have had too much of that sort of fun," said Mr. Page.

"Law, do you?" said Langton.

"Why Amy would give me a kiss any time without your leave, I know. Wouldn't you, Amy?"

"Of course I would," she said, and turned up her mouth for a kiss with perfect readiness.

Mr. Page's eyes were opened. Love had blinded him, but now he saw clearly.

"That is quite enough," he said.

"I wish you good-bye, Miss Wexford."

He had loved her a myriad times better than she deserved, and it was well for him that he discovered her character in time. She, disappointed at the loss of fortune and position, took possession of the tanner's son, whom she did not suffer to escape from her entanglements. She was dead now; and Mr. Page thought with some slight tenderness of her blue eyes and bright hair, which were reproduced in her son. And thus it was that he took a fancy to Stephen Langton.

The children had a happy week. They played at wooing very prettily.

"I like you, Stephen," dainty little Anne would say.

"And I love you, Anne—oh, so much."

"Well, if you love me, tell me a story."

Stephen was great at telling stories. They were a queer mixture of Milton and Bunyan, the tanyard and the cathedral. The children were sitting on a grassy mound, under a great acacia, whose pendent masses of bloom were musical with bees. Opposite was an oval grassplot, as smooth as a billiard table, with a fountain in the centre playing upon a graceful fernery. In the clear basin shoals of gold fish darted to and fro, while some white doves drank at its marble verge, looking as if they too were marble, and cooed melodiously.

"If you love me, tell me a story, Stephen."

Was ever such request, so made, refused? Ah, me! to have the gift of poetry, and sit in summer with the girl you love, and murmur some sweet passionate tale, and see its sadness moisten her delicious eyes! What can be pleasanter—except perhaps an anchovy toast, and a bottle of good port, and a gossip with an old crony over your cavendish?

"Once upon a time," said Stephen, "there was a fallen angel who got tired of the place where he was."

"But what's a fallen angel, Stephen? And where was he?"

"You musn't interrupt," said he, gravely; whereon the little maiden pressed her lips very close together, and looked demure.

"So," he continued, "he got a suit of clothes made that would hide his wings, and came and opened a large shop in High-street."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Anne; "how strange!"

"And the shop," proceeded the young dissour, "was full of the most delightful things, different from anything that anybody else sold. And the bishop came, and he sold him a strong scent that kept him from falling asleep in service. And the bishop's wife came, and he sold her a fan all diamonds and the feathers of beautiful birds, that fanned her without her moving it. And the dean came,

and he sold him a machine that made the most beautiful sermons you ever heard, and he had nothing to do but read them. And the precentor came, and he sold him a most beautiful voice that sang in the psalms like an angel. And an ugly cross woman came, and he sold her something to wash her face with every morning, and it made her quite pretty, and young, and good-tempered, and she got a husband. And a gentleman fond of hunting came, and he sold him a horse that would jump over every wall, or hedge, or river, and never got tired. And the prettiest little girl in Idlechester came, and he sold her a doll that hugged her round the neck, and kissed her, and called her *mamma*, and spoke nicely when it was spoken to."

"O Stephen," said the little listener, "how very, very charming!"

"And a little boy who was going to school came, and he sold him a looking-glass in which he could see what his sweetheart was doing whenever he looked in it."

"Oh, what a nice story!" exclaimed Anne. "Is it *all* true?"

"Wait," said Stephen, "there's a great deal more. By-and-by the people who bought all these nice things got so pleased with them that they forgot everything else, and didn't attend to their business, and didn't even go to church regularly."

Stephen, it may be observed, was a Churchman by instinct, and never went near Bethesda, except when compelled by Aunt Harriet. He used to walk off to church close after his grandfather, so that his persecutor did not dare to speak. And he spent many a dreamy hour in the cathedral.

"So," he continued, "the city got to be very wicked. And late on Christmas Eve, when the angels that watch over cities come down to see that there is nothing wicked about on Christmas Day, two of them were going down High-street."

"O Stephen, are there angels to look after all cities?"

"Yes," said the boy, "and people too. You've got one to take care of you, I'm sure, Anne."

"Have you ever seen any of them?" she asked, with curious awe.

"I think I have," said the boy, slowly. "I am almost sure I have."

"O Stephen, I should be so frightened." And the child hid her face on his breast.

"They wouldn't hurt you, dear. But let me go on. Two angels were walking down High-street, and through the shutters of the bad angel's shop they saw a light. And they peeped in, and there he was, making more things to sell. So they knocked at the door, and he came out with a candle in his hand, and one of them, called Ithuriel, just touched him with a long sharp spear he carried, and he turned black and ugly all over, and he and his shop went off with a tremendous bang that woke all the people. And in the morning they found that all the things he had sold them had disappeared."

"What a dreadful story, Stephen! I don't like the end. I liked the first part. Why don't the good angels come and set up shops?"

Holiday prattle of childhood, so silly and so sweet! Oh, that the Chronicler of Clovernook had dreamt the truth, and that we could walk back through the weary paths of the years into the charmed region of infancy!

Stephen's happy week came to an end too soon. On Sunday he was allowed to go to church with Mr. Page and his little daughter, and to dine with them afterwards. By the time the last day had arrived, he had almost forgotten Aunt Harriet, whom he saw only at breakfast and in the evening. But the last day *did* come, and at night he took leave of his friends. Little Anne had a prayer-book to give him.

"I asked papa," she said, "to buy me a magic looking-glass, but he couldn't get one."

Although Stephen had forgotten Aunt Harriet, the lapse of memory had not been reciprocal. She did not like to offend Mr. Page, for she knew her father wished to be on good terms with an influential neighbour; but she sorely grudged her nephew his holiday. And she did not forget to invite Mrs. Sadbrooke and her daughter Amelia to tea, at which meal the iniquities of the younger generation were solemnly discussed. Aunt Harriet was charmed to find that Mr. Vellelly (verily that was his name)

was highly recommended as a "good disciplinarian"—dreadful words!—and that she and her three daughters intended to maintain strict supervision over the morals, and clothing, and cleanliness of the "young gentlemen," and that there would be very few holidays, and not too much to eat. Aunt Harriet thought she had found a model school. Then Mrs. Sadbrooke communicated her delight that Mr. Vellelly was much pitted with the small-pox, and squinted abominably, so that there was little fear of either of her daughters falling in love with him; and whispered her dread that her youngest girl, Matilda Jane, a gay young thing of twenty-five, was flirting with John Daw, the junior usher, who was about eighteen, and came without any salary; and muttered under her breath a threat of awful punishments she would inflict upon Matilda Jane if there was any truth in it. She was a vixenish little woman; and she and Aunt Harriet got on as pleasantly together as a ghoul and a vampire.

"Law, mamma," said Amelia, "there's nothing in it. Matilda Jane's steady enough. She thinks Mr. Daw a mere boy."

"Boy or not, she'd better mind what she's about. I'll have no nonsense."

"I certainly wouldn't," said Aunt Harriet, with her usual amiability.

"Well, you know, mamma," said Amelia, who possibly had some slight sympathy with her sister, "Matilda Jane's of age. She can do as she likes. She's her own mistress."

"Is she, indeed?" almost screamed Mrs. Sadbrooke. "Not while she's in *my* house, I'll let her know. She may go away if she likes, the hussy; but if she stays in *my* house, and talks to that John Daw, I'll—well, you'll see what I'll do. You'd better tell her so; it'll be a warning to her. And don't *you* be impertinent to me, Miss Amelia, or you'll find out you're not your own missus, though you are thirty years old."

"I'm very sorry, mamma, really," said Miss Sadbrooke.

"Oh, yes. That's the way with girls now-a-days. They say something impudent to their betters, and then say they're sorry, and expect everything to be forgiven and forgotten. Why,

when I was your age, I durstn't have opened my lips in such a way."

"Well, mamma, I've apologized; what more can I do? You needn't go on all the afternoon."

"You hear that, Miss Langton. She's apologized, and I needn't go on. No, Miss Amelia, you needn't trouble yourself to apologize, as you call it, any more. I'll not forgive you, depend upon it. You and I will have a word or two together when we get home. I don't allow myself to be insulted, I assure you, Miss Harriet."

"I think you are quite right," said Miss Langton, while Amelia Sadbrooke, who had risen from her chair, had turned to the window. Few people would have cared to hear this

squabble between mother and daughter, but Aunt Harriet thoroughly enjoyed it, and mischievously speculated on the pains and penalties awaiting the delinquent. It was not with any special anxiety for mitigation that, as the ladies went to dress, she whispered to Mrs. Sadbrooke—

"Don't be too hard on poor Amelia."

"Oh, no," replied that lady, in a tone and with a compression of the lips that spoke volumes.

"She'll keep Master Stephen in order," said Aunt Harriet to herself when they were gone. Meanwhile he, anticipating no ill, was in the Elysium of a tranquil summer garden, telling dreamy stories to Sweet Anne Page.

CHAPTER III.

THE BRANSCOMBS AT BREAKFAST.

OLD Mr. Langton drove a fast-trotting mare, which did the eight miles from Idlechester to Kingsleat in fewer minutes than any other horse in the county could have done it. But Mrs. Sadbrooke's establishment was on a by-road, about a mile and a half out of the way. The tanner decided to go to Kingsleat first, wishing to catch the Squire before he left home.

It was a divine summer morning, and the freshening mist had not yet been blown from the wide meadows. Stephen, as he mounted into his grandfather's high-wheeled gig, was conscious of two faces watching him. At the parlour window of his home was Aunt Harriet, looking at him with malignant delight; while in the balcony of the first floor opposite stood his fairy princess, her curly head scarce so high as the railing, and kissed her hand to him between the bars. As the mare trotted swiftly along the beautiful road from the city to Kingsleat, it seemed to Stephen as if on his left hand a row of fiends peered at him above the hedges, while on his right a line of lovely cherubim smiled upon him with tender brown eyes.

Kingsleat, at that time a borough town returning two members to Parliament, had one long steep street, crossed about halfway down by a quaint old archway. At the bottom of the street was the sea; at its very

top a large house of red brick, which Mr. Ralph Branscombe had just taken furnished. High above lay, amid the hills, the vast ruined manor-house of Branscombe, where the family had dwelt from time immemorial. Once lords of the manor, holders of all Kingsleat, and no small segment of the cathedral city, they were now comparatively poor. A good old house, the De Branscombes—a house that had given England warriors and Idlechester prelates—but too wild of blood, too fierce and restless, to succeed in quiet times. The present head of the family, who was commonly known as "Devil" Branscombe, had outdone all his predecessors. He had run away with women, and fought fatal duels, and acquired as thoroughly bad a reputation as any gentleman of good blood could desire. Commonly he lived in London, or rather in its suburbs, at a pleasant villa on the Thames, which he had craftily fortified against bailiffs; but he had just reappeared at Kingsleat, after an absence of about twenty years, bringing with him his son and his daughter, Raphael and Claudia.

Langton the tanner was one of the few tenants he had left; he had mortgaged the tanyard, but not sold it; and in his riotous youth, when Kingsleat and Idlechester had rung with his wild exploits, Langton, though a good many years older, had

been his constant associate. So, when he heard that the Squire was at Kingsleat, the tanner decided to pay him an early visit; and his mare brought him and his grandson to the house just as the Branscombes were sitting down to breakfast.

They were a remarkable group. Ralph Branscombe was more than six feet high, with abundance of crisp iron-gray hair, and a flowing beard and mighty moustache of the same colour. His eyes were dark and deep-set, his nose like a hawk's beak, his complexion bronzed by years of outdoor exercise. He looked just what he was, an awkward customer, a man who knew a thing or two.

Raphael Branscombe, a young man of about three and twenty, was a marvellous contrast to his father. Guido could scarcely have done justice to his angelic beauty. His long fair hair was parted in the middle; his languid dreamy gaze seemed to betoken a poetic nature;

"As smooth as Hebe's his unmarred lips."

He was below the middle height, and his figure was exquisitely graceful. Yet this youth was an unequalled proficient at all athletic sports. That he could dance delightfully anyone could see; many a girl had thought it the most delicious moment of her life when he whirled her wildly in a waltz. Angelo had among his pupils no eye so quick, no wrist so lithe with the rapier. He was a dead shot with the pistol, a daring rider across country, a magnificent billiard and card player. Somebody had called Raphael Branscombe "the Seraph," and the name stuck to him.

He was a thorough Sybarite. His attendant, Louis, who accompanied him everywhere, had surrounded him with materials for breakfast. Claret jug and coffee pot were close at hand; a chicken capotally grilled had been set before him; sardines, eggs, *pâté de foie gras*, were picturesquely grouped around him. As he lounged lazily in his gorgeous dressing-gown, you would not have suspected the latent energy of his character.

What a delicious accompaniment to the breakfast table is a pretty girl, fresh and fragrant from her matutine bath, dressed in some cool pure print or muslin. Claudia Branscombe was far more than a pretty girl, she was

a vision of wood-dream beauty. Not quite eighteen, she had yet developed the full ripeness of womanhood. Her abundant black hair—as she looked at herself in her morning mirror—fell upon shoulders of marble whiteness, yet with a rosy flush, of form most perfect. Idalian Aphrodite had not a fairer bosom, nor did her cestus encircle a sweeter waist. Claudia's was that rare complexion which lets one see the life through the flesh. Her black eyes fringed by long dense lashes, varied endlessly; they could be sad, or fierce, or joyous, or filled with an ineffable longing for love. Her bewitching little mouth could be imperious, or persuasive, or a thousand other things; in repose it looked simply kissable. She had not yet acquired the sobriquet of "the Panther," by which she was afterwards known.

Though Ralph Branscombe of that ilk was a poor man, he always lived like a prince. A groom sprang to the head of Langton's mare; a footman in livery gave him admission. "Show him in here," said Ralph, hearing who it was; so the tanner and his grandson entered the breakfast room.

"Ha, Langton," said Ralph, "I'm glad you've not forgotten me. These are my son and daughter, babies when you and I met last. And that's a son of yours, I suppose."

"A grandson, Squire," said the tanner. "I'm taking him to school."

"Let me give you some breakfast, Mr. Langton," said Claudia.

"I don't fancy you'll persuade my old friend to eat our sort of breakfast," said Ralph. "John, bring a tankard of ale."

The tanner might have echoed the song of the thirsty member of Parliament—

"You may talk about measures of every sort:

The best measure of all is a silver quart."

The foaming fluid descended into his chasm-like throat with marvellous speed.

"I only just dropped in to pay my respects, Squire," he said. "If I can do anything for you I shall be very glad."

"I know you will," said Ralph, "for the sake of old times. And if I want anything I'll ride over and

see you. We shall be here till August, when my son and I are going to the moors, but I think my daughter will stay on."

"Won't the young lady find it dull, all alone?" asked Langton, "Kings-leat's a slow place."

"It is not lively," said the Squire. "But she'll get some society at her uncle's."

"Well, his reverence isn't very gay; and as for Miss Winifred, folks say she's a regular saint."

"And you don't think saints amusing, eh?" laughed the Squire. "Well, no more do I. What do you think of the prospect, Claudia?"

"I shall manage, papa. Where does this nice little boy go to school, Mr. Langton? At the Grammar School?"

"No, Miss, to a parson's widow's, Mrs. Sadbroke's, a mile and a half out of town."

"How charming! I shall drive over and see him. May I have him here for a holiday, Mr. Langton?"

"O, yes, Miss, whenever you like. I'll tell Mrs. Sadbroke."

Langton, who had years before followed his young landlord as faithfully as a feudal retainer, did not dream of refusing anything to a daughter of the house. It may be imagined that Aunt Harriet's temper was not improved when she heard of the arrangement.

Claudia had taken quite a fancy to the boy. She made him sit on a stool by her side, and gave him a hot-house peach, and smoothed his fair hair gently with her soft white hand. And when he went away with his grandfather, she gave him a kiss, and slipped a half-sovereign into his waistcoat pocket, and told him she would be sure to come and see him. Here was something fresh for Stephen to dream of.

Again the mare started at her long easy trot for Mrs. Sadbroke's. As he drove along, old Langton was muttering to himself. "Well," he thought, "the Squire hasn't changed much. He looks as well as ever, and he's as wild as ever, I bet. And that daughter of his, isn't she a beauty? What a flash in her eye, too! It'll take a *man*, and no mistake, to tame *her*. And as sweet a temper, to look at, as you'd wish: not like Harriet, now, as cross as two sticks, and as cowardly as a

cur. I wonder what that Miss Branscombe would say to anybody who told her he'd give her a tanning!" Here the old man broke into a loud laugh, rather astonishing both the mare and his grandson. "As for that boy, or young man, I can't make him out. He don't look like a Branscombe. He's as handsome as a girl. By Jingo!" he exclaimed aloud, "I believe I've guessed it. He *is* a girl in man's clothes, and the Squire's up to some devilry." And struck by the magnitude of his supposed discovery, the old man relapsed into silent thought.

Soon the gig entered the gates of Mrs. Sadbroke's establishment. It was a long low house, pleasantly situate among meadows. Three or four boys, early comers, were lounging about the playground, not having as yet summoned energy enough to find themselves any occupation. Mr. Langton and his grandson were shown into a stiff parlour, thoroughly scholastic in its arrangements, where the widow and her three daughters sat in silk dresses and with smiling faces to receive them. Little Stephen, if he had ever read of an ogre's den, would have recognised the ogresses at once. But who, under that lavish amiability of exterior, would have guessed at the widow's threats to her eldest offspring? Who would have thought that Amelia, and Arabella, and Matilda Jane were all in mortal terror of their mother? The three sisters were very much alike; but Arabella, the middle one, was the roundest. She had a round head, set upon a round bust, which again surmounted a round mass of petticoat. How much of this sphericity was natural, and how much artificial, none but her own family knew.

The greetings over, and the fortunate pupil introduced, cake and wine were brought in and Mr. Vellely sent for. Seed-cake and a whitey-brown fluid representing sherry were hardly to Mr. Langton's taste, so he remarked that he generally drank ale.

"Oh, we have some excellent ale," said Matilda Jane, the liveliest of the family, and forthwith jumped up to fetch it herself.

The unlucky tanner took a good draught of it without much consideration, and then made a face which plainly expressed his feelings.

"Good day, Mrs. Sadbroke," he said, rising from his chair at once. "I'm very busy, and can't stay to see Mr. What d'ye call him. Oh, by the way, if Miss Branscombe of Kingsleat wants Steve for a holiday she's to have him whenever she likes—mind that."

He was gone before the ladies could remonstrate against a request so subversive of discipline. He drove his mare at her fastest trot straight to the Half Moon, at Idlechester where he drank three or four tumblers of hot brandy and water at a rapid rate, "to save myself from being poisoned," as he told the landlord, Winslow.

"I thought that wash had given me the cholera; I did, indeed."

When Mr. Vellely arrived, too late to see the impetuous old tanner, Mrs. Sadbroke was down upon him pretty sharply.

"Really, Mr. Vellely, I think you might be ready to see the parents of pupils when they call. It is a part of the duty that I pay you for."

"Perhaps he stopped to titivate himself," giggled Matilda Jane.

"That will do, miss," said her mother sternly. "Now, Mr. Vellely, take this young gentleman to the school-room, and please to keep ready in future to come when you're sent for."

Whereupon *excellent* master and pupil.

"That young man isn't active enough for the place," said the widow. "I can see I shall have a deal of trouble with him. He wants waking up."

"He's a great stupid," said Matilda Jane.

"Perhaps you'll not be quite so quick in making remarks," said the widow to her youngest daughter. "I don't allow interference, you know."

Soon after the ladies dispersed. "There won't be any more boys today," said Mrs. Sadbroke, "so I may as well look after their linen. You come and help me, Arabella. And you two girls know what you've got to do."

Matilda Jane did at any rate. Watching an opportunity, she slipped away from her elder sister to an orchard at one side of the house, on which no windows looked out. Here

she found, quite by accident, Mr. John Daw, who, strange to say, embraced her, and called her his darling.

"Hush, John," she said; "don't talk loud. If mamma should find it out I don't know what would happen."

Miss Matilda Jane, in her eagerness to meet Mr. John Daw, had forgotten a certain aperture in the house. It was not a window, but a square wired opening into a pantry, half underground. Amelia, suspicious of her sister, had concealed herself in this pantry, and could see and hear the lovers with facility. Having satisfied herself, she quietly slipped round into the orchard, and caught them in a tender moment. Mr. Daw, I regret to say, ran away instantly.

"Well, upon my word, miss, this is nice behaviour. And after I told ma there was nothing in it; and ma slapped me for taking your part. Well, I shall go and tell her at once."

Amelia didn't mean it, but the instinct of tyranny was strong in her, and she wanted to get her sister under her thumb.

"O don't, Meely," was the reply. "I'd do as much for you any day. Now, don't be cruel."

"Well, I think you're a stupid thing to care about that Daw. But you go and mend all the stockings directly, and if you do plenty of work I mayn't tell ma at present. You know what you'll get if I do."

"I'll run away from home, I declare I will," sobbed the unhappy Matilda Jane. "I won't stay at home and do all your work because of being afraid you'll tell."

"Run away, you great goose! without a sixpence, I suppose. You go and do what I tell you, or else I declare I'll call ma at once."

Whereupon the luckless young lady wiped her eyes and betook herself to a long day's stocking mending.

When the tanner and his grandson had left the Branscombes' breakfast room, the Seraph gave a sigh of relief, and said—

"Upon my life, that old gentleman's loud voice is fatiguing. Louis, bring me some hock and seltzer, and mind it's iced."

"He's a fine old boy," said the squire. "I've found his strong arms useful before now."

"Yes," said Raphael. "he'd make his way in a row. But, Claudia, what do you mean by getting up a flirtation with that blue-eyed child? He's much too young for you."

"I like that boy's face," she said. "He's a dreamy poetic child. I shall pet him, when I find it dull here. And now, Raphael, go on with your breakfast; you seem too lazy to eat."

"I am. I shall smoke. Leave me alone, Claudia; that's a good girl. I can't stand your oppressive endearments."

For she was standing behind his chair, and passing through his hair her fair white hands. But she lighted a cigar for him, giving it a whiff herself by way of introduction, and said—

"There. That's a beauty, Raphael."

At this point there entered two other members of the family, the Rev. Walter Branscombe, Rector of Kingsleat and Canon of Idelcheste Cathedral, and his daughter Winifred.

The advowson of the living of Kingsleat, about eleven hundred a year, was still Ralph Branscombe's property. He wanted Raphael to take orders, and in time succeed his uncle, but the Seraph declined.

"No, sir," he said, "Uncle Walter's example suffices for me. I'm not a saint, and I couldn't be a hypocrite—and I'm sure I don't know which he is. I can't give up billiards and *écarté*, and one or two other things you know of. And I hate work, and talking, and poor people, and sick people, and old women. Couldn't do it, sir, for an archbishopric."

But the Rev. Walter Branscombe did it well. His prebend brought him a couple of thousand a year besides the living, and he had a fair fortune with his wife, so he was in capital condition. He lived as well as a canon and rector ought; he gave liberally to the poor; and he always had money to spare when his brother wanted a hundred or two. The head of the Branscombes gave him the living, and it was his duty to help the head of the Branscombes. He was a most eloquent, but entirely unaffected preacher; had a noble voice, and read the liturgy like a Kemble; was High Church, but not ridiculously high. He was a tall, dark,

slender, thoughtful-looking man, with very black hair and inscrutable eyes. And, being a widower of quite a remarriageable age, he was naturally in favour with the ladies of Kingsleat and Idelcheste.

The Seraph had nicknamed his cousin Winifred "the Saint." She was a very pretty girl indeed, looking a great deal more like Raphael's sister than Claudia did. She had been in a High Church nunnery, and liked it; had lived on bread and water, and scrubbed stone floors, and got up to sing anthems at unearthly hours, and worn sackcloth next her delicate white skin, and licked the dust at the lady superior's feet, and made liberal use of a discipline. She had dreams, by-and-by, of establishing a sisterhood much more rigorous than any existing—with staler bread and flatter water for food, and more floors to scrub with older brushes, and anthem-singing at unearthlier hours, and rougher sackcloth for chemises, and dirtier dust to lick, and scourges with more knots in the whipcord. Meanwhile, as the rector wanted her in his parish, she stayed at home; and very useful she was in the parish. Nobody ever district-visited, or Dorcas-meetinged, or Sunday-schooled with such enduring, never-flinching energy. She always dressed a little like a nun, but the style suited her, so Raphael declared she did it on purpose to be admired.

Father and daughter now entered together. They were warmly received. The Branscombes were one of those fine old families that always stuck together. Between Devil Branscombe and the saintly rector there might seem few points of contact; but theirs was real brotherhood nevertheless. And Raphael, under his languid insouciance, Claudia, amid her capricious coquetties, Winifred, with all her parochial and ecclesiastical cares, had all one first thought—the well-being of the Branscombes.

"Ah, Winifred, you little nun, have you got any tracts for me?" said the Seraph. "Come, give me a cousinly kiss; I know you think it wicked, but you'll like it all the better. What a pity you've got High Church notions about cousins not marrying! Providence evidently intended you and me for one another."

"Don't tease so, Raphael," said his sister.

"O, the child likes to be teased, don't you, Winny?" And he drew her on his knee, and began untying her bonnet strings. "Only she always thinks it necessary to go home and do a lot of penance after. Do you wear a hair shirt now, you silly little saint?"

By this time he had removed her bonnet and demure cloak, and placed on the table a basket she carried.

"I've a great mind to box your ears, you tiresome boy," she said.

"Try, my child," said the Seraph. He held her two wrists easily in his left hand, and with his right bent down her pretty head until her lips met his. It was a charming picture, and Ralph Branscombe said—

"What a pity you can't afford to marry your cousin, Raphael!"

"She wouldn't have me, sir," he said.

Retaining his pretty prisoner, he began to ransack her basket, turning out upon the table a host of trifles, which Claudia examined and laughed at. At last they came to a stratum of letters.

"Now, Winny, I shall read your love-letters," laughed Claudia.

"No, no, no, I won't have that," she cried, vainly struggling to escape.

"Oh, but saints don't have secrets, do they, uncle?" asked Claudia.

"Certainly not," said the Seraph. "Now, Winny, I shall let Claudia read all your letters unless you give me another kiss."

Of course, he received his bribe, and thus the cousins laughed and chatted, while their fathers talked seriously enough on the subject of ways and means. With their converse we have nothing to do at present. Devil Branscombe kept his head above water for a good many years to come, as readers of this novel will find.

"You're a heavy child," said the

Seraph, at last, springing up suddenly, and placing her on a couch.

Then he snatched up her letters from the table, and put them in his dressing-gown pocket.

"How you do worry Winifred!" said Claudia. "I wonder she ever lets you touch her."

"She can't help it," said the Seraph. "She's madly in love with me. She wouldn't be happy if I didn't touch her."

And he caught his cousin by the waist, and forced her into a wild waltz round the room.

"Do give me my letters, Raphael," she said, when it was over.

"Did you receive them all this morning, young lady?"

"Yes, I did."

"Why, there are seven of them. What a correspondence for a little girl like you? Do you tell your father confessor who writes to you and what about?"

"Now, Raphael, don't be wicked."

"Come, confess to me. I'll give you absolution, and the penance shan't be too severe."

And he forced her to kneel to him, but did not get much confession from her. And at last she got her letters back.

When they were gone, and Ralph had left for a ride, Raphael came over to his sister's chair and looked into her beautiful black eyes.

"You've got very nice eyes, Claudia," he said, "but you don't see well."

"What don't I see?"

"That sly little saint has got a sweetheart. Didn't you notice what a state she was in about her letters? And my uncle, wise old gentleman, doesn't know it. What fools men are when girls choose to deceive them?"

"You seem to think you see pretty clearly," said Claudia.

"I mean to look after you, my pet," he replied.

THE FALL OF THE MONASTERIES.

On a certain Thursday in the middle of November, 1501, all London was making its way towards Westminster Hall.

The open space in front of the hall and palace had been gravelled and sanded, and a tilt had been stretched over nearly the whole length, from the Watergate up "to the entrance of the gate that openeth into King's-street towards the sanctuary." At the upper end of this tilt, or tent, an artificial tree had been erected, decorated with leaves, flowers, and fruit, and enclosed with a paling. Upon rails under this tree were suspended the shields and escutcheons of lords and knights. At the opposite end of the tent there was a stage, with a partition in the midst. The part on the right hand was decorated with hangings and cushions of gold, intended for the king and his lords, and the part on the left was prepared for the queen and her ladies. A flight of stairs led from the king's portion down to the area, by which his messengers might pass to any part of the building with his orders. There was a private entrance for the king and queen through Westminster Hall, by the Exchequer Chamber, on to this stage. On the north side, opposite to that of the king, was another stage, covered with red silk, for the mayor, the sheriffs, the aldermen, and city dignitaries. All round the sides of the tent and upon the walls were double stages, very firmly built, for the general public, who were admitted at a high price. These were already filled with a gay crowd of people, closely packed together, and eagerly expecting the commencement of a scene of festivities, of which we can scarcely form a just conception, and which illustrates the life of the times.

There were to be jousts, banquets, and disguisings, for the occasion was an important one, and an ominous one, though they did not know it: for the country an important one, for the young heir to the throne had just married a beautiful Spanish princess, and the country's chivalry came out to rejoice over the hopeful event. It was an ominous one; for

that youthful princess, with her dark eyes and long hair flowing over her shoulders, was destined to be the fountain of a vast change in the civil and religious economy of the whole country—such a change as can occur but once in a country's history. Little did she imagine, as she sat amongst the splendid chivalry of that court, that in only a few short years all Europe would be ringing with her name, and statesmen, ambassadors, nuncios, proud monarchs, and a trembling pope would be busy with the wrongs of Catherine of Arragon. At the moment we are describing, she was not quite fifteen years of age, and her youthful husband, Arthur, the Prince of Wales, had just completed his fourteenth year. He was a prince of great promise, and at that early age had manifested those signs of intellectual activity and love of scholarship which were the characteristics of the Tudors. We read that he was already familiar with the principal Latin authors, and with Homer and Thucydides in the Greek. The scene we are endeavouring to sketch was the tournament held as a commencement to a whole week of festivities in honour of his nuptials.

As soon as the dinner was finished in the court, and when the patience of the multitude was nearly exhausted, the queen, accompanied by the king's mother, the Princess Catherine, the Lady Margaret and her sister, the king's daughters, with many other ladies of honour, entered upon the scene from Westminster Hall, and took up their position upon the stage allotted to them, amid the acclamations of the multitude. Shortly after another thunder of applause broke out, upon the appearance of His Majesty Henry VII., with the prince, the Duke of York, the Earl of Oxford, the Earls of Derby and Northumberland, and Spanish nobles, followed by the Esquires, Gentlemen, and Yeomen of the Guard in waiting. When they were seated, the Mayor of London, with all his company, entered and took up their position. In a few moments a loud blast of trumpets announced that the field was ready for the champions. Then, for the

challengers, proceeded out of Westminster Hall Sir George Herbert, Sir Rowland Knight, Lord Banners, and Lord Henry of Buckingham, armed, and mounted on good coursers, decked out in gay trappings. At this moment the proceedings were interrupted by the entrance of the Duke of Buckingham, carried in a pavilion of white and green silk, being square in form, and having turrets at each corner; these turrets were decorated with red roses, the king's badge. The pavilion was carried by a great number of his servants, who were dressed in jackets of black and red silk, followed by many others of his servants and galleys, well horsed, and their horses decorated with rich trappings, and bells, and spangles of gold. The procession moved down the tent to the king, when the duke paid his reverence, and was carried to the end near the hall, where they remained.

Again the trumpets blew a blast, and there came out of King-street, in at the gate which opened toward the Sanctuary, the defenders, Guilleam de la Rivers, in a pavilion in the form of a ship, borne by men; then Sir John Percy, knight, in a pavilion of red silk; the Lord William of Devonshire, in a red dragon, led by a giant, and with a great tree in his hand; the Earl of Essex, in a mountain of green, which served for his pavilion, with many trees, rocks, herbs, stones, and marvellous beasts on the sides; on the height of this mountain was a fair young lady. They made their passage about the field, doing courtesy to the king, till they came to the place of entrance; then, as soon as they were out of their pavilions, the king gave the sign, and the tournament began.

At this first course the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Essex engaged, and the duke broke his staff upon the earl, and at the second course the earl broke his upon the duke, and the others engaged in turn with varied fortunes, in every course a staff being broken, and in some both. "So that," said the chronicler, "such a joust and field royall, so nobly and valiantly done, hath not been seene ne heard." The day after the tournament, on Friday, in the evening, the company repaired to the great hall, which had been mag-

nificently decorated for a disguising. The building was hung with rich cloths, and in the upper part was a royal cupboard erected, extending the whole length of the chancery; in it were seven shelves, filled with a rich treasure of plate, part of gold and part of silver, gilt. The court and guests assembled, and when all were seated the following entertainment commenced.

The first representation was a castle, cunningly devised, set upon wheels and drawn in by four great beasts, with chains of gold. The first beasts were lions, one of gold and the other of silver; the other two were, one of them a hart, with gilt horns, and the fourth was an elk. In each of these beasts were two men, one in the forepart and another in the hind part, their legs being disguised like those of beasts. This castle was carried to the king and queen, and in it were eight ladies looking out of the windows. In each turret there was a little child, and the four children sung sweetly whilst the castle was in progress, till it was removed to the other side of the hall.

The next pageant was a ship on wheels, with all the appurtenances of a ship in full sail, and the men on board did everything like sailors, and cast their anchors when they came opposite the king. In this ship was a fair lady, in apparel like the Princess of Spain. Two persons, Hope and Desire, descended from the ship by a ladder, and passed over towards the castle with banners like ambassadors from the Mount of Love to the ladies in the castle, offering them the love of the knights. The ladies declined, and then two of the ambassadors threatened that the knights would assault the castle.

At this point the third pageant made its appearance in the form of a great mountain, in which were eight knights, with their banners spread, calling themselves the knights of the Mount of Love. They took up their position on the other side of the ship. Then the two ambassadors reported to them the refusal of the ladies, and the knights came out from the mountain, and advanced to the assault of the castle, which they so reduced, that the ladies came out, and submitted themselves to the knights. They then all began dancing, and

during the dance the ship, the castle, and the mountain were removed. The dancers then gradually vanished out of sight, and down from the stage came the Lord Prince Arthur and the Lady Cecil, and danced two bass-dances, and returned. Then the Lady Princess Catherine and one of her ladies, dressed after the Spanish fashion, came down and danced two bass-dances, and when they had returned the Duke of York, with his sister, the Lady Margaret, came down and did the same. All then sat down to the banquet, which was served with the utmost profusion of that extravagant age; after which they retired to rest.

On the Saturday it was rainy, and we are told "the goodly company of nobles, after doing their duties to Almighty God in the church, made pastime right honorably in their bowers and chambers."

On the Sunday there was a great banquet, followed by dancing, and so through the rest of the week up to the next Thursday, banquets, jousts, disguising, and tournaments succeeded each other without interruption, and in fact the whole was not brought to an end until the following Sunday, when a magnificent service was held to the "honor of Almighty God, with pricked songs and organs and goodly ceremonies in the queere and sultra. Thus was the forenoone expended wholly, and with great vertue." But in the afternoon they played at chess, dice, and cards. The batts were got ready for the archers; there were bowling alleys, and "goodly disports for every person." After praying and gambling, they finished the whole week's solemnity with another final feast and another disguising, when the "nobles received their presents. The Archbishop of Spain, the bishop, the earl, and his brother, made their repasts severally, every one of them in their owne chambers and lodgings, and they had cupboard made unto them of the king's plate, and treasure right goodly and rich. The archbishop's cupboard was to the sum of six or seven hundred marks, the bishop's unto the value of 500, the earl's 400, and his brother's 300 marks. All which plate and treasure the king's goodness bounteously gave to each of them, with most noble words and thanks for their great

diligence, labour, and paine that they had with his noble daughter in the lawe suffered and abidden. And thus was this most joyfull daie ended and expired, and the worthe nobles departed to their rests."

On the 2nd April, 1502, only four months after this motley feasting and carousal, that promising young prince lay at Ludlow Castle, beyond the reach of worldly pleasures and cares. A severe winter, and not improbably the jousting and feasting into which he had been forced, completed the work which disease had already begun in a constitution naturally feeble.

With his death commenced those complications, which in their development were made the means of effecting a vast religious and social change in the constitution of the country. We are compelled to revert to this distant period, in order to get at the root of the tree; for the dissolution of the monasteries, which was its fruit, was connected in some way, by the mysterious chain which links all human events together, with the lonely young stranger widow, still a child, in the shelter of the English court. The parents of that child, Ferdinand and Isabella, then proposed to the English king a marriage between the widow and the younger son, Henry, now heir-apparent to the throne. It was important to them to maintain friendly relations with England as a counterbalance to the enmity of France. After some hesitation, and assisted to a determination by an application from Ferdinand to send back his daughter, with the 100,000 crowns, the half of her marriage portion, which had been paid, Henry decided upon accepting the offer, upon the condition that Ferdinand should send him another 100,000 crowns, the remaining half of Catherine's portion. He would then procure a dispensation from the pope to enable the prince to marry the young widow, and the marriage should be celebrated when he had completed his fourteenth year.

Matters were settled, though for some reason unexplained, Henry, the day before his fourteenth year had expired, was taken by his father's orders to the court of the Bishop of Winchester, and there declared that, as he was at the age of puberty (fourteen), he then and there revoked the contract, in order that he might not

be supposed to have given his consent to the marriage between him and the Princess Catherine, and affirmed that he did not intend by anything which he had done or might do to confirm it.

After such a declaration he was legally entitled to marry another woman. The law of compact was, that a contract of marriage could not be made before the male was fourteen and the female twelve years of age, but a preliminary contract might be made before that time, which should be binding, provided neither party before the coming of age should annul the contract. The motive for making the prince take this step can only be reasonably explained by the father's subsequent conduct.

It will be evident to the readers of English history that a considerable period elapsed between the time when Henry was to have married Catherine (i.e., 28th June, 1505), according to the contract, and the time of his actual marriage, which did not take place until he was on the throne, on the 3rd of June, 1509. The delay is passed over by most English historians without being accounted for; but the father's actions clearly furnish at once the reason of the delay and the cause of the annulling of the contract. There was no disposition on the part of either father or son practically to annul the contract; but the father had other plans.

During that five years he himself made offers of marriage to three ladies. We must premise first that ten months after Arthur's death, Elizabeth, the queen, his mother, died. Henry then first made an offer of marriage to the widow of the King of Naples, who was reputed to be very rich; but finding upon inquiry that the reigning monarch refused to carry out the will of his predecessor, he abandoned his suit, and made an overture, under very peculiar circumstances, which might almost amount to a threat, for the hand of Margaret of Savoy, sister of Philip of Castile. After a very troublesome negotiation, matters were arranged; but before the marriage could be consummated,

Philip himself died, and Henry, thinking Juana, his widow, a still better match, turned his attentions in that direction; but, to his disappointment, he discovered that this unfortunate lady was mad, too mad even to be remarried; and Henry, disgusted with disappointments, then reverted to the original arrangement for the marriage of his son with Catherine. He appealed to her father, Ferdinand, and promised the marriage should take place, if the Spanish monarch would pay up the hundred thousand florins in four half-yearly instalments. It was agreed to, and three instalments had been paid by September, 1508, when the king died, and Henry VIII. coming to the throne, consummated the marriage himself on the 3rd June, 1509, though free to abandon it if he had chosen.

That there was an attachment between Henry and Catherine cannot be doubted; and the idea that he was sacrificed to her for state purposes is exploded for ever. If any sacrifice were made, it was on the part of Catherine, who, after her youthful husband's death, was kept in England in a sort of durance by the vacillation of Henry and the political fear of her father. According to the Spanish historians, she had no inclination for another marriage in England.* In a matter of this kind, which is so obscured by religious dissension of the most violent kind, we can only get a probable idea of the truth by carefully comparing the statements of both sides. The Protestant historians are apt to overlook the extreme probability that the marriage of Catherine to Arthur was never really consummated. The prince was only fourteen years of age, and in very delicate health. There is, then, a natural probability, independent of the statements made by such men as Pole and Peter Martyr, to the effect that Henry had himself confessed to the fact; and the opinion that such was the case was universally held in Spain. The marriage ceremony also asserted the same fact, Catherine being dressed, not after the mode of a widow, but as a virgin,

* See Lingard, who quotes a passage from Mariana—"No gustaba la princesa de casar segunda vez en Inglaterra. Asi le dio a entender al rey su padre: cuando le suplicaba en lo que tocaba a su casamiento no minase su gusto ni comodidad sino solo le que a el y sus cosas conveniese bien"—Hist. lib. xx. c. 17.

with her hair loose, and dressed in white.*

But we must proceed to the change which came over Henry with regard to his marriage with Catherine. An impression, created by the negligence with which history is sometimes written with regard to chronology, has obtained amongst many people that Catherine was much older than Henry. It was not so. Even Dr. Lingard contradicts himself, when in one place† he says, "When Henry married the Princess Catherine, she was in her twenty-sixth year;" consequently, as Henry was only eighteen, she must have been eight years his senior. But this is inconsistent with his previous statement, that in May, 1501, she was fourteen years and nine or ten months old,‡ which is correct; and, therefore, when Henry married her, 3rd June, 1509, she could not possibly be more than twenty-two years and eleven months old—at the most, only four years and eleven months older than Henry, who had not quite completed his eighteenth year in April, 1509.

For several years their married life was happy. Henry himself acknowledged it; and Pole says that during the first part of his reign no man could show greater love towards a wife than he§. But about sixteen years after his marriage, we find an uneasiness coming over his mind as to his marriage with his brother's widow. All her children had died, except one girl, Mary; she was in ill health, and he confided his pious scruples to Wolsey, who promised aid, believing him, no doubt, to be sincere.

The origin of the desire for divorce on the part of Henry must always remain open, as a matter of opinion. It is possible that it might have originated in a suspicion of illegality; but if we take into consideration the circumstances of his life, we cannot help fancying that it arose from a more worldly cause. He was not faithful to his wife, though he acknowledged his affection for her in every way by word and act; his carnal passions were stronger than

his love, stronger than himself, even at the best. To humanity such a state of being is, unfortunately, not impossible. It is quite clear, beyond all question, that he had a mistress in Elizabeth, the relict of Sir Gilbert Tailbois, who bore him the son of whom he was so fond, and who, had he lived, might have worn the crown of England. It is not so clearly ascertained though there is a great probability that Mary Boleyn, the sister of Anna, succeeded to the place of Elizabeth. It is doubted by Burnet, but Cardinal Pole reproached Henry with it in his private letters. No one can read the letters of Pole without being assured that, whatever that man's opinions were, he was a good man. No one had a higher reputation for integrity and honour; even Henry esteemed him, and tried most assiduously to get him on his side. He might have had honour, wealth, distinction; but he chose exile, and never hesitated to speak and write to the king (as, being connected with him in relationship, he might do) with the greater plainness; so that his evidence is worth listening to, and on events of Henry's life—those points which Protestant historians love to overlook—is most valuable.

In one of his letters to Henry, written in 1535, speaking of Anne Boleyn, he says, "She had learned, I think, if from no other source, yet, from the example of her sister, how quickly you tire of your concubines;" and again, "it was her sister whom you first seduced, and for a long time afterwards kept as a mistress," and "you strive to induce the pope to allow you to marry the sister of a woman who has been your mistress."

In any case it is quite clear that Henry, though he loved his wife, was not free from the stain of adultery, and it is the natural result of that crime to satiate its victim with the purer feeling by kindling the impure fire of lust. That at a certain point in their married life, and from no fault of her own, Catherine, who had always been wronged, lost the heart of her husband, is evident by his subsequent acts.

* The passage in Pole, quoted by Dr. Lingard, is this. He says, very naturally, in a letter to the king, who was very fond of him—"Tu ipse hoc fassus es virginem te accepisse et Cæsari fassus es"—that he had even confessed it to the Emperor.

† Vol. iv. c. 8, Hist.

‡ Vol. iv. c. 5, Hist.

§ Poli Apol. ad Car., v. p. 162.

If it could be clearly ascertained that he had taken steps in his divorce before paying marked attention to Anne Boleyn, we might acquit him of acting wholly under the dictates of passion; but there is no proof, and little probability, of the truth of such an assertion, though it is sometimes made; but it is not of vital importance. If it were proved that he had not conceived any passion for Anne Boleyn before he began to be uneasy about his marriage, we should still be inclined to believe that the uneasiness arose more as a natural consequence of his unchaste life than from any religious scruples about affinity, the vital point of which he had already conceded—the non-consummation of the marriage between Catherine and Arthur.

The conception of a criminal purpose is one of the most subtle phenomena of our moral nature; who can ever trace it back to the first faint flush of guilt upon the soul? One who has written more wisely upon that subject than any uninspired mortal has said, "The beginning of all evil temptations is *inconstancy of mind* . . . for first there occurs to the mind a simple thought, then a strong imagination, then delight, and an evil impetus, and then consent." Such was the case with Henry; his inconstancy led him up to temptation, and under temptation he fell.

But at the time when he was in this vacillating state about his marriage, struggling to tear from himself the only pure affection of his life, the world was undergoing one of her great transitions. The cause of that we need not dwell upon here, but only endeavour to show how the domestic disorders and perplexities of a solitary individual may be caught up by the tornado of public affairs, and

made instruments of action in promoting the great purpose.

In such crises of the world's history, when a great work is to be achieved, men of the most opposite characters and habits, and men's purposes of the most contradictory nature, are made subservient by the Supreme Ruling Power to the accomplishment of His designs. The tyrant on the throne; the minister who acts upon a carefully devised plan, based upon invariable laws; the ordinary every-day man working in his groove with mathematical precision—a subservient power in the complicated machinery of business; the idler waiting for the wind—his only motive of action; the peasant vegetating on the soil, watching his flocks amid the balmy solitudes of nature, are all liable to be caught up by the mysterious impetus of public event, and made the unconscious instruments in the accomplishment of work of which they never had a conception. Like the Spirit in the "Faust" is the course of human action.

"In Lebensfluthen, im Thatensturm
Wall' ich auf und ab!
Webe hin und her!
Geburt und Grab,
Ein ewiges Meer,
Ein wechselnd Weben,
Ein glühend Leben.

So schaff' ich am sausen den Weistuhl
der Zeit,
Und wirke der Gottheit lebendiges
Kleid."†

We look upon nature and life as subject to certain well-ascertained laws; but there is something beyond even law, for, after all, our idea of law is simply the result of observation, and is only a limited apprehension of phenomena. We observe the regular succession of phenomena in nature, and we call that regularity

* "Initium omnium malorum tentationum inconstantia animi est . . . nam primo occurrit menti simplex cogitatio, deinde fortis imaginatio, postea delectatio et motus pravus et assensio."—"De Imitatione Christi," lib. i., c. 18, sec. 5.

† "In the swelling flood of life,
In the storm of action going,
Up and down in endless strife,
Here and there for ever flowing,
Mine is birth, and mine the grave,
An ocean of unending wave;
Change on changes I assume,
In life that glows in star and clod.
So work I at Time's rushing loom,
And weave the living robe of God!"

a law; but that it has remained unbroken as long as we have examined it is certainly a probability, but *no demonstration*, that under certain circumstances it may not be interrupted or modified. We submit to the "reign of law," but it tells nothing about its own origin or the causes of the phenomena over which it rules. At that point it is silent, and observation is met by a barrier beyond which it cannot penetrate. So in history we see certain results ensue with tolerable regularity from certain courses of event, each in its own order; but there come times when, as it were, a bias is given to the whole of the many currents which make up the ocean of life, when from north and south, from east and west, they begin to flow into one common centre, and as that impetus increases, we see everything in its course carried away by it and diverted to the one common object.

There was just such a concentration of human thought and energy in Europe at the time when Henry VIII. of England began to have his pious scruples about his marriage with Catherine of Arragon, and before long he, his scruples, his intrigues, and his jealousies, were drawn into the current then setting in from all points towards Germany. It will not be necessary for us to examine into that vexed question of Henry's divorce; the two facts are sufficient for us that he married Anne Boleyn, and procured his own divorce by taking upon himself the supremacy of the Church in England.

In 1521, when Luther's name began to be loudly noised abroad and his followers to increase, the world of controversy was surprised by the appearance of a royal combatant—no less a personage than Henry VIII. of England, then a strict and bigoted Roman Catholic, who came forward to crush this insignificant "*fraterculus*" who had so disturbed the Church. His book was called, "*Assertio Septem Sacramentorum adversus Martinum Lutherum*, edita ab

Invictissimo Anglia et Franciæ Rege et Domino Hybernici Henrico cujus nominis octavo." It is dedicated to "Sanctissimo Domino Nostro Domino Leo X." The style of the book is vituperative, as indeed was much of the controversial theology of that period; he heaps upon Luther plenty of the "odium theologicum;"* he is an enemy who, with the instinct of a demon, "under the pretext of charity, but stimulated by anger and hatred, has vomited his viperous poison against the Church and the Catholic faith." He calls upon all the powers of Christendom to unite against this common enemy, to arm themselves with the double weapons of celestial and earthly power—celestial, that he who was perverting others might be brought back to the light of truth, and earthly, that if he refused to yield, "despised holy counsels, and contemned holy correction, he should be punished and made an example of to warn others." He complains very much of Luther's irreverence; that he called the Holy Roman See "*Babylon*," and the Church of Rome "the kingdom of *Babylon* and the power of Nimrod the mighty hunter."†

Luther has declared in his work, when speaking about the supremacy of the pope, that he had established a tyranny by mere violence; and Henry, in reply, after calling him "*a snake*," sneers at Luther's expression of pity for the people who were the slaves of Babylon, and says, "So this merciful man offers liberty to all who will separate from the Church, and be corrupted by the contamination of this putrid, amputated member." He then proceeds to defend the sacraments, more especially those of confession, penance, extreme unction, &c.; but his arguments are weak, and partake rather of the character of invective than reasoning. His argument for the real presence is simply a repetition of the bare words of Christ, "*Hoc est corpus meum*." "Who can therefore doubt," says Henry, "that he was present in the

* "*Hostis . . . dæmonis instinctu charitatem prætexens ira atque odio stimulatus et contra ecclesiam et contra Catholicam fidem viperum virus evomit.*"—Paris edit. 1521.

† "*Sacro-sancetam sedem Romanam Babylonem appellat,*" and of the Church, he thought it nothing else "*quam regnum Babylonis et potentiam Nebroth robusti venatoris.*"—Paris edit. 1521.

sacrament, for how could he more clearly assert that nothing remained of the bread than when he said '*Hoc est corpus meum*?' For he did not say, in this is my body, nor with this is my body, but '*Hoc est corpus meum*.'"

The work, however, is written with vigour and strength of style; its invective is sharp, and sometimes pointed, with a malignancy that speaks of the ecclesiastic, and gives some show of reason to the insinuation of Luther, who, in his letter to Henry, attributed the authorship to Wolsey, whom he calls, "*Monstrum et publicum odium dei et hominum pestis illa regni tui*:" "that monster and public hate of God and man, that pest of your kingdom."

Luther inveighed boldly against the efficacy of masses for the dead, and said they did more good to the living than the dead; he insisted also that there were now no sacrifices; and Henry concludes his book by saying, "We might as well expect the Æthiop to change his colour, and the leopard his spots, as to attempt to change Luther." The book then concludes with an exhortation to all Christians to bury their dissensions, and with the same courage as they did against Turks, Saracens, and infidels, to unite together against this ridiculous friar, imbecile in strength, but in mind more injurious than all Turks, Saracens, or infidels."

This production, of which Henry was proud, was taken to Rome by Clarke, the Dean of Windsor, who submitted it to the Pope, who accepted it with many praises. It is said that the title of *Most Christian King* had been given to Henry by Pope Julius, but never formally acknowledged, and when Clarke presented this book to the pope he demanded from His Holiness the title of *Defender of the Faith* for his master. It was conceded, after opposition, but only for life. Henry, however, always retained it, and annexed it to the crown in the parliament held in the thirty-fifth year of his reign.

At this time, then, the king was a zealous and rather bigoted Roman Catholic, as may be proved by the number of Lollards burned in the early part of his reign; in fact he

burned men for Protestantism up to the year 1533.

It is singular that in 1533 Latimer was forbidden to preach in London, but in 1535 was made Bishop of Worcester. This fact alone will illustrate the sudden change which came over Henry. In so short a time he had become the patron of heretics.

Latimer left London and went to Bristol, where he created a great sensation by preaching against the Roman abuses. He was, however, closely watched by emissaries of Cromwell, acting, of course, under Henry's order. Two letters* are extant, which throw great light upon this incident. A commissioner was sent down to watch both Latimer and his rival Hubberdin, who, though a Roman Catholic, was opposed to the king's doings. In the letter written to Cromwell we read that Latimer had preached such doctrines "as yn hell to be no fyer senayble: the sowles that be yn purgatory to have no nede of our prayers, but rather to pray for us: no sayntes to be honyred, no pylgrymage to be usyd: our blessed Lady to be a synner, as it hath been reportyd and taken by the herers;" and of Hubberdin we read that "he preachyd scharply agenste Latomer's artycules," and the city between them was thrown into confusion.

The other letter is from John Hylsey, the prior of the Friars Preachers of Bristol, to Cromwell. He confirms the report of the commissioners, and speaks of Latimer as "a man nott unknowne." He says, "I wrote unto yowe that hytt came by the prechyng of owne Mr. Latymar, a man nott unknowne. I wrote also that he spake of pylgrymages, worshyppynge off ymages, off purgatory, &c." And yet, after this vigilant supervision, before a year was over Latimer was made Bishop of Worcester. But that year, 1534, was an eventful one for England; in it the whole spiritual government of the country was changed. The Parliament met on the 15th January and sat till the 31st of March, and during that short period they effected the following vital changes:—They disqualified the bishops from taking cognizance of the

* Cotton MSS.—Cleop., E. iv., fol. 56 and 140.

crime of heresy; they ordered the ecclesiastical constitutions to be examined, to select such as were worth preserving, and to abolish the rest; and the king, for this purpose, was to appoint sixteen Members of Parliament and sixteen of the clergy; they abolished the annates—first fruits of bishoprics paid by English prelates to Rome; they abolished for ever the authority of the pope in England, and settled the mode of electing and consecrating bishops without appeal to the pope; they abolished Peter's pence, and all manner of bulls and mandates sent from Rome.

What had caused this sudden change? Was it conviction of the truth of Luther's teaching, which Henry had opposed—conviction of the fallacy of the doctrines he had held all his life, and defended? Had he become a convert to the Reformation? We are afraid other circumstances can be found in such close juxtaposition with this change as to look so like causes that we are almost forced to abandon the idea of anything like religious conviction or sympathy with the Reformation.

He had some time before privately married Anne Boleyn,* and the ceremony was conducted by one of whom we shall presently have to speak; for he figured prominently in the preliminary work of ecclesiastical destruction and spoliation—that man was Roland Lee, afterwards Bishop of Coventry, and Lord President of the Principality of Wales.

After this, finding all negotiations with Rome to be futile, he had prevailed on Crommer to pronounce sentence of divorce between himself and Catherine;† and to secure its efficacy, he, it is thought, at the instigation of Cromwell, renounced the authority of the Pope, took upon himself the supremacy of the English Church, and indicted all the clergy for submitting to the legantine court of Wolsey. They then offered to pay him £100,000, which he would not accept, until after much cavil they had inserted in the grant a clause which virtually acknowledged him as supreme head of the Church. It was done; the last link of the chain which bound England to Rome for so many centuries was broken; and

this Parliament of which we have been speaking added to its acts the annulling of the king's marriage with Catherine of Arragon, and the confirmation of that with Anne Boleyn; then commissioners were sent into the counties by its injunction, to the effect that all subjects must be sworn to the observance of this Act, in which was a clause declaring the king's supremacy, under pain of being indicted for high treason.

Through disobedience to this injunction Sir Thomas More and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, lost their heads. We fear the coincidences in this case of Henry are too great to leave any room as yet for conviction. He had a wife whom he wished to divorce; the power necessary to effect that was not willing; but at the moment the world was in rebellion against both the spirituality and temporality of that power, its influence, in the shape of secret agents, had already reached England, and an outcry had already been raised. What more likely than the absorption of a monarch so situated in the general current of event, especially as it was by this coincidences that he was enabled, by throwing off the jurisdiction of the pope, and taking upon himself the supreme direction of the Church, to effect his purposes. That he was acting under the influence of religious conviction is too untenable to be accepted for a moment. That in the course of his subsequent proceedings he discovered much to alter, or at least to modify his opinions of the state of the Church is certain, but there is no evidence to prove that he was what is now termed a Protestant. He persecuted real Protestants all through his reign; and, in fact, the Reformation was not consummated in England until the rise of the Puritans, whose long and bloody crusade was at last crowned with victory.

We may here remark that the last act of Henry's life proved him to be no Protestant. In his will he supplicated the "Virgin Mary and all her holy company of heaven." He endowed an altar at Windsor, to be honorably kept up with all things necessary for a daily mass there to be read perpetually while the world shall endure, and he endowed the

* 14th November, 1532.

† 10th May, 1533.

poor Knights of Windsor upon condition that they should repeat eternal masses for his soul.

But we must return from Henry's motives to his acts. Clement VII. died in September, 1534, and Paul III. succeeded. Parliament met, and passed other Acts which tended to break every remaining connexion with Rome. It acknowledged the king's title as supreme head of the Church; it enacted against those who had spoken evil of the king; it deprived persons charged with high treason of the benefit of the sanctuaries; it established a form of oath with respect to the Act for settling the succession of the crown; it gave the king the annates which had been taken from Rome, and granted to him one-tenth of the revenues of the benefices; it ordered the establishment of twenty-four suffragan bishops, with power to each diocesan to nominate two persons, of whom the king should choose one; and it condemned Fisher and More to perpetual imprisonment; they were also specially exempted by the king from a general pardon he afterwards granted. When it had broken up, the king ordered by proclamation that the name of the pope should be expunged from all the books that could be found, and then the bishops expressly renounced their obedience to the see of Rome.* He had now committed himself to a course of action, and was resolved to maintain it by every means in his power.

His most bitter opponents were the monks; they preached and plotted against him; one of them, Poyto, a Cordelier, told him to his face that the dogs would "lick his blood like Ahab's." But the fate of the Charter-house fraternity was a terrible example to them, and indicated what they were to expect who opposed Henry. A commissioner, Bedyll, was sent to them to submit to them some books against the primacy of Rome and other subjects, and to get from them their opinions. He says, in his

letter to Cromwell, "I demanded of hym whether he and the vicar, and other of the seniors, had seen or herd the said annotations, . . . and he answered, that the vicar and he and Nudigat had spent the tyme upon thaim tyl ix or x of the clok at night, and they saw nothing in thaim wherby they wer moved to alter thair opinion." The result of this investigation was, that on the 27th April, 1535, John Houghton, the prior, was executed; on the 18th June, two others, Exmoor and Newdigate; and on the 4th of August, nine more. The execution of the prior was attended with the foulest cruelty.†

The dissolution of a religious house was not such a new idea as has been represented. We must acquit Wolsey of being the prime cause in this case. The general representation of historians is, that he first gave the notion of dissolving monasteries when he procured from the king and the pope permission to dissolve several small priories, to build with their revenues his college at Oxford; but from the fourteenth century that had been repeatedly done by others when occasion required. In 1390, William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, with the pope and king's permission, bought the priories of Hornchurch and Writtle, in Essex, and settled their revenues on his new college at Oxford, and some time after he managed to get for this same foundation Takley, in Essex, and Hamel, in Hampshire; Andover was also settled upon his college at Winchester.

At the revival of letters in the fourteenth century, there was no difficulty in getting small priories or monasteries if a noble or an ecclesiastic wished to found a school or college. This is a significant fact of an insensible change of feeling as regards cloister life in England.

In 1437 Archbishop Chicheley founded All Souls College, Oxford, upon the revenues of several alien priories.‡ Henry VI. founded Eton

* *Acta Regia.*

† He was first half-hanged, then cut down, when he said, "Most holy Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me in this hour!" The executioner then pulled out his heart, and his last words were, "Good Jesus! what will ye do with my heart?" When dead he was quartered, and one of his arms was set over his monastery.

‡ Alien priories were small foreign monasteries whose monks were generally foreigners, and, therefore, their fate varied. In war they were seized, and in peace they were restored. The work of early dissolution began with them.

College, and King's College, Cambridge, in 1441, with the revenues of alien priories. Magdalen College, Oxford, founded by Bishop Wainfleet, of Winchester, 1459, arose from the ruins of the priories of Sele, in Sussex, and Selbourne, in Hampshire. The nunnery of St. Rhadegunde, in Cambridge, was suppressed in 1497 by John Alcock, the Bishop of Ely, to found Jesus College. Margaret, Countess of Richmond, founded, in 1505, Christ College, Cambridge, by the suppression of the abbey of Creyke, in Norfolk; and in 1508, she turned the priory of St. John the Evangelist into St. John's College, and her executors carried on the design. Fisher, who was one, procured the dissolution of the nunneries at Heynham, in Kent, and Bromhalle, in Berks; and the hospital of Regulars, at Osprey, was suppressed, and its revenues settled upon St. John's.* In 1515, Brazen Nose College, Oxford, was founded by William Smith, Bishop of Lincoln, who, after purchasing the priory of Cold Norton, Oxfordshire, of the abbot and convent of Westminster, endowed this college with its lands.† So that Wolsey, whatever else he might have done, must be acquitted of being the first innovator upon monastic privileges.

Circumstances were long tending towards such a necessity. Without indorsing the atrocious libels which were circulated and palmed off on the people about the atrocities perpetrated in the monasteries, there can be no question that there was a great deal of irregularity, especially amongst the friars. The satirists of that period find an ample subject in the mendicant and preaching orders for their wit. Erasmus has left to posterity some of the most severe animadversions levelled at them, and he was no reformer. The Benedictines were lazy, rich, and careless; the friars were only too active. Wherever a man was thriving, the friar was about his house; when he was dying,

they hovered about his bed, persuaded him to leave his ill-gotten money to the Church, and die in one of their "shirts," which would be a safe passport to bliss.‡ They wandered all over the country, selling charms and relics to the people, and preaching to them about the marvels of the saints, their adventures and miracles. Each one drained the people of their pence for his house, and, not content with this, they were always active agents for papal extortion and intrigue. For a long time before any notion had been entertained of a doctrinal reform, there had existed a conviction in people's minds that the time had come when the world could exist without monkery; and we must make some allowance for the acts of Henry and his ministers, when we reflect upon this growing tendency to a new life. The world, as we have said, was in a transition state; the day of contemplation had gone, and the present busy life of intellectual and physical activity was just manifesting its first symptoms. It is not improbable that Henry had some notion in his mind of such a change long before even he had thought of his divorce, at the very time when he was composing his theological thunderbolt against Luther.

One of his favourite chaplains was John Leland, a man who may be fairly called the father of English antiquities. He studied both at Oxford and Cambridge, and for his age was a great linguist, being familiar, according to Bishop Bale, with "son-drye languages, as Greke, Latyne, Frenche, Italian, Spanyshe, Brittyshe, Saxonyshe, Walshe, Englyshe, and Scottyshe." There is evidence, in an old proctor's book of Cambridge, that he paid his fees for the degree of B.A. in 1522, being then about sixteen years old. He was soon made king's chaplain, but the exact date of the appointment cannot be ascertained; it was, probably, a few years after the degree, as he then went to France

* The Johnians are still proud of the title "Lady Margaret's men."

† Tanner's "Notitia Monastica."

‡ It had long lived in tradition that King John, when he died, begged that he might be buried in a Franciscan cowl, which was done. This notion, however, was viewed with orthodox contempt by historians. Within the memory of men living it has, however, been elevated into an historical fact; for upon accidentally coming upon his coffin in Worcester Cathedral, it was opened, and the body with the monk's cowl found in an extraordinary state of preservation.

to study at Paris under the celebrated Francis Sylvius, and was away some years. On his return he took orders, was made king's chaplain, then given the rectory of Popeling, in Calais, made library keeper to the king, and in 1533, by a commission under the Broad Seal, appointed king's antiquary, by which commission he was authorized to "search after England's antiquities, and peruse the libraries of all cathedrals, abbeyes, priories, colleges, &c., and all places wherein records, writings, and secrets of antiquity were deposited." Whatever the motive of this appointment may be, its results were beneficial, for Leland went into every corner of the country, gathered together an immense store of extracts from, and complete transcriptions of, old documents, which really form the basis not only of our national antiquities, but our national history, for antiquities is the foster-mother of history. It resulted also in a geographical triumph, for in his "Itinerary," written after his return, we have the first complete physical description of our country.

But the facts we want to point out are these. The office of King's Antiquary was never heard of before the appointment of Leland, nor has it ever been maintained since; and it is a singular coincidence that just before the commencement of the dissolution of monasteries, Henry, who was a great lover of learning, as is proved by his continued patronage of this unfortunate scholar, should send him out to search these establishments.

It is probable that Leland did not start upon this expedition till 1536, for there is extant a royal dispensation bearing that date, giving him liberty to appoint a curate at Popeling, in order that he might devote himself to his research. In this research he spent six years, and on his return the king, on 3rd April, 1542, presented him to the rich rectory of Hasely, in Oxfordshire, then in the diocese of Lincoln, and the year after he was given a prebend of King's College, now Christ Church, Oxford, and then the prebend of East and West Knowle, near Salisbury.

It is probable at this time, when nearly all the monasteries had fallen into the hands of the king, that he must have applied to His Majesty to allow once more to go out on an

expedition to save some of the valuable works which were being so wantonly sacrificed, for in his New Year's Gift, which was a treatise presented to the king in 1546, one year before Henry's death, Leland speaks of "youre most gracious commission in the XXXV yeare of prosperouse reygne, to the entente that monumentes of auncent wryters myghte be brought out of deadly darknesse to lyvely lyght." This would be in the year 1544, and certainly cannot be the same expedition for which the royal dispensation was issued in 1536, but it has led to great confusion, especially amongst the encyclopædists, who, with reckless disregard to chronology, unite in saying that Leland was appointed to search the monasteries in the thirty-fifth year of the reign of Henry VIII. (1544), and that he spent six years in collecting materials; but by this time all the monasteries were cleared and disposed of, and Henry died in 1547, so that he could not have been living when Leland returned, which is impossible, because we have it in Leland's own writings that at the return from the expedition he was given the two rich prebends. There must, then, have been two expeditions, the one in 1536, whilst the smaller monasteries were being visited, and the other in 1544, to rescue what could be found in their libraries, which were then being cleared out. But the idea of sending Leland to them was mooted in 1533, when he was made King's Antiquary, so that it appears probable that Henry contemplated such a measure even then.

The first step taken openly was in 1535, when it was moved in the council to suppress the monasteries, and debated with much warmth, Crommer and Cromwell looking upon it as a great step towards reforming the Church, but the bishops of Winchester, Lincoln, and others, and the Duke of Norfolk, opposed it. Henry, therefore, resolved, as Cromwell had previously advised him, upon doing it himself gradually. He then ordered a general visitation, to ascertain their internal condition, how their rules were kept, and not omitting to gather information as to the extent and title of their possessions, their resources, &c. It was a wise step. How many institutions even in the present day

could stand a sudden and searching investigation by hired inspectors, to whom a certain bias had already been given? Henry knew very well that many discoveries would be made of moral dereliction, of lax discipline, even of crime, which, when publicly announced, would pave the way for the final measures he had in view. To this end a general visitation was appointed, and we may here mention, for clearness' sake, that the whole work was carried on in this way. First, there was a general visitation and report issued; then there was a suppression of the smaller monasteries, and afterwards a suppression of the larger.

Cromwell, who was now rising into favour, was appointed Visitor-General, and chose as sub-visitors, amongst others, the following, who appear more prominently in the work:—Richard Layton, Thomas Leigh, William Petre, doctors of law; John Loudon, Dean of Wallingford; Roland Lee, who had been one of the king's chaplains, and performed the marriage ceremony between Henry and Anne Boleyn, and Thomas Beydall. The visitation did not commence until the autumn of 1535, and its work was to release all religious persons under the age of twenty-four years and confine the rest to the monastery, the abbot giving those who departed a priest's gown and 40s. of money. A passage from a paper written by the Abbot of Warden, containing his reasons for resigning, will illustrate this point. He says—"Furste immediatele after the kinges graces visitacion was executed by his commissioners, Master Doctor Leigh and Master Jo. ap Reece . . . mi saide bretherne toke occasion agenst me therat and said amongst them that I was the cause whi that thei were enclosedd within ther monastery."*

The visitors received instructions in eighty-six articles, the principal of which were that they were to collect the monks in their chapter-house, and everyone should be compelled to give in his obedience to Henry, and Anne, his wife; to confess the pope had no authority in the country, to

call him bishop only; to find out how many preachers there were, and to examine their sermons, and if not orthodox to burn them; to admonish the preachers to commend to God and the people the king as supreme head of the Church. After thus caring for their spiritual welfare they were to make them produce all their gold and silver plate and other movable goods, and give up a true inventory of them. The subsequent steps taken by the visitors will prove also that they must have had private instructions to induce the monks in some way to resign and deliver up their monasteries to the king, in hope of a pension, for we find that urged upon them always, and mostly with good result.

Still Henry at this time was anxious that the idea should not spread, that he was going to dissolve the monasteries, for letters began to pour in from the abbots, who were thoroughly alarmed. The king replied by apprehending those who had circulated the report, and sending them to prison. The suspicion, however, continued, and to satisfy them a circular letter was sent round, to assure them that if they lived in due order, and acknowledged the king's supremacy, they should not be interfered with.† Meantime the visitation went on, and the first house surrendered was that of Langdon; in Kent, on 13th November, 1535,‡ where Dr. Layton declared, in his letter to Cromwell, he caught the abbot, William Sayer, in bed with his concubine; he knocked at the door of the sleeping apartment, but received no answer; he then proceeded to force it open with a pole-axe, but "his hore, alias his gentlewoman, bestyrred hir stumpis toward hir starting hoilles (holes), and then Barblett (the man who was put to watch) towke the tendre damoisel, and after I had examined her, to Dover, then to the maire, to sett hir in some cage or prison for viii. daies, and brought the holy father abbot to Canterbury, there in Chrestechirche I will leve hym in prison." Others soon followed: the priory of Folkestone on November 15th, and the

* Cotton MS.—Cleop., E iv., fo. 163, printed in Camden, Soc. Pub. Edited by Mr. Thomas Wright.

† Strype's Mem., vol. i., pt. i., p. 821.

‡ Rymer, Fœd. xiv., 555.

next day that of Dover, in February, 1536, that of Bilsington, in Kent, and Merton, in Yorkshire.

When the Parliament met in 1536, they passed the Act for the suppression of all monasteries whose revenues were under £200 per annum, and gave the king the estates. Of this number 376 were dissolved, by which Henry acquired a revenue of £32,000, and a capital in plate and goods of £100,000.

The report which had been presented by the visitors was the pretext for this step. That a body of gentlemen, clergymen, and scholars could be found ready to do this very dirty work does not speak well for the state of things. That they were prejudiced in their business we shall show from their own letters; that they were venal we shall also show. Their report was filled with revelations of the most vile and obscene character; charges were made against the monks of crimes which degraded them below the level of beasts; and, according to them, monasteries, instead of being places of refuge for holy men, were dens of iniquity, for which no other term could be found than that of the city of Sodom. It is said that all copies of this report were destroyed in the reign of Mary; but Burnet says he saw an extract of part of it, concerning 144 houses, which contained the most revolting revelations. We shall be able to show from the letters of these visitors, which have been collected from the Cottonian and Harleian MSS., and published by the Camden Society, that they dwelt with great emphasis upon the horrible vices of the monks; but their evidence is much impaired when we find them catering for bribes for Cromwell, seizing on plate and valuables; in fact, acting like hired spoilers and licensed rogues. We cannot adopt their testimony as to the foul charges they made against the monks. That there was irregularity there can be no question whatever; that here and there a case of immorality occurred is equally certain; but to believe that they were sunk so low as to be worse than beasts of the field, we must have better evidence than that of hired spies, bailiffs, and depredators. The whole system was rotten to the core; but

we must make a vast distinction between the friars who wandered about over the country, went into people's houses with the greatest freedom, and were, therefore, thrown more into temptation, and those monks who remained within the walls of their monasteries, seldom venturing beyond them, and then only by special leave. Let us remember always, as a matter of justice, before we accept all that these visitors report, that they were men who were paid to do a certain work, well delineated for them; they were hired to break in upon the privacy of aged abbots, to lay violent hands, if necessary, upon their persons, to rifle their desks and drawers, to read their private letters, to peep into dormitories, to cross-question servants, to watch, pry, listen, and, in fact, to play the most contemptible part that could be allowed to men, for which tyrants generally employ bullies, felons, and rogues.

The dissolution of the smaller monasteries was only the first part of the programme. In 1536 an Act was passed (27 Henry VIII.) entitled "An Acte whereby Religious Houses of Monkes, Chanons, and Nonnes whiche may dyspend Manors, Landes, Tenemants, and Heredytaments *above* the clere yearly value of £200, are gyven to the Kinges Highness, his heires and successours for ever."

In 1538 there were 21 suppressed; in 1539 there were 101; a list of which is given in Rymer.* There were, in 1539, 67 surrenders, 37 of which were abbeys or priories, and 20 nunneries, and by this visitation the king acquired revenues to the amount of £160,000, besides gold and silver, precious stones, furniture, and materials found in the monasteries. Henry then, at the instigation, it is said, of Gardiner, published a law called "The Six Articles," in order to convince the people that though he suppressed the monasteries, he had no intention of interfering with the religion of the country. This Act is also known by the title of "The Bloody Statutes," for it sentenced to death by burning or hanging all who should deny the doctrine of Transubstantiation, who pleaded for the necessity of administering the sacrament to the people in both kinds, who urged that it was

* Rymer, *Fœd.* xiv., 590.

lawful for priests to marry, or to break the vow of chastity, or that private masses were of no service, and auricular confession not necessary to salvation.

When the work of devastation was completed, there was naturally a great outcry in the country as to what was to be done with the immense wealth suddenly turned out of its channel towards the king's treasury. The hungry poor who depended upon the invariable charity of the monastery—that virtue which they preserved in the darkest period of their history—began to feel that they were suddenly cast adrift, and hunger raised its hoarse voice, and made itself heard in the palace. The king, to quiet the awakening apprehension on the part of the ecclesiastics, in December, 1540, turned the Abbey of Westminster into a bishop's see, with a deanery, twelve prebends, officers for the cathedral, and a choir, and Thomas Thirlby was appointed bishop.* In 1541, August 4th, he made three bishoprics—Chester, out of the monastery of St. Werburgh, with a deanery and six prebends.† On 3rd September, Gloucester was made a bishopric, with a deanery and six prebends, out of the monastery of St. Peter's, and John Wakeman, who had been Abbot of Tewkesbury, was first bishop.‡ On the 4th September, Peterborough Abbey was made a bishopric, with a deanery and six prebends, with John Chambers, the last abbot, as bishop.§ The next year the abbey of Osney was made a bishopric, with a deanery and six prebends,|| and Robert King, the last abbot, became Bishop of Oxfordshire, the abbey church being his cathedral; the see was then removed to Oxford, Christ Church being the cathedral. On June 4th, 1542, the bishopric of Bristol was made, with a deanery and six prebends, out of the monastery of St. Augustine's, in that city.¶ The priories at most cathedrals, such as

Canterbury, Winchester, Durham, Worcester, Carlisle, Rochester, and Ely were converted into deaneries and colleges of prebends; but this was very far short of what Cranmer had designed, or even of what the king had intended; for he had projected that in every cathedral there should be readers of divinity, Greek, and Hebrew, and a number of students maintained and instructed in theology, whom the bishop might ordain and settle in his diocese.** The original MS. of this project shows, in addition to what is mentioned by Burnet, that "olde servantes decayd to have lyfings, allmshouses for pour folke to be sustaynd in . . . dayly almes to be mynstrate, mending of highwase, and exhybition for mynsters off the Chyrche."†† This peace offering cost the king, it is said, only seven or eight thousand pounds per annum, out of money drawn from the ruin of nearly seven hundred religious houses.‡‡

An inspection of the sale list of goods, utensils, &c., will satisfy any one that His Majesty's emissaries were most zealous in his service. We give a few quotations :—§§

"*Bordesley*.—Sales ther made the xxiii day of September, anno regni regis Henrici VIII., 30 mo., at the survey ther.

"Fyrste sold to Raffe Sheldon, esquier, and Mr. Markeham, the iron and glaesse in the wyndowes of the north ile of the cloyster. Item receyvd, xxii^s viii^d.

"Of the same, Mr. Grevyll, for a lytle table, and the pavyng stone ther, iii^s iv^d.

"*Gray Friars of Stafford*.—Sold to the warden ii brasse potts, . . . viii^s.

"Sold to the *Town of Stafford*, 2 candlesticks, . . . v^s.

"To the warden, 6 plattes, . . . ii^s.

"A frying panne and a payre of pot hangers, . . . vi^d."

It is quite clear that the commissioners of the king did their work well, and cleared everything out of the monastery. Nothing escaped their vigilance; stained glass, iron-

* Rymer, *Fœd. i.*, 705.

† Rymer, *Fœd. i.*, 718.

‡ Rymer, *Fœd. i.*, 724.

§ Rymer, *Fœd. i.*, 731.

|| Rymer, *Fœd. i.*, 748.

¶ Rymer, *Fœd. i.*, 748.

** Burnet, *tome i.*, pp. 300-301.

†† Cotton MSS.—Cleop., E iv., fol. 805. The commencement of which, written in the king's hand, is quoted by Mr. Wright, in his admirable collection of letters, in *Camden Soc. Pub.*, p. 262.

‡‡ Rapin, *Hist.*, vol. i., p. 829.

§§ Full lists may be seen in the work of Mr. Wright, before quoted, to which I am indebted for these quotations. The MS. is *Addit. MSS. Brit. Mus.*, No. 11,041, fol. 86.

work, bells, altar cloths, altar candles, books, images, copes, brewing tubs, troughs, brass pots, spits for cooking, stew-pans, trivets, plates, basins, and even frying-pans, all were seized, turned into money, and recorded, if only six pence. Nay, we even find that at the monastery of Gray Friars, at Lichfield, "a presse, a bedstede, and a dore," were sold to one Mr. Dobson for "four pence."

But the damage done to literature can scarcely be estimated. Bale, Bishop of Ossory, although an enemy of the monks, laments with the sorrow of a scholar over the desolation caused by the wanton ignorance of the commissioners. Writing in 1549, he tells us that they would not have reproached the king with the loss of their libraries if only the valuable works they contained had been saved; "if only," he says, "there had been in every shyre of Englande but one solemne lybrary to the preservacyon of those noble works . . . but to destroye all without consyderacyon, is and wyl be unto Englande for ever a most horrible infamy among the grave senyours of other nacions." The jewels, and gold and silver clasps were torn off the volumes, and kept aside, whilst the books themselves were sold for waste paper; it was sufficient if it were illuminated to insure its fate; the illuminations were torn out, and the book cast away to the general recess, to be sold for what it would fetch. In this way, according to Bale, they came to base uses; they were used by servants to scour their candlesticks, to rub their boots; some were sent abroad to the foreign bookbinders; and he tells us he knew a case where a tradesman bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings, and had been using them for nearly ten years for waste paper, and had enough left to last him many years more. It is not a matter of surprise then, that when we read Leland's account of the monastic libraries, we read of books seen by him which are not now extant; and the best proof perhaps of what we have lost is in the richness of what little has been saved, and which now form the valuable collections—the Cottonian, in the British Museum, and the MSS. in the Bodleian at Oxford, collected by Cotton and Parker. Those of the

Cotton library number 100,000 MSS., and those of the Bodleian 30,000.

But the king was not allowed to rest; he was besieged with applications by hungry nobles for estates wrested from the Church; and a practice sprung up which is immortalized by the name of "*Praying for an estate*." They used to kneel, and specify what lands they wanted, and they bribed Cromwell. The Chancellor, Audeley, bargaining with the Secretary for the abbey of Osney, sent one day a letter with "twenty pounds, with my poor hearty good will, for some present trouble in this suit." He, however, failed; but was consoled with two rich monasteries, from the spoils of which he built a magnificent mansion—Audeley End. Sir Thomas Elyot promised, when begging for a share, "Whatever portion of land that I shall attain by the king's grace I promise to give your lordship the first fruits, with my assured faithful heart and service." They even wanted Henry to spoil the colleges, but he was disgusted with their unholy avarice, and rebuked them. "I perceive the abbey lands have fleshed you, and set your teeth on edge to ask those of the colleges. We pulled down sin by defacing the monasteries, but you desire to throw down all goodness by subversion of colleges."

At length a commission was issued to Thomas Cromwell and others, dated 12th March, 1540, empowering them to sell the estates of the monasteries which were not given away to the nobles at the rate of twenty years purchase.

But we must leave this scene of desolation, and advance to the denunciation of the last tragedy played out under the walls of that great monastery, which we have made the central figure in this history of the Influence of English Monasticism.

Of all the Benedictine monasteries in England, Glastonbury Abbey was the most flourishing and the least corrupt at the time when the great change came. It had weathered a storm of legal contention against tyrannical simony, which had lasted for nearly three centuries, and a fire which had nearly razed it to the ground. Its churches were rebuilt and redeccorated, its out-buildings were extended, it was at peace within

itself, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells was effectually kept at bay. Richard Beere, who died on the 20th January, 1524, was one of the most splendid and distinguished of the abbots who had presided at Glastonbury from the time of Dunstan. He was the friend of Henry VII., and went to Rome as his ambassador to convey his congratulations to Pius IV. on his elevation to the chair. He was also a great friend of Erasmus, who corresponded with him, consulted him on literary matters, and even refrained at his advice from publishing a work he had written upon theology.

Upon his death the convent met, and decided upon paying Wolsey the compliment of choosing an abbot for them. Wolsey had been Bishop of Bath and Wells, and therefore was well acquainted with Glastonbury and the Glastonbury monks. To the surprise of the brotherhood, but to their entire satisfaction, he fixed upon Richard Whiting, who was then only the camerarius or chamberlain, having charge over the wardrobe, the lavatory, the tailory, and the dormitory of the monks—a useful, but not a dignified position. Still Whiting was a great favourite, and no mean man. He was well born, a scholar, and a good Christian. He was spoken of in the commission of induction as “*probum et religiosum virum—virum itaque providum et discretum vita moribus et scientia commendabilem.*” It was a grand promotion;—from the simple occupation of looking after the most ordinary domestic matters, he was advanced to a position little inferior to that of a prince. He was a mitred abbot of one of the richest monasteries in the kingdom. He had a seat in the House of Peers, where he was present in the Parliament of 1539, where he sat robed and mitred as the second abbot in the kingdom; he had the power of conferring knighthood; his residence was equal to a palace; he had four manor-houses, rural retreats, parks, gardens, and fisheries. When he went abroad on state occasions to attend Parliament, councils, or Church ceremonies, he was attended by a retinue of 100 persons; the sons of noblemen and gentlemen were intrusted to his care to train, and of these he brought up

more than 300; his table hospitality was profuse; he often entertained 500 people of fashion at once, and every Wednesday and Friday the poor of the surrounding neighbourhood were relieved out of his own charity at the almonry.

In 1539, as we have already mentioned, we find the Abbot of Glastonbury was present at the Parliament summoned to assemble on the 28th of April. A letter,* however, is extant, the only one written by him to Cromwell, begging him to get him excused through his many infirmities and increasing age. We shall give it as collated with the original, as it forms a good portrait of Richard Whiting, drawn by himself.

“RIGHT HONOURABLE MY SINGLER GOOD LORD,—My dewtie in recommendations in right humble wise remembered unto youre goode Lordshipp. Pleasith it you to be advertised that I have received the Kinges writte commanding me to cumme unto his Graceis High Parleament to be holden at Westminster the 28th daye of this present moneth of Aprile. My goode Lorde, the trewthe is this, as knoweth our Lorde God, I have been greatlye diseased with dyvers infirmities more than this halffe yere, inso-moche that for the more parte of the tyme I have not been able to labour fourthe of my house, and I cannot ryde, nother yett goo well, but wyth the helpe of my staffe in veray greate payne; by reason whereof I am not able to do my most bonden dewtie unto the Kinges Mageste, as with my hoole harte and wille I would do, and that right moche grieveth me as knoweth God. In consideration whereof, goode my Lorde, in whom is my singler truste, I hartlie and right humble beseeke you, be goode Lorde unto me, as ye alwayes hitherto have been; and if your Lordship thinke it so to be best it may please you of your great charitie and goodness to move the Kinges Highness for me, that of his most abundant grace and pitie it may please his Highness moeste graciously to pardon me, and to be absent at this time from this his Graceis said Parleament wherein youre goode Lordship may do towards me a right mercifull and charitable acte as knoweth God. But if the Kinges pleasure be so I wulbe gladlye carried thither in a horse-litter to accomplyshe his Gracels pleasure and commandmant rather than to tarry at home. My goode Lorde I am not able to make you recompense accordingly, otherwise then with my moeste hartye prayers, which of my very dewtie I am bonden to rendre unto Almyghtie God for the greate goodness your

* State Papers, Henry VIII.

goode Lordshipp hath alwayes doon to me herebifore as knowest God, who alwayes preserve your goode Lordshippe in honour. At Glastonbury, the 7th day of April.

Yr Lordshippe Bedisman assured,

RIC. ABBATT.

Four years before the date of this letter, Glastonbury Abbey had been visited; for we have an incidental mention of the fact in a letter written by Dr. Layton to Cromwell, on Bartholomew's Day, 1535, in which he says: "Yesternyght late we came from Glassynburie to Bristowe;" and amongst the relics sent from Maiden Bradley are "two flowres" that on Christmas Eve, "*hora ipsa qua Christus natus fuerat*," will spring and burgen" (bud). This was, probably, a slip of a transplant from the Holy Thorn of Glastonbury. Towards the end of the letter there is a testimony as to the morality of Glastonbury, which, coming from such a quarter, we may accept. "At Bruton and Glassenburie ther is nothyng notable, the brethren be so straitt kepide that they cannot offende;" and there is still further evidence in a letter written by John Fitz James to Cromwell, who also testifies to the good order of the monastery. He says, "I have spoken with my lorde abbot of Glaston concernynge suche injuncions as weer geven hym and his covent by your deputie at the last visitation there." He then says that the abbot objected to four of the articles, which, if obeyed, would very much interfere with the discipline of the house, and be very inconvenient to the abbot. He urges Cromwell to leave it to the discretion of the abbot, and says, "I doute not they will kepe as goode religion as any house of that order withyn this realme."[†]

It is quite clear however that the letter of old Abbot Whiting to Cromwell to excuse him from attending the Parliament of 1539 was unsuccessful, for all the historians unite in saying that there were eighteen of the parliamentary abbots present, and his name is mentioned amongst them. In the month of June, that Parliament passed an act for assigning all such monasteries as had been

dissolved or should be dissolved hereafter to the king. It is possible that those noble abbots thought they were certainly to be exempted, for it passed the peers on the first reading, though there were eighteen abbots present, and on the second, twenty being present, and on the third, though seventeen were present, amongst whom are more particularly mentioned the Abbots of Glastonbury, Colchester, and Reading. As there were only twenty-eight parliamentary abbots, this was a very strong muster. This was in June, 1539. The abbot, when the Parliament broke up, shortly after returned to Glastonbury in peace, but was astonished at receiving a visit in the month of September, when in the peaceful retirement of his rural seat of Sharpsham, where no doubt he had gone to solace and recruit himself after the terrible journey to and from London in the "*horse litter*." The visitors first went to the monastery as we learn from their letter to Cromwell at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and finding the abbot was at Sharpsham, they went there without delay, disturbed him in his rest, and examined him upon "*certain articles*," after telling him of the object of their visit. We must here mention the fact that Abbot Whiting was willing to do all he could consistently with his own honour and the honour of his monastery to please the king; we have seen how in the sickness and imbecility of age he undertook a long journey of about 260 miles to be present at the Parliament, and it is upon record that when the visitors went round for the first time to administer the oath, as to the king's supremacy, Abbot Whiting signed it at the head of his monks: he was ready to do everything consistent with his duty as a subject; he received the visitors always with friendly hospitality, but now they had come to try him upon the rights of his monastery, he became at once a changed man; from being tottering and feeble, he grew strong at the indignity, and neither bribes, promises, nor threats could induce him to yield to the extortionate demands of the visitors. They, upon his refu-

* Cotton MSS.—Cleop., E iv., 269; and Camden Soc. Pub.

† Cotton MSS.—Cleop., E iv., 39.

sal, arrested him on the spot, carried him back to the abbey, and in their own language "proceeded that night to search his study for letters and books." They declare they found secreted in his study, a written book of arguments against the king's divorce with bulls, pardons, and a life of Becket, but "*we could not find any letter that was materiell.*" They then examined the abbot once more, and took down his answers, which they compelled him to sign. After this he was taken to the Tower and confined, "*being but a very weak man and sickly.*" Now comes the grand point of their visit, and the truth appears. We must give their own words, as being more emphatic evidence of what we have stated as to their rapacious energy:—

"We have in money £300 and above, but the certainty of plate and other stuffe there, as yet we know not, for we have not had opportunity for the same, but shortly we intend (God willing) to proceed to the same, whereof we shall ascertain your lordship so shortly as we may. This is also to advertise your lordship that we have found a fair chalice of gold and divers other parcels of plate which the abbot had hid secretly from all such commissioners as have bine there *in times past*, and as yet he knoweth not that we have found the same. We assure your lordship it is the goodliest house of that sort that ever we have seen. We would that your lordship did know it as we do, then we doubt not but your lordship would judge it a house mete for the king's majesty, and for no man else, which is to our great comfort, and we trust verily that there shall never come any double hood within that house again."*

They spent a week in searching over this great abbey, and on the 28th of September they wrote another letter to Cromwell, giving him an account of their success. "We have dayly founde and tryede oute bothe money and plate hyde and muryde up in wallis and other secrette places, as well by the abbott as other of the covent, and also convaide to diverse placis in the countrye. And in case

we should here tarry this fortnithe, we do suppose daily to increase in plate and other goodis by false knaves conveyde." They then declare that they found the two treasurers of the church, who were monks, with two clerks of the vestry, who were temporal men, in open robbery, and had committed them to prison.

"At our first entree into the treser-house and vestre also, we nether founde jewellis, plate, nor ornamentis sufficient to serve a pour parishe church, wherof we cold not a litell marvill." After a diligent search in every corner of the monastery, they at length found all the plated ornaments of the church, and another sum of money—how much they could not tell, but were sure it was of considerable value, and they felt confident there was more. They declared the abbot and monks had stolen and hidden as much plate and ornament as would have sufficed to have begun a new abbey. "What they mentte thereby we leve itt to your judgment." They then inquire what is to be done with these four persons, and add that the house was great, goodly, and princely, such as they had never seen the like, with four parks adjoining, the furthestmost of them but four miles from the house; a great "mere,"† five miles in compass, well replenished with pike, breme, perch, and roach; four fair manor-houses, the furthestmost being only three miles distant, and one in Dorsetshire, twenty miles distant. They then discharged the servants, with a half year's wages; the monks also, with a small sum, and pensions according to the scale laid down, who, they said, were glad to go, and were grateful for the king's kindness. They were about to sell the cattle for ready money, and let out the pastures and demesnes from Michaelmas quarterly, in order that the *king might lose no rent*; for the abbot had much pasture land in his hands.

The book they found containing arguments against the king's divorce was sent by them to Cromwell, with information that they had come to knowledge of "dyvers and sundry treasons commytted and done by the Abbot of Glastonbury." The result

* State Papers, Henry VIII., and Camden Soc. Pub.

† The fishery.

was not long coming. A charge of high treason was got up against the abbot, and he was tried at Wells the 14th November, and condemned, with two other monks, for robbing the abbey. So the letter of Lord Russell says; but the probability is he was charged with high treason, as suggested to Cromwell by the commissioners. The trial must have been a pretence, since the abbot was allowed no time to take advice or prepare his defence.

The next day, the 15th November, he was taken with the two monks from Wells to Glastonbury. Here, as a last indignity, he was drawn through the town upon a hurdle to the Tor Hill, where he was to be executed. He then asked pardon of God, and submitted to his fate patiently. He was hanged, and after he had been cut down his head was struck off, his body divided into quarters, the head being placed over the gate of his abbey, and a quarter sent to each of the four towns, Wells, Bath, Ilchester, and Bridgwater. The two monks suffered with him, and the memory of that deed is not extinct amongst the peasantry to this day, the Tor being still pointed out as the spot where "poor Abbot Whiting was murdered."

Thus fell the celebrated monastery of Glastonbury, which is connected with the very earliest records, mythical and real, of Christianity in England. Its lands found their way principally into the possession of the Duke of Somerset, the buildings fell into ruin, and the magnificent library was scattered. As late even as ten years ago, a fragment of an illuminated missal was found in a peasant's house, whose children had gradually torn up the rest. Even now, for miles round the country, in farmhouses here and there, are to be found portions of sculpture torn from the abbey, and used for the purposes of building.

Thus fell Glastonbury, and thus fell English Monasticism, amid the terror and the apprehension of all Europe, whose eyes were turned towards the strange doings of England.

We must take farewell of that noble Mother Church of Avalon, whose career we have endeavoured to trace,

and whose fate was so sad, and conclude by summing up in a few words what we may submit to be the truth as regards monasticism generally.

We have endeavoured to show its influence upon life, literature, and art, and also the influence of external political circumstances upon it. That it was at one time pure is supported by the clearest historical testimony; but that it went the sad way of all human things is the sole teaching of its later history. As it terminated in a crisis, so it began in one. It sprang up in the wake of that early Christianity which, wiping away its tears after ages of persecution, girded up its loins to march forth and do its Master's work with those fierce barbarian races who were overturning all the nations in Europe, and settling on their ruins.

In one vast march of extermination they came down from the wilds of the North, and but for the interference of these Christian missionaries, would have obliterated every trace of culture in Europe. For twelve centuries it existed in our own land, a mighty agency, with varied fortunes. We have seen it in the hands of wild heathen savages, its holy places violated, its votaries murdered in cold blood, its treasures ransacked, its walls razed to the ground; and we have seen it in peace and plenty, the home of a band of Christian men engaged in prayer, praise, and duty, presided over by one upon whose charity the poor depended, and to whose hospitality the traveller looked for shelter and refreshment. We have seen it the asylum of learning and art in ages of darkness and violence; and we have seen it in wealth and luxury, yielding gradually to the influence of corruption, becoming avaricious and idle, fond of pomp and greedy of power; and finally we have seen it in the hour of its doom, when the hand of the avenger rested heavily upon it, when the powers of the world conspired against it, when there was no mercy for the past nor hope for the future, when it fell before the storm, and now lives only in history, a monument to the glory and the vanity of man.

NEVER—FOR EVER.

CHAPTER LXV.

A LONG GOODBYE.

WITH regard to that levelling and making even of things of which Charlie had thought on that autumn evening in his snuggery, I think there was very little required to make him in every way Aggie's equal.

With some people there might have been a difference very great and tremendous; there might have lain great mountains, uneven places, requiring very much of levelling; the difference might have been so wide, that no time, no number of years or strength of purpose, could ever have made all even. But with Charlie it was different. In so many ways he and Aggie were so much alike—in so many, many small things; and yet, even then he kept telling himself that between them there still lay a very wide difference, and that the good was almost all on her side. With long years of patient life that levelling and making even of things would come at last. And what if it did not come until life was old? What if it never came until they two were gray-headed and old? Still he had told himself that it should, some time or another. He would so live and wait; living always as good men should live; waiting always as patient men only can wait; making himself in all things so worthy, that in the end there should be no difference between them, their lives should be so similar in everything. And this he had determined to accomplish by himself; this levelling and making even should be a work of his own. He would always keep watching *her*, striving to live after *her*; so that in the end they two might be found as equals.

Good, patient Charlie! When he told himself all this, he didn't know that he was laying out a very easy task for himself; he never thought that he stood very near the light as it was—that between him and Aggie there was, after all, but a very slight difference. His life was so blameless, so pure and honest, he had always so walked in the light, that this new life into which he was looking was,

after all, but a repetition of the past; and this was how it was that my hero was able so clearly to look on into the years to come, which were so rich in promise, so fair and even; promising to himself that this his life, which was so full of blessings, should be a faithful, honest one—in the end not found wanting in anything. It was so that Charlie had vowed on that autumn evening; it was so that he repeated his vow over again, very earnestly to himself, as he knelt beside Aggie in that little country church near Cheltenham.

Through the painted windows fell the autumn sunlight on my kneeling saint, on her soft, earnest face, on her white, snowy dress and veil. There was a little gold ring upon her finger on this autumn morning. Aggie was married.

The bells were all ringing, and the little church was hung with garlands. Many tiny hands had been busy there the day before, and many little village gardens had sent in their humble offerings of their last flowers; they were all given cheerfully to deck the church. So much of the prettiness of life had always been with Aggie, so much of sunshine, so much of the beauty of nature; and it was under a whole bower of green and white, of pretty leaves and snowy flowers, that my saint knelt on her wedding-day, holding in hers the honest patient hand which was henceforth to guide and guard her throughout her life. There stood her old father, close beside her, with his gray head bent, his kindly eyes full up of tears; for, seeing things always in a dream, he was thinking of other wedding-days, of other country churches, of other bending heads, upon which the sun had shone in the days that were no more.

Present in his mind was one to whom in those old days he too had made such marriage vows, in an earnest loving spirit, present always, living always, although in substance dead.

And there came the picture of that other quiet little wedding in the Welsh church scarce a year ago. There came the image of a little golden-haired girl, of smiles, and blushes, and parting tears; and then he was roused from his dream; he was wanted to come forward and give away this other child; and while he did so the tears were still in his eyes; in his heart he was praying very earnestly that his good, patient little girl might be more fortunate in her life, always keeping in the sunlight, away from the shadow and darkness.

Charlie and Aggie were going to make a very short honeymoon. A fortnight's stay in some quiet retired little place, and then they were to return.

Thoughtful Aggie, always thinking of others, never selfish, she would not leave her old father all alone for long; just those two weeks away, that was all, and then my saint had planned that their Christmas-day should be spent together in the old road-side house.

It was not a parting made in uncertainty, with a vague dread that things might not go well; it was not a parting in which their lives should be separated for ever, in which old ties should be broken, old loves estranged; everything should be just the same between them. This Aggie told herself many times, a good portion of her love and time should still be laid aside for that kind old father who was so lonely now, whose life would become so solitary when she was gone. Many times my saint told herself that her love could never become a selfish one; never become so engrossing that the duties of life should be in any way forgotten; such love would only become a sin; so she told herself often; such love could lead to no good; and then she planned within herself the same good plans which she had made many times before, for this new life with its many joys and its many many new cares and responsibilities. To Aggie on her wedding-day there came a long letter from Tom Foulkes; and in that letter Captain Tom wished her many years of happy married life. It was such an honest forgiving letter, so manly, Aggie thought as she read it through, even

to the end, where Tom sent kind regards to Charlie Okedon, with many good wishes; it was so thoughtful of him, so generous, so like himself; and when she came to the end, when she read the "God bless you," in big straggling letters, there were tears in her gentle gray eyes.

Of course Charlie read the letter. There were no secrets between him and Aggie; they had everything in common; he had heard the whole story of Tom Foulkes's love; he had heard of his even persevering so far as to ask again after having been once refused; but he didn't think the worse of him for having so persevered. With Charlie I think it would have been different; he was such a very shy sensitive young man that had Aggie refused him on that summer evening in the moonlight, I am very sure he would never again have approached her; he would have held himself so far removed from her.

Reader, you will call this pride; you will blame my good, honest, young hero, for allowing himself so to indulge in such an evil thing; but it was not pride; it was only that *amour propre* which every man ought to have, and is as far removed from pride as evil is from good. When my hero heard the story of Tom Foulkes's love, while he listened to it all, he told himself many times that had his love been so unfortunate, he would have kept the sorrow to himself; he would have borne his trials in secret, telling no one, never recurring to the subject with Aggie. He would have been none the less true to her; he would never have forgotten her, never ceased loving her through all time; but those troubles should have been his own secrets, known to none. But things had gone well with him; and while he read that letter he was sitting close to Aggie on the sofa in the drawing-room, holding her hand, and feeling that she was altogether his, and so he forgave Tom for his perseverance. He thought that, perhaps, after all, such constancy, such long-suffering love, was not unmanly or absurd. Coming from anyone else, it might have been very different, but no one knowing Tom Foulkes, knowing his brave, hearty nature, could ever call him unmanly. He was one of those easy-going gentlemen, who are some-

what weak where their affections are concerned, who lack that pride and *amour propre*, which stands so lamentably in other men's way, and who, consequently, through their tender-heartedness, are misjudged, and pronounced unmanly and weak, but of Tom Foulkes, no man could so have spoken. If he had been humble, perhaps too humble and patient in his love, it was the one thing which was quite inconsistent with his character. He was such a thoroughly manly fellow, so generous in all his thoughts and deeds, so kindly, so honest and straightforward in every way, so pure-minded, that when he had first spoken to Aggie, when his love had been rejected in a wavering uncertain way, he had only told himself that he had been a little rash and impetuous. He had not wooed her as other men would have done; he had never tried to make her like him in any of the many conventional small ways which most men use in their love making; he had been very rash and impetuous, and he had only got the answer which he ought to have expected; and so it was that he had risked one other chance, thinking that in so doing he was only acting fairly, both with regard to himself and Aggie. And then, again, when he had risked that other chance, and it had failed, then there had come the weakness which was so inconsistent with his nature, then he had determined to wait—to wait he didn't know how long—until this his constant love should be requited. Many times, while he was so living, so waiting for that which was never to come, Tom Foulkes had felt ashamed of his persevering life; many times he had told himself that he would not trouble her any more with his love, that he would strive to forget her. He had told himself all this so often, that at last he had almost brought himself to believe that in time he would learn to forget; that after long years he might come so to think of her. But he hadn't known himself when he had so thought; he hadn't known his own weakness; he had been bragging to himself. Many men do so brag, not knowing themselves; having no present temptations to hinder them, they will boast very freely of the brave, manly way in which they could resist

such temptations. Men who are not in love, men who have never been in love, men who are not capable of loving very desperately, will boast that in their love they would always be consistent, always noble and manly. Such men do not know what love is—what a very humbling, spirit-breaking passion it may become.

Tom Foulkes, when he made that wise resolve to try and forget Aggie, had had no great temptation to resist. At the time that he had so planned there had been nothing to rouse his jealousy. He knew how quiet the life was in that old house near Cheltenham; he knew how very unlikely it was that in that retired place, so far from the gaiety of life, Aggie would ever meet any other man; and it was in this way that Captain Tom had become so resigned to his fate. He was very firm in those days, always determined to forget her; and yet, when he got Lily's letter, when he felt for the first time that in truth she was utterly lost to him for ever, then it was that he began to see how very vain all his valiant boasts had been; he felt then that he had been entirely mistaken in himself; he felt that he had been deceiving himself when he had told himself that he was satisfied to live without her, that he had well nigh made up his mind that when some time or another she should take to herself a husband, he would, in his noble, manly way, be able to hold out his hand to that man, be able to see them daily together, and yet never feel any bitterness or jealousy in his heart. He had not known himself in so planning, in so vowing.

It is so that men will sometimes deceive themselves, not knowing their own weakness, not knowing the fullness of that power which sways all things; which humbles the proud spirit, and weakens the strong will.

In writing that letter to Aggie, Tom Foulkes had had a great struggle with himself, it had gone very hard with him to make up his mind so to put her away from him for ever, but reasoning much he had determined, at last, to be generous and overlook the past, to be very generous and hide from Aggie all the bitterness and despair which she had caused him; bravely he determined then, that she should never know how strong his love had been, how great the hope

that time might change her towards him. All that was past now, and Captain Tom felt that being past it was better forgotten; in this spirit he had written his letter, therein renouncing his hope for ever and ever!

CHAPTER LXVI.

"LOVE THAT WAS LIFE."

My life has been set in the pleasant ways of the world; through green meadow-lands, by clear waters, under blue skies, I have tasted something of the joys which Adam lost when God shut the gates of Eden upon him. In these gifts of God I can see something of the grace of that promised land which flows with milk and honey. But there are many poor, tolling souls, who live their lives in the dark streets of the world's cities, in dust and smoke, seeing not those fields of ether, feeling not the pure fresh dew of heaven falling on them, and hearing not the promise of a new world, garden of Eden, breathing to them on the sweet summer breezes, singing to them in the clear fresh song of the birds.

I have lived my life in pleasant places, I have stood very far from the trouble and strife of the world; my trials have been but small ones, and the struggle and battle of life is unknown to me. As yet I have walked the garden in the sunshine; I have tasted many of the blessings of life; I have got much love, and what love I have given in return has not been wasted or idly used; and so it is that to me the world and all that therein is seems fair and good enough. But, even in so living, in so partaking of the blessings of life, I have not been altogether unmindful of the fact that my life, peaceful and happy as it is, is an exceptional one, and that there are many many other lives far different.

I have stood so far removed from all that is dark and sorrowful; I have been brought so little into contact with the evil of the world; and those voices which from time to time have sounded for me, lamenting and weeping, have been but the echoes of voices sounding across a great gulf. But such echoed voices I have heard once or twice in my life; such sounds of wailing and weeping and leave-taking; and it is they which have told me that there is much sorrow

and heart-breaking going on; all around me every day, in this huge globe of ours, it is they which have told me that "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward."

One of those voices is speaking to me now as I sit here writing; a faint wailing little voice, which will not be comforted; and it is complaining to me that the world is full of disappointment and trouble, that life is a very weary battle, and that it is a great mistake to give any love to the passing things of the world, which never continue in one stay, but which are daily changing and passing away.

Poor little voice! I dare say you are speaking the truth, after all. Poor disappointed Lily! you are telling your own little story in so bewailing.

While Aggie and Charlie were away honeymooning somewhere in England; when at Cheltenham the trees were all bare and leafless, and the short winter days had come, in Sorrento my little heroine, fading always, began to think that the end of all her troubles had come at last; for now in that far country, near the bright sea and sunny sky, Lily lay all day, never rising, never moving from the long sofa in her faded drawing-room. That hope which even she had once cherished, that new life might come to her in this pleasant place, was gone, and a great desire came over her that she might be taken home again to her old quiet home, to her father and Aggie. She did not wish to die in that strange place, away from all that was familiar to her; she dreaded to think of how in this distant land she would be buried far away from that little peaceful churchyard near Cheltenham, and that near her grave the footsteps and the voices of those she loved would never sound. All this was very bitter to her, and she wanted to return.

In those days Jack had grown very weary of the lonely life in this new

Italian home; he was beginning to think himself a very ill-used gentleman; indeed, he was beginning to look upon himself in the light of a martyr. His married life had so far been a failure; so many unfortunate little events had happened in that one year; so many good, wise plans had broken down; everything had gone wrong with them; and Captain Dashwood couldn't help feeling that it was so. His young wife was so very childish and foolish, he thought often; she had no spirit; she couldn't stand up against little troubles; she lost heart; she fretted and pined over everything, and she had lost her spirits and fun. They were not suited to each other; they couldn't understand each other; and this Captain Dashwood knew; but while he so thought, while he blamed his wife's folly and weakness, in his heart there was something telling him that his faults were greater than hers, that his acts were more blameful, and that with him lay much of the evil. "Little goose," he said often, "she worries and frets herself about nothing;" but while he so spoke he felt uncomfortable; he knew so fully how deeply he had wronged her, how far he had transgressed against her, how often he had tried her love—thoughtlessly.

But the end of all these things was now very near—nearer a great deal than Jack ever thought it could be; he had grown so accustomed to see that little pale face daily looking up at him from the long sofa, he had grown so accustomed to see his wife always ailing, that as the days went by he never thought that each one only left her weaker and more frail.

Captain Dashwood had made some friends for himself in this new home; but they were not friends of whom he could in any way boast, as being men such as he would have cared for his wife to associate with; and with these new friends Captain Jack spent much of his time. In this way Lily was left often alone, and in those lonely hours very bitter thoughts would come into my little heroine's mind that Jack was wasting his time, wasting his money too, and learning bad habits from those new friends of his. He would come home late of nights often, and then storm and complain when he found the little invalid waiting up for him. And then

she had given up waiting; night after night she had gone to bed by herself, anxious, troubled; she had lain awake for hours listening and watching for him. Sometimes he had not come in until the night was nearly gone, and often he had not come in at all until the daylight came. These trials weighed very heavily on poor little Lily; she began to think that all this evil arose out of her being so useless to her husband, such a burthen to him; but for her he might still be following his profession; his poverty would not press upon him in the way in which it now did; he would not have come in contact with the temptations to which he now became subject; he was growing very reckless; he spent large sums of money in mysterious ways; she began to fear that he gambled, and with the dread of all the terrible consequences which might follow upon such a great evil, my poor young heroine felt that she must make an effort to save him from his ruin. It was so that she thought often of going home, of taking him away from the evil influence which was beginning to get such a hold upon him. This effort she determined to make.

On one quiet evening, when the daylight was still in the sky, and Jack was sitting in the drawing-room with her, Lily began her task.

"Jack," she said. She was leaning back on her sofa, looking across at him where he sat at a little round table. "I think, dear, that we might as well return to England. I am afraid I shall never get strong again here."

He looked over at her thoughtfully. He was beginning to think so himself; he was growing accustomed to think that she was dying; he knew now that it was hopeless to dream of her ever growing strong and well again.

Captain Dashwood at his round table, with a pack of cards, was playing a game of patience, and he said, "It would be better in many ways, I think."

"I think so too," Lily said, softly. "I think we were better in England, dear."

She said it gently, half speaking to herself. She was thinking regretfully of past times, which had been better, fairer times, and she sighed.

Then Jack spoke again—"It can

never be the same with us in England again," he said. "We are too poor to live there now, Lily."

Then she asked him, "Why?" She didn't understand well.

Captain Jack left his round table, his pack of cards, and unfinished game of patience, and crossed the room, and sat down beside his little invalid wife on her sofa.

"Lily," he said, sitting by her, looking into her anxious eyes, and speaking gently to her—"When I married you, one little year ago, I told you, dear, that I was a poor man, and that I was doing a very rash thing in asking you to join in my poverty; you remember all that?"

"Yes, yes, I know you did, Jack."

"I think we were both very foolish then, Lily. I am afraid I was thoughtless."

She looked down; a look of pain came into her face; tears swelled up in her eyes.

"Are you sorry you married me, Jack?"

And he said—"Only sorry for your own sake, my child. I am afraid we have been unfortunate; we weren't sensible enough; we didn't look ahead the way some people do."

"Are we very poor, Jack?"

"Very," he said.

"I don't know well what is little and what is much. I thought we had something."

"A very little something it was then, and it is nothing now."

"Oh, Jack, how do you mean?"

"Lily, I will tell you the whole truth; I will hide nothing from you, and then you will see how impossible it is that we should ever again live in England. I had so little money that I went into debt—a great deal deeper into debt than you ever thought, and—those debts can never be paid, I am afraid; do you understand?"

Poor little soul! she did understand then; she had guessed much of this before, but not all.

"Have we no money at all, Jack?"

"Less than none."

"Then we can never go home?"

"I am afraid not."

"Oh, Jack! oh, dear! I am so sorry."

A great despair had come into her heart; she had been looking forward to seeing her old home, and the dear

home-faces once again; and this disappointment was very bitter to her. Poor little thing, poor foolish disappointed little soul, she was crying very bitterly over her troubles.

But Jack was angry; those tears irritated him; he was weary of the fretting and pining which he saw daily now, and he said—

"Don't be a fool, Lily. If you were as fond of me as you say you are, you wouldn't care whether we lived here or in England; you wouldn't murmur over such trifling things."

But she wept still, everything seemed so hopeless.

"It isn't that, Jack; it is the thought that you can never redeem yourself—that I am preventing you from finding some occupation or profession, something to do."

"You mean that I am wasting my time?" he asked, a little bitterly.

"You cannot help it."

"Well, you're right there," and he had stood up. "I am wasting my time, wasting everything, and there is no redeeming now; there is no use in asking, 'What shall I do to be saved?' I am so hopelessly lost."

"Oh, darling! don't say that."

"It's the truth; I am ruined."

Jack was leaning his head upon the mantelpiece, and he spoke very despairingly, seeing no hope.

There was no good patient hand to take his then, and draw him into the light; there was no wise, gentle voice near to speak to him, and tell him that there was hope even for such as he; that he should be of good cheer, not desponding; there was no such influence near him, his young child-wife only sat crying softly, never speaking to him, she was such a very weak, desponding little soul. And so it was that Lily's hope of seeing once again that pretty peaceful old suburban house, and the dear kind faces of old, was taken from her. And oh, worst of all, there had risen up before her a new dark cloud, a terrible overwhelming shadow, and under it my little heroine, groping in the dark, struggling to see light, straining her eyes to look onward into those things which were hid from her; could only live on from day to day, learning every hour more fully that for her the pleasantness and sunshine of life was gone.

CHAPTER LXVII.

"THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW."

"AND he said, While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept; for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now that he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

It was Aggie's gentle voice reading. It was Aggie striving to comfort one who would not be comforted, one who was sore stricken. And she said—"Oh, darling, I am but a poor comforter, I have no words of my own; I only borrow such things, but there is much good hope here."

Words spoken from a full heart. Good patient Aggie, she was even then striving against a sorrow which was a very bitter one. From that distant place where Lily and Jack had spent their winter time sad news had come.

Away from the struggle and sorrow of the world, out of the battle of life, into the valley of the shadow of death, poor broken-hearted Lily had passed away; and so it was that in her old place of comforter, Aggie was reading and speaking those things from the good book.

So pass these fleeting, earthly things, so pass the spirits through the valley of the shadow of death, and voices are raised in lamentation, eyes are swollen with weeping for a little while, and then those poor lonely souls go on their way forgotten.

Oh! hearts of men and women! loving human hearts! are there not some among you who follow even into that valley of the shadow, the footsteps and the voices of those who have gone before. I think there are; I think among the many who in their time have fasted and wept, praying that God might be gracious to them, there are some who, like David, keep telling themselves that in the great hereafter there will come a time when they may join those lost ones, and be with them for ever. There was one such patient spirit here; there was one on whom the heat and burthen of a long day had fallen very heavily; he was well nigh bowed down with the weight of his trials, and thinking

bitterly of the evil to which he had been subject; he found it hard to bow his head resigned before this new sorrow, accepting it among the other sorrows which had fallen on his life. "What have I done that God should deal so harshly with me?" is the cry of many voices. A month had gone by since Lily, in that strange country, had "fallen asleep," far away from home, and home things, far, far away from the comforting voice of that gentle ministering little saint, who had stood so near her long ago, who had sheltered her so carefully from all the storms and trials of life, and who had always been so patient with her, taking the burthen of her little sorrows, and making them her own.

A month was gone and past, and Lily lay buried in the still, quiet little churchyard among the trees, and there above her the Sunday chimes will ring out in winter and in summer, when the sun shines on the long green grass—on the flowers which Aggie has planted near; and when the snow lies thick and white, and the chill blasts are abroad. There, too, generation after generation of village church-goers will tread down the grass around her; she will not be quite alone.

My little heroine! when the sweet old organ notes come swelling out over the graves may your young voice be among the angel voices singing in the choirs of heaven.

"The heart may break, yet brokenly live on;" and Captain Dashwood, who a few short weeks ago, had declared his heart to be utterly desolated and broken, found that that organ could still fulfil its functions, could rise and swell with vain regrets, could throb and beat over other troubles and pains, and was ready to bleed afresh over new wounds.

The heart may break, but I don't think that the living on after in a broken state is anything but a very unpleasant ordeal; it can never be the same even beating of old; there is a something wanting—some great mainspring is lost, and there comes a weakness and a want of strength;

there is a broken cord, a golden thread, that is severed, and everything is changed; and yet there are broken-hearted men and women living, and even eating their dinners every day with tolerable appetites; men and women who have lost that great mainspring in their hearts, and who can still live on like other people, eating and drinking, and even laughing and making merry sometimes, in spite of their broken hearts, in spite of the knowledge which is ever before them, that "the tender grace of a day that is dead" will never come back for them.

Captain Dashwood was a selfish man, and his sorrow was selfish; he had been fond of that little blue-eyed girl, he had been very proud of her pretty face and engaging manners, he had liked to see her admired, because she belonged to him, and now he sorrowed for her in a selfish way; for looking onward into the vale of years there seemed a blank, there was wanting an object, without which many men cannot get on at all; he had nothing to live for, no hope in life, and the world had changed for him, all of a sudden. He was a weak-minded man, and he wanted that strength of will which enables some men to cast their sorrows behind them, to forget the past, and what the past held for them of hope and love, and to look on bravely into a future when other faces and voices may come to be dear to them, and other loves rise up to smother the old ones. He was wanting in this energy; he was wanting in the strength of purpose without which such things can never be accomplished; and yet he was not one of those patient faithful souls who never forget, who follow always in their spirits the lives of those who are lost to them, who listen ever for the voice that comes not, and the footstep which is gone; he was not one of those who, looking onward, keep telling themselves that there is a place, a far distant place, where such things will be all made up to them; where those who have sown in sorrow shall reap in joy. This object some men have; this hope it is that still carries some men on

through their lives, although their hearts are utterly broken. Captain Dashwood was without this hope; without an object of any kind; he had been unfortunate in his life; he had been careless, and very thoughtless, and these things were being visited upon him; he had been selfish; he had acted wrongly towards the poor, foolish little lady who was dead; he had trifled with her love; he had abused her trust; he had been so thoughtless of her always, and now that she was gone from him, he hardly thought of all this; he only thought of the blank which was left in his own life, of the change which would be in everything; and so it was that he sorrowed selfishly; never regretting, never blaming himself, for any of these evils; but he resented this trial, he was indignant, and in his grief he grew reckless. "I have nothing to live for now," he said to himself, and then he tried to divert his mind from the past, he wanted to forget; and with no hope for the future, he grew reckless.

So the months went by, the grass grew longer and greener in that little country church-yard near Cheltenham, and the spring leaves were on the hedges and branches of trees, and little buds were on Aggie's rose-bushes, in the old-fashioned garden at the suburban house, and Jack was living a strange life abroad, striving to shut out everything, both past and future.

In that spring time, my saint turned her steps towards the home which honest Charlie Okedon had for her in Wales. She had been married many months ago, but she had never as yet seen her home; she had been living for others all that time; she had been ministering to the wants of others. "We will not go home while the snow is on the ground, dear," she had said to Charlie; "we will wait until the spring days come, when things will look bright and cheery," and Charlie, patient Charlie, was content to wait. "It is better so," he thought—better that the journey home should not be made while they were in trouble, and so he waited still.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

REQUIESCAT.

FIVE years—five long, quiet years, and there have been some changes at Llanaber; Mr. Charles Okedon of the Manoir has married a wife, and there are changes at the red brick house.

Tom Foulkes, too, has brought home a young mistress to the Elms. He has settled down into a steady-going country gentleman; he has quite got over his old love for Aggie, and he is very happy with his young wife, who was the youngest daughter of a certain Lady Georgina Dashwood, and who is a very affectionate, happy little wife, and she and Tom “get on like a house on fire,” as Mr. Foulkes informs his friends. Tom Foulkes is little changed; he is the same stout, jolly, even-tempered fellow; he lives a very pleasant life, busy over trifling things; pottering a good deal over his horses and dogs; but his name is unknown in the sporting world; his horses make no expeditions to Newmarket or Epsom Downs; his account at Tattersall’s is closed, and the sporting men have quite forgotten that a certain Captain Foulkes, a military man, once had a name among them. But Tom himself runs up to town now and then for some of his old world excitement; he goes to the Derby on somebody’s four-in-hand; he slips down to Doncaster too, and puts a pound on the favourite with a friend, “just to have something on,” as he says himself, that is all: but he is no longer a sporting man; he is no farmer, is Tom, and he doesn’t pretend to be one; he hunts now and then, whenever he is within reach of the hounds; he shoots perpetually during the season; he fishes, too, occasionally, and yachts much; his life is mostly made up of small amusements: but he is paying off his debts, and will soon be free of them altogether. So much for honest, kindly Tom Foulkes; his life henceforth will be very even and happy, free from care of any kind. Those blessings which Lily had prayed might be heaped upon him have all come to him in great fulness; and life is very much brighter, and more tranquil for him.

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In those five years Aggie had seen trouble; she had been tried very heavily. But one little year had that good, patient old father survived his little pet daughter, and then he too had gone into that rest for which he had been longing for so long. Under this trial my saint had bowed her head resigned; she had not been taken unawares; there had come no angel-call sounding suddenly in the still watches of the night, telling one who in the midst of life had never thought that he was in death, to put his house in order, and arise and follow; it had come gently in the quiet evening while he sat in his favourite arm-chair among his books and papers; a whisper had come, a voice had spoken softly, “Arise and follow me,” and then the faithful servant he lifted up his hands and said, “Lord, I come;” and straightway left his home, his house, and friends, and all that the world held for him of love and good, and folded his meek hands, and laid his head upon the Saviour’s breast, and fell asleep.

With such lives and such deaths we are all familiar; the world is full to overflowing with such gentle, patient, long-suffering souls, who bear their crosses never murmuring, who carry them always through the heat and burthen of the day uncomplaining, who suffer much evil in a gentle spirit, accepting such things as their due, and the wages only of the sin into which they were born in the beginning.

Yet another trial had my saint still to bear. There had come the angel-call even into that old Manoir house at Llanaber, and Aggie had been called upon to render up a treasure which had been hers for but one little year—a treasure which was dearer and more valuable to her than all the world. In her arms she held a tiny form, cold and still. Through her tears she looked upon a little baby face, white and fair. And this new sorrow seemed the hardest of all.

But that we know that in such things there is a judgment mightier than ours, working always for our good, we would never understand

them. But, that we feel that it is not in anger, or in wrath, that the reaper visits our homes, and gathers the flowers that are the fairest, and takes them to himself—we would never be able to bow our heads or render up our treasures without a murmur. But with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

Years were gone since my saint had held that little form in her arms—long years; and other baby faces had smiled up at her since then, other children's voices filled the rooms, and the loss of that first-born one was well nigh made up to her at last. But those the sorrows of her life had all come together, and the clouds had drifted by, and now while I write it is all blue summer sky with her.

Caroline Dashwood has at last won a certain battle, over which she and her ambitious mother fought many times in the days gone by. Lady Georgina is much changed, her ambition is quelled, and hopes which were once very dear to her have all fallen away. Captain Jack still lives abroad, and of him the world says strange things now-a-days; he is a *mauvais sujet*, and people shake their heads when he is mentioned; Lady Georgina sees at last that all her love has been for evil, and often, and often, alone, far away from him, she thinks and repents very bitterly, that she had not found it in her heart long years ago to forgive a certain blue eyed little lady, of whom that reckless son of hers had been very fond. All might now have been well with him but for that one mistake of hers, and this was how it was that Caroline found it so easy to gain her point. Mr. and Mrs. Miles are not as badly off as is generally supposed, and Caroline rules the roost to her perfect satisfaction, and is very well contented. Miss Foulkes is still Miss Foulkes, and likely to remain so I think; for the world, that is to say the voice of the world, says unkind things of that saucy, piquant young lady. Gentlemen speak loudly of her at their clubs, over their billiards, and no one takes her part, and they say many things which I am sure are not true; but then the world never does say anything kind, and we shouldn't be too eager always to hear what it has to say about our friends: there are so few among us who never ask themselves *qu'en dira*

le monde? We are all a little sore on this point; we don't like being laughed at behind our backs, and we have a general desire to be thought well of by everyone. So let us be lenient with poor Miss Foulkes, let us deal with her as we would that she should deal with us, and shake hands with her more in pity than in anger, forgiving her much because she was foolish.

I have come to the end of my story. The little play which has been acted all for you and your approval is over, and the green curtain is creeping down, the actors are standing hand in hand, and you are taking farewell of their familiar faces.

It has not been a great tragedy, or even one of the new-world sensation dramas; there have been no murders, or forgeries, or exciting bigamies—none of the conventional crimes in which the world takes such a pleasant interest now-a-days. It has only been a little drawingroom piece, a string of scenes each one sadly like the last, and I believe such pieces don't pay in these times. The players play their parts tamely, because there is nothing in the piece to excite or interest them, and the audience lean back lazily in their seats and yawn, and wish for the end, because it is so sadly dull and like the everyday routine of life; and the poor author stands at the wing, with his heart beating, listening, listening always for the applause which is so long in coming. He has spent such long, sleepless nights in thinking and planning over this new play; he has dreamt of it so often. Poor patient soul! I am afraid he will be disappointed. Ah me! what a farce it all is! what humbug there is in the world, if we do but think; how the roaring lions always carry it their own way.

But I mustn't appear bitter or ill-tempered over it all; if I am not a roaring lion I mustn't murmur. I have read a certain tale about a hare and a tortoise, and I am beginning to find out that I am one of the latter. But, after all, we can't all be hares and roaring lions, there must be some lambs and tortoises. The world couldn't go on at all without some patient, plodding people to look after the little insignificant things of life.

I am writing these farewell lines rather sadly. I am lingering over my

goodbye; for in writing this humdrum little tale, I have been living much of my old life over again; I have been standing in the presence of things past, I have been dreaming of times that are gone from me, and this is what is making me so sad. For as I take up my pen regretfully to write the end of my story, I feel now so fully that I have but sketched that which I intended to paint in very glowing colours. I have not been doing justice to my subject.

I am sitting in a pretty sunny room in a quiet old country house; the evening is coming on, the sun is

sinking in the west, and the day will soon be gone. There is the flutter and chirping of birds that are going to rest; there is the heavy scent of half-closed flowers on the air. The cawing of rooks among distant trees comes slow and monotonous; and from below me, in the garden, the sound of children's voices is wafted up; and so it is that while I sit here writing, while I sit, and think, and listen, there is something telling me that those young voices which are rising from the garden of the world—those happy-child voices are saying always, "Not yet, not here the end."

GARRICK—A MANAGER'S END.

YET if the stage was now to lose its great light, the happy law of compensation was already providing that the perfect day should not go down in darkness. For in this closing season the great daughter of the Kemble family came to Drury-lane, and elegantly and correctly declaimed *Portia*. To think of the great actress in such a light part seems difficult. She was to be an exception to the precedent of great tragedians who have mostly established themselves and stormed success in a single night. But coming after Mrs. Clive, who, with execrable taste, turned the trial scene into a buffoonery by mimicking the manner and voice of Mr. Dunning the great lawyer, such classic correctness must have sounded tame. One of the common stock charges against Garrick has been that he was jealous of the rising powers of this fine actress, or that taking a sort of dislike to her, he kept her back. The reader will, I dare say, now be prepared after the fate of so many stock charges, which a little calm inquiry had scattered, to see this imputation dissipated like a cloud. It will be found, that so far from being kept back, she was almost unduly brought forward. Drury-lane was rich in actresses of the highest mark, and all "the capital parts" were in the lawful possession of such incomparable artists as Miss Younge, Mrs. Abington, and Mrs. Yates. It would be only fair that these tried auxiliaries who had served long—though perhaps not faithfully—should fairly claim to share in the glories of this closing season. Yet to Mrs. Siddons

was given *Lady Anne* in "Richard," and out of the last nine nights, when all England, and even France, was rushing to see and hear the last of the famous actor, she was privileged to play on six with him, a great favour and indulgence to a novice, especially when we think what niceties there are in the adjustment of characters, and how jealous the possessors of "capital parts" can reasonably be.

Yet he was not to abdicate without knowing some of his old theatrical trouble; and it was certainly a little perverse that after so long a period of repose, and the perfect harmony that had reigned at Drury for so many years, a most disagreeable *ennemi* should have signalized the last few months of his reign. It was a very curious and dramatic episode. A tall, gigantic, "bruising" clergyman, who could fight his way through a "row" at Ranelagh Gardens as desperately as he could through the columns of his own newspaper, and who, if either sinews, or journal failed him, was ready to "go out" and get satisfaction with the pistol, had written his play, like so many other clergymen. So powerful and dangerous a character was, of course, likely to have some influence with Garrick; and his *Morning Post*, which even then took up the rôle it does at present, was too formidable an engine not to be respected. A more odious character than its reverend editor could not be conceived. As a friend wrote of him tenderly "he was constituted, both

in mind and body, for the army or navy rather than for the Church." And the same "hand" also said there was "a sportive severity" in his writing which did not spare sex or condition, which brought him into unpleasant conflicts with the persons thus satirized. "But," said his friend,* "he always manfully supported his character, and was wholly incapable of degrading concessions." And in this spirit, with "Mr. Denis O'Brien" for his second, he went "out" with "Joey Richardson" in the Park, put a ball through that gentleman's arm, and distinguished himself in other encounters. Lord Lyttleton gave him a fine living, a good deal owing to Garrick's friendly instances. He stood to his friends loyally, through thick and thin, as the phrase is, and there was no such scrupulosity in the distribution of church patronage to make Garrick squeamish.†

His rude personalities in his paper had made him hosts of enemies, and he was now actively venturing on the incautious step of bringing out a play at Drury-lane. A man of the world must have seen that this was but an invitation to all his enemies to come and revenge themselves. But vanity, and above all vanity born of the stage, will overpower shrewdness. His play was called "The Blackamoor," and caused dreadful scenes of confusion, which continued for four nights. One man got behind the scenes with an open knife in his hand, pursuing one of the people of the house, and threatening to "cut his liver out!" The ringleader was a certain Roper. Dreadful battles took place, and Woodfall, another editor, was nearly murdered.

Even Mrs. Abington, when he was gone from the stage, could not spare him, and went about telling people that some malicious "characters" from Shakespeare, which had lately appeared in the papers, were by him. With excellent discretion he first made himself perfectly sure that "that mischief-making lady" had so slandered him by getting good evidence of it,

and then reproached her with her behaviour. She made a kind of apology, which he accepted in this way: "I sincerely agree with Montaigne, that the smallest token of sorrow from a lady ought to melt the hardest heart, and bring it to that state of feeling she is pleased to give it. If Mrs. Abington has inadvertently mentioned me as the author of the characters in question, I trust in her justice she will not suffer any false impression of me to remain among her friends." What could be more moderate or more delicate in its reproof?

The man who had used his reputation and the influence his high theatrical position gave him, to obtain favours and promotion for his friends was to receive a fresh hurt before his retirement. What little gratitude such kindness could secure! Some time before he had secured the promotion of a navy officer, a Captain Thompson, and it would seem had besides given him the usual assistance of a loan. This officer had written a piece for the stage, which was brought out at Covent Garden. With a meanness not usually found in his profession, and smarting under the sense of failure, he published in the *London Packet* (near 1776) a most unmanly attack upon Garrick, under the title of "The Elephant of Drury-lane," in which he charged the manager with conspiring to destroy his play. Mr. Bate was so indignant at this ingratitude that he published a reply, in which he told very plainly the navy captain's obligations to Mr. Garrick. This Captain Thompson, and his friend Mr. Crawford, chose to fasten on Mr. Garrick, and came to the Adelphi to charge him with the authorship. Garrick was so hurt that he got Bate to make an affidavit acknowledging the entire authorship, and affirming that Garrick had never seen or inspired a word of it, and that the obligations he had learned from Thompson's own friends. Rather humiliated the officer apologized abjectly. "To the last period of my life I

* John Taylor.

† "Did you read my foolish religious ode?" writes Mr. Bate, at a Christmas festival, "on this day, to take the unwary in; who cannot fail after this to set me down among the long list of the truly pious professors of the Gospel? When you sit in judgment on it, remember that I wrote it yesterday, while my hair was dressing." This obstreperous profanity was quite in keeping.

will own my gratitude to you." But Garrick, in a case like this, when he had been "hurt" never gave way,* and, deeply wounded, he replied to him in these words: "*As I never satirized my friend*, so I never can forget any unprovoked satire from one I once called my friend. It is impossible that Captain Thompson and I can ever look upon each other but with pain, though for different reasons. Therefore, the less we see each other the better." The officer had said that what raised his suspicions was the similarity of expressions to a passage in an old letter of his to Garrick. "Can Mr. Thompson imagine," said the other, "that the man he has known and tried so long could be guilty of so much baseness as to give up a private letter for ridicule? Be assured, sir, that I have as totally forgotten what you may have written to me from every part of the world, as I will endeavour to forget that such a person as the writer and his unkindness ever existed." A most dignified, just, and manly reproof.

Abington, too, was harassing him with attorneys' letters, altercations about her benefit night, and finally, after securing his promise to play for her benefit, announced that she meant to retire from the stage. The spite in this intention was apparent, which was to distract the attention of the town from the greater retirement now at hand. How bitterly he felt her behaviour may be conceived from his marginal remark: "The above is a true copy of the letter of that worst of bad women, Mrs. Abington, about her leaving the stage."

Shortly after Christmas began that wonderful series of performances in which he gave the round of all his best characters, each for the last time. The rush and excitement for places during this wonderful season was not equalled even during the early Goodman's-fields era. The highest persons in the land were begging for boxes and places. Lord and Lady North, the Duke of Portland, and a host of fine people came and were crushed, and went away enchanted. Lady Colebrooke offered

an extra sum for places, for she was desirous that her children should see Mr. Garrick and talk of that night fifty years after. Wither, a faithful admirer and actor, was coming a long journey from Dublin to see his idol, and a greater compliment still, the charming Madame Necker, the heroine of Gibbons' early love, came over from Paris specially. Sir Gray Cooper grew actually offended because he could not get into the theatre so often as he wished. He had moved the Theatrical Fund Bill in the House, and thought Mr. Garrick should remember that obligation. Yet he hears that a certain "Mons. Necker and a Dean of Derry have boxes every night." Very wittily he says there was "a sort of *ministerial promise*" given, accompanied by a "gentle squeeze of the hand and a *measured smile of consent*"—a very happy description of the ambiguity of such engagements.

But Garrick never forgot what was owing to his dignity. He wrote a letter stiffly, and showed he was somewhat hurt at this charge: "When have I been inattentive to your and Lady Cooper's commands? The last box I procured for you has caused much mischief to your humble servant. My likings and attachments to my friends will, I hope, be remembered when my fool's-cap and bells will be forgotten"—a very remarkable and sincere declaration. The other was truly penitent, and wrote to him to say that if, in the eagerness to enjoy the pleasure of seeing Garrick, anything petulant had escaped him, he begged his pardon most sincerely. This shows how excited the world had grown about this festival, as it might be called. What a procession of characters—his best and finest—made yet finer by the special character of the occasion, and his natural determination to excel himself. *Hamlet*, *Lea*, *Richard*, and *Lusignan*, and *Kitely* were the graver characters he chose. *Archer*, *Abel Dragger*, *Sir John Brute*, *Ben-dict*, *Leon*, and *Don Felix* was the more varied round selected for comedy. It is, indeed, wonderful to see from this where his real strength had gradually developed. Most of

* The letter of apology is endorsed by Garrick very bitterly:—"The last letter I shall ever, I hope, receive from my good friend Captain Thompson."

these characters were played from two to three times each. *Archer* was played but once, on May 7th, *Sir John Brute* four times. The lively actresses all played with him, and played their best. It needed all this excitement to carry him through; for he was suffering acutely. "Gout, stone, sore throat," he wrote, "yet I am in spirits." Hannah More, up from Bristol, could hardly trust herself to speak of the effect produced on her. "I pity those who have not seen him. Posterity will never be able to form the slightest idea of his perfections. The more I see him, the more I admire. I have seen him within these three weeks take leave of *Benedict*, *Sir John Brute*, *Kitely*, *Abel Dragger*, *Archer*, and *Leon*. It seems to me as if I was assisting at the obsequies of the different poets. I feel almost as much pain as pleasure." There was, indeed, a pathos about the whole. He seemed to be in a sort of whirl; and of "the present situation of my affairs," he said, "the last hours of my theatrical life, and my preparing for another;" and he adds, "Just going to perform *Benedict for the last time*," which was on May the 9th.

Was it at all surprising that he should feel nervous on those trying occasions? Friends did not help him much. Stevens pressed him hard to give the genuine text of "*Lear*" as a novelty; but he could not trust himself to unlearn. Even in the morning when going over some slight alteration, he was quite distressed and confused. After the play was over, a little scene took place in the green-room. Miss Younge, whose frowardness had given him much trouble, was to be *Cordelia*, and he there took leave of her, calling her "his daughter," and with a hearty wish that all his stage blessing would be fulfilled. The actress, affected by this kindness, said to him,

"Sir, if you would indeed give me your blessing," which Garrick did in a very solemn way.*

"Richard" was kept for the end appropriately. I gained my fame in "Richard" and I mean to close with it. He accordingly ordered a superb new dress. When this came home, he, with a little want of judgment, said he would play "*Lear*" in his "new 'Richard' dress." His friends remonstrated, but he persisted. And yet from "Richard" he almost shrank. "I dread the fight," he said to his friend Cradock, "and the fall. I am afterwards in agonies."[†]

On June the 5th "Richard" was given in presence of the King and Queen.‡ Old and dear friends were crowding up and rallying about. Sir George Young came away from that night, and saying, "the evening of your day may be sweet and composed, is the sincere wish of your old and affectionate friend." "John Beard" got him at this favourable moment to make a request for him to Sir George Hay. "You are grown formal in your old age, my dear friend," said Sir George. "Kiss the blooming wrinkles of my ancient love for my sake, and believe me always yours and hers." On the eighth "*King Lear*" was given, with Miss Younge as *Cordelia*; and then came round the fatal closing 10th of June, which was the last night for *Roscius*.

Don Felix was the gay and classic character selected. The tremendous crowd that filled the theatre from floor to ceiling, were to be recreated with a last glimpse of true comedy, the like of which it may be suspected no one has seen since. From this choice it may be suspected that the image of himself that he wished to linger on playgoer's mind, was of the tempered gaiety and airy sprightliness where his real strength lay.

What a night for Drury Lane!

* The amusing Cradock tells us complacently, "After the second act I left my place, and went in tears to the Bedford Coffee-house. When Garrick heard this he was quite affected, and shook me by the hand."

† He was now suffering dreadfully from the stone. He was doctoring himself, and when he saw a grazier in the country ride who had suffered from the same malady, but had been benefited by "Adams' Solvent," he began to take that medicine also. Mr. Cradock mentions this. A little unimportant little matter like this, but which is corroborated by Garrick's own letters, is evidence of exactness in things of more weight. Garrick was recommending this solvent to such friends as suffered like him.

‡ Davies, inaccurate to the last, says that "Richard" was acted but once. It was played three times. The king was surprised to see the nimbleness with which he performed the fighting portions, and ran about the field.

What a night for the actor—now, at the end of his nearly forty years' service. There was not here any of the affectation and sham sentiment that sometimes prevails on such departures, too long delayed. As his eyes wandered round the house, which house must have seemed to him a sea of friends' faces and of friends' eyes. There were strangers and foreigners present.*

Even the foreigners were struck by the mournful character of the scene; which brought to him the early days—the triumph of the little theatre at Goodman's-fields. He thought himself that he played with even more spirit than he had ever done before. When Mrs. Centlivre's wit was done, and the curtain had shut out *that Don Felix* for ever, then came a moment of suspense and even awe. He came forward very slowly. Behind the stage was filled with groups of the players eager not to lose a point of this almost solemn situation. The aides became crowded with others. Not a sound was heard. There was a pause. No wonder he said afterwards that it was an awful moment, and that he seemed to have lost not merely his voice, but the use of his limbs. His face was seen to work as he tried to speak, and with an effort. It had been the custom, he said, on such occasions to address friends in a farewell epilogue. He had intended following the practice, but when he came to attempt it, found himself quite as unequal to the writing of it as he now would be to its delivery. The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction would but ill suit his present feelings. The moment was an awful one for him, now parting for ever from those who had lavished on him *such* favours and kindness; and upon the very spot where all these favours were received. Here he was quite overcome, and could not go on from his tears. Recovering himself he merely added, that he should never forget their goodness, and though his successors might have more ability, they could not surpass the pains he had taken to win support, or the gratitude he felt. On this he retired slowly, and with a lingering longing. The shouts of applause from that brilliant

amphitheatre were broken by sobs and tears. The wonderful eyes still brilliant, were turned wistfully again and again to that sea of sympathetic faces, one of the most brilliant audiences perhaps that ever sat in Drury Lane, and at last tore himself from their view. An awful moment for him, as he said. Their emotion was as plain to him as his was to them. Though an afterpiece was to follow, they would not suffer it to be played, nor could the actors find spirit to perform it, after the affecting bit of tragedy that they had witnessed. When the curtain descended on that fatal 16th of June, it indeed shut out *the greatest* of English actors.

But among the familiar attractions of Hampton must be counted Mr. Garrick's great dog "Dragon," which was well known everywhere. He had even travelled up to town, and, like his master, had made his appearance on the stage at Drury Lane, being led out by the droll Weston, who spoke an epilogue, addressed to himself. The audience were infinitely delighted with the unconscious acting of the great dog, who seemed quite at home in their presence, and looked up with great good humour in the face of this droll actor, who was addressing him. There was near being a riot on a succeeding night when this epilogue was withdrawn, and the dog had to be sent for. This familiarity was scarcely consistent with the dignity of Drury Lane, and was nearly as bad as that boxing of Hunt and dancing of Mahomet which he had once, through Johnson's mouth, denounced so scornfully; later Miss Hannah More addressed this dog far more elegantly, and appropriately; and her very pleasing ode to Dragon was copied and re-copied, and had at last to be printed to gratify admirers. The occasion was Garrick's Farewell to the Stage, and the compliments are just, without any adulation:—

"O Dragon! change with me thy fate,
To me give up thy place and state,
And I will give thee mine.
I left to think and thou to feed
My mind enlarged, thy body freed,
How blest my lot and thine!

* A German baron was among those who came specially from Paris, and who had been trying for three weeks to get a place. There was also a Baron Roeh present.

I'd get my master's way—by rote,
 Ne'er would I bark at ragged coat,
 Nor tear the tattered sinner.
 Like him I'd love the dog of merit,
 Caress the cur of broken spirit,
 And give them all a dinner.

Nor let me pair his blue-eyed dame
 With Venus or Minerva's name,
 One warrior, one coquet.
 No; Pallas and the Queen of Beauty
 Shunn'd or betrayed that nuptial duty,
 Which *she* so highly set.

When'er I heard the rattling coach
 Proclaim their long-desired approach,
 How would I haste to greet 'em?
 Nor ever feel I wore a chain,
 Till starting I perceived with pain
 I could not fly to meet 'em.

The master loves his sylvan shades,
 Here with the nine melodious maids,
 His choicest hours are spent.
 Yet shall I hear some wailing cry,
 (Such wailings from my presence fly),
 'Garriek will soon repent.'

When warm admirers drop a tear,
 Because this sun has left his sphere
 And set before his time.
 I who have felt and lov'd his rays,
 What *they* condemn will loudly praise,
 And call the deed sublime.

How wise! long pampered with applause,
 To make a voluntary pause,
 And lay his laurels down.
 Boldly repelling each stray claim,
 To dare assert to wealth and fame,
 'Enough of both I've known!'

The same feeling of temporising pursued him with Kenrick. This ruffian, as he may be called, pursued exactly the same tactics as Williams had done, and it would almost seem as if the two had taken counsel together. Irritated by his play not being accepted at once, he took his revenge by trying to mix up Garriek's name with Bickerstaff and his defence, which was then exciting public attention. When he knew that this must have struck at Garriek in his tenderest point, he sent him, just as Williams had done, an anonymous letter. Garriek had intended to punish him by the law, which alarmed the slanderer, who took the odd course of writing as a friend and abusing himself. Mr. Garriek, he said, owed it to himself to bring this desperate villain to an account, and exact from him the satisfaction of a gentleman. This "cowardly rascal, to recover his reputation, now declares that he is ready to give Mr. Garriek

the satisfaction of a gentleman; and to cover his cowardice he now swaggers with a sort of Hussar's squadron by his side, and hints to people that laugh in his face that he wears it to fight Mr. Garriek, though it is well known among his acquaintances that his cowardice is even superior to his infamy." This was a foolish artifice to make Garriek give over his legal proceedings and entrap him into a challenge. Garriek, a little foolishly, prepared a letter—a rather weak letter—in which he affected a tone of reasoning of which the other was not worthy. "I am really sorry for the figure you made in the late transaction with me. Could you not have finished a little better for the sake of that honour which drops so readily from your pen? No, sir; I would have honoured you by giving you the satisfaction of a gentleman, if you could have, as Shakespeare says, have screwed your courage to the sticking place." With a wise discretion he thought better of the matter and did not send it. With such scoundrels abroad, a man of worth and in a public station required rare sense and firmness to direct his course. Even when a scribbler in the papers like "Curtius" had the effrontery to write to him threatening a sort of public exposure, and offering to send "a fair copy of three letters which will in a short time appear, and if, in examining the swelling heap of charges they contain, Mr. G. can obviate some, they shall be expunged," &c. He had the folly to answer this impudent demand, and expostulate with the writer. "I honestly assure you," he said, in conclusion, "that I had much rather have your praise than your blame; but I would as much scorn to obtain it meanly, as you would scorn to grant it." Surely this was treating such bullies with infinitely too much respect, and was actually an invitation for future attacks. As might be imagined, so mild an expostulation was of no use. Garriek had then been seized with his last sickness, which must have been embittered by such a threat. A letter found its way to him then—"It is this moment that Curtius has heard of the illness of Mr. Garriek, and Curtius assures Mr. G. nothing shall pass from him to the press till he has heard again privately from Mr. G., or at least till

he understands that gentleman is in a state of body to answer any public charges. . . . He hopes to be the explainer and corrector of his affectation, and tyranny, and jealousy and partiality." This was a comforting prospect for one who was but eight days from his end.

Now was commenced for him a new shape of existence. With all that most reasonable excuse of weariness and ill health, he must have been looking back wistfully to the old profession; and, after all, to the actor *en retraite*, with opulence and ease and retirement from toil; *nothing* can have the old exquisite charm of the "House," no company can equal the brilliant company seated rows above rows in the boxes. Nothing can sparkle like the footlights, and no scent can surpass the familiar play-house perfume.

The attentions and kindness of his friends now redoubled. Now that he was free they competed with each other for his society. He was overwhelmed with invitations. Sir Watkyn Wynne now claimed him for a long promised visit to Wynnestay. Irish friends—the Caldwelles of Castle Caldwell, whom he had met abroad at Florence, pressed him to visit them in Ireland, a country which he had not seen for some thirty years, but which his heart had often turned to. His kind, gracious, and most grateful letter is almost extravagant in its acknowledgments. He most sincerely wished that it was in his power, as it was in his heart, to show his gratitude. It had long been his wish to visit a kingdom where he had been honoured with every mark of regard and kindness. He did not quite give up the hope of getting over, but Mrs. Garrick was so distressed by sea voyages; and then he makes the remarkable declaration that he had not *been away a single day from Mrs. Garrick during the twenty-eight years of their marriage*, and, therefore, could not now begin to think of going alone. This is, indeed, a rare devotion. Lord Pembroke was eager to secure him for Wilton, but his earliest visit was down to Wynnestay.

But the theatre had its own losses, and his departure seemed to be the forerunner of a sudden mortality. For

within six months, Weston and Shuter, a pair of infinite humour, and Woodward the comedian, and Barry, the very essence of tenderness, and now literally worn out of existence by the never-ceasing racking of gout, were all swept away. Almost as soon as he was gone the theatre began to decay. The well-known character of Sheridan was no guarantee for steadiness or efficiency—the manager who came into the green-room to hear Cumberland's new play read, yawning through a couple of acts, half asleep, and giving as an excuse that he had been up for two nights before. But his sparkling comedy, the "School for Scandal," was already in rehearsal. It is very characteristic that he should have taken Garrick's performances very easily, partly from sheer laziness. He once lamented at a supper, that he had not seen the great actor as often as he might have done. But the reason he gave is equally characteristic of Thomas Sheridan, his father; For this actor had always instilled into his son that he himself was the *first* player in England; the son, therefore, did not care to see an inferior.* The comedy was read by Garrick, who was infinitely impressed by its wit and power. To some one who met him coming out of the theatre, he said it was equal to anything in the old range of comedy.

But though he had left the theatre, he had a very particular interest in it still; and oddly enough, though he had formally sold his own share, he seemed only to have transferred his responsibility to Lacy's side; for on that share he held a mortgage of no less a sum than two and twenty thousand pounds. This was a serious stake, and it very soon was to cause him much uneasiness.

Indeed he presently saw that Sheridan's carelessness and laziness was imperilling the security every hour. Even Mrs. Olive, down at Twickenham, found everybody raving at the supineness of Sheridan. "There never was in nature such a contrast as Garrick and Sheridan. What have you given him," she asked, "*that he creeps so?*" Yet Lacy, who seems to have inherited his father's petulance, could scarcely conduct

* Taylor.

himself with decent forbearance to a creditor who had so much in his power. When the second season began, the profits were only just enough to discharge the interest money on the debts; and the first season only brought Lacy five hundred pounds. This did not seem hopeful. Yet in the face of such difficulties, he could write to Garrick in such a strain as this: "No unkind treatment shall ruffle my temper, or make me decide uncandidly on the proposals I now wait for. On the other hand, *no distress, no oppression shall force me to consent to what I could not otherwise acquiesce in.*" Garrick had not pressed him, but had thought that he had proposed to pay off the mortgage. The good-natured creditor passed over this behaviour on a sort of excuse being made, and was forbearing. But the only result of this indulgence was a notice from the proprietors in a few weeks, declaring their inability to pay interest until all the debts of the theatre had been cleared off. This was an alarming intimation. Two thousand two hundred a year was scarcely a trifle. Garrick's answer was a prompt notice of foreclosure. He was secured by the personal joint bond of the four proprietors. These proceedings brought out a piece of duplicity on the part of Lacy; for he wrote to disclaim all share in the notice that had been sent, and to protest against the mortgage being paid off, and declared that the interest would be found all in due course. Garrick at once, softened, sent him a message that he might depend he should not be distressed. Yet Garrick presently discovered that just before this transaction, Lacy had bargained to transfer all his interest to Sheridan for a large price. This explained his disinclination to have the mortgage paid off.

But this was not all. Linley, another of the proprietors, chose to assume that some paragraph reflecting on the theatre, that appeared in the papers, was written by Garrick; and acting on this presumption, chose

to write an offensive one in reply, in which ridicule was thrown upon the late manager. For this he, too, like Lacy, was compelled to apologise. But very soon Mr. Garrick had to address "the new patentees" collectively in plain terms. "Gentlemen," he wrote, "the rudeness of your letters, always the sign of a bad cause, I shall pass over with contempt." But as they proposed an arbitration, he agreed to refer the matter to their respective attorneys, and declined to have any further correspondence with them. After this we can appreciate Garrick's rare discretion as a manager, beside which we may put this exhibition of incompetence and stupidity. For so short a period as eighteen months, they could not conduct their theatre. Lacy appears to have left them and taken to the stage; but though he had behaved with duplicity, he of course came to the man he had deceived for assistance, and for letters of introduction to people in Cork, where he had now gone to act.*

Garrick himself could not keep away from the old scene. It was rumoured in the Dublin coffee-houses that Sheridan the actor had met him there, and behaved very rudely to him. That veteran was still in town, busy with his old-fashioned rotund school of declamation. Mr. Tighe and the Irish gentleman called him "Old Bubble and Squeak." All this time his old malady had not been subdued. When Sheridan's "camp" was being got up, he remained one night after the audience had gone, to see the effect of some scenery, and caught a severe cold, which it would seem he was never able to shake off.† If he suffered, he must have found comfort. News of this attack reached Lord Camden, who wrote to learn the truth with an eagerness infinitely creditable to their long friendship. He had learned by inquiry that he was now recovered. But this did not quite satisfy him. . . .

"For I cannot be easy till I receive this account confirmed by your own hand. *I have arrived at a time of life*

* He appeared there in the character of *Hamlet*, and found the town a very pleasant place. But it was all in a bustle, every gentleman was in uniform, and drilling, &c. The ladies were very gay and brilliant, and there was a sort of mall there where they walked in full dress. These little glimpses of colour are always welcome.

† O'Keefe.

when the loss of an old friend is irreplaceable; and however it has happened that we have not lately met as often as formerly, my friendship is as warm as ever, and I am sure there is not one among your large catalogue of friends who is

"More affectionately yours, than
"CAMDEN."*

He soon became well enough to go down to Lord Palmerston's, in Hampshire, and was at the review at Winchester, where it was remarked that he was looking quite well again. It was at Lord Palmerston's, in the month of September, that he signed his will, which is attested by that nobleman, and a clergyman and his wife.

During these last few months—for they were to be the last of his good life—all his friends seemed to feel a sort of instinct to be nervously anxious to show how much they regarded him, and were persevering in their affectionate wishes and attentions, and in their compliments. Miss Hannah More told him how "a sweet girl," at that review, stood near him, and forgot to look at the king or his troops. She told him too how the receipt of his letter announcing that he was better, made her more joyful than ever she felt in her life. "Yet it was not a very mirthful kind of joy, for I shed tears at a part of it which is not to be answered nor even thought of; and when I read it to the rest, we had a concert of crying." He was not himself. He was, as he expressed it, wandering about for health. Now at this noble house, now at that, and flying from one medicine to the other. The Spencers were in town, and he was to take them on a Saturday to see Fielding's posthumous play, for which he had written a prologue. That charming lady had insisted on the usual Christmas visit to Althorpe; and after many postponements he had fixed to be there by New Year's day, "well or ill dressed." This was to be his last visit to that house, and to the people who were so dear to him. Yet he was not as free from anxieties as he hoped when he withdrew from Drury Lane. He was now just as seriously interested in its prosperity, only that he had none of

the security for its well-doing that his own direction and responsibility would have brought him. It would have been better that he remained or else had shaken himself wholly free.

The hopes of the management now rested on a Christmas pantomime—not then the happy restorative it has since proved—and their jovial clown, Grimaldi; when he left town, his trusty agents were charged to let him know how things were going on. Hopkins the prompter often wrote to him accounts of what they were doing, and how plays went off. What sort was the miserable management may be conceived from a specimen during the Christmas of 1778. One night, "Much Ado about Nothing" was in the bills. At noon Mr. Henderson sent word that he could not play. They hurried to Covent Garden, and obtained "the loan" of Lewis to supply his place. Soon after arrived a message from Parsons, to the effect that he could not play. Moody was put into his part; and later Vernon announced that he would not play. The prompter thought himself very lucky in being able to stop all these wide gaps so happily. But during the first act, he found that one La Mash, who did *Borachio*, had neither come to his duty nor sent any excuse. There was no one to take this part, so they had to cut out his scenes altogether. There was a wretched house. The "School for Scandal" was down for the next night, but Parsons could not play. No wonder the harassed prompter said they were in a dreadful situation. The worst symptom was the inferior actor, La Mash, daring to absent himself. What a change from the discipline of the late manager, under whose rule no one dared to have offered such disrespect to the public.

Their only hope was in the pantomime, got up with gorgeous scenery, and Grimaldi as clown. He was the life and soul of it; but though galleries and pit were full, the boxes were thin.

These accounts could not have cheered him. "In the midst of that social happiness and rational pleasure," says Mr. Thomas Davies, in his best valet manner, "*which everybody*

* Not without reason did Garriek write on the back, "Lord Camden—most affectionate."

enjoys with that noble family," he was once more attacked; but this time an alarming eruption, known as herpes, came with it. He was imprudent, and thought by gaiety and motion to forget his pains. His friend Becket wrote with an instinctive misgiving, that he wished he was home again, and at rest in his arm-chair, for he was afraid they would make too much of him and make him ill. He rallied vigorously, but still was being pursued by plays which he was asked to read, and by copies of criticisms on Drury Lane, reviews, "two answers" to some of his little papers, to say nothing of his own critiques, which he was labouring at, and polishing. Those who sent him these little cares, cautioned him against a relapse. He was not to come out too soon. "What a hard bout!" wrote Becket of the struggle his friend had made.

Thus ill, it must have inflamed his sufferings yet more to receive a foul reminder from the ruffian who called himself "Curtius," and with affected compassion promised to suspend his attacks until "Mr. Garrick was in a state of body to answer any public charges." He was brought up to London by easy stages. He arrived at the Adelphi in the evening of the 15th of January. The next day he sent for his apothecary, Laurence, who found him dressing and apparently better. Young O'Keeffe, then newly come to London, a raw Irish lad, recollected seeing him walking briskly up and down in front of his house on the Adelphi-terrace. Yet the end was not far off. There were some alarming symptoms, which made the apothecary advise sending for Dr. Cadogan, who, when he came, pronounced the matter so uncertain and serious, that he recommended him to settle his affairs at once. Garrick answered him calmly, that nothing of that kind remained to be done, and that as for himself, he was ready to die. From that hour his malady* made steady way, bringing on a sort of dulness for want of circulation, which increased into stupor. There was a picture during that illness which must have long haunted his

wife. Weary with ceaseless watching and attendance, she made an agreeable friend stay and dine, expecting to find some distraction in his society. As they were talking, Mr. Garrick came in, in a sort of rich dressing-gown, but fearfully changed; his face yellow and shrunk, his eyes dim, and his gait slow and tottering. By a strange association he seemed to the guest like *Lusignan*, one of his old favourite characters, of the old, old years, when he wore just such a dress. He sat down on the sofa wearily, remained for more than an hour, and never spoke a word. He then went back to his room, which he never left again.†

But greater physicians were now called—Drs. Warren and Heberden, Johnson's doctor. Many more came late—all friends—eager to give their aid by advice. When the sick man saw the face of Dr. Schomburg, he put out his hand, and with one of his old sweet smiles, said, "Though last not least in love." Though the stupor was gaining on him, he could at times talk calmly and cheerfully. He told one of his friends that he did not regret his having no children, for had they turned out unkind or disobedient, he could not have supported such a trial. On the last day of his life, a letter was brought in—the last he ever received, and it ran to the old, old story—acknowledgment of his kindness. It was from young Miss Farren. As at times the film cleared from his mind, he saw the room filled with figures, and asked who all those people were, he was told they were physicians. With a sense of the grotesque he shook his head, and muttered from "The Fair Penitent."

"Another and another still succeeds,
And the last fool is welcome as the former."

For that day he was quite composed, and talked at intervals with exceeding tranquillity. Early the next morning, January the 20th, about eight o'clock, the dreary scene of this life shifted, and he passed gently away from this human stage where he had played so often, and always played with such dignity.

The charge of avariciousness had be-

* Pronounced to be what they called palsy of the kidneys.

† With the pettishness of illness, he was hurt that he was not made to dine with the others.

comes a "stock" one long before he died; and actors and authors went away from Drury Lane, swelling the cry that "Garrick was so stingy, Garrick was so mean." No wonder he was rich, they said, as no one was in such agonies when it came to parting with his money. The jesters joined in the cry, and innumerable were the pleasant stories they told to illustrate "Garrick's stinginess." Even Mr. Fox, walking up and down one night with him in front of the house in Southampton-street, was so amused with the owner's feverish anxiety about some candles which he saw burning in his front parlour; his friend kept him purposely walking, and would not let him go in, and thus tortured his penurious soul. With all this, echoed again and again, until the character of "stinginess" became accepted, there was an impression abroad that Mr. Garrick *could* at times be a little liberal. There were a few instances of this liberality, pretty well known during his lifetime, which seemed inconsistent with the "stingy" character. But this could be accounted for by other motives about as mean as the stinginess. "Little Davy" was so cunning and clever in all things, that he was merely consulting his interest. We have seen how the valet mind of Tate Wilkinson accounted for his bounty to him. Foote knew pretty well what the force of terror had done in his regard. But all who had known him, or wrote, seemed to admit, a little grudgingly, that he *could* be liberal now and again, no matter from what motive. Hard measure has, indeed, been dealt out to him in this regard. It is surprising with what sweetness and patience he should have complacently accepted such a reputation. It will hardly be credited that this great man—for such we may call him—was about the most benevolent and charitable of his time—not in that pompous shape of charity which sets its name down ostentatiously for great sums to hospitals and institutions, but in that more generous and laborious charity which helps the weak, rescues the struggling friend at the critical moment, and saves credit and name by secret, timely, and judicious aid. In this rare exercise of Christian virtue, the great

actor was conspicuous. Never was a man so maligned, and, worse than all, maligned by those who experienced his bounty. He was the most generous, kindly, and humane of men. And now we know that all his thrift, his little carefulness about saving, which the mean, dissipated, wasteful creatures about him could not understand, and made merry with, was all to the one end—of laying up a store which he could dispense magnificently, or, at the worst, was a "peculiarity," which had been found in many generous men both before and since.

It is infinitely to Tom Davies' credit, who had his own little grudge against the great actor, and who fancied himself aggrieved, that when he comes to deal with this matter—as it were, over the grave of his friend—he should have forgotten all, even his own rather unfair insinuations in other portions of the "Life," and given way to a warm and generous burst of admiration. The catalogue of Garrick's good deeds would be a long one indeed—as long as his own life. It began even with his days of early success. "His mind," says Davies, "was so bountiful that he scarcely knew what it was to deny;" and the rough Johnson, who at times abused him, said he believed David Garrick gave away more money than any man in London. Let us run hastily over the instances of this liberality to which the mere allusions in his correspondence help us to. When the great actress, Clairon was in the midst of her famous quarrel with the Court, he offered her £500; and though she might not have been in distress, and something was to be allowed for the romance of the situation, an English traveller heard Voltaire tell the story, and ask his company which of the marshals or dukes would have done so splendid a thing. Then Burke comes to him to beg a loan of a thousand pounds, which is cheerfully given, though it may perhaps have been more a matter of convenience to the great orator than of necessity. How Johnson, Foote, Jephson, Murphy, and Moesop were assisted we have seen in the course of this narrative. Now Baretti asks for fifty guineas, which he was made to promise he would ask for if in

want. Now an obscure player Gentleman begs five guineas; now a poor fiddler is assisted with twenty-seven guineas, is given a place in the Drury Lane orchestra; and then writes impudent and ungrateful letters because his salary is not raised. Now Bickerstaff writes in verse:—

"Fifty times, as I suppose,

I have troubled you in prose.

"Well," cry you, with peevish brow,

"What the plague's the matter now?"

Teazed and worried at this rate,

Griffin, ay, this is his way

Every now and then to send me.

To these Irishmen commend me:

And expect me at his need—

Fifty pounds!—not I, indeed.

"Sent directly" is Garrick's prompt endorsement on this appeal. Capell, the Shakespearian, was also lent money; so was Dibdin; so was Wilkinson; so was Victor £50 (never paid); so was Barry, when he and Garrick met in Dublin. What a tender brother he was will have been seen already, and will be further from a grateful letter from George Garrick acknowledging assistance.*

Indeed, to his own relations his kindness was unbounded. It is most probable that he defrayed his nephew's university expenses; for when the latter entered the Church, he procured for him the advowson of a rectory at Hendon. For another nephew a commission in the army was obtained. When this nephew was married, he seems to have helped him in some very remarkable way. "I must now," wrote Mrs. Olive, "mention the noblest act of your life, your generosity

to nephew David: all the world is repeating your praises; *these people who always envied you, and wished to detract from you, always declaring you loved money too much even to part from it, now they will feel foolish and look contemptible; all that I can say is, I wish that heaven had made me such an uncle.*" Here was testimony from the delightful and sincere "Pivy." There was a special grace in the way he performed these good actions. When Mr. Berenger, deputy Master of the Horse to the king, fell into difficulties, and was obliged to confine himself in sanctuary, as it were, in the royal stables, his friends who loved him, took up the matter and raised money to defray his debts. Garrick sent him his bond for £800 10s. with this letter—

"DEAR BERENGER,—I did not hear till last night, and I heard it with the greatest pleasure, that your friends have generously contributed to your and their own happiness. No one can more rejoice in this circumstance than I do; and as I hope we shall have a bonfire upon the occasion, I beg that you will light it with the enclosed."†

"Innumerable instances of humanity," says Davies, "could be told of him, enough to fill a volume." Here was the fashion again after which Mr. Garrick helped his friends. There was a surgeon of reputation, who often came and dined and supped with them. One night this gentleman declared that his affairs were in such a situation that without a friend who would lend him a thou-

* Garrick Cor., vol. 2, page 198.

"DEAR BROTHER," it runs, "the great agitation of mind I have been in will, I hope, plead my excuse for not returning you sooner my most affectionate thanks for your very kind and brotherly answer to my letter. Indeed, my dear brother, you have affected me much with your great kindness, and I could now dash out my brains that I should have either neglected or offended you; and I can assure you that the pangs I have felt from your withdrawing your love and affection from me, had at times deprived me not only of my senses, but almost of my life. For indeed it has been the cause of many and very long as well as very expensive illnesses. . . . This, I hope" (his expenses for education, &c.), "will in some measure account for my application to you; but you will wrong me much should you in the least think that I have not the warmest sense of gratitude and affection to my sister and you for your unbounded goodness to my children. Give me leave to assure you both that I shall ever feel it, and that I shall never forget it."

† Taylor gives a very amusing distortion of this story. He represents Garrick as giving a dinner, and after the dinner producing all the bonds, notes, &c., which had been bought up by Berenger's friends, which he then threw into the fire. This rather theatrical scene is clearly based on the word "bonfire" in Garrick's letter. Both Taylor and Davies make the sum £500; but this was the penalty, which in a bond is made double the principal.

sand pounds, he must be ruined. Garrick asked what security. "Nothing but my own," said the surgeon. "Here's a pretty fellow," said Garrick, turning to Mrs. Garrick, "who wants a thousand pounds on his own security." He drew a cheque for that sum, never asked for it, and never was repaid. Once a friend asked him for a trifle for a poor widow—say two guineas. "I can't give that," he replied. "Well, what you please." He put thirty pounds into his friend's hand. A reduced gentleman of Lichfield, who had known him, begged a little assistance. He sent him a hundred pounds. As Davies says, "of this I should despise the mention, if it were a matter of rarity and wonder." But pages could be filled with these little "unofficial" acts of true kindness. It was discovered after his death that he had a host of small annuitants depending on him. At Hampton every inhabitant of the place could tell the same tale; the poor of that place lost in him almost an affectionate father. And it was remarked that every year his benefactions and charities were steadily increasing. Very kindly and pretty also in the idea, was his little festival for the first of May, when all the Hampton poor children were invited to his garden and amused; presented with huge cakes by his own hand, and a small present of money. And I have not the slightest doubt that this was a little *galanterie* in honour of his charming and much loved wife, whose name, "Maria," belonged to the Month of Mary. This delicate, gracious, kindly, generous, as great in goodness as he was in intellectual gifts, he remained from the beginning of his life to the end. But in truth whatever direction we look to, in the history of his day, little special instances of his liberality meets us. When Mr. Christie, head of the well-known auction firm, was involved in a difficulty by the failure of Mr. Chace Price, one of his patrons, suffered a loss of some £5,000, it was Mr. Garrick who privately offered to help him through with assistance to that amount.*

Now reappears the old, rude, eccentric Monsey, in his most ungracious

aspect. He affected to be hurt at "a rumour" which he was told of by a most *respectable* man, that Mr. Garrick had said that Dr. Monsey had set the Duke of Leeds against him. The doctor went to his grace expressly, who said, "Lord, Doctor, I dare say I have used you ill for your puffing him to me continually, and making me believe there was not his fellow upon earth." There were other grievances. An abusive letter written to him by Garrick, "upon a d—d confounded lie," told by the doctor as a joke. Now he wanted back his books lent some fifteen or twenty years ago. "However these matters are all over and done with, and when you are at leisure look out for a man who has a greater esteem and love for you than I had." Garrick answered him with good humour. He sent him tickets for the theatre. He explained that the matter about the Duke of Leeds was all a mistake. But the other was not to be conciliated, and growled back, "Whether the gentleman mistook you or I him, I neither know nor care. As to malice, he might deny that he had any; but the doctor did care much, since I am now in all probability removed far from any severe strokes of it."

On this Garrick replied with spirit, that he would let the doctor's warmest friend read these two notes, and pronounce which heart had the most malice in it. "Indeed you are grown very peevish, and some of your college friends say as much. He sent him two of his books back, and will get the third if it is to be found in the three kingdoms." He concluded with, "If you find that my balance is due to you for particular favours, I am ready to discharge it, notwithstanding Hudibras' maxim,

'When friends begin to take account,
The devil with such friends may mount.'

"Yours, my dear Doctor,
"Most obediently,

"D. G."

The doctor was indeed a sour ill-conditioned being, and this but his spleen and envy at his friend's success.

On the eve of his retirement there came to him a testimonial so genuine

* Taylor.

and hearty that it must have rejoiced him. Its coming from one who was always at war with him, makes it of double value, and gives a picture of the true state of things behind the curtain. "In the height of the public admiration for you," said the sprightly Olive, "when you were never mentioned but the Garrick, the charming man, the fine fellow, the delightful creature, both by men and ladies; when they were admiring everything you did, and everything you scribbled, at this very time, I, *the Pivy*, was a living witness that they did not know, nor could they be sensible, of half your perfections. I have seen you with your magic hammer in your hand, endeavouring to beat your ideas into the heads of creatures who had none of their own. I have seen you with lamblike patience, endeavouring to make them comprehend you; and I have seen you when that could not be done. I have seen your lamb turned into a lion; by this your great labour and pains the public was entertained; *they* thought they all acted very fine; they did not see you pull the wires."

There are people now on the stage to whom you gave their consequence; they thought themselves very great; now let them go on in their new parts with your leading-strings, and they will soon convince the world what their genius is. I have always said this to everybody, even when your horses and mine were in their highest prancing. *While* I was under your control, I did not say half the fine things I thought of you, because it looked like flattery; and you know your Pivy was always proud; besides

I thought you did not like me then; but now I am sure you do, which makes me send you this letter."

A true picture of the workings of human character. It explains what was the secret of many little troubles for Garrick. "I thought you did not like me then. . . . It looked like flattery." The patient manager petted and talked of everywhere, labouring conscientiously with his corps. "By this your great labour and pains the public were entertained; *they*; though they all acted very fine, they did not see you pull the wires." No wonder Garrick marked this kind and spirited letter, "My Pivy—excellent."

From Twickenham came a half playful, half serious protest against his long desertion. "There is no such being now in the world as *Pivy*; she has been killed by the cruelty of *the Garrick*; but *Mrs. Olive*, thank God, is still alive, and alive like to be, and did intend to call you to account for your wicked behaviour to her." He wrote as charming a reply.

"MY DEAR PIVY," he said, "if your heart (somewhat combustible like my own) had played off all the squibs and rockets which lately occasioned a little cracking and booming about me, I can receive your more gentle and pleasing firework of love and friendship. I will be with you at six this evening, to revive, by the help of the spirits in your teakettle lamp, that flame which was almost blown out by the flogging of your petticoat when my name was mentioned. Can my Pivy know so little of me to think that I prefer the clack of lords and ladies to the enjoyment of humour and genius?"

ONE OF OUR OLD CHRONICLES.

HOW THE EARLY CHRONICLES WERE COMPOSED.

Most of our old historians belonged to religious communities. The monk or friar who felt that his own particular vocation was either the transcription of portions of the Bible or books of offices, applied himself vigorously to his task, economised his parchment, provided himself with good pens and the best ink that could be made. The man whose impulses led him to the preservation of old chronicles, and the compiling of new ones for his own era, looked to the

careful keeping of those which had been handed over to him, kept his ears open to the conversation of guests who made a temporary stay at his house, made entries of what he learned was passing outside his monastery, received the relations of the scribes of other religious houses, communicated his own stock of knowledge to them, and thus were the memories of current things preserved from the fifth or sixth century. Sometimes a writer transcribed the chronicle bequeathed to him, added modern events

from his own knowledge or from hearsay, and let his original be given away to some other religious house or perhaps to some friendly chief, and thus posterity has come to be deprived of proofs of such and such writers' statements. In what shape the scribes who first used the still existing alphabet received their information we know not. If their instructors in history used wooden tablets, and intrusted their secrets to them in the Ogham character, a large and heavy book was required to give a moderate degree of information.

The British Government now patriotically employed in publishing ancient writings, hitherto existing only in MS. is not altogether unmindful of the claims of ancient Irish productions on its patronage. Already has appeared in Irish and English,—1. A portion of the laws by which social and political matters were regulated for probably more than two thousand years; 2. The Wars of the Irish and the Danes; and, 3. A chronicle of events from the earliest times to the year 1150.*

This last named MS. which furnishes the subject of this paper, was in all probability written by Gilla-christ Ua† Maelleoin (servant of Christ, descendant of Malone) abbot of Clonmacnois in the twelfth century. The best copy of the MS. has not the title, but one in the Royal Irish Academy marked 23,0,8, enjoys the following:—

"The *Chronicum Scotorum*, i.e., the Annals of the Scotie Race, written at first at Clonmacnois, sometime in the 12th century by Gilla-Christ O'Maelleoin, Abbot of Clonmacnois, in which is contained an account of a great many valuable affairs, particularly the affairs of Ireland from Adam to the Age of Christ, 1150."

THE AUTHOR OF THE "CHRONICUM SCOTORUM."

Mr. Hennessy, the editor of the volume, concludes on the authorship

from the above title, and from passages in the body of the work.

The death of the reputed author is thus mentioned in the volume, date 1123. *Gillachrist Ua Maelleoin, Abbot of Cluain Muc Nois*, fountain of knowledge and charity, head of the affluence and property of Erin, quievit. It is mentioned by the Four Masters and in the "Annals of Ulster" nearly in the same terms.

THE STILL EXTANT MSS. OF THE CHRONICLE.

The first and best is preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, Class H, Tab. 1, No. 18. "It is in the fine, bold, Irish handwriting of the celebrated Irish scholar and antiquary, Duaid MacFirbis." The second is in the Royal Irish Academy. It is marked—P, 23, 5, and is in the handwriting of Rev. John Conry, who transcribed it in France (apparently from MacFirbis's MS.) in the middle of last century. There are three other MSS. in the Royal Irish Academy, but modern and full of inaccuracies.

The family to which the transcriber of MS. A. belonged were noted in the literary Fasti of the West. They were the hereditary historians and poets to the O'Dowdas princes of Tireragh (portions of Mayo and Sligo) and other Connaught chiefs. Of the many compilations made by the family, two only are now known to be in existence;—the magnificent vellum MS. called the Book of Lecan, written before 1416 by Gilla Isa Mór MacFirbis, and the *Leabhar Buidhe Lecan* (Yellow Book of Lecan) written about the same period and partly by the same hand. The first of these MSS. (once Archbishop Ussher's) formerly belonged to Trinity College, Dublin, but was carried away to France in James II.'s time. It was brought back to Ireland in 1790, and is now preserved among the treasures of the Royal Irish Academy. The second, at least a great part of it, is in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

* *Chronicum Scotorum*: A Chronicle of Irish Affairs from the earliest Times to A.D. 1185, with Supplement to 1150. Edited, with a Translation, by William M. Hennessy, M.R.I.A. Published, by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longman, Green, Reader, and Dyer.

† *Ua* for which *O* is now substituted, has the same signification as the French *De* or the German *Von* (from). It implies that the first person who used it, assumed the name of his grandfather or some remoter ancestor for surname.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF DUALD MAC FIRBIS, THE TRANSCRIBER.

Duald or Dudley MacFirbis was born about the year 1585, and probably at Lackan (Hillside) in Sligo. He spent part of his youth at the great historical and legal school kept by the MacEgans of Ormond. He also studied some time with the O'Davorens at Burren in Clare, about the year 1595. He had a knowledge of Latin and Greek, as is evident from his marginal explanations in his copy of "Cormac's Glossary," preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

In 1645 we find Duald in Galway giving instructions to Roderic O'Flaherty, and John Lynch, the future author of "Cambrensis Eversus." His great work on genealogies, now in the possession of the Earl of Roden, was written in 1650 in the College of St. Nicholas, Galway. In 1655 he is found assisting Sir James Ware in his researches among the antiquities and ecclesiastic affairs of Ireland. He was for some time an inmate of this gentleman's house in Castle-street, as appears from a passage in Harris.

"— Dudley Firbisse an amanuensis whom Sir James Ware employed in his house to translate, and collect for him from the Irish manuscripts, one of whose pieces begins thus, viz.:—'This translation began by Dudley Firbisse in the house of Sir James Ware in Castle-street, Dublin, 6th of November, 1666,' which was twenty-four days before the death of the said knight. I suppose," adds Harris, "the death of his patron put a stop to his further progress."

Charles O'Connor of Belanagare, grandfather of Dr. O'Connor, editor of Tiernach's Chronicles, thus feelingly speaks of the profound and modest scholar:—

"Duald MacFirbis, the most eminent antiquarian of the latter times, was possessed of a considerable number of the *Brethe Nimhe* (Ancient Irish Laws). He alone could explain them, as he alone without patronage or assistance, entered into the depths of this part of Scottish learning, so extremely obscure to us of the present. When we mention MacFirbis, we are equally grieved and ashamed, his neglected abilities ignominious to his ungrateful country, his end tragical, his loss irreparable."

The lot of our ill-starred archæologist was cast in evil times. Returning to his native province, he found no encouragement or patronage. His friend and pupil, Dr. John Lynch,

had been obliged by the civil troubles to quit the country. Roderic O'Flaherty and others, who would befriend him if they could, were nearly as helpless as he himself. Of the condition of the last-named scholar, Thomas Molyneux thus speaks in his account of a journey into Connaught made in 1709. (*Miscellany of the Irish Archaeological Society*, vol. i.)

"I went to visit old Flaherty, who lives very old in a miserable condition at Park, some three hours' west of Galway in Hiar or West Connaught. I expected to have seen here some old Irish manuscripts, but his ill-fortune has stripped him of these as well as other goods, so that he has nothing now left but a few of his own writings and a few old rummish books of history printed." O'Flaherty was then in his eightieth year.

Mr. Hennessy quotes from Mr. O'Curry's Lectures the untimely death of the estimable scholar in 1670.

Had Disraeli been acquainted with the circumstances of his death it would surely have got a place as one of the saddest of his "Curiosities of Literature."

Speaking of the legal and other attainments of MacFirbis, the editor says,—

"In the art, for such it may be called, of correctly interpreting the very ancient phraseology of the Irish or *Breton* laws he was without an equal. It was the opinion of Charles O'Connor, that all chance of rightly translating them passed away with him. He observes nearly as much himself, for in his observations on Irish authors, he observes that there were only three or four persons living in his time who understood a word of the subject, and they were the sons of Ollamha of the territory of Connaught, in which province the ancient Irish customs and systems of jurisprudence continued longer than in the other divisions of Ireland. In proof of this, MacFirbis alleges in the abridged copy of his large genealogical work, that he knew Irish chieftains, who in his own time governed their septs according to the words of Fithal and the Royal Precepts. The Fithal alluded to was brehon or judge to Cormac Mac-Airt, King of Ireland in the third century, the reputed author of the Royal Precepts, or *Teagasg Rioghda* of which various ancient copies are in existence."

THE CHRONICLE AND ITS PECULIARITIES.

The "Chronicum Scotorum" once belonged to Roderic O'Flaherty, but it is probable that it was not in his possession in 1709 when Molyneux paid him the visit above recorded. It afterwards belonged to Dr. O'Brien,

R. C. Bishop of Cloyne, who died in France in 1769. It then passed through the hands of Colonel Vallancey and the elder O'Connor, whose grandson the learned editor of "*Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*," has published a description of it in the Stowe catalogue.

The old annalists were very careful to mark their chronology. They would put down the date of the year, whether any memorable event had occurred in it or not. The chronicler marked the year by that day of the week on which the first day of January occurred. Thus *Kal. vi* (*u* for *v*, this last letter being deficient in the Irish alphabet) implied that New Year's Day fell on the VIth day of the week, Friday. *U* (*v*) being easily mistaken for II (2), innumerable mistakes were committed by careless or incompetent scribes. Even the best of all our ancient histories, that of Tier-nach swarms with blunders in regard to dates.

An amusing peculiarity of this chronicle is the free and easy mixture of Latin and Irish in the text. A non-Irish reader looking at the sub-joined extract would imagine all to be pure native.

"CL. II. Cúat atha Dara ría Laighnib
 rón Laoghaine in quo ipse captus est,
 sed tunc dimissus est, jurans per
 solem et ventum se boves eius dimis-
 surum."

Yet here is the mixture in Roman type :—

"Kal. II. Cath atha Dara ría Laigh-
 nibh for Laoghaine, in quo captus est, sed
 tunc dimissus est, jurans per SOLEM et
 VENTUM se boves eis dimissurum."

In plain English :—

"The battle of the Ford of Dara (gained) by the Lagenians over Laéré in which he himself was taken; but then he was liberated, swearing by the SUN and the WIND that he would forgive them the cattle (tribute)."

Deaths being of occurrence in nearly every sentence or paragraph, it was desirable to the chronicler to have formulas expressive of the different modes of exit from this life. So the following expressions were generally adopted. *Jugulatus est* implied that the subject was murdered. *Occisus est* and *Interfectus est* insinuated that he fell in fair fight. When *Mortuus est* is used, we

become aware of the peaceful death of a layman. *Quievit* was an honourable mode of relating the departure of an ecclesiastic. These Latin words were invariably written in the native characters.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE CHRONICLE.

Other chroniclers not only "began at the beginning" (of the world), but mingled the contemporary chronicles of all nations with their own. Our historian intent on confining his labours to the Scots alone, felt it imperative on him to apologize to his readers. This he did in the manner following :—

"Understand, reader, that for a certain reason and to avoid tediousness, what we desire is to make a short abstract and compendium of the history of the Scotti only in this copy, leaving out the lengthened details of the books of history. Wherefore it is that we entreat of you not to reproach us therefor, as we know that it is an exceeding great deficiency."

The expression of the time from Adam to the Flood will instruct the English scholar in the Irish mode of numbering, the units being first mentioned with the objects following it, then the tens, then the hundreds, then the thousands.

"There are six years, L. (fifty), six hundred, the amount I reckon,
 A great thousand I count from Adam to the Flood."

The Abbot of Clonmacnois, whom for sake of ease and brevity we assume to be the compiler of our history, adopted the Hebrew instead of the Septuagint scheme of chronology, which last was generally admitted by other Irish scholars, who in all probability were nearer the truth. He never omits the bursting out of lakes and springs, a conspicuous feature in our old chronicles.

In the year 460 we find the death of that Laeghaire whose escape has been mentioned on his adjuring the sun and wind that he would no more insist on the *borumha* (cow tribute).

"Laeghaire son of Niall died
 On the side of Cais,—green its land,
 The elements of God pledged as guar-
 tee
 Inflicted the doom of death on the
 king."

The death of St. Kieran (founder of Clonmacnois) in the year 544 is thus recorded,—

"Ciaran the Great, son of the carpenter (*Mac an tsair*, hence MacIntire), *quievit* in the 33rd year of his age, in the seventh month also after he began to build Cluain Muc Nois. Beoid was the name of Ciaran's father, and Darerca the name of his mother as he himself said.

"Darerca was my mother:
She was not an evil woman.
Beoid the carpenter was my father:
He was of the Latharna Molt."

The dispute of St. Colum Cille with King Diarmuid has been already related in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. The king incurred the displeasure of the saint by slaying Cornan, grandson of the king of Connaught then under his (C. C.'s) protection, and the father of the slain youth assisted by other princes assailed the Ard Righ at Cuil Dreimne, and defeated him, St. Colum Cille praying on their side, and saying,—

"Oh, God
Why dost thou not ward off the Mist,
That we might reckon the number
Of the host which has taken judgment* from us,
A host that marches round a cairn,
And a son of storm that betrays us,
My Druid—he will not refuse me—is
The Son of God;—with us he will act
How grandly he bears his course—
Baedan's steed—before the host!

In A.D. 565 is recorded the death (*quies*) of St. Brenainn of Bir, and a mysterious transaction, for whose explanation we have looked in the notes without any profit.

"In this year the *Muirgeilt* (wild sea woman, mermaid), i.e. Liban, daughter of Achy Mac Muiredha, was caught on the strand of Ollarbha in the net of Bedan, son of Innle, fisherman of Congall of Bennchair."

The quiet historian, sitting in his quiet room in his quiet monastery, adding one piece of information to another, was glad of the visit of any inhabitant of the outer world who could or would furnish him with an interesting fact for insertion. It may

be reasonably supposed that the thoughtful but often-credulous annalist would be at times victimized by some ancestor of the *Baron Munchausen*, who, in absence of any stirring authentic news, would communicate some choice fancy of his own, such as the above, or that of the gigantic woman farther on. The reader must not set chronicles such as this in the same class with the romantic annals, for everything here is put down in good faith, the writer being left pretty much at the mercy of his news-imparters.

"A.D. 598. The battle of Dun-bolg (Fort of the Sacks, County Wicklow), gained on the fourth of the Ides of January, by Brandubh (Black Raven) and the Lagenians, in which Aeth, son of Ainmire, King of Erin, was slain in the 19th year of his reign."

And well Aedh (Hugh) deserved his fate. Making a coshering progress, and being well entertained by the Leinster king, his contentment would not be complete till he had obtained the queen along with the many other gifts. The Raven chief would not be an Irishman if he gave way on this point, and he was going to attack the royal ruffian with all odds against him. His queen, however, by exerting her ingenuity (appearing to be agreeable to the wishes of the prince at the same time) brought about the destruction of himself and his forces at small cost of life to her own people.

A.D. 625, Cl. vii. Maedhog of Fern[†] *quievit*.

St. Aidan or Mogue (*Mo Aedh oge*, My (Lord) Young Hugh) was the first Bishop of Ferns (*Fearna*, the Alder tree), in Wexford. St. Mogue was the contemporary and dear friend of St. David of Wales.

The battle of Magh Rath (the Plain of the Fort, now Moyra), which furnishes the subject for a historic romance, given in an abridged form in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, is set down as having been fought

* The saint being an enthusiast in literature as well as in piety, had made at spare hours a neat transcript of a portion of the Scriptures belonging to a certain bishop or abbot, without asking the owner's permission. This wise Churchman knew what was going on, but made no move till the copy was made. Then he claimed it, and on the refusal of the copier to give it up, the cause was tried before the king. He handed the poor saint's masterpiece to the owner of the original with the pithy remark, "To every cow her little cow (calf)." This, as the bardic historians assert, set king and saint on opposite sides of the house.

in A.D. 634. The author of the romance attributes all the havoc and slaughter to the pitiful circumstance of the king's purveyors taking by force a basket of goose-eggs from a poor recluse. The good Bishop of Slane generally spent the day immersed in the Boyne, reading his book of offices, which lay open on the bank before him. His only meal, which he took in the evening, was one goose egg and a few sprigs of water cress, provided for him by the pious recluse. The basket of eggs being carried off, and cooked, one was laid before every one of the king's guests; but one of the proudest spirits present, preparing to knock the top off his, found nothing there but the small egg of a wretched red-feathered hen. King, nor queen, nor noble, nor brehon, was able to appease his wrath. He flew into open rebellion, and the terrible fight of Magh Rath was the result—a caution to future kings to look after the conduct of their tribute collectors.

A.D. 661 witnessed the scourge of the *Buidhe Conaill*, probably so called from its ravages among that ancient and noble tribe. The following phenomenon is noticed under the date 670.

"A thin and tremulous cloud in the form of a rainbow appeared at the fourth watch of the night of the fifth day before Easter Sunday, stretching from east to west in a clear sky. The moon was turned into blood." A bright and luminous comet is mentioned as appearing in the months of September and October of 673. O'Flaherty changed the date to 677. In the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle the appearance is quoted at the year 678. We can scarcely conceive a more useful or interesting occupation for an archæologist than the comparison of various old chronicles, and the establishing of certain authentic facts by the operation. When one observer in the Fens of Lincoln notices the appearance of a comet or other phenomenon in any long vanished year, and his unknown fellow-labourer in the Isle of Arran-more marks the same appearance a year or two later, or earlier, the mo-

dern astronomer has no hesitation in assuming the fact as having really occurred within a year or two of the mean time of the two announcements.

In 680 there was a great mortality among children, and Loch Necach (Neagh?) was turned into blood. 681 was distinguished by a great storm and earthquake, and the invasion of the plain of Bregia (from the Boyne to the Dublin mountains) by the Saxons. In 696 there was a cattle plague, and such severe frost that people passed between Scotland and Ireland on the ice.

In 718 a great battle was fought near the Hill of Allen, between Murchad, son of Bran, King of Leinster, and Fergal, King of Erin. Some of the people of the latter unroofed the hut of a leper, and killed his cow, and thereby brought destruction on their party. The number of the northern forces is put at 20,000. Here the abbot quotes a poem as was his wont, sung by Cubretan (the Dog* of Britain).

Mention is often made in the battles of romance, of men losing their senses in the heat of fight. In the "battle of Ventry Harbour" a northern prince became insane, and fled to a glen in Kerry, thenceforward called Glenn-na-ngealt (Glen of Lunatics). Every lunatic in Ireland, according to fire-side lore is obliged once in his life to pay a visit to that valley. We know from trustworthy information, that many poor creatures in Kilkenny and Tipperary have gone on pilgrimage to that glen, after losing their senses, the strong impression made on their intellects when sane having now become irresistible.

There is no record in either MS. from A.D. 718 to A.D. 804; and Tiernach's chronicle is also wanting, from A.D. 766 to 976. As the Chron. Scot. is nearly of equal value to the other, the irreparable deficiency is only from A.D. 766 to 804, a period of 38 years. The year 811 witnessed the following prodigies:

"It was in it the *Cilé De* (servant of God, *Culdee*) came over the sea (Bay of Galway) from the south, dry footed, without a boat, and a written roll used to be given

* *Cu, Dog*, was used in an honourable sense. Hector was the (guardian) dog of Troy. Cuchullain was the dog of Ulster. In his youth he got his name from being made house-ward by a smith (named Ullan?) whose dog he had killed.

to him from heaven, out of which he would give instruction to the Gaeidhil, and it used to be taken up again when the instruction was delivered, and the Célé De was wont to go each day southward across the sea when the instruction was delivered. It was in it (the year) also that cakes were converted into blood, and blood used to flow from them when being cut. It was in it the birds used to speak with human voices."

A.D. 832 is distinguished as the year in which Armagh was first plundered by the Foreigners. For a couple of centuries the ravages of the Danes kept the good chronicler's hands busy recording the atrocities of these merciless men of the sword.

The *gues*, or the *mors*, or the *occisio*, or the *jugulatio*, of every remarkable person in the kingdom is carefully recorded in the lapse of years; and even an eruption of strange water from Sliabh Cualann, with little black fishes in 868 is not neglected. Eclipses are carefully recorded throughout.

In A.D. 878 the conveyance of the shrines and reliquaries of St. Colum Cille to Ireland for better protection is recorded; also a shower of blood in Ciannachta, accompanied by great wind and lightning, also a total eclipse of the sun at noon. This latter circumstance has received confirmation from other quarters. Another eclipse is noticed in 885.

The entry for the year A.D. 900 affords a glimpse of the mystifications exercised on the amiable and easily imposed on man of letters, as he leisurely and agreeably filled up his parchment folios. After relating the *gues* of Tadhg, son of Connor, king of Connacht, and of Maelbrighde (tortured servant of St. Brigid), Archbishop of Mumhan (Munster), and of Domhnall, son of Constantine, king of Alba (West Scotland), and the plundering of Cill-dara (church of the Oak, Kildare) by the Gentiles, he tells how—

"A large woman was cast ashore by the sea in Alba, viz., her length was nine score and twelve feet, six feet between her two paps, the length of her hair was fifteen feet (rather short for her size), the length of the fingers of her hands was six feet, the length of her nose was seven feet. Whiter than the swan or the foam of the wave was every part of her."

The abbot of Cluain must have recorded the events of 907 (908, according to O'Flaherty) with a heavy heart, the chief victim being a wise and benevolent prince, a pious bishop, and a profound scholar.

"The battle of Bealach Mughna (Ballaghmoon, Co. Kildare) gained by the Lagenians (Leinster-men); and by the army of Leith Cuinn (*Conn's share*, northern half of Ireland) over the men of Mumhan, in which was slain Cormac, the son of Cullenan, king of Caisel,* a most excellent scribe, and bishop, and anchorite, and the wisest of the Gaeidhil. . . . A multitude to the number of 6,000 fell there.

"Cormac of Feimhin, Fogarthach, Colman, Ceallach of the hard fights;— They perished with many thousands In the battle of famous Magh Mughna.

"Flann of Temhair of the plain of Tailten, Cearbhall (Carroll) of lordly Carman (Wexford), On the seventeenth of September Gained a battle of which hundreds were joyful.

"The bishop, the soul-friend, The renowned, illustrious sage, King of Caisel of great riches;— O God! alas for Cormac!"

Plunderings and ravages by the Foreigners continue to be recorded. These are varied by the appearance of two suns in the heavens in one day of the year 909, and occasional defeats suffered by the White and Black Foreigners, and at last we spy the dawn of the island's deliverance from them in the birth of Brian, son of Cennedigh, A.D. 923 or 924.

In the year 947 is recorded a striking example of the uncertainty of worldly things. Gormflaith (blue-eyed lady) was married in the first instance to King Cormac, whose death has been recorded. Her second husband was Carroll, king of Leinster, who was slain in 909. King Nial Glundubh (black knee), who then made her his wife, perished in 919, and the widow of three kings spent the remainder of her life in poverty. The abbot says she died in great penitence.

The Foreigners after lording it over the natives for a long time, have begun to taste the bitterness of many defeats. An inroad was made on the

* *Cais*, rent; *ail*, a stone;—Stone of tribute; seat of authority in consequence. It was the royal fortress of Munster for a considerable period.

Danes of Dublin in 978 by King Malachy.

Maelsechlainn invested Dublin again this year and during the twenty *nights* of the siege the inhabitants had no water but that of the sea to drink (very unaccountable this!). It is not surprising that they offered him any tribute he pleased to impose on them, besides an ounce of gold for every garden; but why should Christmas night have been selected as rent day? This and the salt water drinking should infuse modesty into modern historians, seeing the difficulty of explaining common-place occurrences related in old accounts.

In 1003 Brian organized a visitation to the north, and brought away hostages from various places. It was on this occasion that he laid twenty ounces of gold on the high altar of Armagh, and his secretary, Mael-suthain (bald for ever), made that entry in the Book of Armagh which may be still inspected by the curious.

Readers of the UNIVERSITY will recollect the purport of this entry.

"In 1005, the great Gospel of Colum Cille was wickedly stolen in the night out of the Erdamh (treasure-room) of the great stone church of Cenannus (Kells). The great Gospel of Colum Cille was found before the end of a quarter, after its gold and silver had been stolen off it, and sods over it."

There is no such thing as a picturesque preparation for the great fight of Clontarf by giving a detail of the romantic circumstances (see the Review of the "Wars of the Irish with the Foreigners," D. U. MAGAZINE for July last), which served for introduction.

"A.D. 1012 (should be 1014). The feast of Gregory (March 12) before Shrove-tide this year, and little Easter (Low Sunday, i.e. the Sunday after Easter) in summer, which was not heard of before.* A hosting by Brian, son of Cennedigh, son of Lorcan, King of Erin, and by Maelsechlainn, King of Temhair (Tara) to Ath-Cliath. The Foreigners of the world, i.e. such as were of them from Lochlann westwards, assembled against Brian and Maelsechlainn. The Foreigners had with them a thousand coats of mail (*x. ced luirech leo*).

A spirited fierce battle was fought between them, for which no equal or likeness has been found in these times, and Brian, son of Cennedigh, chief king of Erin, and of the Foreigners, and of Britain, was slain there in the 88th year of his age (91st by other accounts), and Murchadh, son of Brian, royal heir of Erin, in the 63rd year of his age, and Toirdhealbhach (Turloch), son of Murchadh, son of Brian, and Conaing, son of Donnchuan, Brian's brother, &c., &c. The battle raged from the Tulcadh to Ath-Cliath, and the victory was gained over the Foreigners and the Lagenians through dint of battling, striking, and bravery, and there fell Maelmordha, son of Murchadh, son of Finn, King of Laighen, and Tuathal, son of, &c., &c., &c., and Sichfrith (Sigurd), son of Lodar, earl of Innesi-Orc (Orkney islands), and Bradar, chief of the Danes—and it was he that killed Brian—and the entire band of 1,000 men in armour; so that not less than 3,000 Foreigners fell there."

The comparatively small amount of enthusiasm apparent in this account, testifies to the plodding conscientious mode in which these old Gaelic chronicles were compiled. The writer may be supposed in all truthful seeming, sitting at his desk, and entering the occurrences as reported to him as methodically as the clerk of the store-room did the sacks of corn or meal, and the carcasses of oxen delivered to his custody. The extra gigantic woman and the mermaids taken in the nets, and the double suns going the entire day through the sky, were forced on him by unprincipled newsmen, and of the two evils—leaving out a truth, or entering a harmless fib, he selected the less. In reality there seems reasonable grounds to conclude that such historical relics as this and Tiernach's Annals were compiled with great care and perfect good faith, and consequently they must be of the greatest utility to modern writers of the history of Ireland.

The death of the chief bard of the Dalcassians is mentioned at 1014, but as 1012 was put down for the fight at Clontarf, 1016 is the correct date.

"MacLiag, i.e. Muircertach, chief poet of Erin, a most excellent man, died in

* There seems a mistake here. Ash Wednesday at the earliest, would in this case occur on 13th March, which would bring Good Friday, the day of the fight, on 26th April. But the battle was fought on 23rd. The latest day on which Easter Sunday can fall is the 25th of April.

Inis Gail Dubh (Island of the Black Foreigners,—supposed to be the King's Island, Limerick) on the Sinainn. MacLiaig's first quatrain was,—

"Little Muircertach, son of Maelcertach,
Who is wont to be herding the cows.
He is the innocent who attempts not
to wound:
Give him a handful of Finnraip
(small coin)."

The "Wars of the Gael with the Foreigners" is attributed to the pen of MacLiaig.

The death of Brian's great tributary, the King of Ireland before and after his career, is thus recorded at the year 1022.

"Maelsechlainn, son of Domhnall, son of Donnchadh, chief king of all Erin, flood of dignity of the west of the world, died in Cro Inis (fort in the island) in Loch Aininn in the 43rd year of his reign, the successors of the venerable saints, that is to say, of Patrick, Columba, and of Ciaran, being in presence, and standing beside him: *penitens in pace pausavit.*"

We must desist from our quotations from the Annals (closing abruptly with the year 1150) after the presentation of the following characteristic incident:—

"A.D. 1126. The precious things of Cluain Muc Nois were revealed against the Foreigners of Luimnech (Limerick) after having been stolen by Gillacomghain, and he was hanged at Dun Cluana Ithair (otherwise Dun Cluana Bhriain, the fort of Brian's lawn, Cloonbrien, near Bruff), after he had been delivered up by Conchobhar Ua Briain king of Mumhan. This Gillacomghain indeed sought Corcach, and Lis-mor, and Port-Laige (Waterford), to go across the sea, but the ship in which he might find a place could not get wind enough for sailing, though all the other ships would. No wonder truly for (Saint) Ciaran would detain the ship in which he sought to escape him, and he made a declaration when dying, that he had seen Ciaran with his staff, detaining every ship in which he attempted to escape him. The Lord magnified St. Ciaran truly in that miracle."

A most useful glossary and index follow the Annals. Besides furnishing an easy reference to the subjects, personages, and localities, the index supplies the modern equivalents for the ancient names of towns and districts—a very useful desideratum.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

The care, and research, and ability, employed in the editing of this national work reflect much credit on Mr. Hennessy. The well arranged introduction gives evidence of great industry, and of an intimate acquaintance with our manuscript literature, and the memories of the patient and earnest men who from early times have supported the character of our country in its love of letters. The accurate translation and the number of valuable notes exhibit the intimate knowledge of ancient and modern Gaelic possessed by the editor. This is further evidenced by the skill and judgment shown in the emendation of corrupt passages, the supplying of deficiencies, and the correction of dates.

We really cannot afford to let knowledge of the copious and poetic tongue of the rare old chroniclers and poets of the Irish Gael to be lost, or to decline from the standing of a valuable dead language, still intelligible through grammars, and glosses, and dictionaries. It not only ranks among the illustrious Indo-European family, but many hundreds of its words are to be found in the ancient tongue spoken by the Israelites 1500 years before the Christian era. We have, as it were, only begun to render into English, the large piles of MSS. lying in colleges, and academies, and museums, and need a continuance of scholars deeply versed in the language spoken by our ancient kings, and saints, and brehons. We are happy to hail in the editor of this book, a worthy successor to the lamented scholars lately removed from us, and exhort him and the other zealous students of the old tongue, which must in time cease to exist as a spoken language, to make themselves every day more proficient in the language of their ancestors, do all they can to excite an interest in the subject among the opulent and the learned of the British empire, and not let the good object fall into neglect or oblivion, till the chief treasures here and in England and on the Continent, shall be secured in volumes to be found in all public libraries and in all those private ones, whose owners are proud of possessing the literary remains and the authentic chronicles of the ancient Scots of Ireland.

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BALZAC—HIS LIFE AND CAREER.

To English readers of French literature who hunt through that well-stocked preserve for dramatic situations, poses, incidents for bewildering plots, and new characters both for plays and novels, the name of Balzac is familiar, and his works well known; but to the general English reader he is not, perhaps, so well known as he should be. That mind must be of a different calibre from an ordinary novel-weaver, who could set out with the determination of writing a number of works according to a determined plan, so that whilst each volume should be complete in itself, yet each should form an item in one organized system. Not merely to write a set of novels as subjects may occur, but to write them as a series in a great work. Such was the idea of Balzac; he resolved upon giving in that most fascinating form of fiction a delineation of human nature in all its phases, gilded, plated, battered, honest, vile, threading the dark mazes of vice, and bravely struggling against evil, a complete human comedy, in which all the passions which go to make up what is called life and society should have their representative and representation. It was a grand idea, and to its execution he gave twenty years of a chequered career, out of which ten were spent in obscurity and want, engaged in that terrible battle with life to which the predestinated martyrs of literature are often condemned. The remaining ten years

were spent in elegance and luxury. From the dusty obscurity of an attic he emanated into fame, glory, wealth, and died in a palace surrounded by splendours, the description of which reads like a fairy tale.

We shall review the incidents of this man's life which commend themselves to us, not only by the marked influence he has exerted upon some well known English fiction writers, but as a phase of literary struggle seldom equalled.

Honoré de Balzac was born on the 16th May, 1799, the day of the fête of St. Honoré, whence his name.

His father was a native of Languedoc, an advocate; he had held a military position during 1797, and at that time married the daughter of one of his chiefs, who was also director of the Paris hospitals. This lady was Balzac's mother, who was spared to soothe his dying moments in 1850. She appears to have been a good mother, and to have well trained her children. He had an especial fondness for a sister Laura (who survived the other two children), known as Madame de Surville, to whose letters we are indebted for much of the private life and sufferings of Balzac, it being his practice to pour all his sorrows into the bosom of this affectionate sister. As a child his affection for her was strong, and tender instances of that affection are on record, one of his having taken upon himself the blame of her childish delinquencies and been punished for her; on an-

other occasion, when the time came to confess a delinquency, he said to her, "N'avons donc rien Laure—j'aime à être grondé pour toi."

When he had reached the age of seven years he was sent to the college kept by the Oratorians at Vendôme, where he was only visited once a year by his friends, and had no holidays. He himself has recorded his sufferings in this prison-house, cut off from the tender caresses of home affections, in his work "*L'Histoire Intellectuelle de Louis Lambert*," in whose person as a fellow-student he delineates his own character and feelings. We may here mention that Balzac has left behind him, scattered through his works, his own autobiography. In "*Louis Lambert*" we get his college life; in the "*Grand homme de Paris*" his literary struggles, and experiences; in the "*Peau de Chagrin*" his poverty and privations, but the best repertoire of incidents is in a biography of him, by his old publisher, M. Edmond Werdet, who flitted round that brilliant flame, and like many another moth, got severely burnt. His record of some years' familiar intercourse with Balzac is very amusingly written. A publisher sometimes knows more about the inner life of an author than his most intimate friend: he is the depository of many an unrecorded secret. Balzac seems to have treated the unfortunate M. Werdet with a terrible tyranny, keeping him in a perfect fever of excitement for manuscript, and always considerably over-drawing his account. To his narrative we shall often have occasion to appeal.

Whilst at college young Balzac had a literary fit come over him. He alludes sometimes in his works, to a famous "*Traité de la Volonté*" which when a disciple of the Pères Oratoriens he had furtively written. On one occasion some of his fellow-scholars, jealous of this book, endeavoured to get the box in which the manuscript was kept away from him; a struggle ensued which was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Père Hangoult, who having learned what it was about, took the box from him, turned out the MSS., examined them, and confiscated the whole, with the words "This is the stuff you neglect your studies for." The precious MS. was never more seen, and Balzac always

bitterly lamented its loss. He was only eleven years of age when he wrote it, and, according to his own account it was intended to open a new road for science, to complete the labours of Lavater, Gall, and Bichat.

Whilst under the instruction of these fathers he read everything in a desultory manner—science, theology, philosophy, all were alike eagerly devoured by him; he even used to transgress, in order that he might be shut up where he could read in silence. The result of this intellectual chaos was that at the age of fourteen he was seized with some cerebral malady, and his family, who removed him to the country, trembled for his reason. Upon his restoration he was sent to the college at Tours, and at this early age the dream of fame began in his soul. He said on one occasion to his sisters, "Girls, you will see some day that the world will speak of your brother as a great man; you will see: you will see!" and they laughed at him and used to greet him in the mornings with "Hail, Balzac the Great!" One of them lived, however, to see the people rise in a mass at the theatres whenever her brother appeared there.

Towards the end of 1814 the Balzac family came to Paris, and took up their residence in the Rue de Thorigny, the father having received an appointment as Director of the Commissary Department of the first military division; and young Balzac finished his studies under M. Lepitre in the Rue St. Louis, and then under MM. Sgagner and Benzelin, where he made great advances. He gives a graphic sketch of his college life in "*Le Lys dans la Vallée*," where he says:—

"At college I had only three francs a month for my pleasures, a sum which was scarcely sufficient for pens, knives, rulers, ink and paper, which I had to provide; so that not being able to buy things necessary for college amusements, I was banished from all sports. To be admitted to them I might have fawned on the rich, and flattered the strong of my division; but my heart bounded with disgust at the thought, consequently I sat under a tree lost in reveries, or reading books which the librarian distributed amongst us every month. My father would not give me money;

when my parents knew that I could be kept, clothed, gorged with Latin and stuffed with Greek, everything was settled."

It was the custom of these young scholars, or rather of the richer portion of them, to take furtive breakfasts at the porter's lodge, milk and coffee being quite an aristocratic taste, owing to the dearness of all colonial produce under Napoleon. The Porter Doisy gave unlimited credit to the scholars, relying upon the affection of mothers, aunts, and sisters, and after resisting the temptation for a long time, Balzac, who would not fawn upon a rich youth, ran into debt for the sake of his own animal indulgence to the amount of one hundred francs (£4), not a small sum for cups of coffee. This is the first instance on record of that love of luxury and expensive living which was one of his greatest failings through life. The debt, after the usual domestic storm, was paid by his father. At the age of eighteen he took the degree of *Bachelier-ès-Lettres*, and attended the lectures at the School of Law; at twenty he was made an advocate. While engaged in these studies he still resided in his father's house, and his sister tells us that although busily engaged in preparing for his examinations, he always found time in the evenings to play at boston and whist with his amiable grandmother, who used to let him win her money, knowing that he spent it all in books. He was taken to balls, but he met with an awkward accident which entirely cured him of that amusement.

He had a great thirst for books, and during his peregrinations in the Quartier Latin he managed to collect a number of choice volumes which formed the nucleus of his great library in the Rue Cassini. However, studying in the public museums, and attending the courts to listen to orators had to terminate, and by order of his father, Balzac was compelled to enter the office of an *Avoué*, and submit to the necessary preliminary drudgery of a clerk; here to his great disgust he remained nineteen months, and then entered another office for a similar term. To the knowledge picked up in these offices we are indebted for the masterly sketches of the habits and lives of

French legal gentlemen in his "*Debut dans la Vie*," and other works. M. Passez, the last gentleman into whose office Balzac entered, had been assisted by the elder Balzac, and in return, offered to take his son with him and settle him as a notary in one of the most important positions in Paris. Great was his disappointment when on making this proposition to his son, to hear him deliberately refuse to become a notary. A vigorous discussion ensued, Honoré pleaded his repugnance for the life, and said he preferred *literature*; he won upon his father's feelings so far that he was allowed two years to see what he could do in the world of letters, but during this time misfortune visited the family; his father was superannuated, and had also failed in one or two speculations, so that he was compelled to remove to a smaller house in the environs of Paris, and a necessary but disagreeable conversation with his son ensued:—

"In four months," said the father, "you will enter on your twenty-first year; what do you mean to do?"

"My vocation leads me towards literature," replied Honoré.

"You are still foolish, then," said his father.

"No, but I want to be an author."

"It appears," said Madame Balzac, looking toward her husband significantly, "that the young gentleman has a taste for misery."

"Yes," said the father, "there are people in the world to whom it is an absolute necessity to die with hunger in a hospital."

"Honoré," said his mother, "our plans are settled for you; you *must* be a notary."

Honoré, by an energetic motion, declined.

"But," urged the father, "do you not know to what state the occupation of a writer will lead you? In literature a man must be either king or hodman."

"Very well," rejoined Balzac, "*I will be king!*"

At the suggestion of Madame Balzac, who thought a slight apprenticeship of wretchedness would be the most effectual method of curing her son of his insane passion, it was settled that he should have his own way.

Before the departure of the family

to their little house, a garret was taken for the future king of literature, which he chose for himself in the Rue de Lesdiguières, No. 8, near the library of the arsenal, where he proposed to spend his days in work. It was a veritable garret, open to the sky and not impervious to the wind, very scantily furnished with a small bed, a table, and a few chairs only. In this abode Balzac was fixed, with the magnificent allowance of twenty-five francs per month, to win the crown of literature. The transition from the luxuries of a wealthy home to a solitary garret was a severe trial to a light-hearted youth of twenty, but it was bravely borne, and the crown literally and truly won, as in the sequel we shall see. No better description can be given of this garret than his own; it was—

“A chamber which looked out upon the courts of the neighbouring houses, through the windows of which were passed long poles loaded with linen. Nothing could be more horrible than that garret; it was redolent of misery. The roof sloped gradually, and through the broken tiles one could see the sky; there was room for a bed, a table, a few chairs, and in a sharp corner my piano. I lived in this aerial sepulchre for three years, working night and day, without rest, but with so much pleasure that my labour seemed to me to be the most happy solution of human life. Silence, so necessary to the student, has a gentle intoxication like love; and study spreads a sort of charm over everything around us. The rickety bureau upon which I wrote, the brown cloth which covered it, my piano, my bed, my arm-chair, the patterns on the paper of the wall, my furniture, all these things were animated and became my humble friends, the silent companions of my future. I had undertaken two great works, one was a tragedy which was to bring me fame and fortune in a few days, and an entry into that world where I was anxious to appear and exercise the royal rights of a man of genius.”

The subject was “Cromwell,” in

five acts, and it was finished by the end of April, 1825, when Balzac, intoxicated with joy, carried it home to read to his family, who had invited several friends to hear it. The tragedy was a complete failure, and Balzac returned to his garret, not despairing, but more determined than ever to keep to his career. “I will renounce the dramatic crown,” said he, “but I will put on my head that of the romancer.”

His mode of life is thus described in the “*Peau de Chagrin*”—

“Three sous of bread, two of milk, three of meat, stayed my hunger, and kept my intellect in a marvellous state of clearness. My apartment cost me five sous per day. I burned three sous’ worth of oil per night. I cleansed my own room, and wore flannel shirts to save two sous a day for washing. I had a wood fire, which only cost me two sous a day; and I had a stock of linen and shoes for three years. I only dressed to go to the public courts and libraries, and these expenses therefore amounted only to eighteen sous, two sous being left for unforeseen accidents. I don’t recollect during that long period having once gone so far as over the Pont des Arts, nor having once bought water.”

The rigidity of this living told upon his constitution, and he was compelled to recruit his health by going home. Whilst there he wrote several romances, such as “*Lord R’hône*,” “*Horace de St. Aubin*,” “*Argow le Pirate*,” “*La dernière Fée*,” altogether about forty volumes, in 12mo.* M. Werdet tells us that these books were swallowed up by the obscure harpies, who often extinguish young writers in their dawn of youth. These first productions of his genius were purchased in 1836 by one of these harpies for 10,000 francs (£400), upon the express condition that they should not be published in Balzac’s name.

The advent of one of his books which first brought him into note was attended with peculiar circumstances. He had arranged with Alphonse Levavasseur, the well known pub-

* They are now issued by Messrs. Levy Frères as “*Œuvres de Jeunesse*,” but they are not worth much, and it is a pity for Balzac’s fame that they are reproduced. We caution readers against forming acquaintance with Balzac through any of these immature productions, though we can speak highly of Messrs. Levy Frères’ edition of his other works.

lisher, to write a "Manual de l'homme d'affaires," for which he was at once paid 200 francs on account, and the manuscript was to be handed in one month after. Balzac never could sit down to this task, and the patience of the publisher being at length exhausted, our young author was astonished at receiving a visit from M. Levavasseur, who reproached him with his want of diligence. Balzac made many excuses, but offered to read him some passages from a work he was just finishing, and which he thought would be successful. The result of the reading was that M. Levavasseur interrupted him, saying, "I will buy your manuscript for 2,000 francs; we will annul the contract for the manual; I will give you 1,000 francs at once, and you shall receive the other 800 when you send me the first instalment for the press." "My dear editor," said Balzac, overjoyed, "your words are golden! How can I refuse you?" In 1827 this book appeared, and created an immense sensation, being none other than the "Physiologie du Mariage," par un jeune Célibataire. In one week he was famous, and from the highest to the lowest classes of readers inquiries were being eagerly made for the name of this young bachelor, who displayed such a marvellous knowledge of the female heart, and the arena of domestic infelicity.

This temporary success, however, did not satisfy the elder Balzac, for we find another serious interview, in which the father, after pointing out the precarious circumstances of a literary life, urged him seriously to think about his prospects. He consulted a friend, who, after listening to his woes, said—"Why do you not try some commercial speculation in keeping with your tastes?" Honoré suggested the necessity of funds for commercial speculation, when the friend generously offered to lend him a sum to start with. A bright idea then struck Balzac. The world wanted one thing only, a cheap edition of about five francs, the volume of the great classical writers. It would be a success, and the only anxiety he felt was that he should be forestalled by some enterprising publisher. No other individual, however, happened to be struck with the same idea; and Balzac, having procured the money

from his friend, launched out in the publishing profession, with two small volumes closely printed, containing the works of Racine and La Fontaine, with an historical and literary introduction from his own pen.

They fell dead from the press, and in a short time found their way to the book-stalls. The friend, who was of an unusual type, was not discouraged, but consoled the disappointed Balzac with a further advance. His father also put 30,000 francs at his disposal, upon which he took one M. Barbier, who understood printing, of which Balzac was totally ignorant, as a partner, and they commenced business under the title of Balzac et Cie., Rue des Marais St. Germain.

Manuscripts poured in with that uninterrupted celerity so well known to publishers, and to the great delight of many unknown authors, nearly all were accepted and paid for; but no one would buy these books, and the result of the first business settlement was that they had not enough to pay the workmen. Another futile speculation sunk them deeper into debt, and Balzac, having the dread fear of bankruptcy before his eyes, adopted the expedient usual under such circumstances, and looked out for another partner, who could advance 60,000 francs. But no unfortunate person could be found ready with such a sum, and again ruin, like an abyss, lay before him. Driven to desperation he sold the printing-office and type, but it helped him only to pay off a portion of the debts. Madame Balzac then came forward with the deficiency, and to save the family honour became her son's principal creditor; and at twenty-nine years of age he started again in the world with the terrible encumbrance of a debt of 50,000 francs.

"Printing," said he, "has swallowed up my fortune. It shall give it back." He was clever at great sayings in critical circumstances, but he realized this.

He chained himself down to his desk, to the most assiduous labour, and in three or four years he wrote "Le Médecin de Campagne," "La Femme de Trente Ans," "L'Histoire des Treize," "Eugénie Grandet," and "La Peau de Chagrin."

Like most really great men he suffered severely from adverse criticism.

It is one of the mysteries of literature that the decisions of criticism have been for the most part reversed by time and the verdict of the world. The oracle is generally wrong, and unlike the ancient oracles, the deluded believer has not even the consolation of a double meaning.

Another bright idea occurred to Balzac in the year 1831. He resolved upon bringing out the works he had written in twelve volumes under the general title of "*Etudes des Mœurs au xix. Siècle*," and subdivided into—

"*Scenes de la Vie de Province*."

"*Scenes de la Vie Privée*."

"*Scenes de la Vie Parisienne*."

This was the first glimmering of the great idea of the "*Comédie Humaine*;" but we must now turn to M. Werdet's account of his connexion with Balzac as his publisher, which commenced in the early part of the year 1833.

M. Werdet in 1830 was a manager to a Madame Veuve Bechet, whose affairs were getting into a perilous state, when she held a consultation with some friends as to what was to be done to revive her drooping business. M. Werdet urged upon her the necessity of publishing newer and more attractive works to carry off the old ones, and to that end it would be necessary to find some young promising writer, whose fresh style would attract purchasers. He mentioned Balzac, for it appears that he had already detected the germs of genius in his works; but his name, then comparatively unknown, was received with great coldness by Madame Bechet and her friends. M. Werdet, by his earnestness in the cause of Balzac, at length overcame their disinclination, and was authorized to wait upon him, on the part of the house, to offer him, ten, fifteen, twenty thousand francs, or more, for one or more of his works.

Balzac then lived in the Rue Casini, and was agreeably astonished one morning at receiving a visit from this manager of the publishing house of Bechet; who, pouring out the glittering gold before him, begged him to bestow upon him the honour of publishing some of his works. The issue of the negotiation was the purchase of the twelve volumes of "*Etudes des Mœurs*" for 36,000 francs (£1,440). Three years afterwards M. Werdet began to entertain ideas of his own; by his activity and diligence he had

revived the drooping house of Bechet, and he naturally began to conceive the idea of erecting a house of Werdet.

On the 1st March, 1833, he quitted the establishment of the widow Bechet, having only a few thousand francs in his possession, which he resolved upon staking on the *rouge et noir* of a literary speculation.

He naturally thought of Balzac, but hardly knew whether he ought to make any proposition to him, he having no position as a publisher. Balzac had evidently exerted a powerful influence over the mind of this good publisher, for he trembled at the thought of daring an interview, and appealed to a mutual friend, who proposed to go at once, and, as he observed, make a clean breast of it before the author. An amusing interview ensued, which we shall give in M. Werdet's own words, as it reveals a great deal of Balzac's character.

M. Barbier was the name of the friend, and upon the servants announcing him, they were at once admitted to the sanctum sanctorum of the author. Barbier began the conversation, and in a few words explained to Balzac the object of the call.

"Very well," said Balzac, with a superb air; "of course you have capital, monsieur? for you must know already that it costs a great deal to edit me; I sell my MSS. very dearly; I want money very often, that is, I want advances sometimes; you understand."

M. Werdet thought he was floating in a sea of flattering hopes: he felt he must pay in his person and his crown, and so he tells us, with an air of satisfaction and certainty, I drew my pouch from my pocket and threw on the table in a circle, six billets, each of 500 francs; then I said to M. Balzac,

"Monsieur, that is all my fortune, 3,000 francs. It is yours for any book which you may please to write for me. Fix the price and conditions yourself."

"I waited the eloquence of the words and the notes with impatience; and judge of my surprise, of my stupefaction, when Balzac began."

"I shall never forget this, sir," said he with disdain; "I admire, sir, your candid confidence; how *could* you think that I—I—Balzac, who sold you for Madame Bechet my "*Etudes des Mœurs*" for 36,000 francs—I—whom paid by the "*Revue de Paris*" 500

frances the sheet, should forget myself so far as to give you for 1,000 crowns a romance from my pen? Certainly you have not reflected upon your offer, or you would never have made it. I should have taken it as a great insult if the loyalty of which you have given me proof, did not in a measure justify you in my eyes."

Barbier here interfered, and reminded Balzac that it was entirely to Werdet's influence he owed the sale of his "*Études des Mœurs*," and concluded by asking him to let Werdet reprint the second edition of the "*Médecin de Campagne*," which was then out of print.

"Barbier," said Balzac with pride, "no doubt M. Werdet has been of service in the matter, but it is I who have done it, and it is Madame Bechet who has received it. I could have sold my "*Études des Mœurs*" at double the price; the situation is not as you imagine." Then, with a movement of impatience, which was customary with him when tired of anything, he exclaimed, "you see, gentlemen, we have wasted an hour over a useless matter—you have caused me to lose 200 francs, my time is my capital: I must work; leave me then, gentlemen."

In the utmost indignation the rash publisher and his friend left the house of this haughty author, outraged, humiliated. Barbier tried to soothe him, and told him Balzac would think better of it and come after him. "If he does," said Werdet, "I will throw him out of the window." A few days after, Balzac, moved by better feelings, or longing for the thousand crowns which had lain at his mercy, wrote a very polite apology to Werdet and begged him to call upon him once more. After keeping him six days in suspense he went, and a negotiation was concluded, by which Balzac got the thousand crowns, and Werdet the right of publishing the "*Médecin de Campagne*." It proved a great success, the second edition running out in eight days. The delight of M. Werdet was unbounded, and he manifested it by quickly putting his neck under the heel of Balzac in the following manner.

That gentleman, though young in years, had a great experience of publishers, and a dearly-bought know-

ledge of publishing. The first step M. Werdet took was to propose that he should for the future be his only editor. Balzac flattered him, promised him he should be to him what Archibald Constable was to Walter Scott, gave him a list of six different publishers who held copyrights of his books, and borrowed some more money of him on account.

After expending considerable sums, he managed to get all Balzac's works into his own hands; though few of them at that time had paid for the printing, yet they acquired a sudden value when M. Werdet began to inquire for them, and he had to make another extensive draw on his capital, but he achieved his purpose, he was Archibald Constable, and his Walter Scott was the most polite of authors.

As soon as the negotiation was settled, Balzac began to assume a little authority, and exerted it so well that ultimately the amiable publisher used to submit all MSS. to his eye before accepting them, and had a list given him by Balzac of authors whose works he was never to publish under pain of his displeasure. The poor man describes his own state:—"Fasciné par mon admiration pour lui qui tenait du délire, je m'étais lié avec mon idole sans songer qu'il lui serait loisible peut-être ou de tendre les liens qui m'unissaient à elle jusqu'à m'en séparer par une distance que je ne pourrais plus franchir ou de les serrer étroitement au point de m'étrangler. Je me faisais le serviteur, le vassal, l'esclave, le patito de M. Balzac."

At the time of the settlement of this contract, Balzac was writing two serial tales in the *Revue de Paris*. They were written with the greatest care, for the "*Revue*" circulated amongst the élite of France. They were "*Seraphita*" and "*Le Lys dans la Vallée*." A lawsuit which ensued about this latter work, did more to bring him into fame than any other event of his life. Werdet with his usual instinct had discovered the genius of this book, and had already paid Balzac six thousand francs to secure the republication for himself. But M. Buloz had been silently and dishonestly reproducing the work as it issued from the press, in another French review, published at St. Petersburg, *revised and corrected*.

One day some numbers of this review fell into the hands of Balzac, and he not only saw himself surreptitiously reproduced, but the Russian editors had changed the whole order of the chapters, tampered with the text, and so revised and corrected it that it became a perfect chaos. Balzac immediately ceased writing for the "Revue," and entered an action against its editor, and in July, 1836, a verdict was given in his favour, by which the copyright of the book was restored to him, and M. Buloz mulcted with costs. But all France had heard and taken great interest in this literary quarrel, and the sympathy of the public was with Balzac, a comparatively poor author, contending with a wealthy publisher for his rights. As soon as the MSS. were in his hands, he set to work, re-wrote many portions of it, and it was published by Werdet, on 2nd June, 1836, in 2 vols. 8vo. The extraordinary success of the work is thus recorded by M. Werdet:—

"On the 3rd June I delivered the copies to the commission agents, who made quite a riot about my office at the hour fixed for the delivery. Patrons, clerks, messengers, rushed in when the doors were opened, and took possession of the rooms, the landings, and even the staircases; by ten o'clock they had all departed with their packets to sell the 'Lys dans la Vallée,' in every corner of Paris, and then the reading-rooms eagerly seized upon it. That day was a veritable steeple chase for those gentry. In two hours I sold eighteen hundred copies out of the two thousand I had printed, and I do not think any subsequent publisher of Balzac ever made such a satisfactory bargain."

Balzac had written a masterly introduction to this edition, in which he gave a history of the controversy about the copyright. It made three octavo sheets of closely printed matter, and he wrote it off in forty-eight hours. Although M. Werdet was making his fortune with Balzac's works, it appears that enthusiastic gentlemen never read them, for fourteen years after the publication of the "Lys dans la Vallée," he accidentally turned over a few leaves of the celebrated introduction, when his eye fell upon the following eulogy of

himself of, which he had been in utter ignorance. "To-day, the 2nd July, 1836, tired of mutual discontent, for often an author may be as insupportable to his publisher as the publisher is to the author, I have made choice of a single publisher, M. Werdet, who unites in himself all the conditions of activity, intelligence, and probity, which I desire in my publisher; it is very probable therefore that the amicable relations which should exist between an author and his publisher will never be troubled, for besides these qualities, M. Werdet is endowed with good feeling and delicacy, as all men of letters can testify."

This discovery is recorded by the delighted publisher in his life of Balzac, in the following peculiarly French strain, which would spoil by translation:—

"Merci, de Balzac! mille fois merci! vous me récompensez enfin de tout mon dévouement de toute ma fanatique admiration, non seulement pour vos œuvres mais pour votre personne: vous réalisez *proprio motu* le plus grand et le plus ardent de mes vœux! vous me proclamez VOTRE SEUL ET UNIQUE ÉDITEUR! Encore une fois merci, le 2 Juin, 1836. Balzac vous me fîtes gagner comme vous disiez, ma bataille d'Austerlitz."

As Balzac now became richer and more famous, his insatiable vanity manifested itself, he gave himself out as being the descendant of the historical family of d'Entragues, and for the future he assumed the aristocratic "de." Henceforth, however, we shall still speak of him as Balzac, but it was a great flattery to him if any one called him M d'Entragues, and he adopted their arms and crest. But though the "de" was ceded by his friends, they always looked upon it as a mythical matter, and Werdet remarks that by the publication of the "Lys dans la Vallée" he more efficiently proved his literary talent, than he did by his folly the antiquity of his race.

His wretched vanity became so offensive that he was often a subject of satire to his foes, who continually filled their journals with anecdotes and epigrams against him, which he richly deserved. He manifested the greatest contempt for young writers, and lashed them severely; poverty had not made him charitable;

in his beautifully furnished house, surrounded by every luxury, and choice collection of art, for he had a great passion that way, he forgot his garret. In society he trumpeted his own praises loudly, without any sense of shame. "There are but three men who know the French language," he would say, "*I*, Theophilus Gautier, and Victor Hugo." A clever anecdote was current about him, and is so characteristic that we are inclined to believe it was true. A book had been written against Russia, and whether as a piece of malice or not, a report was circulated in the *salons* of Paris that the Emperor had been heard to say he wished he had a *Balzac* in St. Petersburg, who could defend his honour and throne. The *Gazette d'Augsburg* declared publicly that Balzac took the post suddenly, went to St. Petersburg, and as soon as he arrived wrote the following note to the Emperor of Russia:—

"M. de Balzac the author, and M. de Balzac the *gentleman*, solicits the favour of a private audience of his Majesty."

The next day an imperial equerry delivered to Balzac at his hotel, a note written by the hand of the Emperor. In a fever of delight at the success of his enterprise he opened it and read—

"M. de Balzac the *gentleman*, and M. de Balzac the author, may take his departure when he pleases."

Werdet had bought the copyright of "*Seraphita*," the other romance Balzac had written for the "*Revue*," but a year passed by and it was not revised nor even begun, when one morning the publisher received a visit from Balzac, and upon asking him if he had brought the MS. he replied no, he wanted him to lend him two thousand francs, as he was obliged to set out at once for Vienna. Werdet lent him the money, upon the solemn promise that during his absence he should send the MS. of "*Seraphita*" complete. He not only promised, but added, "I will send you also the manuscript of "*Les Memoires de deux jeunes Mariées*."

Three weeks after his departure Werdet received a perfumed billet from Balzac, who was revelling in the smiles of a certain *Carissima*, who had come to Vienna on a visit.

Carissima at that time was married, so that Balzac's attachment was platonic, but ultimately she became Madame Balzac. In the note he had written he said, "I have finished '*Seraphita*,' and nearly finished the '*Memoires*.' I shall return in a fortnight and put the whole in your hands. Believe me, my dear friend, you and I, we are devoted to each other in life and death, for you are my *Archibald Constable*; you have all his probity and devotion. The day is not far distant when you and I shall have made our fortunes, and our broughams will jostle against each other in the Bois de Boulogne in a manner that will make our envious friends burst with spite."

Werdet was charmed with this letter, put it down, and, reclining in his chair, pictured to himself the scene. A scrap of writing on the back of the note caught his eye. He took it up and read—"à propos, my dear friend, having no more money, I have taken the liberty of drawing upon you with Rothschild at ten days' sight for 500 francs."

Buloz of the "*Revue*" consoled himself, after the loss of his lawsuit, by saying that Balzac would ruin Werdet, and now Werdet began to think that Buloz was right.

The visit to Vienna had worked a great change in Balzac, for upon his return he launched out into the utmost extravagance. He had two residences—one the old one in the Rue Cassini, where most of his works had been written, and another magnificently furnished in the Rue de Batailles. He struck out more vigorously than ever for an aristocratic position; the arms of the Entragues were emblazoned on his carriage, and on the brilliant livery of his numerous servants. He was building a fairy palace at St. Cloud. He had dreams of being made a deputy for Angoulême, then a minister, and then a peer of France. He had also the best box at the Opera, and at the Italiens, where he went in state like a prince. During this life of gaiety he neglected literature, occasionally he revised some of his old works, which operation he called "*faire sa cuisine*," but although Werdet paid him periodically, he could not by entreaties nor cajolements get a single sheet of original MS. out of this gaudy butterfly.

At length Werdet began to be aware of the perilous situation in which he had placed himself by his unmanly servility to Balzac, and upon drawing up a statement of his accounts he found he had fifteen volumes on hand, of which only six were complete, and four, though ready, could not be published on account of Balzac's indolence, he having retained the last few sheets of proof for many months. A few weeks of labour would be sufficient for Balzac to clear up all arrears, and when the works were published, Werdet calculated the sale would bring him a return of 30,000 francs, out of the 58,000, the amount of capital he had already engaged on Balzac's undertakings. Aroused by the commercial danger in which he was placed, he resolved upon braving the matter out with Balzac, and for that purpose he invited him to dinner, when, after the dessert, he laid before him a statement of his affairs, and intimated the necessity of his immediately completing his unfinished works.

Balzac, who had doubtless resolved in his mind upon his plan of action, and had even driven Werdet to this step by his negligence, received the statement coldly, and with some insolence replied:—"You speak admirably, my dear sir; you imagine that an author makes books just as a shoemaker makes shoes; that he has no need of inspiration or of leisure; that he is at any moment or season ready to write. You are adorable, *mon cher M. Werdet*, and I admire you." Werdet, however, was not in a humour for joking; 58,000 francs in peril gave him courage against Balzac's fascination, who had the consummate impudence to cut the conversation short, by saying that the subject was very inappropriate, as he was in the absolute necessity of a further advance of 500 francs to discharge some debts that were imperative, and he asked Werdet to give him a cheque for that sum. Werdet, now thoroughly aroused, firmly refused to give him another franc whatever he might do, when Balzac, who was acting a matured part through the whole scene, quitted the table, and without uttering a word left the house. For four months nothing was heard of him, and the journals expecting something had gone wrong

with the great man, began to sneer at his sudden eclipse; he was hated by the press, and no author had the slightest sympathy with him.

The plot soon developed itself, and one day Balzac suddenly appeared at the office of Werdet, with a proposition to come to some arrangement. They decided upon a mutual agreement, Balzac to complete his works, and Werdet to continue paying him as before. There were two bills of a thousand francs each, outstanding, for which Werdet was liable; and he asked Balzac to endeavour to pay one of them off by the end of the month. Balzac replied that it was impossible, but urged Werdet to pay it, and promised to meet it a week later. The unfortunate man paid it, but heard nothing from Balzac, to whom he wrote a peremptory letter, telling him he should not meet the other bill, which was due in a month. Receiving no reply, he went to Balzac's house, and insisted upon seeing him. A stormy interview ensued, Balzac declaring he had not five francs in his possession, and insolently advised Werdet to pay the money "*ou Waterloo va sonner pour vous*." Werdet left him in disgust, but in a few hours Balzac called upon him, and the truth came out. He began the conversation by saying that their agreement was of course broken up. Werdet disclaimed the idea, and told him the matter was in his lawyer's hands, who was going to take proceedings at once. "But I have some good news for you," said Balzac, with a smile. "Would you consent to sell to an editor all my works, with the agreements and everything concerning me?" "I should be only too glad," replied Werdet. The day after, an arrangement was come to, and a M. Bethune bought all Balzac's works from Werdet, fifty-four volumes, for 63,000 francs (£2,520).

A company was formed to publish them, and Balzac managed to get the best of the bargain after all, for in a work which appeared at the end of 1837, called "*Lettres sur les écrivains Français*," it is said that Balzac received from M. Deloye, the manager of this company, 80,000 francs in ready money, and an annuity of 15,000 francs for fifteen years' copyright.

Thus terminated M. Werdet's con-

nexion with Balzac; and we shall here pause to give some idea of how this gigantic work was done; in ten years he had produced fifty-four volumes.

When engaged on any particular subject, he generally shut himself up in his study, declining to receive visitors, or even open letters for a month at a time, working generally at the rate of eighteen hours per day. During this time he lived moderately. In the evening at eight o'clock after a light repast, he retired to rest, but rose at two in the morning, put on his peculiar working dress; in summer a long white robe like those worn by the Dominicans; his slippers were of red morocco richly adorned with gold, and his robe was girt round his waist with a long chain of Venetian gold, to which was suspended a rich golden paper knife and pair of scissors. He would sit at his table writing in solitude till six o'clock, then he took his bath and rested an hour; at eight o'clock his valet brought him a cup of coffee, which he drank without sugar. Between eight and nine he had a short interview with his publisher, to receive proofs or deliver copy, as the case may be; then he wrote till midday. His breakfast, which he took at that hour, consisted almost always of nothing but fresh eggs cooked on slices of bread; and he drank water, but finished with one more cup of coffee without sugar. From one o'clock to six his pen travelled swiftly over the sheets of paper without intermission. Then he dined, still very simply, drinking only a small glass of his favourite wine, Vin de Vouvray. From seven to eight he entertained his visitors, and then retired. After one and sometimes two months of this monastic seclusion and hard labour, he would come out into the light of day with hollow cheeks, a dark circle round his eyes, pale and stooping. The man was drawing largely upon his vitality; writing books with his blood.

After his rupture with M. Werdet, he wrote between the years 1838 and 1847 nearly thirty volumes, of which the best known are "*Mémoires de deux jeunes Mariées*," "*Ursule Mirouet*," "*Un Début dans la Vie*," "*Honorine*," "*Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisanes*," "*Béatrix*," "*Modeste*

Mignon," "*Le Curé de Village*," and "*Les Parents Pauvres*."

Those ten years were years of glory, wealth, and luxury. He had really won the literary crown, as in youth he predicted. But it was won by dint of labour such as ordinary men can scarcely conceive; and in his passage to his goal of success, he went through all the terrible vicissitudes of poverty, debt, and contention. His later residences were palaces richly decorated with the choicest furniture that could be procured; full of beautiful and rare pictures, statuary, and valuable curiosities. During his career he had seven different residences. The first, which we have already mentioned, was the bare garret in the Rue Lesdiguières, where in silence, in hunger, and in the deepest poverty, his genius consolidated itself.

It is one of the mysteries of our life that genius, that noblest gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloon, furnished with every comfort and elegance, not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more frequently in adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contentions, and in the deep gloom of uncheered despair is genius born and reared. This is its birth-place, and in scenes like these, unpropitious, repulsive, wretched, have men laboured, studied, and trained themselves until they have at last emanated out of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times; become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual legislation.

The next abode to which Balzac removed, when he left his garret, was No. 13, Rue des Marais St. Germain; here he had a comfortable though simple set of apartments close to his printing establishment. When that affair failed, and he was saddled with

the heavy debt to which we formerly alluded, he removed to a smaller lodging at No. 2, Rue de la Tournon. Let him speak for himself:—

"When I took that modest apartment I had enormous debts to discharge, something like 50,000 francs, and what had I to face it with? a ream of paper, a bundle of quills, a penknife, a bottle of ink, my youth, an iron will, and a robust energy to overcome all difficulties and break through all obstacles."

From this abode he removed to No. 4, Rue Cassini, where he remained for nine years, during which time he wrote most of his best works (1829 to 1838); here were elaborated his "*Contes Philosophiques*," "*Père Goriot*," "*Eugenie Grandet*," "*La Peau de Chagrin*," "*Louis Lambert*," "*L'Histoire des Treize*," "*Le Lys dans la Vallée*," "*Seraphita*," and about twenty other works.

Here he accumulated the greater part of his magnificent library. Even then it was considerable, containing a good collection of very rare choice books, luxuriously bound in crimson morocco, and embellished with the arms of the "*Enragés*," a set of classics and of classic French writers, amongst which were Voltaire and Rousseau. One feature in his library was the large preponderance of works upon the various forms of worship; religions, superstitions, and traditions of every nation in the world, and conspicuous among these were the works of Swedenborg, upon whom and whose mystic speculations "*Seraphita*" is founded—worthy child of its parent.

His removal from this house was caused by his unwillingness to serve in the National Guard. He made arrangements with his landlord to keep his apartments vacant during the rest of his term, and he retired without letting anyone know where, to a secluded house kept by a Madame Veuve Brunet, at Chaillot. He, however, grew tired of this house, and being once more discovered by the bourgeois military, he resolved upon buying three acres of land on a spot called Les Jardies, near St. Cloud. He then began to build a villa, à l'Italienne, hired a lot of workmen, and himself in person superintended the works. He was a very obstinate

tyrannical overseer, and he soon convinced the workpeople that the only thing for them to do was to give up offering advice and quietly execute his orders. They did so implicitly, and the whole building was completed, when Balzac suddenly received a deputation of the boldest among them. The spokesman apologized for the intrusion, but the building was completed, and they were anxious to know *where they should make the staircase*. Balzac had entirely forgotten that item, and found that the only disadvantage to his villa was that there was no access to the upstairs rooms. Still he was equal to the emergency, and after a moment's reflection he replied,—"*It appears the staircase wishes to master me, I will therefore put it out of the house*," and he executed his threat by having it erected outside. He afterwards removed in succession to Ville d'Avray, to the Rue Basse, to the Rue St. Honoré, to the Rue Richelieu, and finally settled in the *quartier Beaujon*, in the *Allée Fortunée*.

This last house was fitted up with almost regal pomp; everything that art could provide was procured. All his collections were gathered together in a large gallery; his rooms were furnished with beautifully sculptured furniture, the staircase was covered with a thick carpet, on each stair was a large china vase of great value, and it was lit up by a magnificent lantern suspended by a cord of red silk.

"Surely," said a friend who had just been conducted over this scene, "you must have rifled the treasures of some Aboul-Cassem. I always thought you were a millionaire."

Balzac assured him that he was very poor, and that he had even prepared this splendid mansion for a friend whom he was expecting, so that he was only the guardian of the hotel.

We have already alluded to a mysterious visit of Balzac to Vienna, to meet a certain *carissima*, to whom he was very much attached. The history of the origin of that attachment is lost to us, as utterly lost as the Egyptian history of Manetho and the first thirteen books of Ammianus Marcellinus. For years the intimacy had existed, and there can be little doubt, if any, that it was of the purest

character. She was a Polonaise, young, handsome, and clever. It was to her Balzac dedicated his *Seraphita à la carissima*. Her husband was an old Muscovite, whose declining health gave him hope. The attachment was increased by the subtle charm of correspondence, and the death of the old Muscovite in 1849 released his amiable wife from the bonds she had borne so honourably. About this time Lamartine says he met Balzac accidentally in one of those shady avenues between the Chamber of Deputies and the Palais des Invalides.

"He addressed me," says the historian, "with the air of a man who was burning to communicate something to a friend."

"What have you done?" I asked.

"I am expecting," said he, "the felicity of angels. I love and am beloved by the most charming being on earth; she is young, free, and has an independent fortune. Certain hindrances prevent our union, but in less than a month I am as sure of my happiness as of her love."

Lamartine thought it was one of his wild dreams, and left him, not believing a word of it; but in less than a month he heard that Balzac had gone on another mysterious journey. From this journey he returned in February, 1850, bringing to the mansion in the Allée Fortunée Madame Balzac.

At the time of his marriage he was only a month from the completion of his fiftieth year; ten of those years we have seen were passed in obscurity and poverty, such as it falls to the lot of genius in this busy world too often; ten more years he spent in labour of the most severe kind, which however brought him fame and competence. He stood at the head of his branch of literature, he had realized the dream of his youth, and won that crown towards which he had aspired; he looked forward now in his new domestic life to rest in ease and happy contentment for the rest of his days—but it was not to be. He was allowed to taste of the cup of bliss, and it was dashed from his lips.

Scarcely four months after his marriage he was seized with aneurism of the heart, and daily growing worse, he gradually became resigned to the

fact that his end was approaching. In the intervals of his terrible agonies he called frequently upon the name of Frederic Soulié, another victim to excessive mental exertion:—

"Pauvre Frederic, je mourrais comme toi, par le cœur, et comme toi à la fleur de l'âge."

From the account of his death we learn the fact that his aged mother wept over his dying bed, and in her arms, after thirty-four hours of intense suffering, he expired on the 18th of August, 1850, just four months after his marriage with the Countess Eve de Hansha.

His death cast a gloom over the gay saloons of Paris, where he had so often triumphed, and the élite of that city did honour to his remains.

On the 21st of August, at eleven o'clock, a crowd filled the approaches to the Chapel of St. Philippe du Roule, where the body lay awaiting the last ceremony. A few candles placed on the altar and around the coffin, covered with the pall, was all the decoration of the interior. After prayers had been said the coffin was placed on a simple hearse drawn by two horses, and the procession moved towards the church. The bier was supported by M. Baroche, Minister of the Interior, Messrs. Victor Hugo, Alexander Dumas, and Francis Wey; an immense cortège followed the bier, surrounded by a silent and respectful crowd. The Institute, the University, the Learned Societies, the Society of Men of Letters, the Society of Dramatic Authors, and the Schools of Law and Medicine, were represented in that procession.

There were also Englishmen, Americans, Germans, and Russians.

After the service in the church, the cortège proceeded to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where the body was solemnly consigned to the tomb, in the presence of an immense crowd of persons, before whom Victor Hugo pronounced the following funeral oration:—

"The man who has just gone down into this tomb was one of those for whom the public grieves. In these times all fictions have vanished; our regards are fixed henceforth not upon reigning heads, but upon thinking heads, and the whole country trembles when one of these heads disappears. To-day the cause of popular grief is

the death of a man of talent—a national calamity, the death of a man of genius. Gentlemen, the name of Balzac will be mingled with the immense influence which our age will have upon the future. He was one of that powerful generation of writers of the 19th century who came after Napoleon in the same way as the illustrious galaxy of the 18th came after Richelieu, as if in the development of civilization there were a law by which the conquerors of the sword were succeeded by the conquerors of the intellect. This is not the place to dwell upon that splendid and sovereign mind. All his books make but one book—a book living, luminous, profound, where one sees coming and going, marching and moving, with I can scarcely express what of the terrible mingled with the real, all our contemporaneous civilization; a marvellous book, which the poet has entitled *comedy*, which he should have styled *history*; which assumes all styles and forms; which excels Tacitus and equals Suetonius; which eclipses Beaumarchais and rivals Rabelais; a book which combines observation with imagination. Balzac went straight to the mark; he grapples with modern society, and tears something from everyone—from some illusion, from others hope, from these a cry, from those a mask. He penetrates into and sounds man, the soul, the heart, the brain, and by force of his free and vigorous nature, he disengages himself, smiling and serene, from those terrible studies which produced melancholy in Molière and misanthropy in Rousseau.

"His death struck Paris with a stupor. He had only returned to France a few months. Feeling his end approaching he longed to see his country, as one loves to embrace a mother before going on a long journey. His life has been short, but full—more full of works than days. This powerful and indefatigable worker, this philosopher, this thinker, this poet, this genius has lived amongst us that life of storm, struggle, quarrel, and conflict, common in all ages to all great men."

"To-day he lies there in peace, departs from conflicts and hatreds; in one day he enters into glory

and the tomb. Henceforth he will shine above all these clouds which are over our heads, amidst the stars of the country."

After this eloquent oration the president of the society of letters addressed a few words to the people, and all returned. He lies between the tombs of Charles Nodier and Cassimir Delavigne, and upon his tomb is his bust in bronze, executed by David of Angers. A few days after, by a special order, his bust was also placed in the museum at Versailles, amongst the immortals of his country. Unfortunately for the honour of the "Académie Française," Balzac was not a member. He had twice endeavoured to enter its body but had failed. The learned society, when it was proposed to give M Balzac a chair, declared as a reason for their refusal, that *his fortune was not large enough!* upon which Balzac, writing to a friend, thus comments, "Since the Academy will not now accept my honorable poverty, it will have one day to do without my riches."

This was the noble institution which allowed a hundred years to roll by before it added the bust of Molière to its "Forty Immortals," as though it were compelled, by its own acts, to demonstrate to the world the consolatory fact that it is more than possible for learning and genius to exist and thrive outside the pale of learned societies, and that great learned societies do not concentrate in their bodies the intellect and genius of the nation.

In twenty years Balzac had written ninety-seven volumes, making up the fulness of the "Comédie Humaine." They are now published by Michael Levy Frères, in forty-five volumes; five volumes being plays "Contes Drolatiques," and the remaining forty the "Comédie Humaine." These latter are subdivided into the following classes:—

"Scenes de la Vie Privée," 17 vols.

"Scenes de la Vie Parisienne," 8 vols.

"Scenes de la Vie Politique," 3 vols.

"Scenes de la Vie Militaire," 1 vol.

"Scenes de la Vie de Campagne,"

3 vols.

"Etudes Philosophiques," 6 vols.

"Etudes Analytiques," 2 vols.

SWEET ANNE PAGE.

CHAPTER IV.

STEPHEN AT SCHOOL.

FROM what we have the pleasure of knowing of Mrs. Sadbrooke, it may be supposed that she kept her departed husband in excellent order. Now that he *was* departed, however, he formed a fine imaginary court of appeal; his opinion was quoted on subjects on which in his lifetime it certainly wouldn't have been asked; and when Amelia or Arabella or Matilda Jane was particularly "aggravating," and the widow had not sufficient energy to take more violent measures, she always told the delinquent to remember "her poor dear father."

That reverend gentleman had been a very obedient husband and a very bad schoolmaster. He had quaint old-fangled notions. He read long Latin prayers morning and evening, and made the boys repeat in turn long Latin graces before and after meals. He knew nothing, and taught nothing. Mr. Vellely, having less authority, was of course rather worse. The boys' food was of good quality, but scanty. One thick round of bread and butter, and one cup of milk and water for breakfast and tea; dinner of meat and pudding, with the understanding that there was no pudding for the boy who had two plates of meat; a little bit of bread and cheese for supper. On Saturdays bread and cheese instead of meat for dinner. The boys were not starved, but certainly under fed; and I fancy this is the case with a very large number of middle class schools. Our middle class education is in a semi-barbarous state, even now.

Stephen, notwithstanding his aunt Harriet's kind intentions towards him, did not get into trouble. He had a good memory and learned his lessons easily. He was popular among the boys, for they soon discovered his tale-telling faculty, and he spun them interminable yarns in the bed-room. He was averse from athletic sports, and used to wander about the country in dreary loneli-

ness. The boys were not kept within bounds, but might wander where they pleased, if they were punctual at school and meals. Some of the elder ones, strong bucolic lads of sixteen or seventeen, used to follow the Duke's hounds in the hunting season, carrying poles to leap the hedges and brooks. But Stephen lived apart from all their robust fun, and dreamed his dreams, and saw weird phantoms, and told strange tales when the moonlight poured through the casements upon their little beds.

One reason why he escaped Mrs. Sadbrooke's notice was, perhaps, that she was dreadfully worried about Matilda Jane and John Daw. For that young lady had been caught, more than once, and had been subjected to such indignities as her mamma could invent and apply, but all to no purpose. The widow thought of sending her usher away; but then he was very cheap; besides, he was the son of her butcher, who was very amiable in matters of credit, and whom she did not wish to offend. So an impartial historian must record that Matilda Jane's delinquencies interfered with Mrs. Sadbrooke's duty to the rest of her establishment, and that several young gentlemen escaped floggings which they would inevitably have had if her mind had been at peace. It was a remarkably mild half year.

Our poor little friend's turn came at last, and I must say he deserved it. Mr. John Daw was not popular with the boys; an usher just out of boyhood never is. Now Mr. Daw, being enamoured of Matilda Jane, gave up much time to his toilet, and used immense quantities of pomatum. Stephen's class were reading Phædrus, and they came upon the fable of "Graculus Superbus"—"The Vain Jackdaw." The pun was irresistible; Stephen wrote "Graculus Superbus" on a piece of paper, and affixed it to Mr. Daw's coat. Of course the awkward boy was caught, and the angry usher boxed his ears

with fury. This, however, did not satisfy him; but he did not venture to excite general laughter by a complaint to Mr. Vellely; so, when Stephen was writing a copy that morning, he passed behind him and jogged his elbow. A huge blot was the result. Stephen was sent up to Mr. Vellely, and came back to his place with the dreadful words in his ears.

"You will stay down this evening."

Now flogging, as public schoolboys know, is a mere nothing, whatever it once might have been; and the pleasant author of *Etoniana* tells his stories about it as if it were quite agreeable—as a reminiscence. But middle class schoolmasters have been in the habit of using the rod with extreme ferocity. Vellely, however, was not one of the severer operators. Notwithstanding, little Stephen Langton, sensitive and timorous, fancied something far more dreadful than the castigations of Aunt Harriet, though that lady was in my belief worse than the schoolmaster. Moreover, there was an air of awe about it. The victims—and there were about half a dozen most days—remained below after prayers when the rest went to bed. The punishment was administered with pomp and ceremony in the presence of the whole household, a man servant taking the part which at Eton is performed by two collegers. Stephen had heard his schoolfellows, after the infliction, creep up in the dark and go sobbing to their beds. The anticipation was too much for the imaginative child. He determined to *run away*.

It was a half holiday. All the boys would be rambling far and wide, and his absence would be unnoticed till tea was served at six o'clock. What he should gain—or lose—by running away Stephen did not consider. Distance lent enchantment even to his Aunt Harriet at the end of the walk. So, when dinner was over, he started.

As he passed out of the playground, Hugh Thurston noticed the trouble on his countenance. Hugh was the leader of the school in everything athletic; a fine handsome boy, always ready to jump, or fight, or swim, or run, but quite devoid of scholastic tendencies. He had often protected Stephen from the bullies of the

school; and, as is natural, liked him because he protected. Off on some wild holiday expedition with three or four harum-scarum followers, the fine young fellow paused at Stephen's tragic look.

"Why, Langton, what's the matter?"

"O," said Stephen, "I've got to be flogged this evening, and I'm afraid."

"Bah, you little blockhead, what is there to be afraid of? It's rather nice, when you're used to it. By Jove, I'd forgotten all about it, but I believe I've got to be flogged this evening, and you see how much I care. Old Vellely can't hit hard."

And away went young Thurston with a flying leap over the nearest hedge, doubling his legs well under him, as is the wont of a born leaper. But Stephen, unconsoled, pursued his way along the lane, and emerged into the high road, and made for Idlechester at his fastest walk. He had traversed about four miles, and was walking along with eyes blind to all outward sights, and ears deaf to all outward noises, when he was suddenly arrested by a hand on his shoulder. It was Mr. Page's. That gentleman was taking a quiet stroll, with a keen eye for anything that grew wild in the hedgerows, when he saw his young acquaintance coming headlong towards Idlechester.

"Why, Stephen, where now?" he said.

"O, Mr. Page."

"Come, my little friend, tell me where you are going."

"O, Mr. Page, I've *run away*."

"Have you indeed?" he said, taking the excited child's hand. "And why have you run away?"

"Because I'm to be flogged to-night," said Stephen, "and I don't like it."

Mr. Page took the boy into a wayside inn which they had just reached, called for a glass of water, and poured into it a few drops from a stoppered phial which he took from his pocket.

"Drink that, Stephen," he said.

Stephen drank it, and was refreshed. Mr. Page then sent him away, in the care of a buxom maiden who had brought the water, to wash his face. When he returned, cool and fresh, his benefactor said—

"Well, Stephen, you don't want to be flogged, it seems."

"No, sir, not at all."

"Most little boys have to endure it," said Mr. Page. "It isn't very unpleasant, so far as I can remember. But did you ever hear of the fish that didn't like being fried, and jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire?"

"I think I have," said Stephen.

"Well, my boy, it appears to me that's *your* case. Don't you think that if you go home to your aunt you will very likely get two whippings instead of one?"

Poor little Stephen was appalled at this view of the subject. He had not for a moment considered the kind of reception with which he was likely to meet. He remembered the hard and stinging qualities of the palm of Aunt Harriet's hand, and wondered whether the birchen rod could be more painful. And then, to endure *both*!

"You must go quietly back again," continued Mr. Page, with an amused smile. "And you must bear your punishment like a little hero. And I'll walk part of the way with you."

So, with infinite kindness, he led the young runaway back again, and took leave of him at the turning towards the school.

"You won't tell Anne about it, sir, will you?" said poor Stephen.

"I shall tell her I met you, and we had a pleasant walk together; but I shall not tell her you ran away for fear of being flogged, or else she might think you a coward. And you won't be a coward, will you, my boy?"

"No sir," said the youngster bravely, and walked toward the school, where he arrived in good time for his bread and butter and milk and water, and ate with excellent appetite. And by-and-by came eventide, with its calm promise of refreshing rest; and the bread and cheese for supper; and the long unintelligible Latin prayers in the dimly lighted schoolroom. And then the boys who had no punishment to endure went off to bed; and Stephen was left behind, one of four, to meet his fate. The scene would have been worthy of Rembrandt's pencil, for its effect of light and shade. The schoolroom, a later addition to the house, had many windows on three sides; and the bright moonlight so resolutely forced its entrance, that the few tallow-candles were almost useless; and the forms of the schoolmaster and usher,

the schoolmistress and her daughter and servants, were dim, shapeless, indistinct. Boy after boy came up for punishment; Hugh Thurston first, taking it as a matter of course, and gathering himself up with an easy buoyancy of manner when it was over. Last of all came Stephen, who walked in a dream to the place of sacrifice. He felt himself placed in position, kneeling on a form, and leaning over a desk towards the window at the head of the schoolroom. He felt Tom, the man who blacked the boots and cleaned the knives, divest him of that portion of his apparel which interfered with the operation. He *felt*—though he could not see—Mr. Vellely's arm rising through the air to descend upon him. But at that instant he *saw*—saw through that moonlit window on which his eyes were fixed—a dreadful apparition of a drowned man, naked, covered with river slime. And he shrieked, in a strange wild voice—

"*I see Mr. Sadbrooke's ghost!*"

The effect was terrible. The widow and her daughters screamed and fainted. Mr. Vellely's birch did not descend according to his intention. Stephen got to bed uncastigated, and Hugh Thurston, incredulous of spectres, patted him on the back, and exclaimed,

"That *was* a clever dodge."

But, Stephen, with his mind's eye, had seen that ghastly spectre, as his flushed face and straining gaze bore witness; and when, in the long narrow moonlit chamber, he told what he had seen, even brave Hugh Thurston shuddered on his bed.

The widow did not get over her shock until a hearty supper of cold roast pork had been followed by some gin and water, hot, sweet, and strong. The three young ladies looked with longing eyes on this potent and enticing but forbidden mixture: a glass of it was offered to Mr. Vellely, but that excellent young person declined it. And there was much discussion about Stephen between them. Mrs. Sadbrooke was of opinion that the boy had seen something. Amelia reminded her mother that Miss Langton had warned them of Stephen's awful wickedness. Arabella, fat and frightened, agreed with the widow. Matilda Jane thought Stephen had done it to escape punishment, and

declared he was a dear clever boy to think of such a thing. Mr. Vellely agreed with Matilda Jane on the first point, and advised that Stephen should be well flogged the first thing next morning, when he could not very well pretend to see any ghosts. Finally, the matter was left unsettled.

And the next morning brought another element into the discussion, in the shape of a letter from Aunt Harriet, to say that she should come over that day to see Mrs. Sadbrooke, and inquire concerning her nephew's progress. She would be at the school at about four in the afternoon.

"How very lucky!" said the widow. "She will be just in time for tea, and we can decide what shall be done with this naughty boy."

"This naughty boy" had been remembered by one other lady. Claudia Branscombe, deserted by her father and brother, had managed to exist at Kingsleat. Not a day passed without her being seen, on horseback or in her pony carriage, moving in some direction or other. She was pretty often at Idlechester, shopping and paying visits. She had picked up a most sympathising crony there in Mrs. Bythesea, the Bishop's lady, who was only a few years her senior. She was an Earl's niece, and the Bishop had married her for her beauty and her connexion, when he was Rector of a London parish. He was forty-two and she was seventeen, at that period; they had been married seven years, but were childless; and she was as latitudinarian in her habits as he in his theology. She was a pretty vivacious little thing, with abundant auburn tresses, which escaped in picturesque profusion from beneath her jaunty straw hat; and she contrasted well with the darker, deeper-bosomed, more passionate beauty of Claudia Branscombe, as the latter young lady drove a pair of frisky chestnut ponies through the streets of Idlechester.

Claudia, eager for a new sensation, had set up a tandem cart fit for Lilliput, and had gradually got the frisky chestnuts into the way of it. And on the very morning after Stephen's spectral adventure, she had for the first time ventured to take it over to Idlechester. She drove down first to the Rectory, and tried to induce Winifred to go with her, but

that saintly little personage was far too timorous. So away she toolled by herself, with only a Lilliputian groom behind; and took the chestnuts through the High-street in gallant style: and drove on to where the Bishop's Palace stands greenly niched in a silvan bend of the river Idle. Old Langton, the tanner, standing on the steps of the Half-Moon, said to the landlord,—

"There! you'd know that was a Branscombe."

She pulled up at the palace portico. Her boy-groom went to the leader's head, and she sprang to the gravel. The Bishop's wife came flying out to see the new equipage, of which there had been much talk already.

"Now, Cecilia," said Miss Branscombe, "I am going to take you back to dine with me. It's no good to refuse: run and get ready."

"What *will* the Bishop say?"

"Never mind the Bishop. We'll take him by storm." And she hurried Mrs. Bythesea up stairs to dress—which done, they both descended to the *sancti sanctum episcopi*.

The Bishop, a thorough ladies' prelate, delightedly welcomed his wife and her beautiful companion. He paternally patted Cecilia's cheek, and pressed a paternal kiss (he was obliged to stand on tiptoe to do it) on Claudia's calm white forehead. He had just been horribly pestered by a Low Church vicar who wanted him to prosecute Archdeacon Conngsby for heresy. The contrast was a prodigious relief. The Bishop positively purred.

"I am going to take Cecilia home to dinner," said Claudia, "very likely she'll stay the night. May she go! Be quick and say yes, my dear Bishop, my ponies are getting restless."

"You are spoilt children," said the Bishop. "I've been telling Cissy I shall send her to school again: she can't keep her accounts, and is really good for nothing but to be looked at; and you are always leading her into mischief, Miss Branscombe."

"I'll take the greatest care of her this time, and bring her home to-morrow in capital condition."

"Well, take her away. I'm the most powerless of prelates: I can never say no to a lady. Good-bye Cissy; be a good child, I wish I could go with you."

"Come, my lord, incog.," said the daring Claudia, "disguise yourself in crinoline, you've got an apron already."

The good humoured Bishop dismissed them, and away they drove through Idlechester. Langton still stood on the Half-Moon steps, and Claudia thought rather remorsefully of little Stephen.

"He shall come and dine with us," she said to herself.

"What a good boy the Bishop is!" she said aloud to her companion. "He's just the sort of husband I should like."

"He's much too good for me," said Cissy, with a half sigh, "I *am* so silly; and he never scolds, though sometimes I feel that it's his positive duty to box my ears or something of the kind. You know, Claudia, I have always been such a child. Perhaps if I had children of my own I shouldn't be quite such a baby."

"Don't be melancholy, Cis. Everybody likes you as you are. I'm going to take you to the very queerest place—a school, where there's a nice little boy that I'm going to take home to dinner."

A little before four o'clock Aunt Harriet drove into Mrs. Sadbrooke's gates, in a high gig, drawn by an animal of the cart-horse character. The old tanner trusted nobody else with his fast-trotting mare. She was cordially welcomed; the four ladies, all in rustling black silk, were ready to receive her; and over many cups of tea they talked about Stephen.

Aunt Harriet was shocked at his wickedness. Of course seeing a ghost was all nonsense, and the little rascal was sly—wickedly sly. She had brought him a nice cake, but he certainly shouldn't have it. And she proposed that, as soon as tea was over, he should be sent for, and should then and there receive at her hands a much severer castigation than he had escaped. The proposition gave general satisfaction—especially to Matilda Jane, to whom John Daw had confided the insult he had received.

Thus it happened that at six o'clock, just as Stephen was with the rest going to listen to a long Latin grace precursory to his bread and butter, the amiable Matilda Jane came as a messenger to the schoolroom, and hissed in his ear,

"Come along, you brat; you're wanted directly."

He followed her obediently, and was ushered into the parlour, where his redoubtable Aunt Harriet was added to the scolding and torturing power of the establishment. She glared at him with a kind of fiendish glee, and welcomed him with the exclamation—

"O, you naughty wicked boy!"

Stephen stood silent.

"So you tried, you story-telling little thing, to escape punishment by saying you saw poor dear Mr. Sadbrooke. O, I'm ashamed of you! I don't believe you *can* be a nephew of mine; but you won't get off so easily, I can tell you. Come here this minute."

Stephen approached, reluctantly enough, and was relentlessly clutched by Aunt Harriet's bony fingers, all knobs at the knuckles; and dire events would assuredly have happened but for the fact that Miss Branscombe's chestnut ponies at that very moment turned in through the gates, and that the widow and her three daughters all ran to the window to watch the arrival. Two singularly handsome women in a singularly stylish equipage had never been seen in that locality before; our black-haired Claudia, brilliant and imperious, dressed in a navy-blue paletot that showed the voluptuous curve of her delicious bust, and holding a parasol-whip in her amber-gauntleted right-hand, was an apparition almost as startling to the Sadbrooke family as the Sadbrooke spectre to poor little Stephen. The groom was at the leader's head; our little friend Hugh Thurston had gone to the wheelers; and Claudia, stepping out just opposite the window, revealed to the watching eyes of the Sadbrooke family, as well-built, well-stockinged, and well-booted a feminine leg as you'll see anywhere. When on the ground, she held up both her hands to the Bishop's lady, who took them in her own, and sprang easily from the dog-cart.

"It's *that* Miss Branscombe," said Aunt Harriet, who had just reached the window. And then she half regretted the ejaculation, knowing that her father held by the Branscombes.

"Well, I do declare," said the

widow, "if it isn't the Bishop's wife. What can they want here?"

As to Stephen, released from Aunt Harriet's bony grip, he opened his eyes widely in wonder.

The ladies were shown in, and everybody stood up to receive them. The widow's three daughters were perfectly appalled at finding themselves in close contact with these two wonderful strangers. Their own dreadful dowdiness became apparent to them; and there was humiliation even for Matilda Jane, who firmly believed herself pretty. But O, the light of Claudia Branscombe's eyes, the glory of her hair, the delicate whiteness of her diamonded right hand from which she had taken the glove!

"Mrs. Sadbrooke, I believe?" said Claudia. "I need not detain you a moment. I called to take little Stephen Langton home with me; his grandfather said he might come."

Mrs. Sadbrooke looked meaningly at Aunt Harriet, who however required no hint from her.

"I am very sorry," said the maiden aunt, "but Stephen has been naughty, and I don't think he ought to have a holiday."

Claudia looked at her with that haughty impertinent stare of inquiry which is so delightfully natural to some ladies; then turned to Mrs. Sadbrooke, and said—

"This person is one of your governesses, I suppose?"

"O, no—I beg pardon—Miss Harriet Langton—Miss Langton," said the widow in a great hurry.

"Ah, some relation of my little friend Stephen's. And so you have been naughty, have you?" she said, addressing the boy. "Well, run and put your cap on; my ponies won't stand. Be quick. We have all of us been naughty in our time, I suppose, eh, Ciss?" This was addressed to the Bishop's wife, and as if the Sadbrookes and Aunt Harriet had ceased to exist.

The latter lady was about to remonstrate once more—but then she was afraid of her father. She didn't like it at all. Here was Stephen snatched from her castigating hands, and taken away for a holiday without even the form of asking leave, by this proud girl, who did not seem to recognise her existence. As for Mrs. Sadbrooke, she wisely thought if Aunt

Harriet did not interfere, she need not. In a minute Stephen was back again, ready to start. Claudia drew on her glove, said, with a slight bow, "Good morning, Mrs. Sadbrooke," and was helping Mrs. Bythesa into the tandem cart before Aunt Harriet had time to recover herself.

"Jump up behind, Stephen," she said, "and mind you hold on. Who's that handsome boy that held Flora's head, Master Thurston? Here, Master Thurston, you won't object to a tip from a friend of Stephen's, will you?"

Away went the chestnuts, Stephen clinging on by the side of the groom, while all Mrs. Sadbrooke's pupils looked after them delightedly.

"She's a brick," exclaimed Hugh Thurston, "and no mistake." Claudia, extravagant minx, had given him a sovereign. "And ain't she a pretty girl? Why Polly Simcox is nothing to her."

Now Polly Simcox was a red-faced lass who came round twice a week with a basket of tarts, and whose ruddy rotundity the boys greatly admired. So Claudia ought to have been flattered.

"Well," said Aunt Harriet, when they were gone, "I think that young woman's impertinence is perfectly abominable. I never was so treated in my life."

"I should complain about it to Mr. Langton, if I were you, dear," suggested Amelia.

But this was just what Aunt Harriet didn't quite see, for she felt sure that her father would say Miss Branscombe was right. At the same time, she was not disposed to confess her position to the Sadbrooke family. She was happily relieved from her difficulty by the volatile Matilda Jane.

"Do you think that Miss Branscombe pretty?"

"Pretty!" exclaimed Arabella, as if there could not be the slightest doubt that Claudia was intensely hideous.

"She's extremely forward," said Mrs. Sadbrooke. "If we'd been a set of gipsies, she couldn't have treated us worse."

"She'll come to no good," said Aunt Harriet.

"As for the Bishop's wife, I wonder she can go about with such a flighty piece," said Amelia.

"What carroty hair that Bishop's wife has got!" said Matilda Jane, in contemptuous criticism of tresses whose profuse beauty would have maddened a *præ-Raffaellite* painter.

But, unhindered by criticism, the chestnuts brought Claudia and her companions to Kingsleat in good time for dinner. And then, for the first time in his life, Stephen dined. At the Branscombes there was never any deficiency in supply or in style. The soup, the turbot, and lobster sauce, the roast saddle, the birds, the Amontillado and iced Elicquot, were all as good and as well served as if Devil Branscombe had been there himself. I will not say, as if the Seraph had been there, for the Seraph's critical power was known and dreaded, at home as well as abroad. His audacity and accuracy were beyond his years: he would have shut up Tod-Headly on a question of claret, or Colenso on a question of heresy.

Stephen, who possessed the *apprehensive* forgetive faculty—and the faculty must be apprehensive before it is forgetive—profited by what he saw and heard. Though brought up among people innately vulgar, the child had a natural refinement. All the influences which at this moment surrounded him were of service to him. He was very silent, very observant. He listened to the sparkling converse of the two ladies, and tried hard to understand it. He asked no questions, but formed his own conclusions quietly. He sipped his icy effervescent wine from its shallow glass as if both wine and glass were quite customary things to him.

By-and-by they went to the drawingroom, and coffee was served, and Claudia, an exquisite musician, sat down to the piano, and played and sang rather for herself than her hearers. O how the royal music sobbed through that sweet white throat of hers, while her fragrant bosom swelled to its flood of passion, and her great black fathomless eyes flashed marvellously! At such a moment, had Phæbus Apollo beheld her, would he not have caught her suddenly around her lissom waist, and showered upon her eyes and cheeks and lips the kisses of the god?

She ceased. After a while a clock on the marble mantelpiece

struck ten with silver strokes. She came and sat by Stephen on his sofa, and passed her fingers through his hair.

"Now, Cis," she said, "you give us some music."

"I'm too tired, child," said the Bishop's wife; "and it's no good playing or singing after you. Don't you think it's nearly time our little friend went to bed?"

"O no: he need not get up early, and I want to talk to him. Who was that wonderful old lady, Stephen, who looked so cross to-day at Mrs. Sadbrooke's?"

"That was Aunt Harriet."

Indeed! Why she looked as if she had come over on purpose to torment you."

"I think she had," said Stephen, gravely.

"What a funny little fellow he is, Cis!" she said. "What are you going to be when you are a man, Stephen? A tanner, like your grandfather?"

"No," he said, decisively. "A poet."

Both ladies laughed.

"A poet!" said Mrs. Bythessea. "Do you know what a poet is?"

"Yes," said Stephen. "Milton was a poet. He saw what other people could not see."

"And can *you* do that?" asked Claudia.

"Yes," he said. "I saw Mr. Sadbrooke's ghost the other night."

"What an odd child!" exclaimed the Bishop's wife. "I hope he won't be waking us up in the night with his ghosts."

"I am not at all afraid of ghosts," said Stephen, in a matter of fact way, "I am used to them. They don't do any harm."

The ladies were rather puzzled how to deal with this young *præternaturalist*, so they proposed to go to bed.

"We must find a bed for this child somewhere," remarked Claudia.

It was a quaint spacious house, with rooms opening into each other, and Stephen was snugly ensconced in a small room between two larger ones, in which slept Miss Branscombe and her friend. And, being undressed, he had to put on a wondrously frilled night gown of Claudia's, which went down far below his feet. Thus robed, he sank into the softest of beds, and

lay dreamily awake. And Cis and Claudia chatted a little; and then they began to disrobe; and

"By degrees
Their rich attire crept rustling to their
knees,"

as Mr. Keats has it; and then Claudia felt disposed for a romp, and began to tickle her fair friend, who screamed, and giggled, and at last ran away to her own room; and then Cis came back again for another chat, and whispered to Claudia, "I do believe that child isn't asleep;" and then they talked for half an hour or so about the Idlechester people, and Kingsleat people, and who was going to marry whom; and then the Bishop's wife grew mischievously inclined, and gave Claudia a sharp pinch, and ran away to her own room, and tried to fasten the door; but Claudia was too quick for her, and pushed the door open, and, being a good deal stronger than the Bishop's wife, threw her on her bed, and tickled her warm plump ribs until the suppressed laughter could be controlled no longer, but burst into a shriek; and then, giving her a farewell slap, she wished her good night; and then passing through Stephen's room, she said, "I do declare that child isn't asleep yet, and it's just twelve," and stooping over him, gave him a kiss; and finally, she sank into her own soft nest, and was soon tranquilly asleep.

But the little boy lay long awake, happily awake, thinking of all he had seen that day—contrasting the sordid school, and its scolding women, and its eternal punishments, with this large beautiful house and the two lovely creatures with whom his afternoon had been passed—vainly struggling with the insoluble problem, why he was obliged to live amid ugliness and hatred while there seemed to be so much beauty and so much love in the world—taking quiet notice of everything in his pleasant lofty chamber, for night-lamps were burning in the rooms, diffusing a mellow light—and wishing it were possible that he could forget the existence of Aunt Harriet, and Mrs. Sadbrooke, and Mr. Vellely, and live always with people like Miss Brans-

combe, and Mrs. Bythessea, and kind Mr. Page, and, above all, with sweet Anne Page. And as he thought of his fairy princess, he fell asleep.

And very late was it when he awoke; and to his sensitive nature and thirst for enjoyment, there was delight in the fair water of the ample sponge-bath, in the well-supplied breakfast table, in all the little details of unaccustomed luxury which at every moment he encountered. But all pleasure must have an end; and so poor Stephen in the afternoon found himself once more dropped in the hateful playground, while the chestnuts carried rapidly away their mistress and her friend. Very disconsolate he looked at this moment; and merry Hugh Thurston, coming up to him, exclaimed—

"Why, Langton, you look as if you couldn't help it. How have you enjoyed your holiday?"

"Oh, delightfully," sighed Stephen.

"We've had a great lark since you went," said Hugh. "Graculus and Matilda Jane ran away to get married, and old Daw heard of it, and went after them in his butcher's cart, and caught them out at the cross-roads, just beyond Idlechester, and brought them back in the cart just like a couple of sheep, tied with the same ropes and all. Oh, didn't they look nice just when he handed them out—and didn't we hooray, rather? And he told Mother Sadbrooke that if she wanted to keep a school, she'd better send her girls out to service. Cricky, wasn't she wild!"

The story thus emphatically narrated was quite true, and the incident was an unlucky one for Mrs. Sadbrooke. Not only did the most obliging of butchers quarrel with her, but so did the parents and guardians of too many of her pupils. She did all she could, poor woman. She sent away all three of her daughters; she engaged a remarkably correct young man in the place of Graculus Superbus. But she never flourished afterwards; the school gradually dwindled away, and she and her daughters sent somewhere unnoticed in the great ocean of life. The only one Stephen ever saw again was Matilda Jane, who had become under-chambermaid at the Half-Moon at Idlechester.

CHAPTER V.

A LUSTRUM.

FIVE years make a considerable difference in a man after a certain age. Well can I remember when a lustrum seemed a trifle, when being seventeen or so, I longed to be twenty-two or three; but not such is the feeling of the man

"Cujus octavum trepidatit ætas,
Claudere lustrum."

No, every hour of this divine September, amid whose purple sunsets and calm glories of harvest moonlight I am writing, is worth its weight in diamonds of the brightest water, ruddy rubies, sapphires of the Orient. A lustrum *now* is worth more than all the wealth of all the Hebrew race, from Solomon down to the Rothschilds. The moments flash by like bubbles on a mill-race; the very delight of life makes us mourn life's fleetness. Ah, that we could have learnt the value of time when we had more of it to spend.

Five years passed, and Stephen was sixteen. He had spent most of his school days at the establishment of a certain Dr. Wood, who got his degree at Erlangen. Wood was a tall man, with a black mane, that caused him to look alarmingly lion-like. He was unrivalled as an advertiser and a castigator, and had by those two arts contrived to get together about a hundred and twenty pupils. As he was a perfectly uneducated man, and not given to expend money lavishly in tutorial salaries, it is not to be supposed that his alumni were over well taught. But Summer Vale flourished, and the boys were compelled to use their memories, if none of their higher faculties, and Stephen learnt the Church Catechism, the Eton Latin Grammar, and the first six books of Euclid, so thoroughly by rote, without understanding a word of either, that he never forgot them again. In course of years the meaning of certain parts of them gradually discovered itself to him, and he always associated his duty towards his neighbour with a severe flogging he got on Monday morning for not being able to remember the catechetical details of the said duty on Sunday evening.

Wood being a big man, was of course married to a sharp little vixen of a wife. Mrs. Wood altogether transcended both Aunt Harriet and Mrs. Sadbroke; hers was no whining scold, but a short, sharp oburgation of far more terrifying moment, frequently followed by the rapid application of a very vigorous hand. The way in which she would collar a refractory youngster, reverse him over anything handy, and snatching off his slipper, apply it violently to the tenderest part of him, was really marvellous. Quick in sight, in speech, in motion, Mrs. Wood was the ruling genius of the school; she pervaded it; she kept everybody in order, not forgetting her husband. He, in fact, was merely a negative man, big, stupid, strong, and wisely obedient to his wife.

Stephen, beyond the elements of learning we have mentioned, picked up nothing at Wood's. But to know Euclid, and the Catechism, and the Eton grammar by heart is something, at any rate. The favourite game at Wood's was football, played on a wide common about a mile from the school: Stephen, who was growing ridiculously fast, had not wind enough for this glorious exercise. But the boy, though quiet, was not unpopular. His ancient story-telling talent was not lost; it was his wont to begin a tale on the first night of the half year, and to continue it right away to the end. Schoolboys love these interminable stories, with episode within episode, like Chinese balls within one another. Moreover, our young hero had taken to rhyming, and wrote love letters, acrostic and elegant, for his schoolfellows, and once or twice obtained half holidays by a cleverish copy of verses. So he got on among the boys comfortably enough, and rather enjoyed his school days. It was customary to end each term at Summer Vale with public recitations; and when Stephen was deemed old enough to play *Mark Antony* in "*Julius Cæsar*," and actually had the delight of addressing his "Friends, Romans, countrymen," to Mr. Page and his dear little daughter, among other auditors, he was a happy boy.

For Mr. Page did not forget him. In the vacations, Stephen was more at Mr. Page's house than at his grandfather's. Anne was still his little sweetheart; her lustrum had not brought her beyond childhood's delicious days of love and truth; and her governess, Miss Marsden, had not been able to spoil her. For though that excellent young person, like most governesses, had faith in learning facts by heart, and believed that music and dancing, drawing and French, were far more important than the classical literature of England, she was fortunately prevented from having her own way. Mr. Page superintended his little girl's education, and would make her read an essay of Elia's, or learn a lyric of Herrick's or Shelley's, when Miss Marsden would have been dosing her with French verbs, or setting her to learn by rote the names of all the rivers in Europe. And when Stephen had his holidays, lessons were suspended, and the two young people renewed their garden rambles, or strolled through the cathedral close and by the river marge, while Stephen told his stories as fluently as ever.

But there were others to whom this lustrum had brought change. Old Langton was a trifle heavier than before, and sat longer and drank more after dinner. His sons were slightly altered; his grandsons were learning to be tanners, Stephen of course excepted; his wife still sat by the parlour window and uttered oracular sentences; and his daughter Harriet was perhaps rather more mistress than ever, in consequence of his growing indolence. Little Mary Langton was still the sweetest tempered and most obedient of girls, and still Aunt Harriet's patient victim. Her father and mother seemed to have given her up to the strong-willed virgin, who was too crafty to tyrannize over Mary in the old man's presence.

Of the Branscombes, Idlechester and Kingsleat knew little. Claudia had long rejoined her father and brother in London. She was the queen of that fast world in which Devil Branscombe lived. Her rare beauty and wild wit brought crowds of adorers to her feet. Willing to flirt to the utmost, she never went beyond flirtation. Many a foolish boy lost his heart to the Panther—as some coiner

of nicknames had called her—and his money to her father at the various games which occupied the nights at his villa. Claudia was the gayest creature in town, apparently: nobody dressed so superbly, or rode so daringly, or drove such ponies as the Panther. Nobody had such a wild witching reckless way. Her career was all triumph. But there were moments, I know, when Claudia's dark eyes filled with tears as she thought of what might have been—as she looked back upon wasted years, all gaiety and frivolity, without one touch of love.

The Rev. Walter Branscombe was as placid and popular as ever—a model Rector of Kingsleat, and a model Canon of the Cathedral. And Winifred grew more and more saintly. People fancied a halo or rainbow around that pretty head of hers. She was still a little too extreme in her high churchism for the Rector. There was a young clergyman, good looking and fluent and possessed of a little money, who had started drowsy Idlechester by attempting to establish monasteries and nunneries, and by walking the streets in a costume between that of a ballet-girl and a blue-coat boy. He called himself Father Remigius, and to him Saint Winifred was wont to confess. Almost simultaneously, a new dissenting sect had arisen in the city: a little vivacious garrulous man dropped suddenly from some unknown part of America, and called himself "The Angel of the Church in Idlechester," and established his *cultus* in an unoccupied loft. His energy soon brought him feminine followers, and among them was Aunt Harriet.

Such was the position of some of our acquaintances when Stephen, a lanky lad of sixteen, came home for his midsummer holidays. Aunt Harriet didn't like his arrival at all. He had got beyond her, unpleasantly. He had grown so tall that she could not reach to box his ears, and she had grave doubts whether he would quietly submit to corporal punishment. So, perforce, she left him alone; and he did not trouble her much, for he spent most of his time, happily and not uselessly, at Mr. Page's. But on one occasion he contrived to get in her way. It was a sultry drowsy forenoon, and Stephen

was for some reason spending it at home. He sat in the parlour window-seat, with his long legs in a chair, reading Chapman's Homer, a loan from his benefactor on the other side of the street. His grandfather came in hurriedly and said,

"Steve, run up stairs and tell your aunt I want her."

Stephen obliged; and found Aunt Harriet in the well-known school-room, but with only one pupil, his quiet little Cousin Mary, who was about two years younger than himself. Mary's eyes were red with weeping, and she looked altogether so miserable that when her persecutor had gone down stairs, Stephen tried to console her.

"What has she been doing to you, Polly?" he asked.

"O, it's always the same," sobbed the poor child. "She gives me such long lessons I can't learn them, and such a lot of sewing to do I can't possibly get through it, and then she beats me for not doing it."

"Why, she doesn't *always* beat you," said Stephen; "does she?"

"Very nearly," said Mary. "I've got all these tasks to learn by twelve o'clock, and she says she'll whip me if I make a mistake, and . . ."

But Mary did not proceed, for Aunt Harriet had entered the room, and was regarding her with a terrible look.

"So, Miss," she exclaimed, "you dare tell such dreadful stories—you dare. . . ."

And she rushed towards her poor unresisting victim, to inflict condign punishment. But Stephen, intercepted her raised right arm, catching it by the wrist; and not being ready with a speech appropriate to the great occasion, exclaimed—

"Why don't you hit one of your own size?"

Never before had Aunt Harriet suffered such an indignity. She was speechless with rage. The sudden shock of open rebellion made her hysterical, and she at length gave utterance to a shrill shriek that was heard throughout the house. Old Mr. Langton, who was just coming out of the parlour, walked heavily upstairs to see what was the matter. Entering the room, he looked with considerable astonishment at his hysterical daughter, his sobbing granddaughter, and

especially at his grandson, who, commonly the quietest of boys, seemed now daring and defiant.

"Now then," he said, "what's up?"

"It's Aunt Harriet," said Stephen, promptly. "She's always pitching into poor little Polly, and I went and stopped her."

The tanner swore a sonorous oath, after his manner when annoyed.

"You ever lay your finger on little Polly again," he said to his daughter, "and I'll break every bone in your skin. Stephen, you're a good lad; here's half-a-crown for you. Cheer up, Polly; come along with me: I'm going down to the farm, and you shall ride with me."

Luckless Aunt Harriet was left solitary in the schoolroom, thoroughly defeated.

Of course this incident in nowise sweetened her temper towards Stephen. So one evening, not very dissimilar in its events from that in which the boy's fate had, five years before been decided, she again called her two brothers into council. What was to be done with him? Neither of them had any suggestion to make.

"He's been at school quite long enough," she said. "It's time he was earning something."

"He's a likely lad," said Uncle Tom; "but we've got boys enough about the place. Better apprentice him to some trade. There's Stokes the druggist wants a 'prentice."

"That costs money," said Uncle Charles. "I haven't got any to spare; I don't know if *you* have."

"I wonder if he'd do for teacher in a school," said Aunt Harriet. And she produced a copy of a certain monthly periodical called the *Evangelical Magazine*, wherein she had noticed an advertisement to the effect that the Rev. Edward Hooper wanted a junior assistant—"salary moderate." There should be moderation in all things; why not in salaries?

"He's too young for that work, I should think," said Uncle Tom. "Why, he's only a boy himself; how's he to keep other boys in order?"

"Well, there's no harm in trying," said Aunt Harriet. "He'll be off our hands, you know, and I should think the wages would pay for his clothes."

"I'll write to this Mr. Hooper," said Uncle Charles, who rejoiced in a fine flowing manuscript, and was the

chief correspondent of the establishment.

He wrote accordingly, and received an early reply.

Mr. Hooper was a congregational minister in the large village of Eastford, about twenty miles from Idlechester. He received six pupils, and wanted a tutor to look after them out of school hours, and to teach the younger ones. The salary he offered was ten pounds a year to begin with. He should be in Idlechester on Saturday, and would call on Mr. Charles Langton.

He kept his appointment. He was one of the kindest and simplest of men, this dissenting minister. He was not clever, and he knew it; but he was thoroughly good, and he did not know it. He received half a dozen pupils—all he had room for; and though they did not learn very much, they led a very happy life, having plenty to eat, and not being perpetually subjected to physical torture. He saw Stephen and thought him young, certainly—but that was a fault that would mend every day. "I wish I was as young," he said, in a pleasant tone that was not intelligible to sour Uncle Charles and acrid Aunt Harriet.

"He is tall for his age," said Mr. Hooper. "There is only one of the boys as old, and he will go away at Christmas. My young friend need not tell anybody how old he is."

So Stephen was engaged for the end of the holidays; and Aunt Harriet after seeing the minister's good tempered face, felt doubtful whether she had obtained her end. She wanted her objectionable nephew to be uncomfortable, and had pictured to herself a sordid establishment like Mrs. Sadbrooke's.

Stephen himself, not knowing precisely what he ought to think of his destiny, consulted Mr. Page. That gentleman gave him kind encouragement.

"I have heard of this Mr. Hooper," he said. "Indeed Lumley the bookseller, whom I deal with, has a boy at his school. You'll be very comfortable there. Your great difficulty, young as you are, will be to maintain authority; and that difficulty you can only conquer by experience. And as you will have plenty of time and of books be sure that you study; work at Latin, and Greek, and Mathe-

matics; try to educate yourself: self-education is difficult, but it is the best sort of education."

So when August came Stephen got upon the box of the Eastford coach at the Half-Moon Hotel in excellent spirits. Little Lumley, the bookseller's son, went down with him. Old Burroughs, the coachman, was a character; he told the most incredible stories about the places through which they passed, with an air of grave truthfulness; he was a skilful bird-catcher; and as they drove through miles of woodland, he kept up a perpetual conversation with the feathered dwellers in the trees. No man could wile a nightingale so well as Burroughs; so he always had two or three of those delicious songsters at his house at Eastford, and a whole college of canaries hard at work learning to mock their music. The trade in these canaries, bought at about a shilling each and sold at half a guinea, was quite a profitable affair for old Burroughs. Need I say that one of his best performers was very soon singing away vigorously for the benefit of sweet Anne Page?

Mr. Hooker's family consisted of his wife, two boys, and two girls. The boys were lazy good tempered little rascals; the elder girl, about Stephen's own age, was at school at Idlechester. Stephen, who now found himself promoted to Mr. Langton, was soon very much at home; his natural quickness of intellect caused his pupils to forget his youth; and, having considerable talent for mathematics, wherein the worthy minister was rather slow, his utility was quickly recognized. He had plenty of time for reading, and followed Mr. Page's advice, giving himself an education which was of necessity irregular and desultory, but which perhaps suited his temperament better than a more rigorous training. And then, by way of recreation, there were long walks through a fine country, on one side densely wooded, on the other rising into bold chalk downs that stretched leagues away through half a dozen shires. On those free hills Stephen, who had been growing too fast, found health and strength; and the delicate child whom Claudia Branscombe had petted rapidly developed into an active athletic specimen of the human race.

By-and-by Miss Hooper, having finished her education, came home permanently. What else she may have learnt I know not, but of flirtation she had become an absolute mistress. No sooner did she see Stephen than she determined to victimize that young gentleman. Now Stephen, though at eleven he had felt a kind of poetic love for sweet Anne Page, and though that pretty child was always his visionary princess, causing him to write many puerile verses, some of which found their way to the *Idlechester Chronicle*, was tardy in his development. Like Philip Hewson, in Clough's poem, he took a long time to understand the relation of man to woman. Miss Mary Ann Hooker found him quite a clod. He could not make out what she wanted. It was excessively provoking. There he was, a fine looking young fellow, living in the same house with her, and she could not make the least impression on him. She did not believe he knew the colour of her eyes. She contrived innumerable opportunities for flirtation—got him to help her in her studies, to mend her pens, to listen to her singing—all to no purpose. If Stephen had been a statue he could not have been less impressible.

At last a wonderful opportunity arrived. The village of Eastford had not many amusements, so any that offered were seized with avidity. It was announced, by placards and the sonorous utterance of the bellman—that a Mr. Villiers, with no end of letters after his name, would give, at the Mechanics' Institute, a series of lectures on mesmerism. Mr. Hooper went and all his establishment. The audience were delighted. Mr. Villiers was marvellously fluent, and if he dropped a good many h's, what matter? He brought with him a couple of subjects—a big man to do the enduring part of the business, a small boy to do the intelligent parts. The big man had pins stuck into him, and sniffed strong *liquor ammoniac*, and kept his legs outstretched while two or three heavy people sat upon them; the small boy read with the back of his head and the soles of his feet, and told young ladies their Christian names, and described the interiors of people's houses. Then Mr. Villiers went in

for phrenology, and gravely advocated the importance of ascertaining what children's heads contained before educating them. The Rev. Edward Hooper was delighted, and brought the lecturer home to supper.

After supper the man of science became most agreeable, and fairly earned his hot gin and water. He mesmerised one or two of the boys, who had been allowed to sit up on this great occasion, and performed remarkable tricks with them. He mesmerised Mary Ann Hooper, and that young lady made two or three creditable attempts at clairvoyance while in the trance. He tried to mesmerise Stephen, but gave him up with the remark that his was the mesmerising temperament, and that he would make a good operator. And so fluently did he talk about the value of phrenology as a guide to educators, and of mesmerism as a remedy for disease, that the worthy minister bought a manual, and a mapped out head, and resolved to analyse his boys' intellects, and to mesmerise all the sick people of his congregation.

So mesmerism and phrenology became the fashion; and Stephen, himself unsusceptible of the mesmeric influence, found that he could mesmerise almost anybody. The thing puzzled him a good deal. He could not get it out of his head that all these people who went into trances, and did astonishing things while entranced, were in reality shamming. But why should such a number of people join in the imposture? And some of them were highly respectable, and indeed notorious for their extreme gravity. It was not likely to occur to him that a young lady of a somewhat rigorous dissenting sect, and educated in the strictest propriety, might perhaps like to pretend to be mesmerised in order to have a little fun without being scolded for it. Besides, there was the fact that good Mr. Hooper contrived to effect several cures. One paralytic old woman actually walked to chapel after his manipulations, not having walked previously for years. It was very odd. Stephen bought treatises on mesmerism and neurhypnotism, and studied the *Zoist*, and the *Critic*—a journal which at that time went in for mesmerism. I believe it went

in for everything imaginable by turns, till at last it went out altogether.

Sitting in the schoolroom one summer afternoon, Stephen was solving equations. He had a knack at such numerical conundrums, and so liked them. The schoolroom was at the back of the house, on the first floor; there was a door down a flight of steps to a courtyard, and from the windows were seen Mr. Hooper's chapel, a rectangular building of red brick, and its rather picturesque grave-yards—a capital prospect for a professed ghost-seer like Stephen; but his developing animalism had tended to lessen his connexion with the preternatural world, and he had not seen a ghost for a long time. There came a tap at the inner door of the schoolroom, and Miss Hooper entered.

"O, Mr. Langton," she said, speaking in italics, "I *hope* I don't disturb your studies, but I've got *such* a bad headache, and I want you to mesmerise me, and see if you can cure it."

Stephen professed strong doubts as to his ability to operate, but Miss Hooper was quite sure that he would succeed. So she placed herself in a chair, and he stood over her and manipulated.

Always provided that a man is not weak in the back or in the eyes, mesmerising a nice girl is rather a pleasant amusement. Bending over her, holding her hands in yours, you gaze into her eyes, and her fragrant breath ascends towards you. Stephen was rather weak in the back, thanks to his quick growth; but his eyes were all right, whence doubtless his mesmeric success. And so, after he had looked into Mary Ann Hooper's eyes for a minute or two, those orbs filled with tears, and the lids gradually closed over them, and the young lady was mesmerised.

When Stephen saw her lying back in her chair, satisfactorily entranced, it occurred to him that he should very much like to know whether she was really mesmerised or only shamming. How should he ascertain? He began by putting her through her facings, according to Mr. Villier's formula. He touched her organ of combativeness, and she tried to box his ears; of tune, and she sang; of philoprogenitiveness, and she hugged

an imaginary baby; of veneration, and she dropped upon her knees and said her prayers; of amativeness, and I am sorry to say she embraced him. He comatized her arm, and then pitched it rather sharply, and she didn't scream. She was the most docile of subjects. But was she really in the mystical trance of Mesmer?

This was what perplexed Stephen, and he could not hit upon any way of testing her sincerity. He walked up and down the room, trying to invent a decisive experiment. At last, though a bashful youngster naturally, he thought of something which it seemed to him must surely solve the problem. It took him some time to make up his mind to so daring a deed. However, remembering that it was all in the cause of science, and summoning to his side that royal aphorism, *Hon soit qui mal y pense*—he positively took off one of Miss Mary Ann's garters! She did not flinch, and the truth of mesmerism was established.

It, shall I say?—ought to have been. Stephen, having begun to be sceptical, found it difficult to conquer his doubts. And he argued thus: "Miss Hooper pretends to be mesmerised. If she is shamming, she would not like to be convicted of shamming. Now, when I took off her garter, if she had allowed her modesty to terminate the imposture, her character for truthfulness would have been lost. But now, when she wakes, or pretends to wake, she may of course wonder what has become of the article in question."

And then Stephen had to decide whether he had better put the garter on again, or not. At last he resolved to retain it; so he locked it up in a rickety quadrupedal desk which was his post of authority. And the next thing that he did was to start for a walk, without awakening his patient. He was determined to see whether, if left alone, she would wake of herself, a thing which, according to the mesmeric theory, he had learnt could never happen. So away he strode down the long zigzag street of Eastford, leaving Miss Hooper alone.

Now, to reveal a humiliating truth, Mary Ann was shamming. And, when she heard Stephen's departing step upon the paved courtyard below, she arose from the chair in which

she had acted her part so well, and stretched herself, feeling rather cramped, and reflected bitterly on Stephen's stolidity.

"Well," she said to herself, "he shan't mesmerise me again in a hurry. I never saw such a stupid fellow. The idea of his leaving me here asleep! Well, I'm not going to stay till the boys come in, or perhaps papa."

So off the young lady went; and when Stephen saw her in the evening, he merely hoped that her head-

ache was better. There was no flirtation to be got out of him, evidently, even with the potent aid of mesmerism.

No: Stephen, even when the lustrum had twice passed over his head, was a mere boy still. His growth was slow, both physical and mental. In due time he came of age legally; but of age individually he was not, until events suddenly brought out his latent powers, and aroused his dormant energies.

CHAPTER VI.

OF AGE.

By a garden fount which we have seen before, on a turfen mound beneath an acacia, are two whom we know. Sweet Anne Page leaned idly against the tree, her broad straw hat in her hand, her beautiful hair touched by the tints of sunlight that dropped through the long light leaves. Stephen looked down into her calm brown eyes—tranquil eyes, beneath eyebrows of a perfect arch, and a fair smooth forehead—and said:—

"Do you love me, Anne?"

It was a grave question to ask this charming child at the threshold of her seventeenth year; but no blush tinged her fair cheek, nor did the lids drop over those tender eyes, as she replied—

"You know I love you, Stephen."

Then he stooped, and pressed his lips to hers. He had never asked her this question before, but, as she said, he knew she loved him. And her father also knew it, and was satisfied. He had faith in Stephen Langton, as well as liking for him. So, in these halcyon days, the boy and girl enjoyed their love-dream. It was the honeymoon of the heart: Stephen was trustful, and ineffably content. Anne was sweet, sweet, sweet. No coquetry about her, no teasing tendency, no desire to quarrel with her lover for the delightful pleasure of making it up again. No, Anne Page realized the delicious old word *sweetheart*. She was all love, to the very core.

Yet, do you know? I doubt whether either she or Stephen had yet learnt what love meant.

As they strolled in the shade from

one garden pleasaunce to another, they were joined by Mr. Page.

"Stephen," he said, "I want you to drive over to the Kingsleat Library, and ask Mr. Lonsdale if he has a work whose name I have written down. It is very rare, but I think it may be there. I would not interrupt your pleasant conversation, but I don't feel quite well enough to go myself. Anne should go with you, but we are expecting Miss Branscombe, and she must be at home to receive her."

"I will go with pleasure, sir," said Stephen; and just raised Anne's slender white fingers to his lips, and then went off to order out the phaeton.

Miss Branscombe—Claudia Branscombe, unmarried still, though now advanced in her third decade—was coming to stay with her young cousin. It has not yet been mentioned that the late Mrs. Page was a half-sister of Devil Branscombe's and the Rector's, a good many years younger than they. And Stephen had not long been gone when Claudia arrived. Time had rather ripened her beauty; and, though a keen eye might have perceived that the freshness was gone which lay upon her cheeks like the dewy bloom on a peach in those days when she romped with the Bishop's wife, yet there was beauty enough left for a multitude of ordinary women. And verily the Panther's was such a lithe lissom leaping beauty, such a perilous charm, such a magic of delicious daring, of defiant tameness.

Devil Branscombe was in difficulties, nobody knew exactly where, and

he didn't mean that anybody should. The Seraph was at Bagnères de Luchon, making love to a princess, or something of the sort. He had a penchant for princesses. So Claudia had invited herself to Idlechester—and here she was.

"O you quiet little darling!" she exclaimed to Anne Page, as that young lady showed her the arrangements made for her comfort. "Why, you have grown quite a pretty girl! And you are so delightfully young—you've all the fun to come. Now, you sly puss, tell me, has anybody ventured to fall in love with you yet?"

It did not take Claudia long to find out her cousin's love-secret.

"Stephen Langton," she said, reflectively, when she had elicited the name. "Why that's the nice little boy I took a fancy to when he was at school somewhere near Kingsleat. A blue-eyed, light-haired little fellow, who's used to see ghosts. Is he old enough to fall in love? Dear me, why he was a mere baby."

"He is ever so much older than I am," said Anne, rather indignant at her lover's being talked of as a child.

"Is he really? Then how old must I be, cousin Anne? Tell me that. Old enough to be your mamma nearly, little one. And where is Mr. Stephen Langton now?"

"He's gone to Kingsleat for papa. You'll see him at dinner."

"And does he see ghosts still? But there, I won't tease you, Anne," she said, kissing her. "He only sees babies in your eyes, I suppose, as some old poet says."

"What do you mean?" asked Anne.

"Why, don't you know? Look into my eyes, dear. There, don't you see a pretty little girl in each?"

"I see my own reflexion."

"Well, that's what I mean. But you'll see it a great deal better in Mr. Stephen Langton's bright blue eyes than in those black ones of mine. Be sure you try when he comes back."

The Kingsleat Library, to which Stephen was gone, was an ancient institution. Its Librarian, Mr. Lonsdale, received two hundred a year and a residence—a very quaint residence indeed, the principal sitting-room being over an archway which crossed

the steep street of the little town. By the founder's will, the Librarian was of necessity a graduate of Oxford; and the appointment was vested in three persons, the Rector of Kingsleat, the Mayor of Kingsleat, and the Head Master of Kingsleat Grammar School. After the Librarian's salary was paid, all the surplus funds went to the purchase of books, of which the choice lay with the Librarian alone, the statutes directing him to make a complete collection of the best English literature. The Library was a remarkably good one, but very little used; only a few of the more thoughtful inhabitants of Kingsleat ever sat in its quiet rooms, whose wide windows opened on a pleasant garden. Not long before there had been an attempt to turn Mr. Lonsdale out of his situation as Librarian, and made by no less a personage than the Duke of Arminster. Kingsleat was a pocket borough of that haughty Duke's; but of late years the electors had once or twice ventured to dispute his will, and had succeeded in returning one member of their own choice. It looked very much as if his grace would have to content himself with selecting only one of the two members. This sorely annoyed the proudest of the ducal rank. He turned out with alight ceremony a good many luckless shopkeepers, who had dared to vote against his nominee; and he was anxious to revenge his defeat on several others, among whom was Mr. Lonsdale. Now the three trustees, the Mayor and Rector and Head Master, if unanimous, could dismiss the Librarian. So the Duke sent Mr. Drax, the great Mr. Drax, to those three gentlemen.

The Mayor, a respectable tea dealer, would do anything to oblige his grace and Mr. Drax. Mr. Drax might consider it settled, so far as he was concerned.

The Rev. Walter Branscombe dined pretty often with the Duke, when that nobleman was at Bean Sejour—a little gem of a place near Kingsleat, which the duke much affected. And a haunch, than which

"Finer or fatter

Never ranged in a forest, or smoked on a platter,"

came not seldom from the Duke's deer-park to the rectory. So the

Reverend Walter was not slow to choose between the great potentate and the Librarian, and assured his grace's agent of his willingness to punish Mr. Lonsdale for venturing to have political opinions contrary to those of a Duke.

Mr. Drax had knowingly left the hardest part of the negotiation till the last. Dr. Winter—the "severe Winter," as his pupils called him—was a man who chose to think for himself. He was a St. John's College man, third wrangler of his year, and a most elegant writer of Greek iam-bics. Under his resolute and brilliant rule Kingsleat Grammar School had beaten in university honours the larger establishment in the cathedral city. He was a determined opponent of the modern sloppy system which teaches a little of everything; he held by his classics and mathematics with an obstinacy which lacerated the hearts of the trustees, who were terribly afraid of him. When he preached before the university he chose as a topic, "the Irregular Element in the Church," and horrified the orthodox by maintaining that the Apostle Paul was the first of the dissenters. He had written a book whose theologic teaching was popularly believed to be abominably heretical; but luckily it was in classical Latin, and so the erudite editors of the *Record* and *Morning Advertiser* could not criticise it. He had published a pamphlet, subjecting to merciless analysis one of Bishop By-the-sea's charges; and had produced a dreadful Greek epigram on the Dean's marriage. His keen logic, dry humour, and sour scholarship made him more than a match for any opponent he was likely to encounter in the narrow arena of the diocese of Idlechester.

The great lawyer was tall, big-headed, white-waistcoated, corpulent. The doctor was a middle-sized man, nervous and active, always in capital condition from being a lover of long walks. Mr. Drax called at the grammar-school just as the morning walk was over. In came Winter in cap and gown, the former battered, the latter a mere fragment of its integral form. The solicitor opened the case very cautiously.

"Pardon me, Mr. Drax," said the Doctor, when he had uttered a few

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sentences, "but this is a serious matter. If I understand aright, the Duke of Axminster has some complaint to make against Mr. Lonsdale's conduct as Librarian. Any such complaint must come to me directly from the Duke himself. I cannot listen to lawyers or agents in such a matter."

Mr. Drax was baffled, and the Duke was extremely angry. But he did not give it up. There happened a few weeks later to be some ecclesiastic festival at Idlechester. The Duke attended, contrary to his custom, and much to the delight of the Bishop, his sole object being to meet the doctor. He thought that the immense honour of being courteously addressed by so great a prince as himself, would completely subjugate this schoolmaster. There was a cold collation at the palace. As the great man sat, with rubicund expressionless face and glassy uninterested eyes, at the right hand of the Bishop's lady, he asked our little friend Cis to point out Dr. Winter. She indicated the doctor's keen and thoughtful face half-way down the table. The Duke sent a footman to ask the doctor to take wine with him. The doctor assented, of course. His grace fancied that, when luncheon was over, Dr. Winter would be drawn towards him by some social magnetism, but nothing of the kind took place. At last, by a series of skilful evolutions, the Duke and the doctor were somehow brought together; and, after a few commonplace observations, his grace began to talk of the luckless Librarian. Dr. Winter cut him short at once.

"It is not a matter to be discussed here, your Grace must admit. I will make an appointment to hear what you have to say, if that seems desirable."

The Duke of Axminster was filled with silent rage. This contumacious pedagogue was the first man who had ever thwarted him. Still, he persisted in his project, and invited Dr. Winter to lunch at Beau Sejour. The Duchess and the Lady Gwendoline Araminta were all smiles and sweetness. You might almost have thought the younger lady in love with the middle-aged schoolmaster. Dr. Winter liked claret, and the duke gave him a bottle whose bouquet was like a lyric of Anacreon's. The doctor enjoyed his wine, and was much

amused, for he knew well what was coming.

It came. Of course the Duke of Axminster and cabinet minister, accustomed to perorate in stately periods in the House of Lords, put the question with lofty plausibility. But Dr. Winter was too keen for him. He soon brought him to admit that Mr. Lonsdale's sole crime was voting against the Duke's nominee.

"If Mr. Lonsdale had not done his duty," said the Doctor, "I hope that I, in common with the other trustees, should have discovered it without your Grace's kind interference. But I really think it would be hard to find so able and conscientious a Librarian."

So the Duke was foiled utterly. As Dr. Winter was taking leave he said,

"Your Grace was at Eton under Keate, I think?"

The Duke replied affirmatively, little thinking that he was furnishing material for a biting epigram, which should describe him as too great a bully for even Keate's untiring birch to cure. Such was his fate, however; and Winter did not conceal the cajoleries to which he had been subjected in order to induce him to persecute Mr. Lonsdale; and the affair did a good deal of harm to the ducal influence. Mighty magnates like the Duke of Axminster ought not to run the risk of being laughed at.

At the Kingsleat Library, whither he often went for Mr. Page, Stephen had made acquaintance with a youth nearly his own age, Humphrey Morfill, a nephew of Dr. Winter's. The Doctor, who had no children of his own, had made a scholar and mathematician of this young man, who was now at Cambridge, at his uncle's college. Morfill was born full of talent and ambition, and had already made up his mind to go to the bar, and to enter Parliament, and to occupy a high position. He was full of faith in himself, of disbelief in failure. He and Stephen took to one another, naturally, but Stephen could not help envying those trained and practised faculties which enabled his friend to do exactly what he wanted to do. Lord Stanley once talked of men who are described as having great command of language, when probably it would be more true to say that language had a great command of them—because they have

about as much command over it as a man has over a runaway horse. Now there are men (Lord Stanley is one) who have perfect command of their own faculties: while there are others whose faculties are sometimes too strong for them, and who, purposing to do a certain thing, are constrained to do something else, which may perhaps be a better thing. Mr. Robert Lytton, better known as Owen Meredith, put this fairly in the line—"Genius does what it *must*, but talent does what it *can*." As, however, he seems to have borrowed everything he ever said, I suppose the remark really belongs to somebody else. Well, Humphrey Morfill knew his own powers accurately, and always did what he attempted to do, while Stephen Langton, making vain endeavours in every direction, seemed always stretching towards the unattainable. He was too apt to ascribe to his defective and desultory education what really belonged to his idiosyncrasy.

Stephen and Humphrey met to-day at the Library, and the latter asked his friend to drive him to Idlecheater, where he had some business. So they started together, and talked as they went, and Stephen told Humphrey of Miss Branscombe's advent.

"Ah," said Morfill, "I recollect those Branscombea. A queer lot, rather. But this Miss Branscombe must be getting quite an old woman."

"Well, yes. I remember her ten years ago or more, when she came and took me away from school—she and the Bishop's wife. She used to drive two ponies tandem. I suppose she must be very much altered."

And Stephen fell to considering whether the beautiful Claudia of his vague reminiscence was likely to have developed into a creature like Aunt Harriet.

"Are you going back to that dissenting parson's at Eastford?" asked Humphrey.

"Yes; there's nothing else for me to do. I suppose you'll write to me from Cambridge now and then."

"I believe you—and send you all manner of university news, from St. John's College problems downwards. By the way, here's a quadratic my beloved uncle gave me this morning. I know you like those things."

And he handed to Stephen a scrap of paper whereon was written, in Dr. Winter's quaint MS.—

$$x^2 - 25 + \sqrt{\left(36 - \frac{321}{x^2}\right)} = \frac{24}{x}$$

"I suppose it's only a catch," said Stephen. "They are just like conundrums or rebuses, these things."

"True, but they're amusing, and rather puzzling."

"For girls," said Stephen, contemptuously. "I don't care to see mathematics playing tricks. However, I'll solve the equation, to please you."

"I bet you a tankard of bitter, you don't," laughed Humphrey. "And we'll stop now at the Half Moon, and you shall pay for the ale in anticipation."

In the cool bar parlour of the old Half Moon, they were served with their *amari aliquid* by "Jack" Winslow. Jack's real name was Emily; and she was the only daughter and spoilt child of the rotund old landlord; and she was a fine flirting brunette, given to wildish tricks, but without a morsel of harm in her. Her father was the principal owner of the mail coaches on the Eastford road, and she used occasionally to drive the first stage down, and come back with the up coach, very much to the disgust of sober and timid passengers. But old Winslow couldn't be persuaded to interfere.

"I've given her her head," he used to say, "and I ain't strong enough in the arm to pull her in."

"Well, Jack," said Humphrey, "how jolly you look! it cools one to come in here and see you, this broiling weather."

"You're always cool enough, Mr. Morfill," she said.

"Well, and what's the news, Jack? Have you upset the coach yet?"

"I'm not quite such a duffer as you are to drive," she said. "Why, I thought you were going to let the Doctor's old pony run away with you the other day. I hope you do your Latin and Greek better than you handle the ribbons, or you'll be plucked, safe as eggs."

"Come, Humphrey, it's no good," said Stephen, "Jack carries too many guns for you. What is the news, Miss Winslow, if you happen to know any?"

For Jack was Idlechester's chief

gossip, and picked up all the fragments of intelligence.

"The only thing I know isn't news to you, I expect, Master Stephen. Miss Claudia's come to town, and gone to Mr. Page's. I saw her come in by the coach."

"How was she looking?" asked Humphrey. "Very old?"

"Old! No, prettier than ever she did. I never saw such eyes or such hair—or such a figure, for that matter. She is a beauty, if you like."

"Why Stephen and I were just saying how old she must be getting. How old is she, Jack?"

"I don't know. Five-and-twenty, perhaps—though she don't look it. Father, how old is Miss Claudia?"

"For the burly landlord had just come in from the bar, with a tumbler in his hand, and something in the tumbler."

"How old? Well, there's Master Raphael, he was born just afore I married, that's over thirty years ago. And then there was another boy, as died—Claude, they called him. And when the gal was born, they called her Claudia, after him like. O, she's about eight-and-twenty, I should think. Time she married, if she's ever going to."

"Perhaps her father's like you," said Jack, "and don't want to part with her."

The old gentleman laughed uproariously.

"Why, you hussy," he said, "anybody might have you for a screw of baccy and a light."

"Come," said Stephen, "we must be off. I'm rather curious to see Miss Branscombe."

So the young men departed, and Stephen, depositing his friend at the door of a bookseller's in High-street, went on to Mr. Page's. It was approaching the dinner hour. The ladies were lounging in the garden, where an occasional breeze freshened the drowsy sultry atmosphere. Stephen delivered his message to Mr. Page, and went in search of them.

He found them 'in the very nook where he and his sweetheart had talked of love that morning. Claudia, leaning back against the acacia, caught in the placid darkness of her eyes a light from the unclouded heaven. Sweet Anne Page was gazing at her,

as if in marvel at such surpassing beauty. So silent were they, that Stephen, who came towards them across the turf, heard not a sound save the clash of the fountain, and the low coo of a brown ringdove on an acacia bough.

Claudia greeted him pleasantly, though it was hard for her to recognize in this tall youth the little boy whom she had petted years before, and for whom her night-dress had been a world too long. Both remembered the incident distinctly enough: to Stephen indeed that snatch of holiday came like an oasis in the desert of long unhappy school-days. After a while, the conversation grew freer and more fluent; and Claudia began to talk in that sparkling style which only women who have seen society can command. It was amazing to Stephen, just of an age to court that difficult learning which is called knowledge of the world: while to the innocent babyhood of sweet Anne Page it was all very wonderful but very unintelligible.

To a youth of the poetic temperament, who has once or twice plunged in the ocean of thought, but who stands shivering on the verge of the ocean of life, there is no developing power like that of a beautiful and brilliant woman, older than himself, learned in the world's ways. The bright-winged butterfly, which one well might deem a mere caprice of beauty amid summer's pageant, has its uses in the world, and bears fertility to many an unnoticed flower which otherwise would never grow to fruit. Even so, the butterfly fancies of Claudia fertilized the restless imagination of Stephen Langton. He learnt from her something of the brilliant life of the supreme society in a great capital. He heard from her piquant lips sketches of men and women of renown—men and women whose fame was unknown in stagnant Idelchester. She knew the great poet, had chatted with the great statesman, had flirted with the famous philosopher, had been the daring heresiarch's partner in the *Lancets*. To Stephen all this was an apocalypse. To our sweet Anne Page it was an enigma as unsolvable as the epitaph on *Ælia Lælia Crispis*.

And just at this time it happened that Anne had scanty time to try and

understand, for Mr. Page had another visitor—his mother. The old lady resided in the North, and was averse from travel, but she had taken a sudden fancy to see her grandchild, and arrived at Idelchester within a very few days of Claudia Branscombe. Anne's grandmamma monopolized her; whence it happened that Miss Branscombe and Stephen were thrown very much together. Both enjoyed it. Claudia liked the innocent unspoilt freshness of the boy's poetic mind; while Stephen derived a startling stimulus from Claudia's suggestive conversation. He hardly knew himself; he felt like the aloe, whose century's sleep is succeeded by a sudden floral development, consummate and colossal. He found himself forming opinions where heretofore he had doubted, and measuring his own capacities with the capacities of men whose greatness he had deemed vaguely gigantic, and panting to join the hot conflict from which hitherto he had shrunk in dismay. As yet his fair ideal had been a calm life in this sleepy old cathedral city, with sweet Anne Page to lay her loving cheek by his, and dwell with him peacefully. He had felt, with Tennyson's eaters of the lotos—

"There is no joy but calm!"

But now there came upon him, sudden, strong, irresistible, the wandering spirit of Odysseus; he longed to see many cities of men, and to know their manners; the charmed song of the Sirens breathed itself upon the wind which reached him from those shores remote; he pined for the perilous fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

I am afraid he almost forgot sweet Anne Page—pretty, little, plump, innocent, ignorant Anne, in dutiful and affectionate attendance on her doting old grandmamma. He and Claudia were inseparable. It had long been his wont to spend almost his whole day at Mr. Page's during the vacation. So he used to come across to breakfast, and after breakfast to stroll with Claudia in the beautiful gardens or beneath the great cathedral's icy shadow; and after lunch to drive her on some pleasant road in Mr. Page's quiet phaeton, very different vehicle from that fast tandem-cart to which he had clung in

his boyhood ; and after dinner again to loiter with her through the dim garden alleys, odorous and cool. Of course there were days when this delicious monofony was interrupted. Claudia had to go to dinners and evening parties, and to keep up her acquaintance with Mrs. Bythesea and other fair friends ; but Stephen had, on the whole, a very joyous, tranquil time during those sultry summer days, and its result upon him was wonderful. Morally and intellectually *he came of age*.

Years after the remembrance of that halcyon time was dear to him, and he celebrated it in sonorous Spenserian stanzas, whereof I quote the last only :—

" Could I arrest swift Time upon his flight,
And from his seat drag down the
Charioteer

Never yet weary, this same golden light
Should always brood on woodland,
wold, and mere—

Always this perfect climax of the year
Should fill poetic breasts with endless
mirth—

Always the white sky should be tempest-
clear—

And, like a sea on which no storms
have birth,

Summer should always sleep upon the
shores of earth."

Now, although all Idlechester was of opinion that Stephen Langton was a mere boy, and a very silly, insignificant boy, it could not pass by without remarking his intimacy with Miss Branscombe. Claudia herself, having dined one day at the palace, when the bishop was in London attending the House, received a slight lecture from Mrs. Bythesea on the subject. Bishops' wives of necessity grow grave and decorous more rapidly than other women ; and I verily believe, with all Claudia's daring, she would not now have ventured to throw her friend upon a bed and tickle her. But she wasn't going to stand lecturing at any rate.

" Look here, Cis," she said in reply, " flirtation is my profession. When I come down to this dull place I just flirt with a good-looking boy to keep my hand in ; it doesn't hurt him, and it pleases me. What do I, who have lived in London, care for the empty scandal of a wretched little country place like Idlechester ?"

" But really, my dear"—

" But really, my dear," interrupted Claudia, with impetuous mockery, " you have grown into quite a lecturing old woman. You ain't half such fun as you were ten years ago. I shall do just as I like, Cis, and if you don't bother I won't quarrel with you ; and if you do, I declare I'll make love to the Bishop when he comes back, and you know he couldn't resist me, and you'd cry your eyes out with jealousy."

Mrs. Bythesea was the only person who dared say a word to Claudia, but Stephen got chaffed by several members of his family. His Cousin Charles had grown up a provincial dandy, awkward and smart ; his Cousin Henry, Uncle Tom's eldest son, had developed into vulgarity and dissipation. Each of these young gentlemen had his jest about Stephen's being sweet upon Miss Branscombe ; but Stephen (who, you see, was improving) declared he would horsewhip the next who said a word to him on the subject, and they were silent. He could not, however, horsewhip Aunt Harriet, who one day denounced Claudia's conduct as shockingly improper. Stephen, cunning rascal, promptly replied—

" I wonder you don't tell my grandfather what you think of her, Aunt Harriet."

That amiable lady knew better.

Walking down the high street in search of amusement that afternoon—for it was one of those on which Claudia had an engagement—he loitered into a bookseller's shop. There he met Humphrey Morfill, looking at the London papers. They left arm in arm, and Humphrey said—

" You look savage, Stephen, what's the matter ?"

" O, I don't know—people are such fools. That absurd aunt of mine has just been abusing Claudia—Miss Branscombe, I mean—just because she doesn't find my company very stupid."

" Well," said Morfill, " from all I hear, you and she are pretty thick. I don't suppose you'll fall in love with a woman old enough to be—I won't say your mother, but your aunt—though she is deucedly pretty ; still when two people are inseparable there's sure to be gossip. And, if I may ask, do you call her Claudia when you're talking to her ?"

"I believe I do," said Stephen, with some hesitation. "But there are such a lot of consonants in Miss Branscombe."

"Egad, that's good. Come, let's have a drop of seltzer and brandy at Winslow's. It's atrociously thirsty weather."

I don't think Stephen had been at the Half Moon since the day on which Claudia arrived. Jack Winslow received him with a very low curtsy indeed, and asked him when the marriage was to come off.

"There, you see, Humphrey," he said, savagely.

"Take care, Jack, or you'll get into difficulties with this young gentleman; he's fierce this morning."

"Well, but," said she, "I'm not to blame if people talk when they see a fine couple preparing for the parson. I must listen, you know."

"Go and get the seltzer, Jack," said Morfill, "or there'll be mischief done. O, here's Winslow. I say, landlord, that daughter of yours is getting saucy; you don't keep the whip hand of her."

The Hebe of the Half Moon retreated with the icy nectar.

"I don't mean any harm, Mr. Stephen, you know," said she, good-naturedly.

"O yes, I know that; but I'm tired of such foolish gossip."

"There's plenty of it going," said Humphrey; "why, Jack, I heard that you were sweet on little Tranter, the druggist's apprentice."

As Stephen, having parted from his friend, strolled homeward alone, he bitterly reflected on the immense mass of vulgarity and stupidity in the world. Sensitive and dreary natures, easily excited, are easily depressed. In Mr. Page's Elysian gardens, with Claudia's low voice in his ears, or Anne's brown eyes fixed upon his own, Stephen experienced delight ineffable; but the empty folly of this afternoon's gossip proportionately tortured him. He loved

Anne Page, he said to himself—yes, certainly, he loved Anne Page; and he was charmed by the wisdom and wit of Claudia Branscombe; but what was either the one or the other to his stupid cousins, to Aunt Harriet, to that impudent Jack Winslow!

And then he thought, how soon it must end! To go back in a week or ten days to Mr. Hooper's, at Eastford, and his old monotonous grind. Was he to do this, after Claudia's stimulant converse? Was he to turn away from the great movement of the world, of which she had given him brilliant glimpses, and subside into teaching a little obscure dissenting school? What else could he do? There was literature—but all his literary efforts failed. Humphrey Morfill could sit down and write exactly the sort of magazine article that an editor wanted; he couldn't. He felt helpless, powerless, in the hands of the Paræ. Those grim old ladies who rule the destinies of men held him as firmly in their grip as Aunt Harriet used to in those days when his greatest dread was her avenging rod. Surely the Moiræ were the maiden aunts of mythology.

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not,"

sings the divine lyricist. The ever-forgotten and ever-recurring lesson of time is that what we dread seldom happens, but that evils unforeseen take its place. And yet men will persist in torturing themselves about an uncertain future; in adding imaginary vexations to the real annoyances of the world. Here was Stephen worrying himself about silly rumours—about Eastford, whither (though he little imagined it) he was never to go again—and the real calamity at that moment impending, with all its train of misfortunes, was wholly undreamt of. But the next morning brought the news—

Mr. Page was dead.

CELTIC MANUSCRIPTS AND THEIR CONTENTS.

PREJUDICES AGAINST CELTIC LITERATURE.

WHEN an empire includes within itself two distinct peoples whose ancestors spoke different languages, the dispossessed or conquered race must resign itself to see its ancient literature disliked, or despised, or, under the most favourable circumstances, neglected by the dominant one. Probably the ancient Finnish literature was formerly held in no esteem by the Swedes, nor at present by their masters the Russians. Except in this example of the Finns, the condition of the Celtic subjects of Her Majesty Queen Victoria has no parallel which we can call to mind through Europe. Their spoken language will in time cease to be heard, and the relics of their ancient literature are in no favour with the descendants of the supplanters of their forefathers. Many of the influential journals of Great Britain are hostile to the preservation of Gaelic and Welsh as spoken languages, and will not take the trouble to examine whether they are worth preserving in print, or whether their literature is worth attention or study. We shall take an average specimen of editor or contributor to one of the eminent London periodicals, and strive to enter into his opinions and feelings concerning the still existing literature of the native Irish, Welsh, or Highland Scotch. He has studied British letters since the Norman conquest, and on all points of English literature since the days of Chaucer his opinion is as trustworthy as that of his father on matters connected with the port of London and its Isle of Dogs. He can even speak with a fair degree of certainty on the literature of a few European kingdoms beyond the strait. "Your Germans, Italians, Spaniards, and French (he acknowledges), have been pretty fellows in their days. They have produced some things worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with our Anglo-Norman masterpieces." But while his mind is in this unruffled and tolerant state, mention but an unfortunate bard or historian of either Celtic branch, and no bull ever found

his wits so thrown off their balance by the appearance of a scarlet mantle, as our hard-headed English scholar and critic by the mere sounds which embody the names of Tiernach, or Oisín, or Taliesin, or any work imputed to them. Let a living poet whose whole being is imbued with the spirit of the old bards, and who may be said to think in the ancient language of the Gael,—let him, we repeat, produce to the world lays embodying wild imagery summoned from the most remote realms of fancy,—let him clothe his imaginings in the most picturesque poetic language, as Gaelic in its garb as the English idiom can brook,—let the ideas be original, and such as at once seize and hold captive the attention of the genuine man of letters, poet, or critic; our Anglo-Norman will have nought to say in commendation. "The new recruit in the literary corps has present to his inner sight a confused crowd of imagery, and these and their relations he presents to his readers in a half-barbarous and unidiomatic jargon meant to be English."

Even should our splenetic censor be obliged against his will to own that isolated bits of prose or poetic romance in the Gaelic or Cymric are excellent in their way, he will not allow them the merit of age. "They are the productions of comparatively modern men, at all events they did not exist before the twelfth century. Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, and Aneurin, are as much the creation of modern bards as the poetry attributed to them. There was neither Gaelic poem nor Gaelic MS. in the Highlands before MacPherson's day. The Ossianic poetry preserved in Ireland, more likely to be genuine, taking its bombast and extravagance into account, owes its existence to a few smiths and schoolmasters of the last two centuries." The object of this paper is to show that the productions of the Celtic intellect are not of the worthless character with which our model Aristarchus would like to stamp them. We shall first establish the long duration of polite literature among our Celtic ancestors.

ANTQUITY OF CELTIC LETTERS.

The non-existence of an ancient MS. on any subject is no positive argument against that subject having occupied people's minds at a very early period. Of the voluminous collection of our ancient laws, the *Senchus Mor*, no MS. can be produced earlier than the middle of the fourteenth century. Yet it is certain that the collection was extant long before the ninth century, for there are frequent references to it in Cormac's Glossary which was composed sometime before A.D. 900. In the copies used by the Mac Egans and by Donald Mac Firbis there is a copious running commentary in language which is modern compared with the text. The Mac Egans and Mac Firbis understood that commentary, but unfortunately left no gloss on it which would make difficult passages intelligible to Gaelic scholars of our days. The consequence is that these last feel the difficulty of interpreting this gloss only a little less than what they find in explaining the original.

Any unprejudiced person even casually glancing through the portion of the body of laws already published in English, cannot escape the conviction of the high degree of civilization and love of justice that prevailed among the people whose conduct they were intended to regulate. So minutely did the laws enter into the common concerns of life, that even detaining the play-toys of children was considered a cognizable legal offence. The text says "they must be restored in one day, i.e., these goodly things which remove dulness from little boys, viz., hurlers, balls, and hooks, except little dogs and cats, for it is in three days that the cats are to be restored."

In the ninth century the *Senchus Mor* needed glosses as was said, and contained a large body of social regulations adapted to the circumstances of a civilized people to whom the arts and conveniences of life were familiar. These circumstances indicate the influence of the Brehon jurisprudence for a long period previous to the composition of Cormac's Glossary. The early missionaries would naturally re-

present to converted kings, chiefs, and Brehons, the necessity of modifying the laws which had been in force during heathen times, as many of them would naturally be imbued with a pagan spirit and be found in strict relation with the old superstition. So we find it stated that three kings, three bishops, and three ollamhs (chief councillors), took on themselves in the time of St. Patrick, fifth century, to revise the code or codes then in force, and adapt their enactments to the needs of a Christian community. This revision must have taken place whether the commissioners were nine in number or not, or whether they did or did not consist of these personages mentioned in the introduction to the *Senchus*.—Saints Patrick, Benin (Benignus), and Cairnech; Kings Laeghaire, Uorc, and Daire; and the poetic sages, Rossa, Dubhthach, and Fergus.

CELTIC CLAIMS AND CELTIC VITALITY.

Having written thus far, a passage came under our notice in Mr. Arnold's* thoughtful and candid essay on a german subject, and so applicable to our concern that we cannot refrain from quoting it.

"My brother Saxons will have nothing to do with the Welsh language and literature on any terms (ditto Irish). They would gladly make a clean sweep of it from the face of the earth. I, on certain terms, wish to make more of it than is made now, and I regard the Welsh literature, or rather, dropping the distinction between Welsh and Irish, Gaelic and Oymric, let me say Celtic literature, as an object of very great interest. My brother Saxons have, as is well known, a terrible way with them of wanting to improve everything but themselves off the face of the earth. I have no such passion for finding nothing but myself everywhere. I like variety to exist and to show itself to me, and I would not for the world have the lineaments of the Celtic genius lost. . . . It is not in the outward or visible world of material life that the Celtic genius of Wales or Ireland can at this day hope to count for much; it is in the inward world of thought and science. What it has been, what it has done—let it ask us to attend to that as a matter of science and history, not to what it will be or will do as a matter of modern politics. It cannot count appreciably now as a material power, but perhaps if it can.

* "On the Study of Celtic Literature." By Matthew Arnold, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. London: Smith, Elder, and Co

get itself thoroughly known as an object of science it may count for a good deal—far more than we Saxons, most of us, imagine—as a spiritual power.

"The bent of our times is towards science, towards knowing things as they are. So the Celt's claim towards having his genius and its works fairly treated as objects of scientific investigation the Saxon can hardly reject, when these claims are simply urged on their own merits, and are not mixed with extraneous pretensions which jeopardize them. The science of origins, a science which is at the bottom of all real knowledge of the actual world, and which is every day growing in interest and importance, is very incomplete without a thoroughly critical knowledge of the Celts, and their genius, language, and literature. This science has still great progress to make, but its progress made even within the recollection of those who are in middle life, has already affected most of our common notions about the Celtic race; and this change shows, too, how science, the knowing things as they are, may even have salutary practical consequences."

Appreciating the kindly feeling evident in this extract, as well as through the entire essay, towards Gael and Cymro, we are sensible of an undue depreciation of Celtic power and influence in modern times and in this very day. Mr. Arnold has scarcely taken into account the large number of individuals plodding and planning for existence or independence or station at this moment in England and the Scottish Lowlands, in whose veins Celtic blood is careering. When he has realized this, let him add the millions of American Celts, guessing and calculating, and making fortunes in a hurry, and acting as the pioneers of civilization, and growing up into members of congress. Let him then look to our colonies, east and west, for myriads of industrious and estimable descendants of Irish, and Highlanders, and Welsh. If a question be proposed to an examiner in any academy or college in Great Britain as to the relative proficiency of his Celtic and Saxon students, we know well what answer will be given, as we have more than once made the inquiry. If a scrutiny were instituted as to the birthplace and the descent of the host of literary men by whom the existence of the daily, and weekly, and monthly, and quarterly periodicals in the modern Babylon is maintained it would redound to the credit of Celtic ta-

lent, and industry, and perseverance. There is a vitality in the Celtic element which manifests itself in many ways. Settle Saxon and Celtic families in the same neighbourhood; let all things be equal, and let there be no bar to the good qualities of our common nature on either side. In a few generations the Celtic spirit and Celtic usages will be predominant. This has happened in sundry parts of Ireland. In Tipperary, and its adjacent counties there are thousands of the descendants of the Saxon soldiers and settlers of Elizabeth's and Cromwell's days. Many and very many families have assumed Irish surnames. They are, as in ad many other cases, more Irish than the natives, and in no part of Ireland are found subjects of the English crown more lukewarm in their fealty.

Our Kings at Arma, whether Garret, Clarendoux, Lyon, or Ulster, if inclined to be communicative on this comparative numbers of living representatives of the ancient Celtic and Anglo-Norman nobility, would show that the ancient Gaelic chiefs of Scotland and Ireland, if permitted to gaze from the clouds so uncomfortably arranged for them by James M'Pherson, would smile and look with contemptuous pity on the sorrowful shades of the Norman conquerors at Hastings, now left without direct descendants to maintain station in their family halls. To enhance their satisfaction they have only to contemplate the royal residences of England to find healthy Celtic blood coursing through the veins of our august Sovereign and her children, whom God preserve!

Dwelling on these and kindred subjects, we are not much dismayed by the discouraging view taken by Mr. Arnold of the struggle between Celtic and Saxon powers, in which we must say he exhibits no vain glorious boasting over the weaker party.

"I know my brother Saxons; I know their strength; and I know the Celtic genius will make nothing of trying to set up barriers against them in the world of fact and brute force, in trying to hold its own against them as a political and social counter-power, as the soul of a hostile nationality.

"To me there is something monstrous in hearing a Welshman or an Irishman making

pretensions—natural pretensions I admit—but how hopelessly vain, to such a rival establishment; there is something mournful in hearing an Englishman scout them . . . we have plenty of strength for swallowing up and absorbing as much as we choose. There is nothing to hinder us from effacing that last poor material remains of that Celtic power which once was everywhere, but has long since in the race of civilization, fallen out of sight. We may threaten them with extinction if we will, and may almost say in threatening them, like Cæsar threatening with death the tribune Metellus who closed the treasury doors against him:—‘And when I threaten this, young man, to threaten it is more trouble to me than to do it.’”

This if the view were correct would be a terrible state of things. Alas! if all the Celtic genius, and talent, and skill, and thought, and mere bodily power, now at the service of the genius that represents Britannia were withdrawn tomorrow, Mr. Arnold and the Saxon element left to itself would be not a little terrified, and with good reason. We return to our exploration among the ancient Gaelic remains, with the view of exhibiting the early spread and influence of letters among the Gael of Ireland.

GAEIC MSS.: THE LEABHAR NA HUÍDRE.

The Library of the Royal Irish Academy possesses a rare volume entitled the “Book of the Dun Cow.” The contents were copied into it by one Maelmuir (Mary’s Tonsured Servant), a monk of Clonmacnois, whose death is recorded at the year 1106. This is established by the following entry by the same hand which filled the body of the volume at the top of folio 45.

“This is a trial of his pen here, by Maelmuiri son of the son of Conn.”

The latest year in which the book could have been written is determined by the following entry in the “Annals of the Four Masters,” at the date quoted, 1106.

“Maelmuiri, son of the son of *Con nam Bocht*” was killed in the middle of the church at Cluainmacnois by a party of robbers.”

In this ancient MS. are contained several tracts, some of which shall be noticed.

1. A translation into Gaelic of the history of Nennius, by Gilla Cæmhain, who died A.D. 1072.

2. An elegy by the poet Dallan Forghaill, on the death of St. Colum Cille, A.D. 592. The composition is accompanied by an interlined gloss, for many words used in the sixth century had become obsolete in the eleventh. References are made in this gloss to authorities now unknown.

3. A large fragment of the *Tain Bo Chuailgne*, a celebrated cattle raid, occurring just before the commencement of the Christian era, in which the redoubted Cuchullain, Conor King of Ulster, Maeve Queen of Connaught, Fergus Roy and other heroes of history and romance were concerned.

4. A tract on the *Alasca Uladh* or drunken fit of the men of Ulster, during which they invaded Munster, and killed King Conri at his abode of Teamhair Luachra in Kerry.

Other subjects copied into the volume were Cattle Raids arising from the great one, the Wanderings of *Maelduin*’s ship in the Atlantic for three years; the death of Conair the Great at the Bruighean da Dearga (near Bornabreena in the Dublin mountains); Poems by Flann of Monasterboyce, 1056; Romances of the Ante-Christian times; a History of the great Pagan Cemeteries of Erin, and accounts of the books from which the several subjects were borrowed.

That several of these subjects had been familiar to poets and story-tellers some centuries previous appears plainly enough from the statements made by their successors in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, concerning the loss of the tale of the *Tain Bo Chuailgne* (driving away of the cattle of Cooley) and the troubles inflicted on the bards of the sixth century in order to its recovery. In one account it was stated that a rare old volume the *Cuilmenn* (consisting of a cow-hide) had been conveyed to Italy, that the *Tain* was contained in

* “Conn of the Poor,” his particular vocation being the relief of the distressed. The name of the great monastic institution implies the plain or pasture of the swine of Noe, or of the student (Cluain Muc Nois). Of the owner of the animals or his era we cannot speak with any certainty.

this volume, and that the great bard Seanchan Torpest being taunted with his inability to recite the old heroic lay, sent his sons to Italy in search of the volume in which it was preserved. One of these young men having left the other resting beside a tall standing stone in the evening, went to look for a suitable lodging. The other (*Murgen*) tracing in the Oghuim inscription of the stone the name of *Fergus Mac Roy*, one of the chief personages of the lay, adjures his spirit to appear and relate the lost romance. Immediately he becomes sensible of the presence of the mighty shade refulgent in his beautiful brown hair, his green mantle, his gold-ribbed shirt, his gold-hilted sword, and his sandals of bronze, a fog gathers round and the wild legend is related to the son of Seanchan.*

Another version represents Seanchan and the great bardic body put under interdict by St. Marvan, brother to Guaire, King of Connaught, for their insolence at the court of this monarch. They are not allowed to recite poem nor story, nor sleep the second night in the same place, till they have recovered the complete story. St. Kieran (this was in the 6th century) and other saints whose holiness had not extinguished their love of letters, assembled at the tomb of Fergus, and used such powerful adjurations for three days, that at last he appeared and recited the Cattle Raid of Cooley from beginning to end. In order to obviate all risk of future mischance, St. Kieran of Clonmacnois copied it out during the recitation in a volume made from the hide of a pet cow. Pass we now to another valuable but not so old a collection.

THE BOOK OF LEINSTER.

This valuable volume preserved in Trinity College, Dublin, was transcribed in the lifetime of Finn Mac Gorman, Bishop of Kildare, whose death occurred in 1160. He wrote it for the amusement and edification of Hugh Mac Crimthainn, some time tutor to that bad boy, the future Dermot Mac Murroch, the

Gaelic brother of Henry VIII. This statement is made from internal evidence furnished by the volume. At the end of page 202 of the MS. in the same handwriting as the rest of the book, is inserted a note of which the following is a portion :—

"Benediction and health from Finn the Bishop of Kildare to Aedh Mac Crimthainn, the tutor of the chief King of Leth Mogha Nuadhat, . . . chief historian of Leinster, in wisdom, intelligence, and the cultivation of books, knowledge, and learning. . . ."

At top of folio 200 appears in a very ancient hand, a tribute of sorrow for the exile of the wicked King of Leinster, written while Dermot was over with Henry II. in France—

"O Virgin Mary! it is a great deed that has been done in Erin this day, the Kalends of August, viz., Dermot, Son of Donnogh Mac Murroch King of Leinster and of the Danes (of Dublin), to have been banished over the sea eastwards by the men of Erin. Uch, uch! O Lord, what shall I do!"

The Book of Genesis and the "Invasions of Ireland" were sure to be found in most of these fine old collections. Genesis happens not to be in the volume under notice; some of the subjects are named below—

1. Specimens of ancient versification, poems on Tara, and an explanation and plan of its Midchuarta or Banqueting Hall, sundry poems on the ancient wars, and Leinster sketches in prose and poetry.
2. An account of the Battle of Ros na Righ (promontory of the Kings) fought by the men of Leinster against the Ulster men about the beginning of the Christian era.
3. An imperfect copy of the *Mesca Uladh*, which may be found also in our contents of the *Leabhar na hUidhre* (Book of the Dun Cow).
4. Part of Cormac's Glossary apparently copied from the original written three centuries before.
5. A copy of the *Dinnsenchus*, a topographical tract supposed to have been copied at Tara, A.D. 565.
6. The Battle of Mach Mucruimhe, in which was slain Art the Melancholy (2nd century).

* For a beautiful and weird version of the recovery of the *Tain*, thoroughly Gaelic in its turns of thought and poetic expression, see "Lays of the Western Gael," by Samuel Ferguson, LL.D., M.R.I.A.

THE BOOK OF BALLYMOTE.

This fine old volume, now in the possession of the Royal Irish Academy, was in part written at Ballymote in Sligo, at the house of Mac Donogh, lord of Corann, the chief scribes being Solomon O'Droma and Manus O'Duigenann; its contents consist of—

1. The Book of Invasions, followed by a series of ancient chronological, genealogical, and historical pieces in prose and verse.

2. Pedigrees of Irish Saints, and genealogies of all the great Milesian families.

3. A biography of Conor Mac Nessa King of Ulster, the narrative of the progress of Aithirne the wicked bard and satirist, and the destruction he caused, and the Adventures of King Cormac in the House of Manannan Mac Lir. These two curious legends, one having perhaps a historical foundation, are to be found in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

4. The names, parentage, and husbands of distinguished Irishwomen down to the 12th century, a tract on the mothers of Irish saints, a disquisition on the origin of the names and surnames of distinguished Irishmen.

5. A copy of the translation of Neunius's History into Gaelic which has a counterpart in the *Leabhar na h'Udhré* already noticed, an ancient grammar and prosody, with specimens of ancient Irish Versification, an explanation of the Oghuim characters with illustrations, the Book of Rights, a treatise on the reciprocal relations of the Ard Righ, the minor kings, and great chiefs to each other, the privileges belonging to each class, and the restrictions (some of them arbitrary and unaccountable enough) imposed on them.

6. The *Diinnsenchus* (another copy in the Book of Leinster), a tract relative to the great Nial of the Nine Hostages, several mythological pieces, and translations of the Argonautic Expeditions, the Trojan War, and the Adventures of Eneas.

"THE LEABHAR BRÉAC," SPECKLED BOOK.

This—one of the most distinguished of our ancient books for its fine execution—mainly includes pieces of a

religious character. It was written at Dun Doighre near Athlone, where the Mac Eigans, a family celebrated for their great proficiency in legal studies, kept schools of law, literature, and poetry. Many of the pieces in the *Leabhar Mor Duna Doighre* are translations from the Latin. The collecting and copying is assigned to the end of 14th century. We quote some of the principal subjects—

1. A Scripture Narrative from the Creation to Solomon, the Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ, Lives of the Apostles, and the finding of the Holy Cross.

2. A collection of Sermons for the principal festivals of the year—the text being always given in Latin, moral tracts, St. Sechnal's Hymn in honour of St. Patrick, and the *Altus* of St. Colum Cille, and a devout tract by St. Gildas.

3. The *Felire* or Festology of the Irish Saints, with their pedigrees by Angus Ceile De (Gildea, God's servant), the original being a MS. of the eighth century. Abstracts of the lives of several of the Irish saints, legends of old kings and saints, the martyrology of Angus Ceile De, written at Tamlacht, near Dublin.

4. Expositions of the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, &c., rules of discipline for the order of the *Ceilidhé De* (*Guldees*), litanies, liturgies, monastic rules, canons, and rules for observing the Sabbath.

An incongruous subject—the Life of Alexander the Great, forms part of the volume, the original being found in the book of St. Berchain of Clonsost, a MS. of the seventh century. This rare old volume belongs to the Royal Irish Academy.

"THE LEABHAR BUICHE LECAIN," YELLOW BOOK OF LECAN.

This is a MS. of 1390, written by two individuals of the family of Mac Fírbis, so justly celebrated for their long enduring devotedness to their native literature. The writers were Donnoch and Gilla Isa Mac Fírbis. Here are some of the subjects—

1. Family and political poems relating to the O'Kellys and O'Connors of Connaught, and the O'Donnells of Donegal, and monastic rules in verse.

2. Poems relating to Tara, with a

plan and description of its Banqueting Hall, which has been made use of by the late Mr. Petrie. (The Book of Leinster contains the same tract.) This is followed by the History of the Creation, and the Fall of Man, taken from Genesis.

3. The next subject, the "Battle of Magh Rath," has been given in abstract in this magazine.

4. The following portions of this volume have been already mentioned as extant in the books before named:—the *Tain Bo Chuailgne* imperfect, the Death of Conaire the Great, at Bruighean da Dearga, the "Wanderings of Maelduin's Ship," pieces relative to Conor Mac Nessa, Conri of Kerry, and the Book of Rights.

5. Reign and Death of Muircertagh Mac Erca at Sletty, by the Boyne, in 527; an abstract of the battle of Dunbolg, in Wicklow, where Brandubh, King of Leinster, defeated the King of Leath Cuinn, and the Adventures of Labraidh Loingsach. This volume belongs to Trinity College, Dublin. One of its writers, Gilla Isa Mor Mac Fírbis was also employed in the getting up of the BOOK OF LECAN which was finished in the year 1416. He was aided in the work by two other scribes. The volume is preserved in the Royal Irish Academy. The subjects are nearly identical with those in the Book of Ballymote, the additions consisting of the "Tribes and sub-divisions of the territory of Hy Fiacrach." Let us pass to the last ancient book our space will permit of noticing in detail.

THE BOOK OF LISMORE.

This curious MS. was unknown to Irish Literati till the year 1814, when in breaking a passage in the Castle of Lismore, county Waterford, itself and a crozier were discovered in a wooden box. It was taken great care of for about a twelve month, but then in evil hour was lent to a worthy in Cork, who disfigured it by scribbling notes, binding it badly, and suffering it to be copied and mutilated. It was returned to the Duke of Devonshire's agent, Colonel Curry, between 1816 and 1820, and remained unexamined till 1839, when being borrowed by the Royal Irish Academy it came under the eyes of the late Mr. O'Curry. No ordinary scho-

lar can appreciate his mental sufferings on discovering the profanations and abstractions to which the venerable relic had been subjected.

After much lamenting, and complaining, and exploring, all turned out well but at some considerable expense to the R.I.A. The Book of Lismore is safely housed within its library, and out of the reach of the O'Flynnns and O'Vandals of all future centuries. May our repositories continue to be preserved from the ravages of fire and intestine warfare! Has any living archæologist endeavoured to fancy his sensations on hearing some fine morning that the library of Trinity College and that of the Royal Irish Academy had been destroyed by conflagration the evening before? In the Book of Lismore are brought together,—

1. "The Hill of Bellowing Oxen," a tale of enchantment embodying the invasion of Munster by Cormac Mac Airt—given already in this MAGAZINE, a topographical account of the two Fermoy's, legends of Cairbre Cathad and other personages, wherein is described the insurrection of the *Aithech Tuatha*,—Attacots as they are called by Bede and other historians.

2. Ancient Lives of Irish Saints, The Romance of Charlemagne and his Knights, ascribed to Bishop Turpen (in reality a Breton romance), several pieces on the early history of the Church down to the reign of John King of England, extracts from the travels of Marco Polo, the exploits of the brave Ceallachan King of Munster against the Danes in the tenth century.

The last piece in the book is one of great interest, unfortunately it is defective. It is called the *Agallamh na Seanorach* (Dialogues of the Sages), these seniors being St. Patrick, Oisín, son of Fionn Mac Cumhail, and Caeilthe Mac Ronain, the two latter having been preserved in the Land of Youth under the Atlantic,—say from A.D. 296 till A.D. 460, for the purpose of being converted, and of giving valuable information concerning the different localities in Erin, and how they obtained their names. Had the Ossianic Society been adequately supported, the *Tain* and the *Agallamh* would have been published ere now, but we hear that the Irish Archæo-

logical Society intend to give them to the world, text and English version.

tion of the illustrations is calculated to throw an artist proud of his powers into despair.

Gaelic MSS. were copies of more ancient ones.

It is to be hoped that readers to whom the present subject possesses the quality of novelty will not insist on the production of the originals, or at least the very early copies of the *Tain* of the *Agallamh* of "Cormac's adventures in the country of Mananan Mac Lir," or any of the other poems, and tales preserved in the books just passed in review, in order to be convinced of the early love of letters possessed by the ancient Scots of Ireland, and the existence of MSS. among them. The quantity of original matter in all the volumes quoted, ranging from the eleventh to the fifteenth century is exceedingly small, the writers being more careful to preserve the lore which was ancient in their days than to seek for fame by original treatises of their own. The preservation to this day of the Books of Durrow, of Dimma, and of Kells, which were written in the sixth and seventh centuries, implies the existence of historical and miscellaneous tracts, of romances and poems of the same date. These books just mentioned being copies of the Gospels and Psalms, have been preserved by the pious care of a devout people, especially as they and their ornamented cases were considered as possessed of supernatural virtues. These very ancient MSS. are preserved in Trinity College. The Royal Irish Academy possesses the *Domhnach Airgid* or silver shrine in which the poor remains of the leaves of a book are visible through a glass-case. The book is said to have belonged to St. Patrick. Our most zealous archæologists do not venture to turn the outside leaves for fear of destroying their texture. The Book of Kells is supposed to have belonged to St. Colum Cille (sixth century). The fine execu-

THE GENUINE OSSIANIC BELIEF.

There are some indications of the Ossianic lore found in these rare old collections. In Gilla Caemhain's poetical chronology (middle of eleventh century) the death of Fionn Mac Cumhail is recorded. In a MS. of the sixteenth century (T.C.D.), is related among many other romantic incidents his courtship of Ailbhe daughter of King Cormac. We have already quoted the curious tract of the Dialogues of his son Oisín and his relative Caeilthe with St. Patrick. In the Book of Leinster is told the flight of Grainne, Fionn's intended wife, with Diarmuid, and their concealment in a cave on Howth (Ben Edair).

There are five poems whose authorship is given to Fionn, and these are found in the Book of Leinster and the Book of Lecan. The subject of the first is the life and death of Goll Mac Morna, who slew Fionn's father in the battle of Castle Cnoc, but in the end became a trustworthy lieutenant of Fionn himself. This poem contains 344 lines. The second poem of twenty lines is occupied with the origin of the name *Mach-da-Gheis* (plain of the Two Swans). The third treats of the origin of the name of Roirend a place in Offaly.

These three poems, originally belonging to the topographical tract called the *Dinnseanchus* (see ante), are found only in the Book of Leinster. The fourth and fifth poems are found both in it and the Book of Lecan. The first of these includes a description of *Ros Broc* (Badger's Wood), now St. Mullin's, on the confines of Carlow and Wexford, and the last relates the tragic story of the princesses Fíthir and Dairine, daughters of Tuathal Teachtmair, King of Ireland.*

* Achy Anchean, King of Leinster, coming to the Court of the Ard-Rígh, espoused Dairine, and brought her to his palace, probably Dinn-Rígh on the Barrow. He made his appearance a couple of years later at the court of his father-in-law, wept sundry crocodile tears for the loss of his dear wife by illness, dwelt at the court some time, begged the lovely Fíthir to console him in his affliction, succeeded, and conducted his new bride to Dinn-Rígh, where they were received by the much startled Dairine who was no more dead than her wicked lord. Fíthir at the sight of her betrayed sister fell dead, and Dairine outlived her only a few hours. Their father on learning the tragedy invaded Leinster, defeated the traitor, and imposed the terrible cow tribute, the *Boromha Leicheim*, from the later re-imposition of which King Brian son of Cunedigh obtained the name of *Boromha*.

So far the Book of Leinster, but that of Lecain, in addition, contains a poem of Fionn, originally in the *Dinnsenchus*, where he dwells on the origin of the name *Druim Dean* attached to a hill in Leinster.

No living archæologist pretends that these poems were written by Fionn, but the assumption of the fact in that old Leinster MS. of the twelfth century proves the existence of the man previous to that time as a historic personage, or a poet, or a hero of romance. He was considered by the Four Masters (no unsound authorities) as a once living hero, who fell by assassins in the year 283, in the reign of Cairbre son of Cormac. His genealogy is given at full length in the Book of Leinster. A few sentences shall now exhibit Oisín's claims to immortality.

The same Book of Leinster has preserved a short poem of 23 lines attributed to Oisín, on the fatal fight of Gabhra (Garristown in Meath), in which Osgur the noblest of all the Fianna fell by the hand of Cairbre, and the power of the Militia of Erin ended. In this poem which (Oisín's or not) is of very ancient date, Cairbre is represented as fighting on horseback, and reference is made to an Oghuim inscription.

The second poem in the same volume contains 216 lines. In the beginning, Oisín, old and blind, refers to a great fair just then held on *Magh Life* (Plain of the Liffey), and laments his own inability to enjoy it, and contend in the warlike games in course of celebration. The solemnity recalls to his memory a visit which his father Fionn and some of his warriors, including himself, had made in his youth to the court of the King of Munster, and the races then held in their honour. The black horse winner of the race is presented to Fionn by the hospitable prince, and after a reasonable time the Great chief, mounted on his new steed, and accompanied by his faithful knights, proceed to a strand in Kerry, and the powers of the black courser are tried against those of Oisín's and Caeilthe's fleet runners. The race being over they turn inland, and being benighted they enter a house at the foot of the hill of *Bairneach* near Killarney. They are acquainted with the locality, but have

never before seen the mansion now standing so invitingly open to afford them hospitality. They enter and find promise of refreshment and rest, but during their stay they are subjected to fearful trials by enemies of theirs who possess druidic powers. The poem affords some curious information on topographical matters in the south. The late Dr. Anster furnished a free translation of the poem to the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

In the *Dinnsenchus*, copied as already mentioned into the Books of Lecan and Ballymote, is preserved the only poem of "Fergus the Eloquent," son of Fionn Mac Cumhail, to be found in our ancient collections. It purports to give the explanation of the name of a spring (*Tipra Seangarmna*) issuing from a cleft in a rock in the S.E. of the county of Kerry. In the poem, consisting of 132 lines, is related how Oisín and some companions were inveigled by the fairies into the cavern from which the spring issued, and were there detained for a twelve-month. Oisín continued daily to cut chips from his spear and fling them into the stream, and thus at last effected his release. For Fionn coming to the rill near its issue from the cavern, saw one or two of the chips, recognised them as separated portions of his son's weapon, got into the cavern, and freed the captives.

Caeilthe Mac Ronain, cousin of Fionn, was celebrated for his fleetness of foot, and his poetical powers. In the *Dinnsenchus* is found a poem attributed to him, in which is recorded the fate of the lady *Cliona*, who was drowned near Clonakilty in the county of Cork. The waves which break over the spot where she perished were long called Cliona's waves (*Tonn Clíodhna* in the singular). In popular mythology Clíodhna is considered one of the most powerful of the Munster fairies. Readers of the UNIVERSITY have already been informed of some of her malicious pranks.

The *Agallamh na Seanorach* exists in the Book of Lismore as already mentioned, in the Bodleian Library, and in the Library of St. Isidore in Rome. A few words more on its contents will not be without use.

After the fatal battle of Gabhra

there were none of the Fenian chiefs left but Oisín and Caellithe the Swift-footed. They were miraculously preserved until the visit of St. Patrick, who consoled the forlorn survivors of the ancient heroic band, and kept them with him. In return for his good offices they told him the names of all the mountains, woods, plains, and rivers, which they met on their travels, and explained to what circumstances such and such names owed their origin. Of course more attention was paid to those titles which were imposed during the mortal career of Fionn and his celebrated chiefs. The topographical and historical catechism was conducted in this style.

St. Patrick and his friends were one day sitting on the hill of *Art Patrick*, (Patrick's Height) in the county of Limerick. At the time of the conference the name of the hill had been changed from *Talack na Fíne* (Mound of the Fians) to that of *Fintnach* (Fair mound). Caellithe at the Saint's request gave him information concerning a meeting held there in ancient times between Fionn and a young chief who had just arrived to pay his court to the beautiful but capricious Lady Créde who had furnished her fine mansion in the neighbourhood with the most luxurious furniture from the presents made by her still unsuccessful suitors. Gael O'Neamhain the new aspirant, had come provided with a poetical description of her house as a recommendation, and Fionn hoping that it might prove effective, conducted him to her presence. He repeated his gorgeous description, and so pleased her that she made him master of herself and her house. A few verses are subjoined of the literal translation furnished by the late Mr. O'Curry—

"It would be happy for me to be in her
dun
 Among her soft and downy couches.
 Should Créde deign to hear my suit,
 Happy for me would be my journey.

"Of her grianan (sunny chamber) the
 corner stones
 Are all of silver and of yellow gold;
 Its thatch in stripes of faultless order,
 Of wings of brown and crimson red.

"The household which are in her house,
 In the happiest of conditions have been
 destined;
 Gray and glossy are their garments,
 Twisted and fair is their yellow hair.

"Wounded men would sink in sleep,
 Though ever so heavily teeming with
 blood,
 With the warblings of the fairy birds
 From the nooks of her sunny chamber.

"Her portico is thatched
 With wings of birds both blue and yellow;
 Its lawn in front and its wall
 Of crystal and of carnegal.

"She who has all these things
 Within the strand and the flood—
 ♦ Créde of the three-pointed hill,
 Has won by a spear's cast over the
 women of Eirinn."

This lay had greater charms for Créde than it would have at this day for a fine lady sitting in her grianan in Belgravia. Gael won her hand, house, and heart, but had not long enjoyed them when he was called away to resist the invading forces of the "King of the World" (Emperor of Rome), who had assailed the island from his ships in Ventry Harbour. There the brave young poet was slain, and thither came the sorrowing wife, and bewailed him in a poetic lament, containing some allusions to ancient customs and modes of interest. This tract is one of the most interesting in an archaeological sense, of the pieces preserved in our ancient books.

The still popular romances of the Fians, with the exception of those now named, can lay no claim to MSS. older in date than two hundred years, if we except the *Deán of Lismore's* books which incautious readers are requested not to connect with the ducal palace in Waterford. These modern MSS., however, are evidently transcripts of others much older in date, a fact easily ascertained. Sir James Mac Gregor, *Deán of Lismore*, an Island in Loch Linnhe, employed some of his leisure time in copying down in a book Ossianic poems which he was in the habit of hearing daily from the uneducated Highlanders and Isles-men among whom he lived. The filling of the volume occupied his spare time from 1514 to 1551, and the good *deán*

never disturbed his serenity by endeavouring to clothe his words in proper orthography. The prose and poetic tales which he thus collected from oral recitation, are the same as those published by the Ossianic Society of Dublin a few years since, and their counterparts were heard by Mr. J. F. Campbell, in the West Highlands from fishers and shepherds only the other day. Mr. Simpson, though an Englishman and ignorant of the Gaelic, has collected Ossianic tales such as have been preserved in MSS. of the last century, from the mouths of Connaught peasants who could neither read nor write, and the writer of this article has heard from the mouth of an illiterate man born in a county of the English Pale, more than one long Ossianic poem in the native Gaelic.

An unprejudiced thinker taking into account the preservation of Ossianic and other fictions in the MS. collections happily still in existence, and their still dwelling in the memories of peasants and fishermen, can hardly come to the conclusion that this Gaelic fictional literature originated with romance writers of the twelfth or later centuries. There has been no period in which people advanced beyond the veriest savage state did not possess a vocal literature. Now if some spirits had been found in Ireland in the middle ages, possessed of sufficient genius and influence to bring in Ossianic literature, and extinguish such as had prevailed among their countrymen up to that time—a thing little short of an impossibility—how in the name of common sense did they manage to make the bards and storytellers of the West Highlands and Isles adopt Irish heroes, Irish localities, Irish traditional history, Irish everything, and, struggling with the stream, make Highland chiefs, and their ladies, and their duine usals, and their clansmen, and their gillies, all interested in unfamiliar incidents, localities, and personages. Mr. Campbell, gathering his stories from the mouths of the kindly fishers, peasants, and shepherds of Highlands and Isles found the *Gaiscas*, and the *Banthernas*, and the *Gilla's* of their stories dwelling or seeking adventures at *Assaroe* (Ballyshannon), or *Ben Edair* (Howth), or *Ba'a-chia* or Limerick of the Ships, seldom at Stirling, or Edin-

burgh, or Dundee, never at Morven that *terra Saturnia* of MacPherson. It is easy to account for this. In the sixth century Irish colonists settled in Argyle, and lived long in amity with the Picts, whom St. Colum Cille and his religious brothers converted to the Christian faith. There was ceaseless communication between these Alban Gael and the mother country. The original settlers brought to their new homes their favourite poetic fictions, and the Gaelic people divided by the sea continued to enjoy a common literature. The bonds between the Irish and Highland Gael were still more closely drawn by the circumstance of Somarled, a chief of Oriel (Louth, Armagh, and Monaghan), assuming the style of Lord of the Isles in the twelfth century. It was then as much a matter of custom for Irish bards to make progresses through the courts of Scottish Kings and Chiefs, as for London dramatic stars in our days to go shed their rays at fit seasons on the less favoured Cities of Dublin, Edinburgh, and York.

A WORD FOR OUR WELSH COUSINS.

We shall not insist more earnestly on the identity of the poets who have left us the lays of Aneirin, Taliesin, and Llywarch, than we have done on the claims of Fionn, and Oisín, and Fergus, and Casilthe, to the very ancient poetic remains imputed to them; but we demand for all those pieces found in such collections as the Black Book of Caermarthen, or the Red Book of Hergest, an age of some centuries prior to the date of the books (12th and 14th centuries).

There is a circumstance bearing strong testimony to the difficulty of forcing an alien literature on any people in the history of prose and poetic fiction in England after the Norman conquest. If anyone is now suddenly asked for his recollection of any relics of pure Anglo-Norman genius subsequent to William's landing, Taillefer's "Song of Roland" presents itself to his mind, but more he cannot recall. Let us reflect on the poetry and romance which delighted the English court and the assemblies in the feudal castles from the days of Henry Beauclerc to those of Richard III., and we shall find

them exclusively Celtic in subject and in spirit. The Northmen, when they obliged Charles the Simple, after the memorable siege of the island in the Seine, to grant them Neustria or Normandy, had scalds among them, who perfectly remembered all about Thor and Odin, and the other Æsir, and their contests with the frost giants, and all that Saemund and Snorro Sturlason have preserved of Norse mythology and romance; yet once England became the home of the descendants of these Northmen we find not a trace of their native superstition or romance influencing the lays of the trouvères who still remained in the parent country, or those who followed the Conqueror into Britain.

Many Bretons swelled the number of William's troops in his descent on England. They remembered the dispossession of their relatives, the Ancient Britons, by the intrusive Saxons, and they were now rejoiced at an opportunity of aiding in the punishment of those whom they considered the natural enemies and supplanters of their ancestors' kindred. The bards and others among these volunteers, who loved or practised the old heroic songs of the Armoricans did not fail to cultivate the taste for them in the 'new country, being encouraged by many visitors from Cambria, who came to the Court to enjoy the humbled condition of the descendants of their ancient oppressors.

From that time we find the old Cymric kings, and chiefs, and ladies, and sages—the actors in the lays that delighted the ears of assemblies, the apparent exception of the triumph of Charlemagne and his peers being in reality no exception at all. The romantic exploits of himself and his peers were originally applied to Charles Martel and his knights, being all Bretons by descent.

A great impulse was given to the study of things Celtic by the discovery in Brittany of the famous *Brut y Brenhined* (Legend of the British kings), and its removal to Oxford, and its immediate translation into the kindred Welsh by its discoverer, Walter Calenius, an Oxford monk. The learned and very credulous Geoffrey of Monmouth made a Latin version from the Chronicle, in

its Welsh form, for the edification of Robert Duke of Gloster, an illegitimate son of Henry I. Robert Wace translated this last attempt into French in the time of Henry II., and Layamon, a Worcestershire clergyman, rendered this French version into the Anglo-Saxon of his day.

If ever the Breton MS. of the *Brut*, brought by Calenius from Brittany, be recovered, it will be looked on as a most precious waif saved from the evil fortunes that attend on civil wars, fires, removals, and neglect.

WELSH MSS. THE CAMBRIDGE JUVENILES.

We proceed to briefly notice some of the existing Welsh MSS., premising that in most of them the style of orthography in vogue before the 12th century was laid aside by the copiers of the middle ages. In the literary remains of Brittany the ancient and more simple system of orthography has been preserved. A student commencing the study of Irish needs much courage and perseverance, he meets at every step such legerdemain tricks and changes in the beginnings and endings of words. Under certain circumstances the initial consonants which begin nouns, *l*, *n*, and *r* excepted, must be content to yield place to others, which are thus said to eclipse them. A pupil meeting with the word *tatair* is mortified by not meeting with it in the dictionary. Overhauling his grammar, he discovers that masculine nouns commencing with vowels prefix a *t* to the nominative case of such words; he accordingly searches for the word *tatair*, and finds it to mean father. He gets the list of pronouns by heart, and studies their declensions, but when he attempts to construe a sentence these annoying words have disguised themselves by forming such unions with prepositions as to render their identification a matter of difficulty. How could a pupil of ordinary capacity discover *air*, on, and *me*, me, in the small word *orm*? Or suppose that *ann* (in) in certain positions with other words should be written *ann*. Changes analogous to these took place in Welsh MSS. before the twelfth century, and gave a modern air to their subjects, however ancient in themselves.

In the University of Cambridge is preserved a paraphrase of the Gospels in the Latin of the poet Juvenius, supposed to have been written anterior to 700. In the upper margins of each of the pages, 48, 49, and 50, are written three lines in Irish characters, much smaller than the ordinary text of the Book. The zealous explorer in the antique learning of the Welsh and Bretons, the Vicomte Hersart de la Villemarqué has thus translated them. The nine lines contain the lament of a dying warrior, and the writing dates from the beginning of the ninth century.

"No rest nor sleep for me to-night. Small is my house, my servant is greater than myself—(I possess) not (even) a pot (for boiling)."

No more songs, no more laughter, no more kisses this night, as when I once drank the strengthening mead; my servant is greater than myself; (I possess) not a goblet.

"No more joy for me this night, aid is hopeless; no one succours my distress."

The zealous Breton nobleman sees in the preservation of these verses, a striking proof of the antiquity of the poetry ascribed to the great Bardic Triad of Wales of the sixth century. There can be scarcely a doubt of the handwriting being as old as the end of the eighth or the beginning of the ninth century. There is every appearance of the verses having been merely copied from some bardic effusion of earlier date; and they certainly have a strong resemblance in spirit and subject to remains attributed to Llywarch the Aged, on the occasion of his being deprived by death of the protection of the hospitable chief, Kendelan.

"The hall of Kendelan is not agreeable to-night on the top of the rock of Hodnet. No master, no company, no feast."

"The hall of Kendelan is gloomy to-night. No fire, no songs! my tears wear furrows in my cheeks."

"The hall of Kendelan is sad to-night. No more honours which I once received, no more warriors, no more ladies such as once thronged them."

Count Villemarqué discovered on close examination that the first page, much injured through damp and neglect, consisted entirely of a piece copied by the same hand, and furnishing further proof of the poems attributed to the three great bards

having been composed about the period commonly assigned them, viz., the sixth century.

THE CODÆX DISTINCTUS.

A MS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford (xxxi. F. iv.) ascertained from a kalendar inserted in it to belong to the beginning of the ninth century, bears witness to the learning and taste of the Breton scholars of that early time. Two of the pieces are the grammar of Euty-chius and Ovid's *Ars Amoris* with Welsh glosses both interlinear and marginal, an alphabet (supposed) of the ancient Britons, a series of words beginning with the different letters of the alphabet in order, and a long note in Welsh and Latin on the weights and measures of the time.

The invention of the ancient British alphabet was ascribed to Nennius, of whose ancient chronicle our readers have undoubtedly heard. Nennius may be called the Cadmus of the Britons. Hearing a Saxon scholar insult his countrymen for their neglect of letters and general ignorance, and blushing at the well-merited imputation, he felt himself inspired and invented the alphabet on the spot, forming the letters without the slightest hesitation, and giving their power. His countrymen however made little use of his invention. They soon adopted the debased Roman type introduced by the early missionaries, and existing to this day in Irish books.

THE BOOK OF SAINT CHAD.

An ancient Welsh MS. intitled the "Book of St. Chad," is carefully guarded in the library of the cathedral of Lichfield. It belonged originally to the cathedral of Llandaff, and was probably stolen by some ardent lover of literature. As a general principle no lent or stolen books are ever returned, but churchmen should be above giving way to covetousness even when literary treasures are concerned. Therefore the Book of St. Chad should long since have been sent back to its own proper library. It contains selections from the Gospels with acts of donation in ancient British and Latin made to the Church of Llandaff. These last are written on the margins in ancient British and Latin. On the first page it is men-

tioned that the book was given to Teliaf, bishop and patron of the church by a certain individual named Gelhi, son of Arihtiud, who had bought it from another named Kingal, giving an excellent horse in exchange. This much valued volume is also supposed to have been written in the beginning of the ninth century.

A LATIN-BRITON VOCABULARY.

A curious Latin and British lexicon may be seen in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, marked 672, and supposed to have been written about the year 1000. It contains a British alphabet, differing in form from that of Nennius, which last, as archæologists know is to be found in Ussher, in the grammar of Owen (*Archæologia Cambrensis*), and other Welsh treatises. All the letters in the MSS. hitherto named have the shape of those in the Irish alphabet. After every Latin word comes the British (Welsh) explanation, and where space runs short, the gloss is placed over the word. An address of the docile pupil to his master will remind some aged scholars of their experience when getting through *Corderius* or *Erasmus*.

"Hear, O renowned (*clarissimus* for *clarissime*) reader! come and explain to me my acceperium, that is my reading lesson; for I cannot understand it without a teacher, because I am imperfect in my reading." (*All this in Latin.*)

The Master answers, but owing to an injury sustained by the vellum a small portion (only) of his obliging reply can be furnished.

"(Bring) hither (*ad huc*) thy book that I may see how much obscurity (*fusca-tionem*) you have in it, and I will point out all the obscurities (*Glyphæ*), that it may plea * * * (*cetera crassa sunt.*)

The date of this ancient dictionary is ascertained by the mention of a contemporary victory gained in Cornwall over the Saxons by the British King Rhodri (*Huysghre, Roderic*). This occurred about A.D. 722. From a mention made in the text of a pilgrimage made to Tours and a voyage into the Isle of Britain by the writer, Edward Lhuyd concluded that he was an Armorican.

Passing briefly over a Latin-Cornish vocabulary in the Cottonian Library,

British Museum, Vespasian, A, No. 14, probably written about the end of the twelfth century we arrive at—

THE BLACK BOOK OF CHURCH.

King Howell *Dha* (the good) who died about the year 954, got the laws existing in his time reformed, remodelled, and accurately engrossed. The best and most ancient copy of these laws, made in the beginning of the twelfth century, is found in the book above named, which now forms part of the rich library of Hengurt, belonging to the noble family of Vaughan. The collection was translated into Latin, in 1730, by Walton, and into English by M. Aneurin Owen during the reign, and by the desire of William IV. From one of the enactments we learn that the men of Caernarvon enjoyed the honour of the vanguard when a battle was to take place. The fine old library, of which this valuable volume forms part, has been removed to the castle of Rug, in the county of Merioneth. The English translation referred to has been executed in a superior style.

THE BLACK BOOK OF CAERNARVEN.

This most interesting volume is supposed to have been written by the monks of a priory near Caernarthen. It became an inmate of the treasure house of St. David's at the dissolution of the priory, and afterwards fell into the hands of Sir John Price. In the seventeenth century it became the property of the Vaughan family, and was religiously treasured in the library of Castle Hengurt. The contents are those ancient poems attributed to the great Bardic Trial of the sixth century.

Sir Henry Vaughan so jealously guarded this precious book that his most particular friends could not get a sight of it. The great folk of the time feared that the patriotic and anti-Saxon spirit of the lays might urge the Welsh of the seventeenth century to rush to arms, and endeavour to punish the *Saxones* of the day, for the wrongs inflicted on Cambria by their wicked ancestors, who had been resting for 1100 years in their flagged cells. The estimable archæologist Lhuyd was not more fortunate than others. "I have," he says, "been admitted for a few hours only

and in a passing way, into this library. I have never got an opportunity of leisurely examining any manuscript, although the proprietor, Sir Henry Vaughan, who is not deficient either in intelligence or politeness, and was my particular friend, had made me the promise more than once. But he was dissuaded by a party of pseudo-politicians rather than men of letters, and withdrew his promise."

In fact, had a rebellious spirit prevailed among the Welsh at the time (which was not at all the case), nothing was better calculated to urge them on than the martial, resentful, and exciting spirit of these old and naïve effusions, uttered, as they supposed, by Taliesin and Merlyn, whom the Cambrians always looked on in the light of prophets. Hear how the latter of these sages commences to encourage his people :—

"Seven fires which descend from the sky,
Seven fights for the common resistance;
In the seventh Belin, Chief God, is exalted
On the summit of every hill."

Taliesin sings :—

"I see
Seven lances which transpierce,
Seven rivers swelled
With the blood of supreme chiefs,
(Seven rivers) which overflow."

The contents of this rare volume have been given to the world in the famous *Myvyrian Archæology of Wales*, in the beginning of this century, by the estimable Owen Jones, for whose patriotic efforts in the cause of Welsh literature see this *Magazine* for March, 1865.

THE BOOK OF THE BRUTS (CHRONICLES).

This volume is preserved in the Cottonian Collection, British Museum, and is found in the department *CLÆOPATRA*, B. 5, 138. The writing belongs to the end of the thirteenth century. It contains the *Laws of Howel Dha*, already mentioned; a chronicle of the reigns of the Welsh kings, oddly enough styled "*Brut y Saeson*," (*Chronicle of the Saxons*); a chronicle of the ancient kings of Britain, by Caradoc of Llancarvan; and a fragment of Dares' "*Wars of Troy*."

The value of the contents of this

book is much enhanced by the presence of Latin texts, of which the British is generally a most close translation—thus enabling the student to ascertain the exact orthography and signification of a large number of Welsh words in use in the end of the 13th century. The Latin text (mingled with Breton) of the *Chronicles of the Welsh Kings* dates from the tenth century.

Of the *Chronicle of the Ancient Kings of Britain*, the bringing away of the original Breton MS. from Armorica to Oxford by Walter Calenius, A.D. 1128, its translation into the Welsh of that time, and the Latin version made by Geoffry of Monmouth, we have already spoken. The Welsh text in the book under notice is not a translation of the original Breton MS. brought from Brittany, but rather of a Latin one made from it, or from the Welsh translation taken soon after its arrival at Oxford. The *Trojan Wars* have always been a popular subject among Celtic peoples. At the present day an abridgment, which might be sold for two pence at a slight profit, may be obtained on the book-stalls of Dublin and other Irish cities and towns. In this compilation Homer is considered a blind and prejudiced guide. The Welsh text of the *Trojan Wars* is taken from a supposed Latin translation, made by Cornelius Nepos, from the Greek of a Man of Straw, Dares the Phrygian. The *Chronicles of the ancient Kings of Britain* and of the *Welsh Kings* were published in the second volume of the *Myvyrian Archæology*, by Owen Jones, early in this century.

THE RED BOOK OF KEMER.

This title brings before our minds the *Mabinogion* of Lady Guest, and momentarily recalls the delight with which the very name of that book would once inspire us. It is preserved in Jesus College, Oxford, richly bound in red morocco, secured by silver clasps, and, like our own very valuable ancient MSS., kept under a glass case. It is a large folio of 1442 columns, the writing belonging to the fourteenth century. At the end of the seventeenth century it belonged to a family of French origin, named *Man-sel de Margan*, one of whose members

became Fellow of the Jesus College, and his brother lent the book to the grammarian, John Davis, in 1634. Thomas Wilkins, its proprietor in 1701, made a present of it to the Welsh College of Oxford, and there it is carefully preserved. Some parts of the volume are supposed to have been written about the year 1318, the most modern about 1454.

The contents are of a miscellaneous character, the language throughout bearing the stamp of the fourteenth century. We shall particularize the contents in detail.

1. The three chronicles already mentioned, viz., those of the Trojan wars, of the ancient kings of Britain, and of the Welsh kings, the last, as before mentioned, written by Caradoc of Llancarvan.

2. Household and Arthurian stories of the ancient Britons, already given in Welsh and English to a small portion of the reading public—men happily possessed of fine libraries and cash at their bankers—by Lady Guest, under the title of the *Mabinogion* (children's stories). Had we any hopes of being attended to we would earnestly request the gifted authoress to bring out a cheap edition accessible to the million.

3. A Welsh version of the romance of "Charlemagne and his Peers," from the Latin of that cloud-wrapped author, Archbishop Turpin—made by Madoc, son of Salomon, some time between 1270 and 1300; the romance of "Bevis of Southampton;" the "Seven Wise Masters," the "Image of the World," and *Amis and Amiles*.

4. A treatise on Grammar, one on Versification, and one on Medicine.

5. The poems of the three great bards of the sixth century also preserved, as we have seen, in the black book of Caermarthen, together with the poems of other later poets. For literal translations of portions of the poems of Aneurin, Taliesin, and Llywarch Hen, see DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for January, 1865. Let modern poets thank Apollo that their lot has not subjected them to fetter their imaginings in such trammels as they can detect in this extract from Taliesin.

"Och! rac anghyffret!
Hyt ym pen y seithvot
Or Kalan Kalot,
Guir y dau guaret

Drwy'r dya damunet:
Guyn vryn guarthaet
Guyned a drydet!
Kymry un gyffret!
Eu lu a luchet;
Coelwein eu guaret!
Guiraut keudant ket!
Guaran ray Reget
Rann gan ogonet!
Gogonet an rann!
Am rodes vryfuan!
Am bu bard datkann
At Gogleu Gamlan."

"No more disunions. At the end of the seventh of the baleful Kalends the warriors, whom all wish for, shall arrive. Gwemed (North Wales) shall avenge the affront offered to the sacred mountain (Snowdon). The Cymry are united; their force is resplendent. Lo the bright day of their deliverance! Let the liquor flow from the goblet. The chief (Urien) who protects Reghed (S.W. Scotland) distributes it with glory.

"Glory is our inheritance. It gives me impulse. I am the bard who chant the memories of Camlann."

The ancient Britons were apparently as devoted to alliteration and lines of few feet as the Northern Scalds. The Gaelic bards though as much attached to alliteration and assonance gave themselves more space for their prosodial gymnastics. An example follows from the chase of Gleann an Smoil ("Glen of the Thrushes," near Dublin), some liberties being taken with the orthography for the comfort of our un-Irish readers.

"Yarras Osgur cadhe an Goll
Dul do Coorach lesh an mnee,
A's duarth gur dhull lish a chash,
Be fuee cna-a a's fa Vee nee."

"Osgur asks permission of Goll
To go and fight the female (warrior),
And said pity was on him for his lot,
Being under wounds and gashes."

The manual execution of the *Lyfr Coch* (Red Book) is worthy of all praise for the clean and masterly execution of the letters, which more resemble German text than Irish type.

THE BOOK OF LLANDEUI-BREVL

This volume has the advantage of its date being distinctly announced by the person who got it executed. At folio four appears this note in the Welsh language.

"Geoffry son of Llewellyn, son of Philip, son of Talhayarn of Cantref-maur, got this book copied for himself

by a friendly hand. He was the most respectable man of his time in Llandeu-Brevi. May God be merciful to his relative to whom the book belongs! Amen. Anno Domini, 1346."

Archæological students generally look on dates not older than the above, as the mere day before yesterday. Let them only strive to present vividly to their minds that in 1346, and probably while the attentive scribe was smoothing his vellum, the Black Prince was leading the English troops at Crecy, and that later we had the long wars of the Roses, the battle of Bosworth Field, the exactions of Empson and Dudley, the repudiation of Queen Catherine, the murder of some of her fellow-sufferers of the royal bed, the Spanish Armada, the expedition of Steenie and Baby Charles into Spain, and the execution of the latter ill-fated prince, Oliver's preaching and fighting, Oates's plot, Charles II.'s loose life and ill reign, the Jacobite wars, the century and a half of the Georgian dynasty, and the quiet and sleepy existence of the valuable MS. during these five long centuries.

After passing through many hands this MS. became the property of the excellent man Owen Jones (Myvir), who presented it in 1806, to Jesus College, Oxford. There is a copy in the Vaughan collection at Rhug. It consists chiefly of devotional tracts in Latin, accompanied by a literal translation, and is on this account very valuable to all who wish to be acquainted with Welsh orthography and grammar in the fourteenth century.

The most important piece in the book is a literal version of the Latin *Elucidarium* of St. Anselm, which treats of moral and religious doctrines under the form of question and answer. The reader cannot but be edified and instructed by the following specimen.

"*Pupil.* What think you of chevaliers and warriors?"

"*Teacher.* Very little good, for it is by rapine they live, &c., &c., &c."

"*Pupil.* Have the minstrels any ground for hope?"

"*Teacher.* None whatever, for all serve the devil. Of those it is said, "they know not God, therefore God despises them. And God shall mock them, for those who mock shall be mocked in return."

"*Pupil.* What do you say of those who cultivate the earth?"

"*Teacher.* A great number of them shall be saved, for they lead a simple life, and they support God's people by their sweats; and it is said, 'blessed is he who lives by the labour of his two hands.'"

A valuable tract to philologists is the Lord's Prayer with glosses and explanations of these glosses. There are also in the volume exact translations from the Latin Vulgate of some of the Psalms of David, of the canticle of the three children in the furnace, of that of Zachary, of Simon, and of the Blessed Virgin, the closeness of the translation much enhancing their value to archæologists interested in the condition of the ancient British language at different periods. We have space only for the mention of one other MS.

THE CORNWALL MYSTERIES.

The book in which these are contained is in the Bodleian Library, date about 1450. In the catalogue of English and Irish MSS. made at Oxford in 1697, it bears the number 2639, and contains three dramas on Scriptural subjects.

1. The Ordinal intitled *De Origine Mundi*.

2. The Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

3. The Resurrection.

The *De Origine Mundi* commences with a monologue of the Creator delivered in this wise:—

"The FATHER OF HEAVEN is my name, creator of everything created. I am One and Three in verity, Father and Son and Spirit. This day I desire that by the effect of my will the world shall commence. I speak; let the heavens and the earth be formed by my breath."

This MS. was given to the Bodleian Library in 1615, by Count Wighorn. The last two plays were printed in 1682, and reprinted in 1826, but both editions are very incorrect. Edwin Norris, member of the Asiatic Society, when, intent on giving a new edition with English translation, received some assistance from a learned Armorican, M. Garcin de Tassy, as the Breton tongue of to-day more closely resembles the ancient Cornish and ancient Welsh, than the spoken dialect of Wales.

The zealous and learned Vicomte Villemarqué whom in former articles on Celtic literature we have mentioned with that esteem which he so richly deserves, thus concludes his account of ancient British MSS.

"Among these will be found belonging to the sixth or seventh century the poem in the ancient British tongue (the Warrior's Complaint), preserved in the *Juvencus*.

"For the eighth and first part of the ninth century, the texts of Eusebius and Ovid with accompanying (Welsh) glosses.

"For the second part of the ninth century, the acts of pious donation to the principal church in South Wales (*The Book of St. Chad*).

"For the tenth and eleventh, the Lexicon of this epoch (*The Latin British Vocabulary in the Bodleian Library*).

"For the twelfth, the Breton-Cornish Lexicon, the code of Welsh Laws, a complete collection of poetry.

"For the thirteenth, the ancient chronicles of the Britons historical or fabulous, to which the corresponding Latin texts add such value.

"For the fourteenth, the Romances of Chivalry and the pious and moral works in vogue at the same epoch. (Valuable as preserving the orthography of the day).

"And finally for the fifteenth century, a literal translation into Welsh of Psalms and Hymns of the Office of the Blessed Virgin; and the Cornish Mysteries, without mentioning other poems of different times of the middle ages."

OLIMPS OF ANCIENT COMPOSITION.

In the recapitulation of the Gaelic MSS., we have taken no account of the large piles of chronicles yet preserved, as the object of the paper is to state the claims of the Celts to works in which imagination, through her mediums of poetry and romance, has exercised her powers. Mere history has not much to do in the Welsh MSS. quoted, the chief piece being the chronicles of the British princes by Caradoc of Llancarvan. No one need look on the *Brut y Brenhined* brought from Brittany to Oxford in 1128 as anything but a succession of short romances with a few real personages and historical events set up at intervals to prevent the narrative from drifting away into void space. Would that we could present the Celtic muse uttering an imaginative but still chastened song, in which, taking human and supernatural per-

sonages and wonderful events in hand, all she relates of them would be consistent and probable or at least possible.

Alas! in the good old days when Gaelic and Cymric poetry flourished, the *Maker*, the *Poet*, did not sit in closet or by river brink, and set down his imaginings on paper or vellum as they rose in his mind, and when the ebullition was over correct and modify his flights, reject all intrusions of bad taste, strengthen weak points, and bring unconnected portions nearer. No: the work was not to come out in nicely bound quarto or 8vo, the beauty of type and paper in complete accordance with the excellence of the execution, and be calmly examined in the first instance by ladies and gentlemen of fine taste in their boudoirs or studies, with every thing round them redolent of richness and good taste. The poem was to be recited before a mixed assembly, in the upper and lower places of which were the king or chief and the horse-boy. The poet was in the position of a dramatist of our day who has to adapt his entertainment to the fastidious taste of the princess or duchess in her comfortable state box, and of Kitt Nubbles on his hard high bench, half a mile away under the roof.

Did Macpherson think over this state of things when he put these beautiful passages into the mouth of his bard,—passages which the same bard would be far from repeating before his after-dinner audience of many ranks, and of various degrees of intelligence?

"I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round her head. Raise the song of mourning, O bards, over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us, for one day we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged day? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day; yet a few years and the blast of the desert comes. It howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half worn shield. Let the blast of the desert come; we shall be renowned in our day!"

The following complaint made by an earlier poet for Ossian is far removed from the one just quoted for delicacy and for poetic imagery, but it is apparently more truthful:—

"Alas, whither go the men that were mighty,
That they come not to succour me!
O Osgur of the sharp blades of victory,
Come, and release thy father from this bondage."

"Alas, it is a sharp woe to me
Who in my youth practised every delight,
That I should now be a weakly old man,
Without banquet, without feast, without drink, without food."

We are advocates for the antiquity of literature among the Celtic peoples, and have, as we hope, sufficiently proved it. With regard to the earnest cultivation of poetry among them there can scarcely be a second opinion, when their abstruse system of prosody and their variously measured classes of poems are taken into account. As to style and taste and the imaginative powers shown in their prose and poetic compositions, we prefer, in the small space at our disposal, the production of specimens from genuine ancient sources, to declamation on their merits. The first produced is from the sorrowful story of the Loves of Prince Baile and Princess Aillin in the Book of Leinster. He set out from the North, and she was about proceeding to meet him from her palace near Mount Leinster, when a malignant power interfered.

"Baile came from the North to meet her from Emain Macha (near Armagh), over Sliabh Fuaid, over Murtheimne, to Traigh mBaile.* Here they unyoked their chariots, sent their horses out to graze, and turned themselves to pleasure and happiness."

"While there, they saw a horrible spectral personage coming towards them from the south. Vehement was his step and his rapid progress. The manner in which he sped over the earth might be compared to the darting of a hawk down a cliff, or to wind from off the green sea. (He tells the news of Aillin's death, through her grief for having been prevented from coming to meet her lover.) And he darted away from them like a blast of wind over the green sea, and they were not able to detain him."

We would gladly quote some verses from the Book of Leinster, supposed to be the composition of Ailvé, daughter of Cormac MacAirt (3rd century), but for the obscurity of the subject, and the hopelessness of any one comprehending the allusions (proofs of their antiquity). Subjoined are scraps from poems of Duthach, chief bard of Laeghaire, monarch of Ireland, when St. Patrick began his mission. The poems were intended to celebrate the triumphs of Enna Censelach (Kinsella) King of Leinster. Frequent turnings aside from the drift of the lay were probably considered beauties among the old bards. Modern taste is different. Crimthan (the modern Crimkeen) was son and successor to Censelagh.

"Crimthan, the famous king of the province,

The Hector of Erian,

The vigilant chief on the border of Breigia,†

The shielded hero,

The puissant king, the battle torch,

The man of dreadful conflicts,

The munificent prevailer in every fair succour,

The mountain of red gold,

The tree which wards the multitudes of Domnan‡

Off the death-battle plain,

The defeat of Meath, mad, terrified,

The serpent's knot,

The strength irresistible, which cannot be checked, or subdued,

The Leinster men round Crimthan, son of Enna,

Strong and valiant;

Except the hosts of heaven, with their Creator,

There is none to equal.

Duthach am I, son to Lugaid,

Poetic, fully subtle.

It was I that gave the judgment between Laeghaire

And Patrick.§

* These are respectively a mountain in Armagh, the plain extending from Drogheda to Dundalk, and Dundalk itself, the name meaning the "strand of the city."

† The extensive plain extending from the Dublin Hills to the Boyne.

‡ This is the ancient name of Malahide, here substituted for the surrounding country. The current and eddy below the present bridge is now called *Moll Downey*, an abominable corruption of *Mael Domnainn*, the eddy of Domnan.

§ Laeghaire would, if countenanced by his court and people, have suppressed St. Patrick's efforts. To bring him into disrepute, he induced an adherent to kill the saint's charioteer, and then left the decision on the murderer to the saint himself, hoping to bring blame on him whatever the judgment. The saint, guessing his design, would not act, but left the decision to Duthach. He pronounced death on the culprit, after being allowed sufficient time and instruction to prepare for his end.

It was by me an anxiety was first built,
And a subtle craft;
It was my craft that was upon Crimthann
In the battle of Linn.*

The somewhat self-complacent
bard having glorified himself and
the Leinster king to some further
extent, describes still his victorious
fight as follows:—

"Eana d'Alinn is isle
Twelve houses women offering
Upon the plain land of Tara,
Upon the bank of brave Ceana."

Then follows the prosperity of Leinster
consequent on the victories:—

- Good were the Leinstermen
In the time of Eana the poet.
There was corn in the land.
There were fruit in the woods.
Their houses need to be
Upon hills without decrease.
They removed them a furlong from the roads
For fear of being expected.
Their houses need to be
Upon hills and upon fair-grounds:
They took the hostages of every province.
They took them by force."

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S THIRTIETH.

In Mr. Arnold's book on the study of Celtic Literature, one of the most delightful volumes which it has been our good fortune to make acquaintance with, he denies the gift of style to the German writers, and we may gather from what he says that English writers if their veins ran with un-mixed German blood, would be little better off. But much of the Celtic element, whether Gaelic or Cymric, enters into the great life of the English people, and so, while their works exhibit the "lucidity, harmony, earnestness, and eloquence" of the poets of Germany, they also bear witness to the kneading, heightening, and recasting, characteristic of ancient British or Gaelic poesy,—in other words what is understood by style. Mr. Arnold does not leave his readers ignorant of his idea of this desirable quality.

"Power of style in the sense in which I am here speaking of style, is something

quite different from the power of idiomatic, simple, nervous, racy expression, such as the expression of healthy robust natures.

Style in my sense of the word is a peculiar re-casting and heightening, under a certain co-ordination of spiritual excitement, of what a man has to say, in such a manner as to add distinction and dignity to it.

"If I were asked where English poetry got these three things, its turn for style, its turn for melancholy, and its turn for natural magic,—for catching and rendering the charm of nature in a wonderfully near and vivid way—I should answer with some doubt, that it got much of its turn for style from a Celtic source, with less doubt that it got much of its melancholy from a Celtic source, with no doubt at all that from a Celtic source it got nearly all its natural magic.

"This gift of style the Celts possess in a wonderful manner. Style is the most striking quality of their poetry. Celtic poetry seems to make up to itself for being unable to master the world, and give an adequate representation of it, by throwing all its force into style, by bending language at any rate to its will, and expressing the ideas it has with unsurpassable intensity, elevation, and effect. It has all through it a sort of intoxication of style, a *Pindarism*, to use a word formed from the name of the poet on whom above all other poets, the power of style seems to have exercised an inspiring and intoxicating effect. And not in its great poets only,—in *Táin*, or *Llywarch Hen*, or *Ossian*, does the Celtic genius show this *Pindarism*, but in all its productions."

In the presence of so many literary censors who would probably sleep the sounder after hearing that all the Celtic books, both MS. and print, that existed two days ago in the five divisions of the world were since then destroyed by fire, and that at the same hour its dialects had completely dropped out of the minds of all human beings who formerly spoke or understood it—in the presence of these men of bilious and cast-iron natures we repeat, the Oxford professor of poetry exhibits no small amount of moral courage by making the declaration which follows,—

"Its (the Celtic) chord of penetrating passion and melancholy,—again its *Táinism*, as we see it in *Byron*, what other European power possesses that like the English, and where do we get it from? The Celts

* This verse is subjoined in the original to give the reader an idea of the rhythm, and assonance:—

"Lemsha cethna baclas dirthach,
Is cros cloché,
Ishe m'lmthach raboi im Chrimthann
I' cath coché."

with their vehement reaction against the despotism of fact, with their sensuous nature, their manifold striving, their adverse destiny, their immense calamities,—the Celts are the prime authors of this piercing regret and passion—of this Titanism in poetry. A famous book, Macpherson's *Ossian* carried in the last century this vein like a flood of lava through Europe. I am not going to criticise Macpherson's *Ossian*, here. Make the part of what is forged, tawdry, spurious, in the book as large as you please; strip Scotland, if you like, of every feather of borrowed plumes, which on the strength of Macpherson's *Ossian*, she may have stolen from that *Vetus et Major Scotia*, the true home of the Ossianic poetry, I make no objection. But there will still be left in the book a residue with the very soul of the Celtic genius in it, and which has the proud distinction of having brought the soul of this Celtic genius into contact with the genius of the nations of modern Europe, and enriched all our poetry by it. Woody *Morven*, and echoing *Sora*, and *Selma* with its silent halls!—we all owe them a debt of gratitude, and when we are unjust enough to forget it may the Muse forget us! Choose any one of the better passages in Macpherson's *Ossian*, and you can see even at this time of day, what an apparition of newness and power such a strain brings to the eighteenth century. (Then is quoted the beautiful passage, 'I have seen the walls of Balclutha,' &c.)"

We have endeavoured to prove the antiquity of Celtic poetry and prose fiction (the latter a corrupt modifica-

tion of the former) and other portions of the old literature, by bringing before the attention of our readers the existence of the valuable MSS. into which they were copied from still older MSS. dating probably from the sixth and seventh centuries. We have also slightly dwelt on the merit of these our literary remains, strengthening our position by the unselfish testimony of so eminent an authority as that of the Professor of Poetry at Oxford. To complete our proposed task it will be necessary to confirm or modify the chief propositions in Mr. Arnold's essay by the quotation of passages from the best of our ancient remains, or exhibitions of their spirit and character, or analyses of their compositions. Meantime, on the part of every genuine lover of old Celtic literary relics, whethier Gael or Briton, we express our gratitude to the distinguished poet and critic who with the tide of English feeling against him, has undertaken to assert the claims of the unfashionable literature of a portion of the peoples of Ireland, of the Highlands, and of Wales to respect and consideration. Let us rejoice that the task so kindly and genially done has fallen into the hands of a true poet as well as a sound critic, and thus the better fitted to adjudicate on a subject so compact of imagination and its products.

A NIGHT IN A FIRST-CLASS RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

A GOOD many years ago I was travelling with my husband to Italy. It was our wedding tour. Since then a good many things have changed. As I look in the glass it may be that my face has not so much colour as it had then, but the memory of that journey remains as fresh as if we had only set out yesterday.

I went the same route the other day, and I tried hard to kindle the embers of my lost enthusiasm, but I might as well hope to change my steady sober self into the happy laughing girl of twenty years ago.

It was, as I said before, our wedding tour, and we had loitered so long and so pleasantly on the way, that although it was summer when we started, winter was fast closing

in before we could make up our minds to quit Paris and follow out our original plan of wintering in Italy. An uncle of my husband's was living at Marseilles, and that was to be our first resting-place. It was Christmas eve before our last purchases were finally made, and we and our belongings were whizzing down in an express train to Marseilles. I can perfectly recall my feelings on the morning of the 24th December, in the year 18—. It was bitterly cold when we left Paris, snowing and hailing heavily at intervals, and all the bright weather we had been enjoying for weeks, gone. I felt gloomy and depressed, and as if a new chapter in my life were about to begin. I was very sorry to leave Paris, and

felt very nervous at meeting relations quite new to me, and being moreover not a little spoiled by the exclusive devotion of my husband, I felt slightly aggrieved and decidedly jealous at the evident pleasure with which he was looking forward to meeting his own people. He grew animated in his description of his favourite cousin Emily, and expressed a strong desire that we should be like sisters, and as for Charley, he was the handsomest and nicest fellow in the world, and so on, until the shortness of my answers, and the general sulkiness of my manner damped his ardour, and my having recourse to the usual feminine cloak for ill humour, a headache, finally reduced him to silence. The winter's day slowly wore away. We tried to get through the weary hours by all the usual travelling artifices. We read assiduously the little green volumes of fiction popular along the French line, we eat and drank at the regulation stations, and we took the regulation little snatches of uncomfortable sleep. So the hours went by, and it was almost quite dark when we came puffing and whizzing into the grand Lyons station, about seven o'clock.

Hitherto we had been free from fellow passengers, much to my enjoyment; but here we were joined by a lady. Somehow she impressed me unfavourably. She was much wrapped up in shawls, and her travelling hood was closely drawn over her face. Her dark eyes gleamed fitfully from under it with an unnatural brightness. Her mouth had a cold sarcastic expression, and a *soupeçon* of a moustache disfigured her upper lip. When she spoke, in answer to some slight civility of my husband's, her voice was hard and repulsive. My husband made several efforts to enter into conversation, but she received them so coldly that we left her to herself. Still she kept a furtive and cat-like watch upon us, which had an irritating effect upon my nerves. After a time my husband fell asleep, but do what I would I could not, although worn out with fatigue, follow his example.

I was in that excited state of mind when trifles assume an unnatural importance, and, although to some it may seem almost laughable, yet I am sure a nervous reader will under-

stand me when I say that the unbroken stillness of the carriage, the regular breathing of my husband, the unceasing swing, swing of the lamp above my head, and, above all, the presence of our fellow passenger in the corner, became to me perfectly intolerable. At last, I resolutely shut my eyes, and after a time fell into a kind of semi-unconsciousness.

While in this state it seemed to me that our opposite neighbour performed the most extraordinary antics. I thought she lay at the bottom of the carriage, and dragged herself slowly and stealthily towards us. She got gradually nearer and near; her face came quite close to mine; her breath was hot on my cheek; her hand was on my mouth; I gave a loud piercing shriek, and opened my eyes. The elderly lady was in her place by the window, looking a little flurried and agitated, but that was to be accounted for by my startling her. My husband was much alarmed, and could not account for the nervous tremor which seemed to have seized upon me. I clung close to him, and whispered the cause of my fright.

As I spoke in English, I thought myself secure, but I felt her cold eyes upon me, and my husband's assurances that it was only a dream failed to calm me. She was most anxious in her enquiries about me. She had been looking at me asleep, she said, and saw that I was struggling with a nightmare or bad dream; at the first station I ought to have some strengthening tisane or coffee. After this she became quite lively and chatty, but her conversation was to me more unpleasant than her silence. She kept up an unceasing fire of questions as to where we were coming from—where were we going to. She was herself an officer's widow in Lyons, and was going to see her son at Marseilles. It provoked me exceedingly to see that my husband considered her an intelligent and rather agreeable companion, he told her all our plans, and they got on together very pleasantly.

Later on we came into a large station. "Here," said our fellow-traveller, after consulting with great attention the Railway Guide, "we are to wait twenty minutes. I would recommend that monsieur would alight and get madame a cup of good *streng*

coffee, and the same for me, if monsieur would have the kindness."

I felt the most curious dislike to be left alone, but I was ashamed to give utterance to such a childish fear, and my husband was too anxious to get me the coffee to listen to my assurances that I did not want it. I strained my head out of the window, but soon lost sight of him in the darkness. I thought I felt the premonitory jerk of the train, and I looked round anxiously. The bell rang out loudly, and I started to my feet in an agony. "Sit down," said my companion quietly, "that is nothing." While she was speaking the train moved slowly out of the station. I made a frantic rush to the window, but I was held back and replaced in my seat by my friend, who, while she kept on soothing and reassuring me in her croaky voice, held me so tight that I could not possibly move. When we were fairly off she fell back in her seat, screaming and clapping her hands in delight, while I shrank back in horror and amazement.

I was in a perfect tumult of agitation. Here were all my fears realized; this dreadful mad woman would be alone with me for the whole night, for we made no further stop till we reached Marseilles. She had no sympathy for me, and no doubt she was laughing at me in her sleeve.

I hastily wiped away the tears that had forced themselves to my eyes, and tried to recover from my agitation. "That's right," said the odious voice beside me—for she had moved her seat next to me. "Cheer up, and don't cry its eyes out. Never you mind, a few years more, and you will be only too glad to dispense with the presence of *ce cher mari* on your little excursions." Amazed at her impertinent manner, I said coldly, "that she was unacquainted with Englishwomen, or she would not make such a remark."

"Am I?" she said, wagging her head, and looking at me with a diabolical sneer. "Am I? Well, then, my dear, let that be; I am perhaps better acquainted with Englishmen, and let my experience teach your innocence, my dear young lady. Your dear Henri, as you call *ce cher petit mari*, will soon give a bargain of your pretty airs and graces, your little

nervous shrieks and tender clings. Ah, your English husbands, they are the nice lot. I could tell you stories, my little love, that would riss the hair up off your virtuous head; and as for *ce cher Henri*, he is no better than another. Ha, ha!"

Here she broke into an odious chuckling laugh that thrilled my blood.

"Well, there, then; shall it go to sleep like a good child, or shall I tell it a few stories of the Englishmen I have known?" Much alarmed at her manner and language, I faintly answered that I thought I should like to go to sleep.

"Very good; well, then, to sleep with you; but first baby shall drink something to settle its nerves; it is a cordial, and I think it will be better than the coffee monsieur went in search of. Ha, ha! How green of him to swallow my little invention of the twenty minutes; but the English are so *bête*. My little angel I was determined to secure a tête-à-tête with you. Here, now, drink."

Afraid to refuse this dreadful madwoman, I drank some of the cordial she offered; it had an odd taste, and seeing that she was busy replacing the bottle in her bag, I hastily threw the rest out of the window next, and handed her back the glass. She was much pleased by my obedience, and took great pains in settling me comfortably, and wrapping cloaks around me. For some time I kept watching her; I was determined not to go asleep, and I kept my wakeful eyes like sentries on her in her corner following her, while she seemed absorbed in some calculation with pencil and paper.

Thoughts crossed rapidly through my mind. What should I do when I got to Marseilles? How should I find out our uncle? for I had forgotten his address. Would that dreadful creature murder me, if I fell asleep for a few minutes? What could have been her object in getting my husband out of the carriage. She was evidently mad and possessed of all the cunning of insanity. My eyelids grew sore in my effort to keep them open and on guard. I would close them for five minutes only to rest them. I feel calmer; she is still in the corner, all safe. My eyelids are getting heavier and heavier; resistance is

vain, and sleep gets possession of me.

How long I slept I didn't know, but by degrees I began to dream that I was in prison, and under the sentence for death; and that when I came to the scaffold the executioner had the features of the French lady. Then it changed, and I was at Marseilles, and saw my husband; but he did not seem to know me, and then I called to him; he turned and showed me the face of my odious fellow-passenger. At this I awoke.

The train was whizzing along. The lamp was swinging above, and the air in the carriage was very dense and confined. I was so confused, and felt my head so heavy, that I lay for some minutes not well knowing where I was. Then I slowly raised my head. Has my hateful tormentor gone? She is not in her corner, thank goodness; but who is that figure with its back to me, bending over my husband's carpet bag, turning over all the contents? Am I getting mad? Is it my husband? No, it is too tall. I am still sleeping. I shut my eyes and open them again. No, it is still there. It has on my husband's travelling coat and cap. I am the victim of some horrible delusion. My tongue cleaves to my mouth. I would give worlds the French woman were here, or that something would break the horrid stillness. Presently the man turned slowly round. Good heavens! it was the face of the French woman; her gleaming eyes, her sarcastic mouth. Cautiously he is tying on a black beard, which he adjusts carefully. Then he lets down the window, and throws a bundle out.

I see it all. Our companion has been a man disguised as a woman. Overcome with horror, I gasp in very agony of mind. Immediately the wretch turns to my side of the carriage, and our eyes meet. "Diabliesse! Treacherous cat!" he cries, "So you have been awake and watching me. You spy on me, do you? Twice you have circumvented me; your pretty little shriek prevented the chloroform doing its work on your fool of a husband, and now you shall pay the penalty. This pistol will make quick work of you, and your body thrown out in this dark night will tell no tales. You will pass for some unfor-

tunate who has committed suicide, and you will make a pretty article for the newspapers." In my agony I fell on my knees and implored mercy of this ruffian, offering him money—jewels to spare my life. He listened gloomily, then after a few minutes he said:—

"There, that's enough; get up. I will spare you on one condition; and, remember, you have no one to blame but your own infernal curiosity; only for that feminine propensity you need never have known but that the French woman got out and I got in during your sleep. But you must peep and spy, curse you. But you can be of some service, so listen; but first swear never to reveal what has happened this night, and secondly, swear solemnly to follow implicitly my instructions."

Trembling in every limb, I gave the required assurance.

"Now, get up, little fool, and listen to me. But first, to show you I was not idle while you reposed, here is plenty of money for any little trip we may take, and I will look to you to find me more from your store of pretty things."

So speaking, he showed me Henry's pocket-book, filled with gold and notes from his travelling-case. Obeying his directions, I unlocked my dressing-case, and, while he disposed of its contents in various little bags about his person, he proceeded to unfold his plans. He would, he said, make little or no alteration in my husband's arrangements, with which he so kindly acquainted him. He would certainly dispense with the visit to *ce cher oncle*, and avail himself of the excellent Henri's purse, wife, and passport to push on to Civita Vecchia. Once landed on Italian ground he would despatch me back to my friends and sorrowing husband in the most convenient manner, and I could account for my little adventure in any way most pleasing to myself, and compatible with strict adherence to my oath.

"Never," I cried, "will I submit to such an indignity; I would rather die first."

"It is a pity you did not think of that when I was disposed to oblige you. Now, your oath having satisfied me, you are safe from me, but suicide is still open to you, only it is an

unpleasant death ; it would get me rather well out of the difficulty. No, no, madame, be reasonable, and do not drive me to extremities. I will be civil and quiet, and during the time that I shall be called upon to play the part of your husband you will have nothing to complain of from any undue attention on my part. I hate your baby-face snivelling women. There, go back to your corner, and don't disturb me with your crocodile tears. I think, first, your dress wants a little alteration. Take off your jaunty coquettish hat and cloak, and put on these more respectable garments, belonging to your esteemed fellow-traveller. I kept them expressly for you."

So saying, he threw me over the horrid hood and cloak that had been worn by the French lady. When my transformation was effected, he surveyed me with much satisfaction, and remarked with an odious chuckle that I was a disgrace to a dashing fellow like him, and that not even *ce cher Henri* would know me now.

He then produced a bottle, from which he continued to drink unremittingly, while I, in my corner, afraid to move or stir, endured such misery as does not often fall to the lot of mortals. It seemed to me that I lived centuries in that wretched night, and I don't think the quiet happiness of years has effaced the impression.

In the gray of the morning we came into Marseilles. I think a criminal under execution must feel something like what I did as the train came into the terminus on that Christmas morning. If I could have broken my oath, it was physically impossible, as for the time I had lost the power of speech. Even my tormentor seemed to be struck with the change in me, and spoke more gently. He let me sit still while he collected all our travelling things. Oh, the agony I felt at seeing Henry's things in his hands.

The instant the train stopped he seized me by the wrist, and held me tight, while he assisted me to alight with great politeness. He whispered "Remember" in my ear, and then, drawing my arm through his, hurried

me into a cab, saying to the cabman "We have no luggage," gave the direction to drive off. I was just about frantically shrieking for help, reckless alike of life or my oath, when a young gentleman came running up in the opposite direction. "Tell me, coachman," said he eagerly, has the Paris train come in?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Oh, then," he said, turning to my companion, "perhaps you can tell me did you happen to see a young English lady? Her husband, my cousin, left her by a mere accident at one of the stations. The train went off suddenly. He telegraphed to me to meet her, and"—

With a wild, piercing shriek I interrupted him. My companion uttered a fearful oath under his breath, and then, with the most consummate politeness, said—

"Monsieur, this is the lady of whom you speak. She has been under my protection since I joined her at — station ; I am only too happy to leave her in safe hands. At great personal inconvenience to myself, I was about conveying her to her friends. I am a doctor, and I cannot conceal from you that the lady's nerves are terribly shaken. I found her in a high state of excitement, and, in fact, for the greater part of the night she has been raving, and fancying all kinds of delusions. I should not be surprised that a severe illness was the result." Then, with a profound bow, and an "Adieu, madame ; remember that at any *dangerous symptom* you may expect a visit from me," he left us.

For many weeks I lay unconscious, struggling with all the horrors of brain fever. During my slow recovery I had time to prize the cousin Emily, of whom I had felt a foolish jealousy upon that eventful morning, and my appreciation of cousin Charles is equal to that my husband feels for him.

With a delicacy and tact for which I felt most grateful, they never alluded to the events of that dreadful night. My husband sometimes teases me by saying he thinks the man was right and the whole thing a *delusion*.

WAR POETRY OF THE SOUTH.

Few books of value either political or historical were produced in America during the tempest of the civil war. At the opening of the conflict a number of able pamphlets were written in explanation of its causes; in these, however, there was more re-creation than philosophy. Those were the best which undertook the defence of the South. The article-writing in the Southern papers was also, throughout, superior, and as the struggle proceeded did much to determine European opinion, the pen of the Northern journalist being, during the same period, employed in stirring the fire of popular passions, in order that the numbers of fighting men might be easier kept up, when at first, army after army was swept off by the impetuous rebels. Whatever further literary activity was shown in the North during the Virginian combats spent itself in the efforts of newspaper correspondents to supply exciting pictures of battle-scenes, and of startling or romantic incidents—in which art they boasted of excelling English “word-painters;” and some of the most talented men in the country took upon themselves this duty. These coloured sketches were of a particularly evanescent character. Those of no New York journal could bear to be reprinted as a book supplying, in the roughest way, the materials of history. Neither in their estimates of men, nor in the discharge of the lesser function of reporters of what they saw, could the authors be trusted for facts, as British “correspondents” have shown that they may be. Even from this source, therefore, almost nothing of permanent value has survived to throw a fuller light upon the Virginian campaigns. The Northern people displayed qualities and powers which Europe, which England at least, did not give them credit for when the fight opened—qualities of perseverance, fidelity, and self-denial, having, among very many, foundation in a real conviction on the principle of Unity, and a reasonable and conscientious detestation of Slavery; powers of invention in wonderful fertility, applied to

the adapting of a hundred warlike appliances to new conditions and necessities; and an amazing quickness and resource in releasing themselves from conventional methods to attempt fresh and daring expedients. For all this sort of energy, that which was most demanded by the work before them, the Northerners became so famous that those who had spoken of them contemptuously learned to describe them as a great people. But of elevated sentiment there was little among them, and hence no literary superiority. They fought on with a dogged, business-like obstinacy, but affected no particular loftiness of motive, concerned themselves in no way about their justification before the nations, and made no appeals, in prose or poetry, to the higher impulses of the patriot. On the other hand, the Southerners, fighting for homes and hearths, with hardly any other resource than courage and the confidence of man in man, and addressing themselves, whilst their brilliant enterprise continued, to the world for sympathy, could not but make successful effort at times to express their aspirations, their purposes, and their hopes for aid, in the language of exaltation and intense feeling. In all ages the highest mental activity, the genius breaking forth in eloquence, or in song—the voice of passion and of purity—has been that of the minority waging a desperate warfare, and straining beyond nature every nerve to accomplish it. Thus the South have added to the library of the English tongue at least one volume which was an unintended, but yet is a noble memorial, and in a true sense almost a complete history of their unparalleled struggle. It is the literary gem of the war.

This book is a book of poetry of various kinds, gathered from the most miscellaneous sources. Every one into whose hands any Southern paper, even the most obscure, fell whilst the contest lasted, was struck with the beauty and energy of the pieces—the most martial often written by ladies—which occupied the poet's corner. That those appeals in burning words

—rhymes that rang in the ear, and awoke new life in the heart—did a vast deal to stir the South to glorious deeds, and when the clouds began to gather upon its fortunes, to keep alive hope against hope, and a courage proof against all reverses, it is but necessary to read them, even in cold blood, to know. The poems, as poems, are often faulty. They were not elaborated by skilled rhymers, but are the utterance simply, out of the abundance of the heart, of a people's woes, wrongs, privations, and resolves. They came hot from the furnace, and to be near to them is to feel still the glow, and to be awaked to sympathy with the cause, though dead, whose champions were so mightily in earnest. We question whether there is in the language poetry of feeling or of aims to exceed in tenderness or power some of these; it may be rude, but masculine pieces. If the characteristic excellences of such compositions be concentration, energy, simplicity, and pathos, these are found, in not a few of them, in the highest degree.

Mr. Pollard, in his able history of the war, under the title of "The Lost Cause"—a Southern book, and although Southern, and having a bias, on the whole marvellously fair—traces the causes of the difference between North and South in point of intellect and literary aptitudes thus:—"If habits of command (in the South) sometimes degenerated into cruelty and insolence; yet, in the greater number of instances they inculcated notions of chivalry, polished the manners, and produced many noble and generous virtues. If the relief of a large class of whites from the demands of physical labour gave occasion in some instances for idle and dissolute lives, yet at the same time it afforded opportunity for extraordinary culture, elevated the standard of scholarship in the South, enlarged and emancipated social intercourse, and established schools of individual refinement. The South had an element in its society—a landed gentry—which the North envied, and for which its substitute was a coarse ostentatious aristocracy that smelt of trade, and that, however it cleansed itself and aped the elegance of the South, and packed its houses with fine furniture, could never entirely subdue a sense of its inferi-

ority; and every close observer of Northern society has discovered how there lurked in every form of hostility to the South the conviction that the Northern man, however disguised with ostentation, was coarse and inferior in comparison with the aristocracy and chivalry of the South." The same writer speaks of the "garish civilization of the North," and repudiates "the Fourth-of-July school of rhetoric, which exalted the American eagle, and spoke of the Union as the last best gift to man. This *afflatus* had but little place among the people of the South. Their civilization was a quiet one, and their characteristic as a people had always been that sober estimate of the value of men and things which, as in England, appears to be the best evidence of a substantial civilization and a real enlightenment. Sensations, excitement on slight causes, fits of fickle admiration, manias in society and fashion, a regard for magnitude, display, and exaggeration, all these indications of a superficial and restless civilization abounded in the North, and were peculiar to its people. The sobriety of the South was in striking contrast to these exhibitions, and was interpreted by the vanity of the North as insensibility and ignorance, when it was, in fact, the mark of the superior civilization." Of that higher civilization, which in this passage is regarded in its political manifestations mainly, a more touching description of evidence is the deep cry of anguish, the passionate appeal, the splendid call to arms, the stinging satire of the war-poetry of the South, which has all the polish and superiority claimed for the race by their defender.

The collection of war-ballads referred to has been made by Mr. William Gilmore Simms, and published under the title of "War Poetry of the South," and fitly inscribed to "The Women of the South," who "have taught such noble lessons of virtuous effort and womanly endurance." The volume is a precious relic to Southerners, and all Americans may have a pride in some portions of its contents. "It belongs" (says the collector) "to the national literature, and will hereafter be regarded as constituting a part of it, just as legitimately to be recognized

by the nation as are the rival ballads of the Cavaliers and Roundheads by the English in the great civil conflict of their country." The historian and philosopher will value the emotional literature of such a people, and find in it the truest illustration of their varying fortunes and feelings as the struggle proceeded. The songs and poems are particularly the expression of the popular sentiment, being those of volunteer poets, as every fresh turn in events, victorious or adverse, suggested new themes. There are also other collections of "Rebel Rhymes" and "South Songs," together with stray pieces not published, all of which combine to present a lively picture of the vicissitudes of Southern experience during the conflict.

The first songs affect reasoning and political philosophy, tracing the history of States from their rise to their fall through false ambition and the vices of arrogance; but these tones soon pass away, and words of terrible impetus and resolve take their place—such words as these:

"Brothers! the thunder-cloud is black,
And the wail of the South wings forth,
Will ye cringe to the hot tornado's rack
And the vampires of the North?
Strike! ye can win a martyr's goal,
Strike! with a ruthless hand—
Strike! with the vengeance of the soul,
For your bright, beleaguered land!
To arms! to arms! for the South
needs help,
And a craven is he who flees—
For ye have the sword of the
Lion's Whelp,*
And the God of the Maccabees!

Arise! though the stars have a rugged
glare,
And the moon has a wrath-blurred
crown—

Brothers! a blessing is ambushed there
In the cliffs of the Father's frown:
Arise! ye are worthy the wondrous
light
Which the Sun of Justice gives—
In the caves and sepulchres of night
Jehovah the Lord King lives!
To arms! to arms! for the South
needs help,
And a craven is he who flees—
For ye have the sword of the
Lion's Whelp,
And the God of the Maccabees

Better the charnels of the West,
And a hecatomb of lives,
Than the foul invader as a guest
Mid your sisters and your wives—
But a spirit lurketh in every maid,
Though, brothers, ye should quail,
To sharpen a Judith's lurid blade,
And the livid spike of Jael!
To arms! to arms! for the South
needs help,
And a craven is he who flees—
For ye have the sword of the
Lion's Whelp,
And the God of the Maccabees!

Brothers! I see you tramping by,
With the gladiator gaze,
And your shout is the Macedonian cry
Of the old, heroic days!
March on! with trumpet and with drum,
With rifle, pike, and dart,
And die—if even death must come—
Upon your country's heart!
To arms! to arms! for the South
needs help,
And a craven is he who flees—
For ye have the sword of the
Lion's Whelp,
And the God of the Maccabees!

Brothers! the thunder-cloud is black," &c.

General Scott became the object of intense hatred to Southerners, who charged him with weakly sacrificing the honours of a long life to Northern interests, attributed his conduct to vanity, and bestowed upon him almost as many ill names as were given to Lincoln himself, whose ordinary title in the coarser Southern papers was the "Illinois Ape." One of the most vigorous of the pieces earliest produced, "Reddato gladium," deals with Scott's treachery; it appeared in the *Richmond Whig* anonymously, as "Virginia's Answer to Winfield Scott:"

"Oh! chief among ten thousand!
Thou whom I loved so well,
Star that has set, as never yet
Since son of morning fell!
I call not in reviling,
Nor to speak thee what thou art;
I leave thee to thy death-bed,
And I leave thee to thy heart!

But by every mortal hope,
And by every mortal fear;
By all that man deems sacred,
And that no man holds most dear;

* The surname of the great Maccabeus.

Yea! by thy mother's honour,
And by thy father's grave,
By hell beneath, and heaven above—
Give back the sword I gave!

Not since God's sword was planted
To guard life's heavenly tree,
Has ever blade been granted,
Like that bestowed on thee!
To pierce me with the steel I gave
To guard mine honour's shrine,
Not since Iscariot lived and died,
Was treason like to thine!

Give back the sword! and sever
Our strong and mighty tie!
We part, and part for ever,
To conquer or to die!—
In sorrow, not in anger,
I speak the word—"We part!"
For I leave thee to thy death-bed,
And I leave thee to thy heart!"

Of a more poetical and touching character is the following farewell to home and little ones, also published without name of author in the *Charleston Mercury*.

"My rifle, pouch, and knife!
My steed! And then we part!
One loving kiss, dear wife,
One press of heart to heart!
Cling to me yet a while,
But stay the sob, the tear!
Smile—only try to smile—
And I go without a fear.

Our little cradled boy,
He sleeps—and in his sleep
Smiles, with an angel joy,
Which tells thee not to weep.
I'll kneel beside, and kiss—
He will not wake the while,
Thus dreaming of the bliss
That bids thee, too, to smile.

Think not, dear wife, I go,
With a light thought at my heart;
'Tis a pang akin to woe,
That fills me as we part;
But when the wolf was heard
To howl around our lot,
Thou know'st, dear mother-bird,
I slew him on the spot!

Aye, panther, wolf, and bear,
Have perished 'neath my knife;
Why tremble, then, with fear,
When now I go, my wife?
Shall I not keep the peace
That made our cottage dear;
And 'till these wolf-curs cease
Shall I be housing here?

One loving kiss, dear wife,
One press of heart to heart;
Then for the deadliest strife,
For freedom I depart!

I were of little worth,
Were these Yankee wolves left free
To ravage 'round our hearth,
And bring one grief to thee!

God's blessing on thee, wife,
God's blessing on the young:
Pray for me through the strife,
And teach our infant's tongue.
Whatever haps in fight,
I shall be true to thee—
To the home of our delight—
To my people of the free."

There were satiric compositions also, especially directed against England and her neutrality. There was a time at which hatred of England was more intense in the South than it ever has been in the North, and it was at this crisis that Mr. John R. Thompson, of Richmond, amused his countrymen with a sketch of an English parliamentary debate, which shows how closely the Confederates read our journals. The art of the piece is not the best, but it has "points":

" 'Why, let 'em fight,' says Mr. Bright,
'those Southerners, I hate 'em,
And hope the Black Republicans will
soon exterminate 'em;
If freedom can't rebellion crush, pray tell
me what's the use of her?'
And so he chuckles o'er the fray as gleefully as Lucifer.

Enough of him—an abler man demands
our close attention—
The Maximus Apollo of strict non-inter-
vention—
With pitiless severity, though decorous
and calm his tone,
Thus spake the 'old man eloquent,' the
puissant Earl of Palmerston:

'What though the land run red with
blood, what though the lurid flashes
Of cannon light, at dead of night, a
mournful heap of ashes
Where many an ancient mansion stood—
what though the robber pillages
The sacred home, the house of God, in
twice a hundred villages.

'Let arts decay, let millions fall, aye, let
freedom perish,
With all that in the western world men
fain would love and cherish;
Let universal ruin there become a sad
reality:
We cannot swerve, we must preserve our
rigorous neutrality.'

Oh, Pam! oh, Pam! hast ever read what's
writ in holy pages,
How blessed the peace-makers are, God's
children of the ages?

Perhaps you think the promise sweet was
nothing but a platitude;
'Tis clear that you have no concern in
that divine beatitude.

But 'hear! hear! hear!' another peer,
that mighty man of muscle,
Is on his legs, what slender pegs! 'ye
noble Earl' of Russell;
Thus might he speak, did not of speech
his shrewd reserve the folly see,
And thus unfold the subtle plan of Eng-
land's secret policy.

'John Bright was right, yes, let 'em fight,
these fools across the water,
'Tis no affair at all of ours, their carnival
of slaughter;
The Christian world, indeed, may say we
ought not to allow it, sirs,
But still 'tis music in our ears, this roar
of Yankee howitzers.

'Of course we claim the shining fame of
glorious Stonewall Jackson,
Who typifies the English race, a sterling
Anglo-Saxon;
To bravest song his deeds belong, to Clio
and Melpomene'—
(And why not for a British stream de-
mand the Chickahominy?)

'But for the cause in which he fell we
cannot lift a finger,
'Tis idle on the question any longer here
to linger;
'Tis true the South has freely bled, her
sorrows are Homeric, oh!
Her case is like to his of old who jour-
neyed unto Jericho—

'The thieves have stripped and bruised,
although as yet they have not bound her,
We'd like to see her slay 'em all to right
and left around her;
We shouldn't cry in parliament if Lee
should cross the Raritan,
But England never yet was known to
play the Good Samaritan.

'Yes, let 'em fight, till both are brought
to hopeless desolation,
Till wolves troop round the cottage door
in one and t'other nation,
Till, worn and broken down, the South
shall prove no more refractory,
And rust eats up the silent looms of every
Yankee factory.

'So shall our 'merry England' thrive on
trans-Atlantic troubles,
While India, on her distant plains, her
crop of cotton doubles;
And just so long as North or South shall
show the least vitality,
We cannot swerve, we must preserve our
rigorous neutrality.'

A strong religious sentiment per-
vaded the South during the war, and
many of its battle-songs are hymns—
more the voice of prayer than of
anger. Several of the shouts of
victory in verse are of the spirit of
the song of Miriam. With few ex-
ceptions the lyrical effusions show
more of the heart of a people whose
greatness seems all the greater as re-
flected from these outbursts of feel-
ing. Almost every social as well as
martial feature of the campaigns re-
mains storied with peculiar emphasis
in those lines. When the ladies of
the South nobly took upon them the
duty of attending the wounded in the
hospitals, a poet sang their praises,
and stimulated them to exertion and
sacrifice. When Beauregard asked
the people to furnish their sacred bells
from the religious edifices for cannon,
a strong appeal in burning words
sounded throughout the land.

"Melt the bells—melt the bells—
And, when foes no more attack,
And the lightning cloud of war
Shall roll thunderless and far,
We will melt the cannon back into bells.

Melt the bells—melt the bells—
And they'll peal a sweeter chime,
And received by all the brave
Who have sunk to glory's grave,
And will sleep through coming time
'neath the bells."

"The Return" is a simple ballad,
but worthy of a good place in a choice
collection.

"Three years! I wonder if she'll know
me?
I limp a little, and I left one arm
At Petersburg; and I am grown as brown
As the plump chestnuts on my little
farm;
And I'm as shaggy as the chestnut
burrs—
But ripe and sweet within, and wholly
hers.

The darling! how I long to see her!
My heart outruns this feeble soldier
pace,
For I remember, after I had left,
A little Charlie came to take my place
Ah! how the laughing, three-year old,
brown eyes—
His mother's eyes—will stare with pleased
surprise!

Surely, they will be at the corner watching!

I sent them word that I should come to-night:

The birds all know it, for they crowd around,

Twittering their welcome with a wild delight;

And that old robin, with a halting wing—
I saved her life, three years ago last spring.

Three years! perhaps I am but dreaming!

For, like the pilgrim of the long ago,
I've tugged, a weary burden at my back,
Through summer's heat and winter's
blinding snow;

Till now, I reach my home, my darling's
breast,

There I can roll my burden off, and rest.

When morning came, the early rising sun
Laid his light fingers on a soldier sleeping—

Where a soft covering of bright green
grass

Over two mounds was lightly creeping;
But waked him not: his was the rest
eternal,

Where the brown eyes reflected love
supernal."

"Stonewall" Jackson is the theme of several of the best of the poems. This great soldier of the Puritan type—a Cromwell after a fashion—was the idol of the people as of the army. His piety was too sincere, and joined with too valiant a nature, and too powerful a mind, to become a scoffing in the camp. There was the utmost reliance in his ability, resolution, and resource, and when he fell the South felt it had received a vital blow. He rose slowly to his military elevation, the belief at first being that he was a gloomy, awkward man, of mediocre abilities. In the spring of 1862, however, he had his opportunity, and fought in the valley of Virginia four battles in three weeks, recovering a large town in which the Federals had strengthened themselves; capturing 4,000 prisoners; securing several million dollars' worth of stores, of which the Confederates stood just then sorely in need; and chasing Banks' army out of Virginia, and over the Potomac. His name henceforth shone like a star. Of his character Mr. Pollard says:

"To his merits as a commander he added the virtues of an active, humble, consistent Christian, restraining profanity in his camp,

welcoming any colporteurs, distributing tracts, and anxious to have every regiment in his army supplied with a chaplain. . . . His nature was epicene. We but seldom see a combination of feminine tenderness with a really strong will, but when we do, we see masked iron in the man, and discover the rarest and loftiest type of greatness. Such a combination was most sincere and striking in Jackson. An authentic anecdote is told of him, illustrating his extreme tenderness to whatever was weak or helpless. Stopping at the house of a friend, one wintry night, he showed much concern for a little delicate girl of the family, and counselled them to see that her bed was comfortable. After the family had retired, Jackson was seen to leave his chamber and approach the bedside of the little girl, where for some moments he busied himself tucking the bed-clothes around her, and making the little creature as snug as possible. The large, rough hand that did this gentle task was the same that wielded the thunderbolt of battle, and that cleft like flaming lightning the hosts of the Wilderness. Jackson's habits in the field were those of almost superhuman endurance. Neither heat nor cold appeared to make the slightest impression upon him. He cared nothing for good quarters and dainty fare. He often slept on the ground, wrapped in his blanket. His vigilance was marvellous; he never seemed to sleep; he let nothing pass without his personal scrutiny. As for the rapidity of his marches, it was sometimes portentous."

Previous to the first battle of Manassas, when his troops had made a forced march, on halting they fell upon the ground in a state of exhaustion. When the hour arrived for setting the watch for the night, the officer of the day went to the general's tent, and said, "General, the men are all wearied, and there is not one but is asleep—shall I wake them?" "No," answered Jackson; "let them sleep; I will watch the camp to-night;" and, adds the chronicler, all night long he rode round the lonely camp, "the one lone sentinel for that brave, but weary and silent body of Virginia heroes." And when the morning broke the soldiers awoke, fresh and ready for action, "all unconscious of the noble vigils kept over their slumbers." This was a favourite incident with Southern poets, and one of the best of them perpetuates it thus:

"'Twas in the dying of the day,
The darkness grew so still;
The drowsy pipe of evening birds
Was hushed upon the hill;

Athwart the shadows of the vale
Slumbered the men of might,
And one lone sentry paced his rounds,
To watch the camp that night.

A grave and solemn man was he,
With deep and sombre brow;
The dreamful eyes seemed boarding up
Some unaccomplished vow.
The wistful glance peered o'er the plains
Beneath the starry light—
And with the murmured name of God,
He watched the camp that night.

The Future opened unto him
Its grand and awful scroll:
Manassas and the Valley march
Came heaving o'er his soul—
Richmond and Sharpsburg thundered by
With that tremendous fight
Which gave him to the angel hosts
Who watched the camp that night.

We mourn for him who died for us,
With one resistless moan;
While up the Valley of the Lord
He marches to the Throne!
He kept the faith of men and saints
Sublime, and pure, and bright—
He sleeps—and all is well with him
Who watched the camp that night.

Brothers! the Midnight of the Cause
Is shrouded in our fate;
The demon Goths pollute our halls
With fire, and lust, and hate.
Be strong—be valiant—be assured—
Strike home for Heaven and Right!
The soul of Jackson stalks abroad,
And guards the camp to-night!"

The number of mournful poems
which have the Christmastide for
theme show how deeply the South-
erners felt the destruction of their
homes, and the tearing asunder of
affections by political estrangement,
or by death, when the season for
peace and good-will came round. One
bursts forth thus into song:

Wild bells! that shake the midnight air
With those dear tones that custom
loves,
You wake no sounds of laughter here,
Nor mirth in all our silent groves;
On one broad waste, by hill or flood,
Of ravaged lands your music falls,
And where the happy homestead stood
The stars look down on roofless halls.

At every board a vacant chair
Fills with quick tears some tender eye,
And at our maddest sports appear
Those well-loved forms that will not
die.

We lift the glass, our hand is stayed—
We jest, a spectre rises up—
And weeping, though no word is said,
We kiss and pass the silent cup.

O happy Yules of buried years!
Could ye but come in wonted guise,
Sweet as love's earliest kiss appears,
When looking back through wistful
eyes,
Would seem those chimes whose voices
tell
His birth-night with melodious burst,
Who, sitting by Samaria's well,
Quenched the lorn widow's life-long
thirst."

The stanzas chosen have not been
selected for their superior poetic
merit, but for the picture they
give of the great people who fought
this contest, and whose portrait, in-
voluntarily painted, men in future
times will be glad to look upon.
Some of the pieces which are more
properly ballads and lyrics are ex-
quisite, and of one of them only, by
way of specimen, need a portion be
presented; it is the lament, "All is
Gone," published in the *Memphis
Appeal* after General Lee had sur-
rendered.

"Sister, hark! Atween the trees cometh
naught but summer breeze?
All is gone—
Summer breezes come and go. Hope
doth never wander so—
No, nor evermore doth Woe.

Sister, hark! the very air heavy on my
heart doth bear—
All is gone!—
E'en the birds that chirped awhile for
the frowning sun to smile,
Hush at that drum near the stile.

Sister, pray!—it is the foe! On thy
knees—aye, very low—
All is gone,
And the proud South on her knees to a
mongrel race like these—
But the dead sleep 'neath the trees.

See—they come—their banners flare
gayly in our gloomy air—
All is gone—
Flashed our Southern Cross all night—
naught but a meteoric light
In a moment lost to sight?

Sister, when at twilight gray marched
our soldiers back this way—
All is gone—
In the woods rang many a cheer—how
we smiled! I did not fear
Till—at last was borne a bier.

Did I speak? I thought I said, let me
look upon your dead—

All is gone—

Was I cold? I did not weep. Tears are
spray from founts not deep—
My heart lies in frozen sleep.

Sister, pray for me. Thine eyes gleam
like God's own midnight skies—

All is gone—

Tuneless are my spirit's chords. I but
look up, like the birds,
And trust Christ to say the words."

These pieces constitute more than a souvenir of the Confederacy. A vast social change has been the consequence of the civil war. The whites of the South, trodden down under military rule, with difficulty retain any of the virtues of the former generation. With the loss of their position will pass away inevitably much of that force and dignity of character which astonished the world. The policy of the dominant Northern party crushes out what spirit still remains in the Southern States. Already, by depriving its best citizens of every civil right, the commencement is made of a process of enslavement and degradation. Southern society is in a state of death, and the object of the Northern Americans is to keep it so. If it is ever to experience a resurrection, it can only be through a quickening of the memories of the great struggle. Now, on no Southern platform dare any orator speak freely of the deeds of Lee or Jackson, or attempt to review with the most qualified approval the statesmanship of Davis and his cabinet. But during this black night, the Northern Republican majority cannot take from the Southern people the stirring recollections embalmed in these ballads struck off in the very midst of fight, when the battle was hottest, dangers thickest, and the self-sacrifice of the people extorted the praise of Christendom. These tell the story of combats, of perils, of unexampled devotion, often with the in-

tensity of Campbell or of Byron, and at least ever with sufficient of poetic fire and life to inspire the imagination and seize the hearts of younger men. Some few of the poems are of a character to maintain hatreds of race, party, and class, which it were well to bury for ever if the country is to be ruled as one, but it would be too great a price to pay for getting rid of these, to lose those purer and nobler appeals which may well be at once a boast and an incentive to the people by whose compatriots they were written. The time may come when Northern youth will commit to memory the Songs of the Southern war, and find in the valour and patriotism which they record a source of pride sufficiently genuine to induce forgetfulness of all the exasperations of the conflict. The collection from which these quotations have been made is at all events an addition to American literature of a most worthy and interesting kind, and it would probably not be too much to say that in it alone is a true and complete picture of the period of the war, with its motives, vicissitudes, social features, virtues, passions, family sorrows, public triumphs, and final passages of extreme suffering, despair, and collapse, to be found. Should a capable historian of the revolution of the Western hemisphere arise, he will do much to qualify himself for the task of penning the tale in the style of a Macaulay, by long and fondly contemplating those scattered indications of how the Southerners cheered and stimulated one another, and how entirely they gave themselves up, with all their properties and interests, to the service of their country. As nearly as possible they had literally restored the moment when under happier auspices the early Church held "all things common"—moved by the kindred inspiring influence of an absorbing passion. Such a nation deserved a better fate.

THE TENANTS OF MALORY.

BY J. S. LE FANG, AUTHOR OF "UNCLE SILAS," "GUY DEVERRELL," "THE HOUSE BY THE CHURCHYARD," &c., &c.

CHAPTER LX.

MR. DINGWELL THINKS OF AN EXCURSION.

IF Mr. Dingwell had been the most interesting, beautiful, and, I will add, wealthy of human beings, instead of being an ugly and wicked old bankrupt, Messrs. Goldshed, Levi, and Larkin could not have watched the progress of his complaint with greater trepidation, or hailed the first unequivocal symptoms of his recovery with more genuine delight. I doubt if any one of them would have experienced the same intense happiness at the restoration of wife, child, or parent.

They did not, it is true, re-assemble in Mr. Dingwell's apartments in Rosemary-court. There was not one of those gentlemen who did not set a proper value upon his own life; and they were content with the doctor's report. In due course the oracle pronounced Mr. Dingwell out of danger, but insisted on change of air.

Well, that could be managed, of course. It *must* be managed, for did not the doctor say, that without it the patient might not ultimately recover. If it could have been dispensed with, the risk would have been wisely avoided. But Mr. Dingwell's recovery depended on it, and Mr. Dingwell must be *made* to recover.

Whither should they send him? Stolen treasure or murdered body is jealously concealed by the malefactor; but not more shrinkingly than was Mr. Dingwell by those gentlemen who had him in charge. Safe enough he was while he remained in his dingy seclusion in Rosemary-court, where he lay as snugly as Asmodeus in the magician's phial, and secure against all but some such accident as the irruption of the student Don Cleophas Leandro Peres Zambullo, through the skylight. But where was to be found a rural habitation—salubrious and at the same time sufficiently secret. And if they did light upon

one resembling that where the water-fiends played their pranks—

"On a wild moor, all brown and bleak,
Where broods the heath-frequenting
grouse,
There stood a tenement antique—
Lord Hoppergollop's country house.

"Here silence reigned with lips of glue,
And undisturbed, maintained her law,
Save when the owl cried—'Whooh! whooh!
whooh!'
Or the hoarse crow croaked—'Caw!
caw! caw!'"

If I say they did find so eligible a mansion for their purpose, was it likely that their impracticable and incorrigible friend, Mr. Dingwell, would consent to spend six weeks in the "deserted mansion" as patiently as we are told Molly Dumppling did?

I think not. And when the doctor talked of country air, the patient joked peevishly about the "grove of chimneys," and "the sweet shady side of Pall-mall."

"I think, Mrs. Rumble," said he, one day, "I'm not going to die this bout at all events. I'm looking better I think—eh?"

"Looking very bad, sir, please. I can't see no improvement," said Sarah Rumble.

"Well, ma'am, you try to keep my spirits up, thank you. I'm shut up too much—that's the sole cause of it *now*. If I could creep out a bit at night."

"God forbid, sir."

"Thank you, ma'am, again. I say if I could get out a little I should soon get my strength back again; but sitting in this great padded chair I might as well be in bed; can't go out in the daytime you know—too many enemies. The owl's been moulting, ma'am—devilish sick—the moulting owl. If the old bird could flutter out a bit. I'm living like a *monk*, I was going to say—*egad*, I wish I was. Give me those d—

bitters; they haven't done me a bit of good—thanks."

"If you was to go to the country, sir," insinuated Miss Sarah Rumble.

"Yes, if I *was*, as you express it, I should die in a week. If air could have killed me, the curious atmosphere of this charming court would have killed me long ago. I'm not one of those air-plants, ma'am. What I want is a little fillip, ma'am—a little amusement—anything out of this prison; and I'm not going to squat on a moor, or to roost in a wood, to please a pack of fellows that don't care if I were on the treadmill, provided they could take me out whenever they want me. My health, indeed! They simply want me out of the way. My health! Their consideration for me is truly affecting. We'll not mind the bitters, yet. It's time for my claret."

He drank it, and seemed to doze for a little. Mrs. Rumble quickly settled the medicine bottles and other things that had been put out of their places, every now and then looking at the sunken face of the old man, in his death-like nap—his chin sunk on his breast, the stern carving of his massive forehead, the repulsive lines of a grim selfishness, and a certain evil shadow, made that face in its repose singularly unlovely.

Suddenly he waked.

"I say, Mrs. Rumble, I've been thinking—what about that old clergyman you mentioned—that Mr. Bartlett? I think I *will* see him—suppose he lectures me; his hard words won't break my bones, and I think he'd amuse me; so you may as well get him in, any time—I don't care when."

Sarah Rumble was only too glad to give her wicked tenant a chance, such as it was, and next day, at about one o'clock, a gentle-looking old clergyman, with thin white hair, knocked at his door, and was admitted. It was the Rev. Thomas Bartlett.

"I can't rise, sir, to receive you—you'll excuse me; but I'm still very ill," said Mr. Dingwell.

"Pray don't stir, sir," said the clergyman.

"I can't," said Mr. Dingwell. "Will you kindly sit in that chair, near the fire? What I have to say is private, and if you please we'll speak very low. My head isn't recovered yet."

"Certainly," said the old gentleman, placing himself as Dingwell wished.

"Thank you very much, sir. Now I can manage it. Isn't your name Thomas, sir—the Reverend Thomas Bartlett?" said Mr. Dingwell, looking at him shrewdly from under his white eyebrows.

"That's my name, sir."

"My name's Dingwell. You don't remember? I'll try to bring it to your mind. About twenty-nine years ago you were one of the curates at St. Wyther's in the Fields?"

"Yes, sir, I was," answered the clergyman, fixing his eyes in turn inquisitively on him.

"I was the witness—do you remember me now?—to the ceremony, when that unfortunate fellow, Verney, married Miss—I have a note of her name—hang it!—Rebecca, was it?—*Yes, Rebecca*—it was Rebecca Mervyn. You married Verney to Miss Mervyn, and I witnessed it."

"I remember very well, sir, that a gentleman did accompany Mr. Verney; and I remember the marriage extremely well, because there occurred very distressing circumstances respecting that Mr. Verney not very long after, which fixed that marriage in my mind; but having seen you once only, sir, I can't pretend to recollect your face."

"There has been some time, too, sir, since then," said Mr. Dingwell, with a cynical sneer, and a shrug. "But I think I should have recognised you; that's perhaps owing to my having a remarkably retentive memory for faces; however, it's of no great consequence here. It isn't a matter of identification at all. I only want to know, as Verney's dead, whether you can tell what has become of that poor lady, or can find any clue to her whereabouts—there was a baby—a little child—if they are still living."

"She did write to me twice, sir, within a few years after the marriage. He treated her very ill, sir," said the clergyman.

"Infamously, I fancy," said Dingwell; "and how long ago was that, sir?"

"Oh! a long time; twenty—ay, five—ay, eight-and-twenty years since," said the old gentleman.

Dingwell laughed.

His visiter stared.

"Yes, it's a good while," said Mr. Dingwell; "and looking over that gulf, sir, you may fill your glass, and sing—

'Many a lad I liked is dead,
And many a lass grown old.'

Eight-and-twenty years! 'Gad, sir, she's had time to grow gray; and to be dead and buried; and to serve a handsome period of her term in purgatory. I forgot, though; *you* don't follow me there. I was thinking of the French curé, who made part of my journey here with me."

"No, sir; Church of England, thank God; the purest faith; the most scriptural, I believe, on earth. You, sir, I assume, are of the same Church," said he.

"Well, I can't say I am, sir; nor a Catholic, nor a Quaker," said the invalid.

"I hope, sir, there's no tendency to rationalism?"

"No, sir, I thank you; to no ism whatsoever invented by any other man; Dingwellism for Dingwell; Smithism for Smith. Every man has a right to his opinion, in my poor judgment."

"And pray, sir, if neither Romanist nor Protestant, what *are* you?" inquired the clergyman, as having a right to ask.

"*Porcus de gruge epicuri*, at your service," said the sick man, with a feeble smirk.

"I had hoped, sir, it might have been for some profitable purpose you had sent for me," said the disappointed pastor.

"Well, sir, I was baptized in the Church of England, although I don't subscribe the articles; so I served in your regiment, you see, though I don't wear the uniform any longer."

"I thought, sir, you might have wished some conversation upon religious subjects."

"And haven't we had it, sir? Sorry we don't agree. I'm too old to turn out of my own way; but, though I can't learn yours, I shall be happy to teach you something of mine, if you wish it."

"I think, sir, as I have other calls to make," said the old clergyman, much offended, and rising to take his leave as he spoke, "I had better wish you a good afternoon."

"Pray, sir, stay a moment; I never knew a clergyman in such a hurry before to leave a sick man; as no man knows, according to your theory, when he's going to be converted—and how should I? The mildew of death is whitening each of us at this moment; the last golden sands are running out. D—— it, give me a chance."

This incongruous harangue was uttered so testily—even fiercely—that the good clergyman was puzzled, and began to doubt in what state his fever might have left Mr. Dingwell's brain.

"Don't you see, sir? Do sit down—a little patience won't do either of us any harm."

"Certainly sir," hesitated the clergyman, looking hard at him, "But I have not a great deal of time."

"Nor I a great deal of strength; I shan't keep you long, sir."

The Rev. Thomas Bartlett sat down again, and glanced meekly an invitation to Mr. Dingwell to begin.

"Nine-and-twenty years, sir, since you married that unlucky pair. Now, I need not say by what particular accidents—for the recollection is painful—I was in afterlife thrown into the society of that unfortunate ill-used dog, poor Arthur Verney; I knew him intimately. I was the only friend he had left, and I was with him when he died, infamously neglected by all his family. He had just got his half-yearly payment of a beggarly annuity, on which he subsisted; *he*—the rightful Viscount Verney, and the head of his family—ha, ha, ha! By Jove, sir, I can't help laughing, though I pity him. Having that little sum in his hand, said he to me 'You take charge of this for my son, if you can find him; and I rely on your friendship to look him up if ever you revisit England; this is for him; and he was baptized by the Rev. Thomas Bartlett, as my wife wrote to tell me just eight-and-twenty years ago, and he, no doubt can enable you to trace him.' That's what he said. What say you, sir?"

"Old Lady Verney placed the child in charge of the gentleman who then managed the Verney property. I heard all about it from a Mr. Wynne Williams, a Welsh lawyer. The child died when only a year old; you know *he* would have been the heir-apparent."

"Poor Arthur said *no*, sir. I asked him—a Scotch marriage, or some of those crooked wedlocks on which they found bigamies and illegitimacies. 'No,' Arthur said, 'he has no technical case, and he may be miserably poor; this is all I can do, and I charge you with it.' It was very solemn, sir. Where does that lawyer live?"

"At this moment I can't recollect, sir—some place near which the Verneys have estates."

"Cardyllian?"

"The very place, sir."

"I know it, sir; I've been there when I was a boy. And his name was *Wynne Williams*?"

"I *think* it was," said the clergyman.

"And you have nothing more to say about the poor child?" asked Mr. Dingwell.

"There is nothing more, I fancy, sir," said Mr. Bartlett. "Can I give you any more information?"

"Not any, sir, that I can think of at present. Many thanks, Mr. Bartlett, for your obliging call. Wait a moment for the servant."

And Mr. Dingwell, thinking fiercely, rang his hand-bell long and viciously.

"Ha! Mrs. Rumble; you'll show this gentleman out. Good-bye, sir, and many thanks."

"Good day, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha! It's a good subject, and a fertile!" muttered Mr. Dingwell, so soon as he was alone.

For the rest of that evening Mr. Dingwell seemed to find ample amusement in his own thoughts, and did not trouble Mrs. Rumble with that contemptuous and cynical banter, which she was obliged to accept, when he pleased, for conversation.

The only thing she heard him say was—"I'll go there."

Now Malory had already been proved to be a safe hiding place for a gentleman in Mr. Dingwell's uncomfortable circumstances. The air was unexceptionable, and Lord Verney was easily persuaded to permit the old man to sojourn, for a few weeks, in the steward's house, under the care of old Mrs. Mervyn's servant, aided by one provided by Messrs. Goldshed and Levi.

There were two rooms in the steward's house, which old Mrs. Mervyn never used, and some furniture removed from the Dower house adjoining, rendered them tolerably comfortable. A letter from old Lady Verney opened and explained the request, which amounted to a command, that she would permit the invalid, in whom Lord Verney took an interest, to occupy, for a fortnight or so, the spare rooms in the steward's house.

So all was made ready, and the day fixed for Mr. Dingwell's arrival.

CHAPTER LXI.

A SURPRISE.

MR. DINGWELL, already much more like himself, having made the journey by easy stages, was approaching Malory by night, in a post-chaise. Fatigue, sickness, or some other cause, perhaps, exasperated his temper specially that night.

Well made up in mufflers, his head was frequently out at the window.

"The old church, by Jove!" he muttered, with a dismal grin, as going slowly down the jolty hill. Beneath the ancient trees, the quaint little church of Llanderris, and its quiet churchyard appeared at the left of the narrow road, white in the moonlight.

"A new crop of fools, fanatics, and hypocrites come up, since I remember them, and the old ones gone down to en-

rich that patch of ground and send up their dirty juice in nettles, and thistles, and docks. 'In sure and certain hope.' Why should not they, the swine! as well as their masters, cunning, and drunken, and sneaks. I'd like to pay a fellow to cut their epitaphs. Why should I spare them a line of truth? Here I am, plain Mr. Dingwell. They don't care much about me; and when my Lord Verney went down the other day, to show them what a fool they have got for a master, amid congenial rejoicings, I don't hear that they troubled their heads with many regrets for my poor friend Arthur. Ha! There's the estuary, and Pen-dillion. These things don't change, my Lord Verney. Pity Lord Verney

doesn't wear as well as Pendillion. There is Ware, over the water, if we had light to see it—to think of that shabby little whey-faced fool! Here we are; these are the trees of Malory, egad!"

And with a shrug he repeated Homer's words, which say—"As are the generations of leaves, such are those of men."

Up the avenue of Malory they were driving, and Dingwell looked out with a dismal curiosity upon the lightless front of the old house.

"Cheerful reception!" he muttered. "Suppose we pick a hole in your title—a hole in your *pocket*—hey!"

Dingwell's servant was at the door of the steward's house as they drew up, and helped the snarling old invalid down.

When he got to the room the servant said—

"There's coffee, and everything as you desired."

"I'll take breath first, if you please—coffee afterwards."

"Mrs. Mervyn hopes, sir, as how you'll parding her to-night, being so late, and not in good 'ealth herself, which she would have been hup to receive you hotherwise," said the man, delivering his message eloquently.

"Quite time enough to-morrow, and to-morrow—and to-morrow; and I don't care if our meeting creeps away, as that remarkable person, William Shakespeare, says—'in this pretty pace.' This is more comfortable, egad! than Rosemary-court. I don't care, I say, if it creeps in that pretty pace, till we are both in heaven. What's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba? So help me off with these things."

Lord Verney, on whom, in his moods, Mr. Dingwell commented so fully, was dispensing his hospitalities just then, on the other side of the estuary, at his princely mansion of Ware. The party was, it is true, small—very small, in fact. Lady Wimbledon had been there, and the Hon. Caroline Oldys; but they were now visiting Cardyllian at the Verney Arms.

Mr. Jos Larkin, to his infinite content, was at Ware, and deplored the unchristian feelings displayed by Mr. Wynne Williams, whom he had by this time formally supplanted in the management of Lord Verney's

country affairs, and who had exhibited "a nasty feeling," he "might say a petulance quite childish," last Sunday, when Mr. Larkin had graced Cardyllian Church with his personal devotions, and refused to vacate, in his favour, the small pew which he held as proprietor of Plas-dwilyn, but which Mr. Larkin chose to think he occupied in virtue of his former position of solicitor to Lord Verney.

Cleve Verney being still in London, received one morning from his uncle the following short and astounding note, as he sat at breakfast:—

"MY DEAR CLEVE,

"The time having arrived for taking that step, which the stability of our house of Verney has long appeared to demand, all preliminaries being satisfactorily adjusted, and the young lady and Lady Wimbledon, with a very small party of their relations, as you may have observed by the public papers, at present at the Hotel of Cardyllian, nothing remains unaccomplished by way of preparation, but your presence at Ware, which I shall expect on Friday next, when you can meet Miss Caroline Oldys in those new and more defined relations which our contemplated alliance suggests. That event is arranged to take place on the Wednesday following. Mr. Larkin, who reports to me the substance of a conversation with you, and who has my instructions to apprise you fully of any details you may desire to be informed of, will see you on the morning of to-morrow, in the library at Verney House, at a quarter-past eleven o'clock. He leaves Ware by the mail train to-night. You will observe that the marriage, though not strictly private, is to be conducted without *eclat*, and has not been anywhere announced. This will explain my not inviting you to bring down any friend of yours to Ware for the occasion."

So it ends with the noble lord's signature, and a due attestation of the state of his affections towards Cleve.

With the end of his uncle's letter, an end of that young gentleman's breakfast—only just begun—came also.

Cleve did not start up and rap out an oath. On the contrary, he sat

very still, with something, almost a smile, on his pale, patient face. In a little while he folded the letter up gently, and put it in his pocket. Then he did get up and go to the window looking out upon the piece of ground at the rear of Verney House, and the sooty leaves and sparrows that beautified it. For a long time he enjoyed that view, and then took a swift walk for nearly half an hour in the streets—drowsy, formal streets in that quarter of the town, involving little risk of interruption.

His wife—what a hell was now in that word!—and why? Another man would have found in it a fountain of power and consolation. His wife, his little boy, were now in France. He thought of them both sourly enough. He was glad they were so far off. Margaret would have perceived the misery of his mind. She would have been poking questions at him, and he would neither have divulged nor in anything have consulted her. In the motive of this reserve, which harmonized with his character, may have mingled a suspicion that *his* interests and hers might not, in this crisis, have required quite the same treatment.

It was about eleven o'clock as he entered Verney House again. In a quarter of an hour more that villainous attorney, to whose vulgar machinations he attributed his present complicated wretchedness, would be with him.

Without any plan, only hating that abominable Christian, and resolved to betray neither thought nor emotion, which could lead him to suspect, ever so faintly, the truth, he at length heard him announced, as a man who has seen his death warrant hears the approach of the executioner. Mr. Larkin entered, with his well-brushed hat in his hand, his bald head shining as with a glory, a meek smile on his lips, a rat-like shrinking observation in his eyes.

"Oh! Mr. Larkin," said Mr. Cleve Verney, with a smile. "My uncle said you would look in to-day. We have often talked the matter over together, you know, my uncle and I, and I'm not sure that you can tell me very much that I don't know already. Sit down, pray."

"Thanks. I think it was chiefly to let you know what he can do for

you. I need not say to you, my dear Mr. Verney, how generous Lord Verney is, and what an uncle, Mr. Verney, he has been to *you*."

Here was a little glance of the pink eyes at the ceiling, and a momentary elevation of his large hand, and a gentle, admiring shake of the bald head.

"No; of course. It is entirely as his attorney, sir, acquainted with details which he has directed you to mention to me, that he speaks of your call here. I had a letter this morning."

"Quite so. It was to mention that although he could not, of course, in prudence, under the circumstances, think of *settling* anything—which amounts, in fact, to an alienation—a step which in justice to himself, and the integrity of the family estates, he could not concede or contemplate; he yet—and he wishes it at the same time to be understood, strictly, as his present intention—means to make you an allowance of a thousand pounds a year."

"Rather a small allowance, don't you think, for a man with a seat in the House to marry on?" observed Cleve.

"Pardon me; but he does not contemplate your immediate marriage, Mr. Verney," answered Larkin.

"Rather a sudden change of plan, considering that he fixed Wednesday next, by his letter," said Cleve, with a faint sneer.

"Pardon me, again; but that referred to his own marriage—Lord Verney's contemplated marriage with the Honorable Miss Oldys."

"Oh!" said Cleve, looking steadily down on the table. "Oh! to be sure."

"That alliance will be celebrated on Wednesday, as proposed."

Mr. Larkin paused, and Cleve felt that his odious eyes were reading his countenance. Cleve could not help turning pale, but there was no other visible symptom of his dismay.

"Yes; the letter was a little confused. He has been urging me to marry, and I fancied he had made up his mind to expedite my affair; and it is rather a relief to me to be assured it is his own, for I'm in no particular hurry—quite the reverse. Is there anything more?"

"I meant to ask *you* that question, Mr. Verney. I fancied you might possibly wish to put some questions

to me. I have been commissioned, within certain limits, to give you any information you may desire." Mr. Larkin paused again.

Cleve's blood boiled. "Within certain limits! more in my uncle's confidence than I am, that vulgar, hypocritical attorney!" He fancied beside that Mr. Larkin saw what a shock the news was, and that he liked, with a mean sense of superiority, making him feel that he penetrated his affectation of indifference.

"It's very thoughtful of you; but if anything strikes me I shall talk to my uncle. There are subjects that would interest me more than those on which he would be at all likely to talk with you."

"Quite possibly," said Mr. Larkin. "And what shall I report to his lordship as the result of our conversation?"

"Simply the truth, sir."

"I don't, I fear, make myself clear. I meant to ask whether there was anything you wished me to add. You can always reckon upon me, Mr. Verney, to convey your views to Lord Verney, if there should ever happen to be anything you feel a delicacy about opening to his lordship yourself."

"Yes, I shall write to him," answered Cleve, drily.

And Cleve Verney rose, and the attorney, simpering and bowing grandly, took his departure.

CHAPTER LXII.

CLAY RECTORY BY MOONLIGHT.

As the attorney made his astounding announcement, Cleve had felt as if his brain, in vulgar parlance, *turned*! In a moment the world in which he had walked and lived from his school-days passed away, and a chasm yawned at his feet. His whole future was subverted. A man who dies in delusion, and awakes not to celestial music and the light of paradise, but to the trumpet of judgment and the sight of the abyss, will quail as Cleve did.

How he so well maintained the appearance of self-possession while Mr. Larkin remained, I can't quite tell. Pride, however, which has carried so many quivering souls, with an appearance of defiance, through the press-room to the drop, supported him.

But now that scoundrel was gone. The fury that fired him, the iron constraint that held him firm was also gone, and Cleve despaired.

Till this moment, when he was called on to part with it all, he did not suspect how entirely his ambition was the breath of his nostrils, or how mere a sham was the sort of talk to which he had often treated Margaret and others about an emigrant's life and the Arcadian liberty of the Antipodes.

The House-of-Commons life—the finest excitement on earth—the growing fame, the peerage, the premier-

ship in the distance—the vulgar fingers of Jos Larkin had just dropped the extinguisher upon the magic lamp that had showed him these dazzling illusions, and he was left to grope and stumble in the dark among his debts, with an obscure wife on his arm, and a child to plague him also. And this was to be the end! A precarious thousand a year—dependent on the caprice of a narrow, tyrannical old man, with a young wife at his ear, and a load of debts upon Cleve's shoulders, as he walked over the quag!

It is not well to let any object, apart from heaven, get into your head and fill it. Cleve had not that vein of insanity which on occasion draws men to suicide. In the thread of his destiny that fine black strand was not spun. So blind and deep for a while was his plunge into despair, that I think had that atrabilious poison, which throws out its virus as suddenly as latent plague, and lays a *felo-de-se* to cool his heels and his head in God's prison, the grave—had a drop or two, I say, of that elixir of death been mingled in his blood, I don't think he would ever have seen another morrow.

But Cleve was not thinking of dying. He was sure—in rage, and blasphemy, and torture, it might be—but still he *was* sure to live on. Well, what was now to be done? Every

power must be tasked to prevent the ridiculous catastrophe which threatened him with ruin; neither scruple, nor remorse, nor conscience, nor compunction should stand in the way. We are not to suppose that he is about to visit the Hon. Miss Caroline Oldys with a dagger in one hand and a cup of poison in the other, nor with gunpowder to blow up his uncle and Ware, as some one did Darnley and the house of Kirk of Field. Simply his mind was filled with the one idea, that one way or another the thing *must* be stopped.

It was long before his ideas arranged themselves, and for a long time after no plan of operations which had a promise of success suggested itself. When at length he did decide, you would have said no wilder or wickeder scheme could have entered his brain.

It was a moonlight night. The scene a flat country, with a monotonous row of poplars crossing it. This long file of formal trees marks the line of a canal, fronting which at a distance of about a hundred yards stands a lonely brick house, with a few sombre elms rising near it. A light mist hung upon this expansive flat. The soil must have been unproductive, so few farmsteads were visible for miles around. Here and there pools of water glimmered coldly in the moonlight; and patches of rushes and reeds made the fields look ragged and neglected.

Here and there, too, a stunted hedge-row showed dimly along the level, otherwise unbroken, and stretching away into the haze of the horizon. It is a raw and dismal landscape, where a murder might be done, and the scream lose itself in distance unheard—where the highwayman, secure from interruption, might stop and plunder the chance wayfayer at his leisure—a landscape which a fanciful painter would flank with a distant row of gibbets.

The front of this square brick house, with a little enclosure, hardly two yards in depth, and a wooden paling in front, and with a green moss growing damply on the piers and the door-steps, and tinging the mortar between the bricks, looks out upon a narrow old road, along which just then were audible the clink and rattle of an approaching carriage and horses.

It was past one o'clock. No hospitable light shone from the windows, which on the contrary looked out black and dreary upon the vehicle and steaming horses which pulled up in front of the house.

Out got Cleve and reconnoitred.

"Are you quite sure?"

"Clay Parsonage—yes, sir," said the driver.

Cleve shook the little wooden gate, which was locked; so he climbed the paling, and knocked and rang loud and long at the hall-door.

The driver at last reported a light in an upper window.

Cleve went on knocking and ringing, and the head of the Rev. Isaac Dixie appeared high in the air, over the window-stool.

"What do you want, pray?" challenged that suave clergyman from his sanctuary.

"It's I—Cleve Verney. Why do you go to bed at such hours? I must see you for a moment."

"Dear me! my dear, valued pupil!—Who could have dreamed?—I shall be down in one moment."

"Thanks—I'll wait;" and then to the driver he said—"I shan't stay five minutes; mind, you're ready to start with me the moment I return."

Now the hall-door opened. The Rev. Isaac Dixie—for his dress was a compromise between modesty and extreme haste, and necessarily very imperfect—stood in greater part behind the hall-door; a bed-room candlestick in his fingers, smiling blandly on his "distinguished pupil," who entered without a smile, without a greeting—merely saying—

"Where shall we sit down for a minute, old Dixie?"

Holding his hand with the candle in it across, so as to keep his flowing dressing-gown together; and with much wonder and some misgivings, yet contriving his usual rosy smile, he conducted his unexpected visitor into his "study."

"I've so many apologies to offer, my very honoured and dear friend; this is so miserable, and I fear you are cold. We must get something; we must really manage something—some little refreshment."

Dixie placed the candle on the chimney-piece, and looked inquiringly on Cleve.

"There's some sherry, I know, and I *think* there's some brandy."

"There's no one up and about?" inquired Cleve.

"Not a creature," said the Rector; "no one can hear a word, and these are good thick walls."

"I've only a minute; I know you'd like to be a bishop, Dixie?"

Cleve, with his muffler and his hat still on, was addressing the future prelate, with his elbow on the chimney-piece.

"*Nolo episcopari*, of course, but we *know* you would, and there's no time now for pretty speeches. Now, listen, you shall be *that*, and you shall reach it by two steps—the two best livings in our gift. I always keep my word; and when I set my heart on a thing I bring it about, and so sure as I do any good I'll bend all my interest to that one object."

The Rev. Isaac Dixie stared hard at him, for Cleve looked strangely, and spoke as sternly as a villain demanding his purse. The Rector of Clay looked horribly perplexed. His countenance seemed to ask, "Does he mean to give me a mitre or to take my life, or is he quite right in his head?"

"You think I don't mean what I say, or that I'm talking nonsense, or that I'm mad. I'm not mad, it's no nonsense, and no man was ever more resolved to do what he says." And Cleve who was not given to swearing, did swear a fierce oath. "But all this is not for nothing; there's a condition; you must do me a service. It won't cost you much—less trouble, almost, than you've taken for me to-night, but you *must* do it."

"And may I, my dear and valued pupil, may I ask?"—began the reverend gentleman.

"No, you need not ask, for I'll tell you. It's the same sort of service you did for me in France," said Cleve.

"Ah! ha!" ejaculated the clergyman, very uneasily. "For no one but you, my dear and admirable pupil, could I have brought myself to take that step, and I trust that you will on reconsideration."

"You *must* do what I say," said Cleve, looking and speaking with the same unconscious sternness, which frightened the Rector more than any amount of bluster. "I hardly

suppose you want to break with me finally, and you don't quite know all the consequences of that step, I fancy."

"Break with you? my admirable patron! desert my dear and brilliant pupil in an emergency? *Certainly* not. Reckon upon me, my dear Mr. Verney, whenever you need my poor services, to the *utmost*. To you *all* my loyalty is due, but unless you made a very special point of it, I should hesitate for any other person living, but yourself, to incur a second time"——

"Don't you think my dear, d—d old friend, I understand the length, and breadth, and depth, of your friendship; I know how strong it is, and I'll make it *stronger*. It is for me—yes, in my own case you must repeat the service, as you call it, which you once did me, in another country."

The Rev. Isaac Dixie's rosy cheeks mottled all over blue and yellow; he withdrew his hand from his dressing-gown, with an unaffected gesture of fear; and he fixed a terrified gaze upon Cleve Verney's eyes, which did not flinch, but encountered his, darkly and fixedly with a desperate resolution.

"Why you look as much frightened as if I asked you to commit a crime; you marvellous old fool, you hardly think me mad enough for *that*!"

"I hardly know, Mr. Verney, what I think," said Dixie, looking with a horrible helplessness into his face. "Good God! sir; it can't be anything *wrong*!"

"Come, come, sir; you're more than half asleep. Do you *dare* to think I'd commit myself to any man, by such an idiotic proposal? No one but a lunatic could think of *blasting* himself as you—but you *can't* suppose it. Do listen, and understand if you can; my wife, to whom you married me, is *dead*, six months ago she *died*; I tell you she's *dead*."

"Dear me! I'm very much pained, and I will say *shocked*; the deceased lady, I should not, my dear pupil, have alluded to, of course; but need I say, I never heard of that affliction?"

"How on earth could you? You don't suppose, knowing all you do, I'd put it in the papers, among the *deaths*?"

"No; dear me, of course," said the

Rev. Isaac Dixie, hastily bringing his dressing-gown again together. "No, certainly."

"I don't think that sort of publication would answer you or me. You forget it is two years ago and more—a *good deal* more. I don't though, and whatever *you* may, I don't want my uncle to know anything about it."

"But, you know, I only meant, you hadn't told me; my dear Mr. Verney, my honoured pupil, you will see—don't you perceive how much is involved? but *this—couldn't* you put this upon some one else? Do—*do* think."

"No, in *no* one's power, but *yours*, Dixie;" and Cleve took his hand, looking in his face, and wrung it so hard that the reverend gentleman almost winced under the pressure, of administering which I dare say Cleve was quite unconscious. "No one but *you*."

"The poor—the respected lady—being deceased, of course you'll give me a note to that effect under your hand; you'll have no objection, in this case, to my taking out a special licence?"

"Special devil! are you mad? Why anyone could do it with that. No, it's just because it is a little *irregular*, nothing more, and exacts implicit mutual confidence that I have chosen you for it."

Dixie looked as if the compliment was not an unmixed pleasure.

"I still think, that—that having performed the other, there is some awkwardness, and the penalties are awful," said he with increasing uneasiness; "and it does strike me, that if my dear Mr. Verney could place his hand upon some other humble friend, in this particular case, the advantages would be obvious."

"Come, Dixie," said Cleve, "I'm *going*; you must say yes or no, and so decide whether you have seen the last of me. I can't spend the night giving you my reasons, but they are conclusive. If you act like a man of sense, it's the last service I shall ever require at your hands, and I'll reward you *splendidly*; if you don't, I not only cease to be your

friend, but I become your *enemy*. I can strike when I like it—you know *that*; and upon my soul I'll smash you. I shall see my uncle to-morrow morning at Ware, and I'll tell him distinctly the entire of that French transaction."

"But—but pray, my dear Mr. Verney, do say, *did* I refuse—*do* I object? you may command me, of course. I have incurred, I may say, a risk for you already, a risk in *form*."

"Exactly, *in form*; and you don't increase it by this kindness, and you secure my eternal gratitude. Now you speak like a man of sense. You must be in Cardyllian to-morrow evening. It is possible I may ask *nothing* of you; if I do, the utmost is a technical irregularity, and secrecy, which we are both equally interested in observing. You shall stay a week in Cardyllian, mind, and I, of course, frank you there and back, and while you remain—it's my business. It has a political aspect, as I shall explain to you by-and-by, and so soon as I shall have brought my uncle round, and can avow it, it will lead the way rapidly to *your* fortune. Shall I see you in Cardyllian to-morrow evening?"

"Agreed, sir!—agreed, my dear Mr. Verney. I shall be there, my dear and valued pupil—*yes*."

"Go to the Verney Arms; I shall probably be looking out for you there; at all events I shall see you before night."

Verney looked at his watch, and repeated "I shall see you to-morrow;" and without taking leave, or hearing, as it seemed, the Rev. Isaac Dixie's farewell compliments and benedictions, he walked out in gloomy haste, as if the conference was not closed, but only suspended, by the approaching parenthesis of a night and a day.

From the hall-table the obsequious divine took the key of the little gate, to which, in slippers and dressing gown, he stepped blandly forth, and having let out his despotic pupil, and waved his adieu, as the chaise drove away, he returned, and locked up his premises and house, with a great load at his heart.

CHAPTER LXIII.

AN ALARM.

CLEVE reached the station, eight miles away from the dismal swamp I have described, in time to catch the mail train. From Llwynan he did not go direct to Ware, but drove instead to Cardyllian, and put up at the Verney Arms early next morning.

By ten o'clock he was seen sauntering about the streets, talking with old friends, and popping into the shops and listening to the gossip of the town. Cleve had a sort of friendliness that answered all electioneering purposes perfectly, and that was the measure of its value.

Who should he light upon in Castle-street but Tom Sedley! They must have arrived by the same train at Llwynan. The sight of Tom jarred intensely upon Cleve Verney's nerves. There was something so strange in his looks and manner that Sedley thought him ill. He stopped for a while to talk with him at the corner of Church-street, but seemed so obviously disposed to escape from him, that Sedley did not press his society, but acquiesced with some disgust and wonder in their new relations.

Tom Sedley had been with Wynne Williams about poor Vane Etherage's affairs. Honest Wynne Williams was in no mood to flatter Lord Verney, the management of whose affairs he had, he said, "resigned." The fact was that he had been, little by little, so uncomfortably superseded in his functions by our good friend Jos Larkin, and the fashion of Lord Verney's countenance was so manifestly changed, that honest Wynne Williams felt that he might as well do a proud thing, and resign, as wait a little longer for the inevitable humiliation of dismissal.

"I'm afraid my friend the admiral is in bad hands; worse hands than Larkin's he could hardly have fallen into. I could tell you things of that fellow, if we had time—of course strictly between ourselves, you know—that would open your eyes. And as to his lordship—well, I suppose most people know something of Lord Verney. I owe him nothing, you know; it's all ended between us, and I wash my hands of him and his con-

cerns. You may talk to him, if you like; but you'll find you might as well argue with the tide in the estuary there. I'd be devilish glad if I could be of any use; but you see how it is; and to tell you the truth, I'm afraid it must come to a regular smash, unless Lord Verney drops that nasty litigation. There are some charges, you know, upon the property already; and with that litigation hanging over it, I don't see how he's to get money to pay those calls. It's a bad business, I'm afraid, and an awful pity. Poor old fellow!—a little bit rough, but devilish good-hearted."

Tom Sedley went up to Hazelden. The Etherage girls knew he was coming, and were watching for him at the top of the steep walk.

"I've been talking, as I said I would, to Wynne Williams this morning," he said, after greetings and inquiries made and answered, "and he had not anything important to advise; but he has promised to think over the whole matter."

"And Wynne Williams is *known* to be the cleverest lawyer in the world," exclaimed Miss Charity, exulting. "I was afraid, on account of his having been so lately Lord Verney's adviser, that he would not have been willing to consult with you. And *will* he use his influence, which must be very great, with Lord Verney?"

"He has none; and he thinks it would be quite useless my talking to him."

"Oh! Is it possible? Well, if he said *that*, I never heard *such* nonsense in the course of my life. I think old Lord Verney was one of the *very* nicest men I ever spoke to in the course of my life; and I'm certain it is all that horrid Mr. Larkin, and a great mistake; for Lord Verney is quite a gentleman, and would not do anything so *despicable* as to worry and injure papa by this horrid business, if only you would make him understand it; and I *do* think, Thomas Sedley, you *might* take that trouble for papa."

"I'll go over to Ware, and try to see Lord Verney, if you think my doing so can be of the least use," said

Tom, who knew the vanity of arguing with Miss Charity.

"Oh, do," said pretty Agnes, and that entreaty was, of course, a command; so without going up to see old Etherage, who was very much broken and ill, his daughters said; and hoping possibly to have some cheering news on his return, Tom Sedley took his leave for the present, and from the pier of Cardyllian crossed in a boat to Ware.

On the spacious steps of that palatial mansion, as Mr. Larkin used to term it, stood Lord Verney, looking grandly seaward, with compressed eyes, like a near-sighted gentleman as he was.

"Oh! is she all right?" said Lord Verney.

"I—I don't know, Lord Verney," replied Tom Sedley. "I came to!"

"Oh—aw—Mr.—Mr.—how d'ye do, sir?" said Lord Verney, with marked frigidity, not this time giving him the accustomed finger.

"I came, Lord Verney, hoping you might possibly give me five minutes, and very few words, about that unfortunate business of poor Mr. Vane Etherage."

"I'm unfortunately just going out in a boat—about it; and I can't just now afford time, Mr.—a—Mr."

"Sedley is my name," suggested Sedley, who knew that Lord Verney remembered him perfectly.

"Sedley—Mr. Sedley; yes. As I mentioned, I'm going in a boat. I'm sorry I can't possibly oblige you; and it is very natural you, who are so intimate, I believe, with Mr. Etherage, should take that side of the question—about it; but I've no reason to call those proceedings unfortunate; and—and I don't anticipate—and, in fact, people usually look after their own concerns—about it."

"I'm sure, Lord Verney, if you knew how utterly ruinous, how really *deplorable*, the consequences of pursuing this thing—I mean the lawsuit against him—may be—I am *sure*—you would stop it all."

Honest Tom spoke in the belief that in the hesitation that had marked the close of the noble lord's remarks there was a faltering of purpose, whereas there was simply a failure of ideas.

"I can't help your forming opinions, sir, though I have not invited their expression upon my concerns

and—and affairs. If you have anything to communicate about those proceedings, you had better see Mr. Larkin, my attorney; he's the proper person. Mr. Etherage has taken a line in the county to wound and injure me, as, of course, he has a perfect right to do; he has taken that line, and I don't see any reason why I should not have what I'm entitled to. There's the principle of government by party, you're aware; and we're not to ask favours of those we seek to wound and injure—about it; and that's my view, and idea, and fixed opinion. I must wish you good morning, Mr. Sedley. I'm going down to my boat, and I decline distinctly any conversation upon the subject of my law business; I decline it *distinctly*, Mr. Sedley—about it," repeated the peer peremptorily; and as he looked a good deal incensed, Tom Sedley wisely concluded it was time to retire; and so his embassy came to an end.

Lord Verney crossed the estuary in his yacht, consulting his watch from time to time, and reconnoitring the green and pier of Cardyllian through his telescope with considerable interest. A little group was assembled near the stair, among whose figures he saw Lady Wimbledon. "Why is not Caroline there?" he kept asking himself, and all the time searching that little platform for the absent idol of his heart.

Let us deal mercifully with this antiquated romance; and if Miss Caroline Oldys forebore to say, "Go up, thou baldhead," let us also spare the amorous incongruity. Does any young man love with the self-abandonment of an old one? Is any romance so romantic as the romance of an old man? When Sancho looked over his shoulder, and saw his master in his shirt, cutting capers and tumbling head-over-heels, and tearing his hair in his love-madness, that wise governor and man of proverbs forgot the grotesqueness of the exhibition in his awe of that vehement adoration. So let us. When does this noble frenzy exhibit itself in such maudlin transports, and with a self-sacrifice so idolatrously suicidal, as in the old? Seeing, then, that the spirit is so prodigiously willing, let us bear with the spectacle of their infirmities, and when one of

these sighing, magnanimous, wrinkled Philanders goes by, let us not hiss, but rather say kindly, "*Vive la bagatelle !*" or, as we say in Ireland, "More power !"

He was disappointed. Miss Caroline Oldys had a very bad headache, Lady Wimbledon said, and was in her room, in care of her maid, so miserable at losing the charming sail to Malory.

Well, the lover was sorely disappointed, as we have said ; but there was nothing for it but submission, and to comfort himself with the assurances of Lady Wimbledon that Caroline's headaches never lasted long, and that she was always better for a long time when they were over. This latter piece of information seemed to puzzle Lord Verney.

"Miss Oldys is always better after an attack than before it," said Cleve, interpreting for his uncle.

"Why, of course. That's what Lady Wimbledon means, as I understand it," said Lord Verney, a little impatiently. "It's very sad ; you must tell me all about it ; but we may hope to find her, you say, quite recovered when we return ?"

Cleve was not of the party to Malory. He returned to the Verney Arms. He went up to Lady Wimbledon's drawing-room with a book he had promised to lend her, and found Miss Caroline Oldys.

Yes, she was better. He was very earnest and tender in his solicitudes. He was looking ill, and was very melancholy.

Two hours after her maid came in to know whether she "pleased to want anything ?" and she would have sworn that Miss Caroline had been crying. Mr. Cleve had got up from beside her, and was looking out of the window.

A little later in the day, old Lady Calthorpe, a cousin of Lady Wimbledon's, very feeble and fussy, and babbling in a querulous treble, was pushed out in her Bath-chair, Cleve and Miss Caroline Oldys accompanying, to the old castle of Cardyllian.

On the step of the door of the Verney Arms, as they emerged, whom should they meet, descending from the fly that had borne him from Llwynan, but the Rev. Isaac Dixie. That sleek and rosy gentleman, with flat feet, and large hands, and fasci-

nating smile, was well pleased to join the party, and march blandly beside the chair of the Viscountess, invigorating the fainting spirit of that great lady by the balm of his sympathy and the sunshine of his smile.

So into the castle they went, across the nearly obliterated moat, where once a drawbridge hung, now mantled with greenest grass, under the grim arches, where once the clanging portcullis rose and fell, and into the base court, and so under other arches into the inner court, surrounded by old ivy-mantled walls.

In this seclusion the old Lady Calthorpe stopped her chair to enjoy the sweet air and sunshine, and the agreeable conversation of the divine, and Cleve offered to guide Miss Caroline Oldys through the ruins, an exploration in which she seemed highly interested.

Cleve spoke low and eloquently, but I don't think it was about the architecture. Time passed rapidly, and at last Miss Oldys whispered—

"We've been too long away from Lady Calthorpe. I must go back. She'll think I have deserted her."

So they emerged from the roofless chambers and dim corridors, and Cleve wished from the bottom of his heart that some good or evil angel would put off his uncle's nuptials for another week, and all would be well—*well !*

Yes—what was "well," if one goes to moral ideals for a standard ? We must run risks—we must set one side of the book against the other. What is the purpose and the justification of all morality but happiness ? The course which involves least misery is alternatively the moral course. And take the best act that ever you did, and place it in that dreadful solvent, the light of God's eye, and how much of its motive will stand the test ? Yes—another week, and all will be well ; and has not a fertile mind like his resource for any future complication, as for this, that may arise ?

Captain Shrapnell was not sorry to meet this distinguished party as they emerged, and drew up on the grass at the side, and raised his hat with a reverential smile, as the old lady wheeled by, and throwing a deferential concern suddenly into his countenance, he walked a few paces beside Cleve, while he said—

"You've heard, of course, about your uncle, Lord Verney?"

"No?" answered Cleve, on chance.

"No?—Oh!—Why it's half an hour ago. I hope it's nothing serious; but his groom drove down from Malory for the doctor here. Something wrong with his head—suddenly, I understand, and old Lyster took his box with him, and a bottle of leeches—that looks serious, eh?—along with him."

Shrapnell spoke low, and shook his head.

"I—I did not hear a word of it. I've been in the castle with old Lady Calthorpe. I—I'm very much surprised."

There was something odd, shrewd old Shrapnell fancied in the expression of Cleve's eye, which for a moment met his. But Cleve looked pale and excited, as he said a word in a very low tone to Miss Oldys, and walked across the street, accompanied by Shrapnell, to the doctor's shop.

"Oh!" said Cleve, hastily stepping in, and accosting a lean, pale youth, with lank, black hair, who paused in the process of braying a prescription in a mortar as he approached. "My uncle's not well, I hear—Lord Verney—at Malory?"

The young man glanced at Captain Shrapnell.

"The doctor told me not to mention, sir; but if *you'd* come into the back-room!"

"I'll be with you in a moment," said Cleve Verney to Shrapnell, at the same time stepping into the sanctum, and the glass door being shut, he asked, "What is it?"

"The doctor thought it must be apoplexy, sir," murmured the young man, gazing with wide open eyes, very solemnly, in Cleve's face.

"So I fancied," and Cleve paused, a little stunned; "and the doctor's there, at Malory, *now?*"

"Yes, sir; he'll be there a quarter of an hour or more by this time," answered the young man.

Again Cleve paused.

"It was not fatal—he was still living?" he asked very low.

"Yes, sir—sure."

Cleve, forgetting any form of valediction, passed into the shop.

"I must drive down to Malory," he said; and calling one of those pony carriages which ply in Cardyllian, he drove away, with a wave of his hand to the Captain, who was sorely puzzled to read the true meaning of that handsome mysterious face.

CHAPTER LXIV.

A NEW LIGHT.

It was all over Cardyllian by this time that the Viscount was very ill—dying perhaps—possibly dead. Under the transparent green shadow of the tall old trees, down the narrow road to Malory, which he had so often passed in other moods, more passionate, hardly perhaps less selfish, than his present, was Cleve now driving, with brain and heart troubled and busy—"walking, as before, in a vain shadow, and disquieting himself in vain." The daisies looked up innocently as the eyes of children, into his darkened gaze. Had fate after all taken pity on him, and was here by one clip of the inexorable shears a deliverance from the hell of his complication?

As Cleve entered the gate of Malory he saw the party from Cardyllian leaving in the yacht on their return. Lady Wimbledon, it turned

out, had remained behind in charge of Lord Verney. On reaching the house, Cleve learned that Lord Verney was *alive*—was better in fact.

Combining Lady Wimbledon's and the doctor's narratives, what Cleve learned amounted to this: Lord Verney, who affected a mysterious urgency and haste in his correspondence, had given orders that his letters should follow him to Malory that day. One of these letters, with a black seal and black-bordered envelope, proved to be a communication of considerable interest. It was addressed to him by the clergyman who had charge of poor old Lady Verney's conscience, and announced that his care was ended, and the Dowager Lady, Lord Verney's mother, was dead.

As the doctor who had attended her was gone, and no one but servants in the house, he had felt it a duty to

write to Lord Verney to apprise him of the melancholy event.

The melancholy event was no great shock to Lord Verney, her mature son of sixty-four, who had sometimes wondered dimly whether she would live as long as the old Countess of Desmond, and go on drawing her jointure for fifty years after his own demise. He had been a good son; he had nothing to reproach himself with. She was about ninety years of age; the estate was relieved of £1,500 per annum. She had been a religious woman too, and was, no doubt, happy. On the whole the affliction was quite supportable.

But no affliction ever came at a more awkward time. Here was his marriage on the eve of accomplishment—a secret so well kept up to yesterday that no one on earth, he fancied, but half a dozen people, knew that any such thing was dreamed of. Lord Verney, like other tragedians in this theatre of curia, was, perhaps, a little more nervous than he seemed, and did not like laughter in the wrong place. He did not want to be talked over, or, as he said, “any jokes or things about it.” And therefore he wished the event to take mankind unawares, as the Flood did. But this morning, with a nice calculation as to time, he had posted four letters, bound, like Antonio’s argosies, to different remote parts of the world—one to Pau, another to Lisbon, a third to Florence, and a fourth for Geneva, to friends who were likely to spread the news in all directions—which he cared nothing about, if only the event came off at the appointed time. With the genius of a diplomatist, he had planned his remaining despatches, not very many, so as to reach their less distant destinations at the latest hour, previous to that of his union. But the others were actually on their way, and he supposed a month or more must now pass before it could take place with any decorum, and, in the meantime, all the world would be enjoying their laugh over his interesting situation.

Lord Verney was very much moved when he read this sad letter; he was pathetic and peevish, much moved, and irritated, and shed some tears. He withdrew to write a note to the clergyman who had announced the catastrophe, and was followed by

Lady Wimbledon, who held herself privileged, and to her he poured forth his “ideas and feelings” about his “poor dear mother who was gone, about it;” and suddenly he was seized with a giddiness so violent that if a chair had not been behind him he must have fallen on the ground.

It was something like a fit; Lady Wimbledon was terrified; he looked so ghastly, and answered nothing, only sighed laboriously, and moved his white lips. In her distraction she threw up the window, and screamed for the servants; and away went Lord Verney’s open carriage, as we have seen, to Cardyllian, for the doctor.

By the time that Cleve arrived, the attack had declared itself gout—fixed, by a mustard bath “nicely” in the foot, leaving, however, its “leven mark” upon the head where it had flickered in an angrily inflamed eye.

Here was another vexation. It might be over in a week, the doctor said; it might last a month. But for the present it was quite out of the question moving him. They must contrive, and make him as comfortable as they could. But at Malory he must be contented to remain for the present.

He saw Cleve for a few minutes.

“It’s very unfortunate—your poor dear grandmother—and this gout; but we must bow to the will of Providence; we have every consolation in her case. She’s, no doubt, gone to heaven, about it; but it’s indescribably untoward, the whole thing; you apprehend me—the marriage—you know—and things; we must pray to heaven to grant us patience under these cross-grained, unintelligible misfortunes that are always persecuting some people, and never come in the way of others, and I beg you’ll represent to poor Caroline how it is. I’m not even to write for a day or two; and you must talk to her, Cleve, and try to keep her up, for I do believe she does like her old man, and does not wish to see the poor old fellow worse than he is; and, Cleve, I appreciate your attention and affection in coming so promptly;” and Lord Verney put out his thin hand and pressed Cleve’s. “You’re very kind, Cleve, and if they allow me I’ll see you to-morrow, and you’ll

tell me what's in the papers, for they won't let me read; and there will be this funeral, you know—about it—your poor dear grandmother; she'll, of course—she'll be buried; you'll have to see to that, you know; and Larkin, you know—he'll save you trouble, and—and—hey! ha, ha—ho! Very pleasant! Good gracious what torture! Ha!—Oh, dear! Well, I think I've made everything pretty clear, and you'll tell Caroline—it's only flying gout—about it—and—and things. So I must bid you good-by, dear Cleve, and God bless you."

So Cleve did see Caroline Oldys at the Verney Arms, and talked a great deal with her, in a low tone, while old Lady Wimbledon dozed in her chair, and, no doubt, it was all about his uncle's "flying gout."

That night our friend Wynne Williams was sitting in his snugery, a little bit of fire was in the grate, the air being sharp, his tea-things on the table, and the cozy fellow actually reading a novel, with his slippered feet on the fender.

It was half-past nine o'clock, a rather rakish hour in Cardyllian, when the absorbed attorney was aroused by a tap at his door.

I think I have already mentioned that in that town of the golden age, hall-doors stand open, in evidence of "ancient faith that knows no guile," long after dark.

"Come in," said Wynne Williams; and to his amazement who should enter, not with the conventional smile of greeting, but pale, dark, and woe-begone, but the tall figure of Mrs. Rebecca Mervyn.

Honest Wynne Williams never troubled himself about ghosts, but he had read of spectral illusions, and old Mrs. Mervyn unconsciously encouraged a fancy that the thing he greatly feared had come upon him, and that he was about to become a victim to that sort of hallucination. She stood just a step within the door, looking at him, and he, with his novel on his knee, stared at her as fixedly.

"She's dead," said the old lady.

"Who?" exclaimed the attorney.

"The Dowager Lady Verney," she continued, rather than answered.

"I was so much astonished, ma'am, to see you here; you haven't been down in the town these twelve years I think. I could scarce believe my

eyes. Won't you come in, ma'am? Pray do." The attorney by this time was on his legs, and doing the honours, much relieved, and he placed a chair for her. "If it's any business, ma'am, I'll be most happy, or any time you like."

"Yes, she's dead," said she again.

"Oh, come in, ma'am—do—so is Queen Anne," said the attorney, laughing kindly. "I heard *that* early to-day; we *all* heard it, and we're sorry, of course. Sit down, ma'am. But then she was not very far from a hundred, and we're all mortal. Can I do anything for you, ma'am?"

"She was good to me—a proud woman—hard, they used to say; but she was good to me—yes, sir—and so she's gone, at last. She was frightened at them; there was something in them—my poor head—you know—I couldn't see it, and I did not care, for the little child was gone; it was only two months old, and she was ninety years; it's a long time, and now she's in her shroud, poor thing, and I may speak to you."

"Do, ma'am—pray; but it's growing late, and hadn't we better come to the point a bit?"

She was sitting in the chair he had placed for her, and she had something under her cloak, a thick book it might be, which she held close in her arms. She placed it on the table, and it turned out to be a small tin box with a padlock.

"Papers, ma'am?" he inquired.

"Will you read them, sir, and see what ought to be done? There's the key."

"Certainly, ma'am;" and having unlocked it, he disclosed two little sheaves of papers, neatly folded and endorsed.

The attorney turned these over rapidly, merely reading at first the little note of its contents written upon each. "By Jove!" he exclaimed; he looked very serious now, with a frown, and the corners of his mouth drawn down, like a man who witnesses something horrible.

"And, ma'am, how long have you had these?"

"Since Mr. Sedley died."

"I know; that's more than twenty years, I think; did you show them to anyone?"

"Only to the poor old lady who's gone."

"Ay, I see."

There was a paper endorsed "Statement of facts," and this the attorney was now reading.

"Now, ma'am, do you wish to place these papers in my hands, that I may act upon them as the interests of those who are nearest to you may require?"

She looked at him with a perplexed gaze, and said, "Yes, sir, certainly."

"Very well, ma'am; then I must go up to town at once. It's a very serious affair, ma'am, and I'll do my duty by you."

"Can you understand them, sir?"

"N—no—that is, I must see counsel in London; I'll be back again in a day or two. Leave it all to me, ma'am, and the moment I know anything for certain, you shall know all about it."

The old woman asked the question as one speaks in their sleep, without hearing the answer. Her finger was to her lip, and she was looking down with a knitted brow.

"Ay, she was proud—I promised—proud—she was—very high—it will be in Penruthyn—she told me she would be buried there—Dowager Lady Verney—I wish, sir, it had been I."

She drew her cloak about her and left the room, and he accompanied her with the candle to the hall-door, and saw her hurry up the street.

Now and then a passenger looked at the tall cloaked figure gliding swiftly by, but no one recognised her.

The attorney was gaping after her in deep abstraction, and when she was out of sight he repeated, with a resolute wag of his head—

"I will do my duty by you—and a serious affair, upon my soul! A very serious affair it is."

And so he closed the door, and returned to his sitting-room in deep thought, and very strange excitement, and continued reading those papers till one o'clock in the morning.

CHAPTER LXV.

MRS. DINGWELL AND MRS. MERVYN CONVERLE.

CLEVE was assiduous in consoling Miss Caroline Oldys, a duty specially imposed upon him by the voluntary absence of Lady Wimbledon, who spent four or five hours every day at Malory, with an equally charitable consideration for the spirits of Lord Verney, who sat complaining in pain and darkness.

Every day he saw more or less of the Rev. Isaac Dixie, but never alluded to his midnight interview with him at Olay Rectory. Only once, a little abruptly, he had said to him, as they walked together on the green,

"I say, you must manage your duty for two Sundays more—you must stay here for the funeral—that will be on Tuesday week."

Cleve said no more; but he looked at him with a fixed meaning in his eye, with which the clergyman somehow could not parley.

At the post-office, to which Miss Oldys had begged his escort, a letter awaited him. His address was traced in the delicate and peculiar hand of that beautiful being who in those very scenes had once filled every hour of his life with dreams, and doubts, and hopes; and now how did he feel

as those slender characters met his eye? Shall I say, as the murderer feels when some relic of his buried crime is accidentally turned up before his eyes—chilled with a pain that reaches on to doomsday—with a tremor of madness—with an insufferable disgust?

Smiling, he put it with his other letters in his pocket, and felt as if every eye looked on him with suspicion—with dislike, and as if little voices in the air were whispering, "It is from his wife—from his wife—from his wife."

Tom Sedley was almost by his side, and had just got his letters—filling him, too, with dismay—posted not ten minutes before from Malory, and smiting his last hope to the centre.

"Look at it, Cleve," he said, half an hour later. "I thought all these things might have softened him—his own illness and his mother's death; and the Etherages—by Jove, I think he'll ruin them; the poor old man is going to leave Hazelden in two or three weeks, and—and he's utterly ruined I think, and all by that damned lawsuit, that Larkin knows perfectly well Lord Verney can never succeed

in; but in the meantime it will be the ruin of that nice family, that were so happy there; and look—here it is—my own letter returned—so insulting—like a beggar's petition; and this note—not even signed by him.

“Lord Verney is indisposed; he has already expressed his fixed opinion upon the subject referred to in Mr. Sedley's statement, which he returns; he declines discussing it, and refers Mr. Sedley again to his solicitor.”

So, disconsolate Sedley, having opened his griefs to Cleve, went on to Hazelden, where he was only too sure to meet with a thoroughly sympathetic audience.

A week passed, and more. And now came the day of old Lady Verney's funeral. It was a long procession—tenants on horseback, tenants on foot—the carriages of all the gentlemen round about.

On its way to Penruthyn Priory the procession passed by the road, ascending the steep by the little church of Llanderris, and full in view, through a vista in the trees, of the upper windows of the steward's house.

Our friend Mr. Dingwell, whose journey had cost him a cold, got his clothes on for this occasion, and was in the window, with a field-glass, which had amused him on the road from London.

He had called up Mrs. Mervyn's servant girl to help him to the names of such people as she might recognise.

As the hearse, with its grove of sable plumes, passed up the steep road, he was grave for a few minutes; and he said—

“That was a good woman. Well for you, ma'am, if you have ever one-twentieth part of her virtues. She did not know how to make her virtues pleasant, though; she liked to have people afraid of her; and if you have people afraid of you, my dear, the odds are they'll hate you. We can't have everything—virtue and softness, fear and love—in this queer world. An excellent—severe—most ladylike woman. What are they stopping for now? Oh! There they go again. The only ungentle thing she ever did is what she has begun to do now—to rot; but she'll do it *alone*, in the *dark*, you see; and there is a right and a wrong, and she did some good in her day.”

The end of his queer homily he

spoke in a tone a little gloomy, and he followed the hearse awhile with his glass.

In two or three minutes more the girl thought she heard him sob; and looking up, with a shock, perceived that his face was gleaming with a sinister laugh.

“What a precious coxcomb that fellow Cleve, is—chief mourner, egad—and he does it pretty well. ‘My inky cloak, good mother.’ He looks so sorry, I almost believe he's thinking of his uncle's wedding. ‘Thrift, Horatio, thrift!’ I say, Miss—I always forget your name. My dear young lady, be so good, will you, as to say I feel better to-day, and should be very happy to see Mrs. Mervyn, if she could give me ten minutes?”

So she ran down upon her errand, and he drew back from the window, suffering the curtain to fall back as before, darkening the room; and Mr. Dingwell sat himself down, with his back to the little light that entered, drawing his robe-de-chambre about him, and resting his chin on his hand.

“Come in, ma'am,” said Mr. Dingwell, in answer to a tap at the door, and Mrs. Mervyn entered. She looked in the direction of the speaker, but could see only a shadowy outline, the room was so dark.

“Pray, madam, sit down on the chair I've set for you by the table. I'm at last well enough to see you. You'll have questions to put to me. I'll be happy to tell you all I know. I was with poor Arthur Verney, as you are aware, when he died.”

“I have but one hope now, sir—to see him hereafter. Oh, sir! *did* he think of his unhappy soul—of heaven?”

“Of the other place he did think, ma'am. I've heard him wish evil people, such as clumsy servants and his brother here, in it; but I suppose you mean to ask was he devout—eh?”

“Yes, sir; it has been my prayer, day and night, in my long solitude. What prayers, what prayers, what terrible prayers, God only knows.”

“Your prayers were heard, ma'am; he was a saint.”

“Thank God!”

“The most punctual, edifying, self-tormenting saint I ever had the pleasure of knowing in any quarter of the globe,” said Mr. Dingwell.

"Oh! thank God."

"His reputation for sanctity in Constantinople was immense, and at both sides of the Bosphorus he was the admiration of the old women and the wonder of the little boys, and an excellent Dervish, a friend of his, who was obliged to leave after having been bastinadoed for a petty larceny, told me he has seen even the town dogs and the asses hold down their heads, upon my life, as he passed by, to receive his blessing!"

"Superstition—but still it shows, sir"—

"To be sure it does, ma'am."

"It shows that his sufferings—my darling Arthur—had made a real change."

"Oh! a complete change, ma'am. Egad, a very complete change, indeed!"

"When he left this, sir, he was—oh! my darling—thoughtless, volatile!"—

"An infidel and a scamp—eh? So he told me, ma'am."

"And I have prayed that his sufferings might be sanctified to him," she continued, "and that he might be converted, even though I should never see him more."

"So he was, ma'am; I can vouch for that," said Mr. Dingwell.

Again poor Mrs. Mervyn broke into a rapture of thanksgiving.

"Vastly lucky you've been, ma'am; all your prayers about him, egad, seem to have been granted. Pity you did not pray for something he might have enjoyed more. But all's for the best—eh?"

"All things work together for good—all for good," said the old lady, looking upward, with her hands clasped.

"And you're as happy at his conversion, ma'am, as the Ulema who received him into the faith of Mahomet—*happier*, I really think. Lucky dog! what interest he inspires, what joy he diffuses, even now, in Mahomet's paradise, I dare say. It's worth while being a sinner for the sake of the conversion, ma'am."

"Sir—sir, I can't understand," gasped the old lady after a pause.

"No difficulty, ma'am, none in the world."

"For God's sake, *don't*; I think I'm going mad," cried the poor woman.

"Mad, my good lady! Not a bit. What's the matter? Is it Mahomet? You're not afraid of him?"

"Oh, sir, for the *Lord's* sake, tell me what you mean," implored she wildly.

"I mean *that*, to be sure; what I say," he replied. "I mean that the gentleman complied with the custom of the country—don't you see!—and submitted to Kismet. It was his fate, ma'am; it's the invariable condition; and they'd have handed him over to his Christian compatriots to murder, according to Frank law, otherwise. So, ma'am, he shaved his head, put on a turban—they wore turbans then—and, with his Koran under his arm, walked into a mosque, and said his say about Allah and the rest, and has been safe ever since."

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the poor old lady, trembling in a great agony.

"Ho! no, ma'am; 'twasn't much," said he briskly.

"All, all; the last hope!" cried she wildly.

"Don't run away with it, pray. It's a very easy and gentlemanlike faith, Mahometanism—except in the matter of wine; and even that you can have, under the rose, like other things here, ma'am, that aren't quite orthodox; eh?" said Mr. Dingwell.

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur!" moaned the poor lady distractedly, wringing her hands.

"Suppose, ma'am, we pray it may turn out to have been the right way. Very desirable, since Arthur died in it," said Mr. Dingwell.

"Oh, sir, oh! I couldn't have believed it. Oh, sir, this shock—this frightful shock!"

"Courage, madam! Console yourself. Let us hope he didn't believe this any more than the other," said Mr. Dingwell.

Mrs. Mervyn leaned her cheek on her thin clasped hands, and was rocking herself to and fro in her misery.

"I was with him, you know, in his last moments," said Mr. Dingwell, shrugging sympathetically, and crossing his leg. "It's always interesting, those last moments—eh!—and exquisitely affecting, even—*particularly* if it isn't very clear *where* the fellow's going."

A tremulous moan escaped the old lady.

"And he called for some wine. That's comforting, and has a flavour of Christianity, eh? A *relapse*, don't you think, very nearly?—at so unconvivial a moment. It must have been *principle*; eh? Let us hope."

The old lady's moans and sighs were her answers.

"And now that I think on it, he must have died a Christian," said Mr. Dingwell, briskly.

The old lady looked up, and listened breathlessly.

"Because, after we thought he was speechless, there was one of those what-d'ye-call-'ems—begging dervish fellows—came into the room, and kept saying one of their long yarns about the prophet Mahomet, and my dying friend made me a sign; so I put my ear to his lips, and he said distinctly, 'He be d—d'—I beg your pardon; but last words are always precious."

Here came a pause.

Mr. Dingwell was quite bewildering this trembling old lady.

"And the day before," resumed Mr. Dingwell, "poor Arthur said, 'They'll bury me here under a turban; but I should like a mural tablet in old Penruthyn church. They'd be ashamed of my name, I think; so they can put on it the date of my decease, and the simple inscription, 'Check-mate.'

But whether he meant to himself or his creditors I'm not able to say."

Mrs. Mervyn groaned.

"It's very interesting. And he had a message for you, ma'am. He called you by a name of endearment. He made me stoop, lest I should miss a word, and he said, 'Tell my little linnet,' said he"—

But here Mr. Dingwell was interrupted. A wild cry, a wild laugh, and—"Oh, Arthur, it's *you*!"

He felt, as he would have said, "oddly" for a moment—a sudden flood of remembrance, of youth. The worn form of that old outcast, who had not felt the touch of human kindness for nearly thirty years, was clasped in the strain of an inextinguishable and angelic love—in the thin arms of one likewise faded and old, and near the long sleep in which the heart is fluttered and pained no more.

There was a pause, a faint laugh, a kind of sigh, and he said—

"So you've found me out."

"Darling, darling! you're not changed?"

"Change!" he answered, in a low tone. "There's a change, little linnet, from summer to winter; where the flowers were the snow is. Draw the curtain, and let us look on one another."

CHAPTER LXVL

THE GREEK MERCHANT SEES LORD VERNY.

OUR friend, Wynne Williams, made a much longer stay than he had expected in London. From him, too, Tom Sedley received about this time a mysterious summons to town, so urgent and so solemn that he felt there was something extraordinary in it; and on consultation with the Etherage girls, those competent advisers settled that he should at once obey it.

Tom wrote to Agnes on the evening of his arrival—

"I have been for an hour with Wynne Williams; you have no notion what a good fellow he is, and what a wonderfully clever fellow. There is something *very* good in prospect for me, but not yet certain, and I am bound not to tell a human being but *you*. I will, of course, the

moment I know it for certain. It may turn out nothing at all; but we are working very hard all the same."

In the meantime, down at Malory, things were taking a course of which the good people of Cardyllian had not a suspicion.

With a little flush over his grim brown face, with a little jaunty swagger, and a slight screwing of his lips, altogether as if he had sipped a little too much brandy and water—though he had nothing of the kind that day—giggling and chuckling over short sentences; with a very determined knitting of his eyebrows, and something in his eyes unusually sinister, which a sense of danger gives to a wicked face, Mr. Dingwell walked down the clumsy stairs of the steward's house, and stood within the hatch.

There he meditated for a few moments, with compressed lips, and a wandering sweep of his eyes along the stone urns and rose bushes that stood in front of the dwarf wall, which is backed by the solemn old trees of Malory.

"In for a penny, in for a pound."

And he muttered a Turkish sentence, I suppose equivalent; and thus fortified by the wisdom of nations, he stepped out upon the broad gravel walk, looked about him for a second or two, as if recalling recollections, in a sardonic mood, and then walked round the corner to the front of the house, and up the steps, and pulled at the door bell; the knocker had been removed in tenderness to Lord Verney's irritable nerves.

Two of his tall footmen in powder and livery were there, conveyed into this exile from Ware; for calls of inquiry were made here, and a glimpse of state was needed to overawe the bumpkins.

"His lordship was better; was sitting in the drawing-room; might possibly see the gentleman; and who should he say, please?"

"Say, Mr. Dingwell, the great Greek merchant, who has a most important communication to make."

His lordship would see Mr. Dingwell. Mr. Dingwell's name was called to a second footman, who opened a door, and announced him.

Lady Wimbledon, who had been sitting at the window, reading aloud to Lord Verney at a little chink of light, abandoned her pamphlet, and rustled out by another door, as the Greek merchant entered.

Dim at best, and very unequal was the light. The gout had touched his lordship's right eyeball, which was still a little inflamed, and the doctor insisted on darkness.

There was something diabolically waggish in Mr. Dingwell's face, if the noble lord could only have seen it distinctly, as he entered the room. He was full of fun; he was enjoying a coming joke, with perhaps a little spice of danger in it, and could hardly repress a giggle.

The Viscount requested Mr. Dingwell to take a chair, and that gentleman waited till the servant had closed the door, and then thanked Lord Verney in a strange nasal tone, quite unlike Mr. Dingwell's usual voice.

"I come here, Lord Verney, with an important communication to make. I could have made it to some of the people about you—and you have able professional people—or to your nephew; but it is a pleasure, Lord Verney, to speak instead to the cleverest man in England."

The noble lord bowed a little affably, although he might have questioned Mr. Dingwell's right to pay him compliments in his own house; but Mr. Dingwell's fiddlestick had touched the right string, and the noble instrument made music accordingly. Mr. Dingwell, in the dark, looked very much amused.

"I can hardly style myself *that*, Mr. Dingwell."

"I speak of *business*, Lord Verney; and I adopt the language of the world in saying the cleverest man in England."

"I'm happy to say my physician allows me to listen to reading, and to talk a little, and there can be no objection to a little business either," said Lord Verney, passing by the compliment this time, but, on the whole, good-humouredly disposed toward Mr. Dingwell.

"I've two or three things to mention, Lord Verney; and the first is money."

Lord Verney coughed drily. He was suddenly recalled to a consciousness of Mr. Dingwell's character.

"Money, my lord. The name makes you cough, as smoke does a man with an asthma. I've found it all my life as hard to keep, as you do to part with. If I had but possessed Lord Verney's instincts and abilities, I should have been at this moment one of the wealthiest men in England."

Mr. Dingwell rose as he said this, and bowed towards Lord Verney.

"I said I should name it first; but as your lordship coughs, we had, perhaps, best discuss it last. Or, indeed, if it makes your lordship cough very much, perhaps we had better postpone it, or leave it entirely to your lordship's discretion—as I wouldn't for the world send this little attack into your chest."

Lord Verney thought Mr. Dingwell less unreasonable, but also more flighty, than he had supposed.

"You are quite at liberty, sir, to treat your subjects in what order you please. I wish you to understand

that I have no objection to hear you ; and—and you may proceed.”

“The next is a question on which I presume we shall find ourselves in perfect accord. I had the honour, as you are very well aware, of an intimate acquaintance with your late brother, the Honorable Arthur Verney, and beyond measure I admired his talents, which were second in brilliancy only to your own. I admired even his *principles*—but I see they make you cough also. They were, it is true, mephitic, sulphurous, such as might well take your breath, or that of any other moral man, quite away ; but they had what I call the Verney stamp upon them ; they were perfectly consistent, and quite harmonious. His, my lord, was the intense and unflinching rascality, if you permit me the phrase, of a man of genius, and I honoured it. Now, my lord, his adventures were curious, as you are aware, and I have them at my fingers’ ends—his crimes, his escape, and, above all, his life in Constantinople—ha, ha, ha ! It would make your hair stand on end. And to think he should have been *your brother* ! Upon my *soul* ! Though, as I said, the genius—the *genius*, Lord Verney—the inspiration was there. In *that* he was your brother.”

“I’m aware, sir, that he had talent, Mr. Dingwell, and could speak—about it. At Oxford he was considered the most promising young man of his time—almost.”

“Yes, except *you* ; but you were two years later.”

“Yes, exactly. I was precisely two years later—about it.”

“Yes, my lord, you were always about it ; so he told me. No matter what it was—a book, or a boot-jack, or a bottle of port, you were always about it. It was a way you had, he said—about it.”

“I wasn’t aware that anyone remarked any such thing—about it,” said Lord Verney, very loftily.

It dawned dimly upon him that Mr. Dingwell, who was a very irregular person, was possibly intoxicated. But Mr. Dingwell was speaking, though in a very nasal, odd voice, yet with a clear and sharp articulation, and in a cool way, not the least like a man in that sort of incapacity. Lord Verney concluded, therefore, that Mr. Dingwell was either a remarkably

impertinent person, or most insupportably deficient in the commonest tact. I think he would have risen, even at the inconvenience of suddenly disturbing his flannelled foot, and intimated that he did not feel quite well enough to continue the conversation, had he not known something of Mr. Dingwell’s dangerous temper, and equally dangerous knowledge and opportunities ; for had they not subsidized Mr. Dingwell, in the most unguarded manner, and on the most monstrous scale, pending the investigation and proof before the Lords ? “It was inevitable,” Mr. Larkin said, “but also a little awkward ; although *they* knew that the man had sworn nothing but truth.” *Very* awkward, Lord Verney thought, and therefore he endured Mr. Dingwell.

But the “great Greek merchant,” as, I suppose half jocularly, he termed himself, not only seemed odious at this moment, by reason of his impertinence, but also formidable to Lord Verney, who having waked from his dream that Dingwell would fly beyond the Golden Horn when once his evidence was given, and the coronet well fixed on the brows of the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney, found himself still haunted by this vampire bat, which threatened to fasten on his breast, and drain him.

The question of money he would leave “to his discretion.” But what did his impertinence mean ? Was it not minatory ? And to what exorbitant sums in a choice of evils might not “discretion” point ?

“This d—d Mr. Dingwell,” thought Lord Verney, “will play the devil with my gout. I wish he was at the bottom of the Bosphorus.”

“Yes. And your brother, Arthur—there were points in which he differed from you. Unless I’m misinformed, he was a first-rate cricketer, the crack bat of their team, and you were *nothing* ; he was one of the best Grecians in the university, and you were plucked.”

“I—I don’t exactly see the drift of your rather inaccurate and extremely offensive observations, Mr. Dingwell,” said Lord Verney, wincing and flushing in the dark.

“Offensive ? Good heaven ! But I’m talking to a Verney, to a man of genius ; and I say, how the devil could I tell that *truth* could offend,

either. With this reflection I forgive *myself*, and I go on to say what will interest you."

Lord Verney, who had recovered his presence of mind, here nodded, to intimate that he was ready to hear him.

"Well there were a few other points, but I need not mention them, in which you differed. You were both alike in this—each was a genius—you were an opaque and obscure genius, he a brilliant one; but each being a genius there must have been a sympathy, notwithstanding his being a publican and you a—not exactly a Pharisee, but a paragon of prudence."

"I really, Mr. Dingwell, must request—you see I'm far from well, about it—that you'll be so good as a little to abridge your remarks, and I don't want to hear—you can easily, I hope, understand—my poor brother talked of in any but such terms as a brother should listen to."

"That arises, Lord Verney, from your not having had the advantage of his society for so very many years. Now, I knew him intimately, and I can undertake to say he did not care twopence what any one on earth thought of him, and it rather amused him painting infernal caricatures of himself, as a fiend or a monkey, and he often made me laugh by the hour—ha, ha, ha! he amused himself with revealed religion, and with everything sacred, sometimes even with *you*—ha, ha, ha!—he *had* certainly a wonderful sense of the ridiculous."

"May I repeat my request, if it does not appear to you *very* unreasonable?" again interrupted Lord Verney; "and may I entreat to know what it is you wish me to understand—about it, in as few words as you can, sir?"

"Certainly, Lord Verney; it is just this. As I have got materials, perfectly authentic, from my deceased friend, both about himself—horribly racy, you may suppose—ha, ha, ha!—about your granduncle Pendel—you've heard of him, of course—about your aunt Deborah, poor thing, who sold mutton pies in Chester. I was thinking—suppose I write a memoir—Arthur alone deserves it; you pay the expenses; I take the profits, and I throw you in the copy-right for a few thousand more, and

if it, 'Snuffed-out lights of the

Peerage,' or something of the kind? I think something is due to Arthur—don't you?"

"I think you can hardly be serious, Mr.—Mr. —"

"Perfectly serious, upon my soul, my lord. Could anything be more curious? Eccentricity's the soul of genius, and you're proud of your genius, I *hope*."

"What strikes me, Mr. Dingwell, amounts, in short, to something like this. My poor brother, he has been unfortunate, about it, and—and *worse*, and he has done things, and I ask myself *why* there should be an effort to obtrude him, and I answer myself, there's no reason, about it, and therefore I vote to have everything as it is, and I shall neither contribute my countenance, about it, nor money to any such undertaking, or—or—undertaking."

"Then my book comes to the ground, egad."

Lord Verney simply raised his head with a little sniff, as if he were smelling at a snuff-box.

"Well, Arthur must have something, you know."

"My brother, the Honorable Arthur Kiffyn Verney, is past receiving anything at my hands, and I don't think he probably looked for anything, about it, at any time from *yours*."

"Well, but it's just the time for what I'm thinking of. You wouldn't give him a tombstone in his lifetime, I suppose, though you are a genius. Now, I happen to know he wished a tombstone. *You'd* like a tombstone, though not now—time enough in a year or two when you're fermenting in your lead case."

"I'm not thinking of tombstones at present, sir, and it appears to me that you are giving yourself a very unusual latitude—about it."

"I don't mean in the mausoleum at Ware. Of course that's a place where people who have led a decorous life putrefy together. I meant at the small church of Penruthyn, where the scamps await judgment."

"I—a—don't see that such a step is properly for the consideration of any persons—about it—outside the members of the Verney family, or more properly, of any but the representatives of that family," said Lord Verney, loftily, "and you'll excuse

my not admitting, or—or, in fact, admitting any right in anyone else."

"He wished it immensely."

"I can't understand why, sir."

"Nor I; but I suppose you all get them—all ticketed—eh? And I'd write the epitaph, only putting in essentials, though, egad! in such a life it would be as long as a newspaper."

"I've already expressed my opinion, and—and things, and I have nothing to add."

"Then the tombstone comes to the ground also?"

"Anything more, sir?"

"But, my lord, he showed an immense consideration for you."

"I don't exactly recollect *how*."

"By *dying* you've got hold of everything, don't you see, and you grudge him a tablet in the little church of Penruthyn, by gad! I told your nephew he wished it, and I tell you he wished it; it's not stinginess, it's your mean pride."

"You seem, Mr. Dingwell, to fancy that there's no limit to the impertinence I'll submit to."

"I'm sure there's none almost—you better not ring the bell—you better think twice—he gave me that message, and he also left me a mallet—quite a toy—but a single knock of it would bring Verney House, or Ware, or this place, about your ears."

The man was speaking in quite another voice now, and in the most awful tones Lord Verney had ever heard in his life, and to his alarmed and sickly eyes it seemed as if the dusky figure of his visiter were dilating in the dark like an evoked Genii.

"I—I think—about it—it's quite unaccountable—all this." Lord Verney was looking at the stranger as he spoke, and groping with his left hand for the old-fashioned bell-rope which used to hang near him in the library in Verney House, forgetting that there was no bell of any sort within his reach at that moment.

"I'm not going to take poor dear Arthur's mallet out of my pocket, for the least tap of it would make all England ring and *roar*, sir. No, I'll make no noise; you and I, sir, *tête-à-tête*. I'll have no go-between; no Larkin, no Levi, no Cleve; you and I'll settle it alone. Your brother was a great Grecian, they used to call him *Odysseus*—Ulysses. Do you remember? I said I was the great Greek

merchant? We have made an exchange together. You must pay. What shall I call myself, for Dingwell isn't my name. I'll take a new one—*Το μὲν πρῶτον Οὐτιν ἑαυτὸν ἐπικαλεῖ—ἐπειδανδὲ διεφύγε, καὶ ἐξω τὴν βέλους, Οδυσσὺν ὀνομαζέσθαι ἔφη*. In English—at first he called himself Outis—*Nobody*; but so soon as he had escaped, and was out of the javelin's reach, he said that he was named Odusseus—*Ulysses*, and here he is. This is the return of Ulysses."

There had been a sudden change in Mr. Dingwell's Yankee intonation. The nasal tones were heard no more. He approached the window, and said with a laugh, pulling the shutter more open—

"Why, Kiffyn, you fool, don't you know me?"

There was a silence.

"My great God! my great God of heaven!" came from the white lips of Lord Verney.

"Yes; God's over all," said Arthur Verney, with a strange confusion, between a sneer and something more genuine.

There was a long pause.

"Ha, ha, ha! don't make a scene! Not such a muff!" said Dingwell.

Lord Verney was staring at him with a face white and peaked, as that of a corpse, and whispering still—"My God! my great God!" so that Dingwell, as I still call him, began to grow uneasy.

"Come; don't you make mountains of molehills. What the devil's all this fuss about? Here, drink a little of this." He poured out some water, and Lord Verney did sip a little, and then gulped down a good deal, and then he looked at Arthur again fixedly, and groaned.

"That's right—never mind. I'll not hurt you. Don't fancy I mean to disturb you. I *can't*, you know, if I wished it *ever* so much. I daren't *show*—I *know* it. Don't suppose I want to *bully* you; the idea's *impracticable*. I looked in merely to tell you, in a friendly way, who I am. You must do something handsome for me, you know. Devil's in it if a fellow can't get a share of his own money, and, as I said before, we'll have no go-betweens, no Jews or attorneys—*d—n* them all—but settle it between ourselves like brothers. Sip a little more water."

"Arthur, Arthur, I say, yes; good God, I feel I shall have a good deal to say; but—my head, and things—I'm a little perplexed still, and I must have a glass of wine, about it, and I can't do it now; no, I can't."

"I don't live far away, you know; and I'll look in to-morrow—we're not in a hurry."

"It was a strange idea, Arthur. Good Lord, have mercy on me."

"Not a bad one; eh?"

"The coronet—about it? I'm placed in a dreadful position, but

you shan't be compromised, Arthur. Tell them I'm not very well, and some wine, I think—a little chill."

"And to-morrow I can look in again, quietly," said the Greek merchant, "or whenever you like, and I shan't disclose our little confidence."

"It's going—everything, everything; I shall see it by-and-by," said Lord Verney, helplessly.

And thus the interview ended, and Mr. Dingwell in the hall gave the proper alarm about Lord Verney.

CHAPTER LXVII.

A BREAK-DOWN.

ABOUT an hour after, a message came down from Malory for the doctor.

"How is his lordship?" asked the doctor eagerly.

"No, it isn't *him*, sure; it is the old *lady* is taken very bad."

"Lady Wimbledon?"

"No, sure. Her ladyship's not there. Old Mrs. Mervyn."

"Oh!" said the doctor, tranquilized. "Old Rebecca Mervyn, is it? And what may be the matter with the poor old lady?"

"Fainting like; one fainting into another, sure; and her breath almost gone. She's very bad—as pale as a sheet."

"Is she talking at all?"

"No, not a word. Sittin' back in her chair, sure."

"Does she know you, or mind what you say to her?"

"Well, *no*. She's a-holdin' that old white-headed man's hand that's been so long bad there, and a-lookin' at him; but I don't think she hears nor sees nothin' myself."

"Apoplexy, or the heart, more likely," ruminated the doctor. "Will you call one of those pony things for me?"

And while the pony-carriage was coming to the door, he got a few phials together and his coat on, being in a hurry; for he was to play a rubber of billiards at the club for five shillings, at seven o'clock.

In an hour's time after the interview with Arthur Verney, Lord Verney had wonderfully collected his wits. His effects in that department, it is true, were not very much, and perhaps the more easily brought to-

gether. He wrote two short letters—marvellously short for him—and sent down to the Verney Arms to request the attendance of Mr. Larkin.

Lord Verney was calm; he was even gentle; spoke, in his dry way, little, and in a low tone. He had the window-shutter opened quite, and the curtains drawn back, and seemed to have forgotten his invalided state, and everything but the revolution which in a moment had overtaken and engulfed him—to which great anguish with a dry resignation he submitted.

Over the chimney was a little oval portrait of his father, the late Lord Verney, taken when they wore the hair long, falling back upon their shoulders. A pretty portrait, refined, handsome, insolent. How dulled it was by time and neglect—how criss-crossed over with little cracks; the evening sun admitted now set it all aglow.

"A very good portrait. How has it been overlooked so long? It must be preserved; it shall go to Verney House. To Verney House? I forgot."

Mr. Jos Larkin, in obedience to this sudden summons, was speedily with Lord Verney. With this call a misgiving came. The attorney smiled blandly, and talked in his meekest and happiest tones; but people who knew his face would have remarked that sinister contraction of the eye to which in moments of danger or treachery he was subject, and which, in spite of his soft tones and childlike smile, betrayed the fear or the fraud of that vigilant and dangerous Christian.

When he entered the room, and saw Lord Verney's face pale and stern, he had no longer a doubt.

Lord Verney requested Mr. Larkin to sit down, and prepare for something that would surprise him.

He then proceeded to tell Mr. Larkin that the supposed Mr. Dingwell was, in fact, his brother, the Hon. Arthur Verney, and that, therefore, he was not Lord Verney, but only as before, the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney.

Mr. Larkin saw that there was an up-hill game and a heavy task before him. It was certain now, and awful. This conceited and foolish old nobleman, and that devil incarnate, his brother, were to be managed, and those Jew people, who might grow impracticable; and doors were to be muffled, and voices lowered, and a stupendous secret kept. Still he did not despair—if people would only be true to themselves.

When Lord Verney came to that part of his brief narrative where, taking some credit dismally to himself for his penetration, he stated that “notwithstanding that the room was dark and his voice disguised, I recognised him; and you may conceive, Mr. Larkin, that when I made the discovery I was a good deal disturbed about it.”

Mr. Larkin threw up his eyes and hands—

“What a world it is, my dear Lord Verney! for so I persist in styling you still, for this will prove virtually no interruption.”

At the close of his sentence the attorney lowered his voice earnestly.

“I don’t follow you, sir, about it,” replies Lord Verney, disconsolately; “for a man who has had an illness, he looks wonderfully well, and in good spirits and things, and as likely to live as I am, about it.”

“My remarks, my lord, were directed rather to what I may term the *animus*—the design—of this, shall I call it, *demonstration*, my lord, on the part of your lordship’s brother.”

“Yes, of course, the *animus*, about it. But it strikes me he’s as likely to outlive me as not.”

“My lord, may I venture, in confidence and with great respect, to submit, that your lordship was hardly judicious in affording him a personal interview?”

“Why, I should hope my personal direction of that conversation, and— and things, has been such as I should wish,” said the peer, very loftily.

“My lord, I have failed to make myself clear. I never questioned the consummate ability with which, no doubt, your lordship’s part in that conversation was sustained. What I meant to convey is, that considering the immense distance socially between you, the habitual and undeviating eminence of your lordship’s position, and the melancholy circle in which it has been your brother’s lot to move, your meeting him face to face for the purpose of a personal discussion of your relations, may lead him to the absurd conclusion that your lordship is, in fact, afraid of him.”

“That, sir, would be a very impertinent conclusion.”

“Quite so, my lord, and render him proportionably impracticable. Now, I’ll undertake to bring him to reason.” The attorney was speaking very low and sternly, with contracted eyes and a darkened face. “He has been married to the lady who lives in the house adjoining, under the name of Mrs. Mervyn, and to my certain knowledge inquiries have been set in motion to ascertain whether there has not been issue of that marriage.”

“You may set your mind perfectly at rest with regard to that marriage, Mr. Larkin; the whole thing was thoroughly sifted—and things—my father undertook it, the late Lord Verney, about it; and so it went on, and was quite examined, and it turned out the poor woman had been miserably deceived by a mock ceremony, and this mock thing was the whole thing, and there’s nothing more; the evidence was very deplorable, and— and quite satisfactory.”

“Oh! that’s a great weight off my mind,” said Larkin, trying to smile, and looking very much disappointed, “a great weight, my lord.”

“I knew it would—yes—yes,” acquiesced Lord Verney.

“And simplifies our dealings with the other side; for if there had been a good marriage, and concealed issue male of that marriage, they would have used that circumstance to *extort money*.”

“Well, I don’t see how they could, though; for if there had been a child, about it—he’d have been heir-apparent, don’t you see? to the title.”

“Oh!—a—yes—*certainly!* that’s very true, my lord; but then there’s *none*, so *that’s* at rest.”

"I've just heard," interposed Lord Verney, "I may observe, that the poor old lady, Mrs. Mervyn, is suddenly and dangerously ill."

"Oh! is she?" said Mr. Larkin very uneasily, for she was, if not his queen, at least a very valuable pawn upon his chess-board.

"Yes; the doctor thinks she's actually dying, poor old soul!"

"What a world! What is life? What is man?" murmured the attorney with a devout feeling of the profoundest vexation. "It was for this most melancholy character," he continued; "you'll pardon me, my lord, for so designating a relative of your lordship's. The Honorable Arthur Verney, who has so *fraudulently*, I will say, presented himself again as a living claimant—your lordship is aware, of course—I shall be going up to town possibly by the mail train to-night—that the law, if it were permitted to act, would remove that obstacle under the old sentence of the Court."

"Good God! sir; you can't possibly mean that I should have my brother caught and executed?" exclaimed Lord Verney, turning quite white.

"Quite the reverse, my lord. I'm—I'm unspeakably shocked that I should have so misconveyed myself," said Larkin, his tall bald head tinged to its top with an ingenuous blush. "Oh, no, my lord, I understand the Verney feeling too well, thank God, to suppose anything, I will say, so *entirely* objectionable. I said, my lord, if it were *permitted*, that is, allowed by simple non-interference—your lordship sees—and it is precisely because non-interference must bring about that catastrophe; for I must not conceal from your lordship the fact that there is a great deal of unpleasant talk in the town of Cardyllian already—that I purpose running up to town to-night. There is a Jew firm, your lordship is aware, who have a very heavy judgment against him, and the persons of that persuasion are so interlaced, as I may say, in matters of business, that I should apprehend a communication to them from Goldshed and Levi, who, by-the-bye, to my certain knowledge—*what* a world it is!—have a person here actually watching Mr. Dingwell, or in other words, the unhappy but Honorable Arthur Verney, in *their*

interest. (This was in effect true, but the name of this person which he did not care to disclose, was Josiah Larkin.) If I were on the spot, I think I know a way effectually to stop all action of that sort."

"You think they'd arrest him, about it?" said Lord Verney.

"Certainly, my lord."

"It is very much to be deprecated," said Lord Verney.

"And, my lord, if you will agree to place the matter quite in my hands, and peremptorily to decline on all future occasions, conceding a personal interview, I'll stake my professional character, I effect a satisfactory compromise."

"I—I don't know—I don't see a compromise—there's nothing that I see, to *settle*," said Lord Verney.

"*Every* thing, my lord. Pardon me—your lordship mentioned that, in point of fact, you are no longer Lord Verney; that being so—technically, of course—measures must be taken—in short, a—a quiet *arrangement* with your lordship's brother, to prevent any disturbance, and I undertake to effect it, my lord; the nature of which will be to prevent the return of the title to abeyance, and of the estates to the management of the trustees, whose claim for mesne *rates* and the liquidation of the mortgage, I need not tell your lordship, would be ruinous to you."

"Why, sir—Mr. Larkin—I can hardly believe, sir—you can't mean, or think it possible, sir, that I should lend myself to a deception, and—and sit in the House of Peers by a *fraud*, sir! I'd much rather *die* in the debtors' prison, about it; and I consider myself dishonoured by having involuntarily heard such an—an idea."

Poor, pompous, foolish Lord Verney stood up, so dignified and stern in the light of his honest horror, that Mr. Larkin, who despised him utterly, quailed before a phenomenon he could not understand.

Nothing confounded our friend Larkin, as a religious man, so much as discovering, after he had a little unmasked, that his client would not follow, and left him, as once or twice had happened, alone with his dead villanous suggestion, to account for it how he could.

"Oh dear!—*surely*, my lord, your lordship did not *imagine*," said Mr.

Larkin, doing his best, "I was—I, in fact—I *supposed* a case. I only went the length of saying that I think—and with *sorrow* I think it—that your lordship's brother has in view an *adjustment* of his claim, and meant to *extract*, I fear, a sum of *money* when he disclosed himself, and conferred with your lordship. I meant merely, of course, that as he thought this I would *let* him think it, and allow him to disclose his plans, with a view, of course, to deal with that information—first, of *course*, with a view to your lordship's *honour*, and next your lordship's safety; but if your lordship did not see your way *clearly* to it"—

"No, I don't see—I think it most objectionable—about it. I know all that concerns me; and I have written to two official persons—one, I may say, the Minister himself—apprizing them of the actual position of the title, and asking some information as to how I should proceed in order to divest myself of it and the estates."

"Just what I should have expected from your lordship's exquisite sense of honour," said Mr. Larkin, with a deferential bow, and a countenance black as thunder. "Might I suggest,

for the safety of your lordship's unhappy brother, that the matter should be kept strictly quiet—just for a day or two, until I shall have made arrangements for his—may I term it—escape?"

"Certainly," said Lord Verney, looking away a little. "Yes—that must, of course, be arranged; and—and this marriage—I shall leave that decision entirely in the hands of the young lady." Lord Verney was a little agitated. "And I think, Mr. Larkin, I have said everything at present. Good evening."

As Mr. Larkin traversed the hall of Malory, scratching the top of his bald head with one finger, in profound and black rumination, I am afraid his thoughts and feelings amounted to a great deal of cursing and swearing.

"Sweet evening," he observed suddenly to the surprised servant who opened the door for him. He was now standing at the threshold, with his hands expanded as if he expected rain, and smiling villainously upward toward the stars.

"Sweet evening," he repeated, and then biting his lip and looking down for a while on the gravel, he descended and walked round the corner to the steward's house.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

MR. LARKIN'S TWO MOVES.

THE hatch of the steward's house stood open, and Mr. Larkin entered. There was a girl's voice crying in the room next the hall, and he opened the door.

The little girl was sobbing with her apron to her eyes, and hearing the noise she lowered it and looked at the door, when the lank form of the bald attorney and his sinister face peering in met her eyes, and arrested her lamentation with a new emotion.

"It's only I—Mr. Larkin," said he. He liked announcing himself wherever he went. "I want to know how Mrs. Mervyn is now."

"Gone dead, sir—about a quarter of an hour ago;" and the child's lamentation recommenced.

"Ha! very sad. The doctor here?"

"He's gone, sir."

"And you're *certain* she's dead?"

"Yes, sure, sir," and she sobbed on.

"Stop that," he said, sternly, "just a moment—thanks. I want to see Mr. Dingwell, the old gentleman who has been staying here—where is he?"

"In the drawing-room, sir, please," said the child, a good deal frightened. And to the drawing-room he mounted.

Light was streaming from a door a little open, and a fragrance also of a peculiar tobacco, which he recognised as that of Mr. Dingwell's obibouque. There was a sound of feet upon the floor of the room above, which Mr. Larkin's ear received as those of persons employed in arranging the dead body.

I would be perhaps wronging Mr. Dingwell, as I still call him, to say that he smoked like a man perfectly indifferent. On the contrary, his countenance looked lowering and furious—so much so that Mr. Larkin removed his hat, a courtesy which he had intended studiously to omit.

"Oh! Mr. Dingwell," said he, "I need not introduce myself."

"No, I prefer your withdrawing yourself and shutting the door," said Dingwell.

"Yes, in a moment, sir. I merely wish to mention that Lord Verney—I mean your brother, sir—has fully apprized me of the conversation with which you thought it prudent to favour him."

"You'd rather have been the medium yourself, I fancy. Something to be made of such a situation? Hey! but you *shan't*."

"I don't know what you mean, sir, by something to be made. If I chose to mention your name and abode in the city, sir, you'd not enjoy the power of insulting others long."

"Pooh, sir! I've got your letter, and my brother's secret. I know my strength. I'm steering the fire-ship that will blow you all up, if I please; and you talk of flinging a squib at me, you blockhead! I tell you, sir, you'll make nothing of me; and now you may as well withdraw. There are two things in this house you don't like, though you'll have enough of them one day; there's death up stairs, sir, and something very like the devil here."

Mr. Larkin thought he saw signs of an approaching access of the Dingwell mania, so he made his most dignified bow, and at the door remarked, "I take my leave, sir, and when next we meet I trust I may find you in a very different state of mind, and one more favourable to business."

He had meditated a less covert sneer and menace, but modified his speech prudently as he uttered it; but there was still quite enough that was sinister in his face, as he closed the door, to strike Mr. Dingwell's suspicion.

"Only I've got that fellow in my pocket, I'd say he was bent on mischief; but he's in my pocket; and suppose he did, no great matter, after all—only dying. I'm not gathering up my strength; no—I shall never be the same man again—and life so insipid—and that poor old doll up stairs. So many things going on under the stars, all ending so!"

Yes—so many things. There was Cleve, chief mourner to-day, chatting now wonderfully gaily, with a troubled heart, and a kind of growing terror to that foolish victim who

no more suspected him than he did the resurrection of his uncle Arthur, smoking his chibouque only a mile away.

There, too, far away, is a pale, beautiful young mother, sitting on the bedside of her sleeping boy, weeping silently, as she looks on his happy face, and—*thinks*.

Mr. Dingwell, arrayed in travelling costume, suddenly appeared before Lord Verney again.

"I'm not going to plague you—only this. I've an idea I shall lose my life if I don't go to London to-night, and I must catch the mail train. Tell your people to put the horses to your brougham, and drop me at Llwynan."

Lord Verney chose to let his brother judge for himself in this matter, being only too glad to get rid of him.

Shrieking through tunnels, thundering through lonely valleys, gliding over wide, misty plains, spread abroad like lakes, the mail train bore Arthur Verney, and also—each unconscious of the other's vicinity—Mr. Jos Larkin, toward London.

Mr. Larkin had planned a check-mate in two moves. He had been brooding over it in his mufflers, sometimes with his eyes shut, sometimes with his eyes open—all night, in the corner of his carriage. When he stepped out in the morning, with his despatch-box in his hand, whom should he meet in the cold gray light upon the platform, full front, but Mr. Dingwell. He was awfully startled.

Dingwell had seen him, too; Larkin had felt, as it were, his quick glance touch him, and he was sure that Dingwell had observed his momentary but significant change of countenance. He, therefore, walked up to him, touched him on the arm, and said, with a smile—

"I thought, sir, I recognised you. I trust you have an attendant? Can I do anything for you? Cold, this morning. Hadn't you better draw your muffler up a little about your face?" There was a significance about this last suggestion which Mr. Dingwell could not mistake, and he complied. "Running down again to Malory in a few days, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Dingwell.

"So shall I, and if quite convenient to you I should wish, sir, to talk

that little matter over much more carefully, and—can I call a cab for you? I should look in upon you to-day only I must be at Brighton, not to return till to-morrow, and very busy then, too.”

They parted. Dingwell did not like it.

“He’s at mischief. I’ve thought of *every* thing, and I can’t see *any* thing that would answer *his* game. I don’t like his face.”

Dingwell felt very oddly. It was all like a dream; an unaccountable horror overcame him. He sent out for a medicine that day, which the apothecary refused to give to Mrs. Rumble. But he wrote an explanatory note alleging that he was liable to fits, and so got back just a little, at which he pooh’d and psha’d, and wrote to some other apothecaries, and got together what he wanted, and told Mrs. Rumble he was better.

He had his dinner as usual in his snugery in Rosemary-court, and sent two letters to the post by Mrs. Rumble. That to Lord Verney contained Larkin’s *one* unguarded letter inviting him to visit England, and with all the caution compatible with being intelligible, but still not enough—suggesting the audacious game which had been so successfully played. A brief and pointed commentary, in Mr. Dingwell’s handwriting, accompanied this.

The other enclosed to Wynne Williams, to whose countenance he had taken a fancy; the certificate of his marriage to Rebecca Mervyn, and a reference to the Rev. Thomas Bartlett, and charged him to make use of it to quiet any unfavourable rumours about that poor lady, who was the only human being he believed who had ever cared much about him.

When Wynne Williams opened this letter he lifted up his hands in wonder.

“A miracle, by heaven!” he exclaimed. “The most providential and marvellous interposition—the *only* thing we wanted!”

“Perhaps I was wrong to break with that villain, Larkin,” brooded Mr. Dingwell. “We must make it up when we meet. I don’t like it. When he saw me this morning his face looked like the hangman’s.”

It was now evening, and having made a very advantageous bargain with the Hebrew gentleman who had

that heavy judgment against the late Hon. Arthur Verney—an outlaw, &c. —Mr. Larkin played his first move, and amid the screams of Mrs. Rumble, old Dingwell was arrested on a warrant against the Hon. Arthur Verney, and went away, protesting it was a false arrest, to the Fleet.

Things now looked very awful, and he wrote to Mr. Larkin at his hotel, begging of him to come and satisfy “some fools” that he was Mr. Dingwell. But Jos Larkin was not at his inn. He had not been there that day, and Dingwell began to think that Jos Larkin had, perhaps, told the truth for once, and was actually at Brighton. Well, one night in the Fleet was not very much; Larkin would appear next morning, and Larkin could, of course, manage the question of identity, and settle everything easily, and they would shake hands, and make it up. Mr. Dingwell wondered why they had not brought him to a sponging-house, but direct to the prison. But as things were done under the advice of Mr. Jos Larkin, in whom I have every confidence, I suppose there was a reason.

Mr. Dingwell was of a nature which danger excites rather than cowa. The sense of adventure was uppermost. The situation by an odd reaction stimulated his spirits, and he grew frolicsome. He felt a recklessness that recalled his youth. He went down to the flagged yard, and made an acquaintance or two, one in slippers and dressing-gown, another in an evening coat buttoned across his breast, and without much show of shirt. “Very amusing and gentlemanlike men,” he thought, “though out at elbows a little;” and not caring for solitude, he invited them to his room, to supper; and they sat up late; and the gentleman in the black evening coat—an actor in difficulties—turned out to be a clever mimic, an inimitable singer of comic songs, and an admirable *raconteur*—“a very much cleverer man than the Prime Minister, egad!” said Mr. Dingwell.

One does see very clever fellows in odd situations. The race is not always to the swift. The moral qualities have something to do with it, and industry everything; and thus very dull fellows are often in very high places. The curse implies a blessing to the man who accepts its

conditioh. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." Labour is the curse and the *qualification*, also; and so the dullard who toils shall beat the genius who idles.

Dingwell enjoyed it vastly, and *lent* the pleasant fellow a pound, and got to his bed at three o'clock in the morning, glad to have cheated so much of the night. But tired as he was by his journey of the night before, he could not sleep till near six o'clock, when he fell into a doze, and from it he was awakened oddly.

It was by Mr. Jos Larkin's "second move." Mr. Larkin has great malice, but greater prudence. No one likes better to give the man who has disappointed him a knock, the condition being that he disturbs no interest of his own by so doing. Where there is a proper consideration, no man is more forgiving. Where interest and revenge point the same way, he hits very hard indeed.

Mr. Larkin had surveyed the position carefully. The judgment of the criminal court was still on record, *nullum tempus occurrit*, &c. It was a case in which a pardon was very unlikely. There was but one way of placing the head of the Honorable Kiffyn Fulke Verney firmly in the vacant coronet, and of establishing him, Jos Larkin, esq., of the Lodge, in the valuable management of the estates and affairs of that wealthy peerage. It was by dropping the extinguisher upon the flame of that solitary lamp, the Hon. Arthur Verney. Of course Jos Larkin's hand must not appear. He himself communicated with no official person. That was managed easily and adroitly.

He wrote, too, from Brighton to Lord Verney at Malory, the day after his interview with that ex-nobleman, expressing "the most serious uneasiness, in consequence of having learned from a London legal acquaintance at Brighton, that a report prevailed in certain quarters of the city, that the person styling himself Mr. Dingwell had proved to be the Hon. Arthur Verney, and that the Verney peerage was, in consequence, once more on the shelf. "I treated this report slightly, in very serious alarm notwithstanding for your brother's safety," wrote Mr. Larkin, "and your lordship will pardon my expressing my regret that you should have mentioned, until the

Hon. Arthur Verney had secured an asylum outside England, the fact of his being still living, which has filled the town unfortunately with conjecture and speculation of a most startling nature. I was shocked to see him this morning on the public platform of the railway, where, very possibly, he was recognised. It is incredible how many years are needed to obliterate recollection by the hand of time. I quietly entreated him to conceal his face a little, a precaution which, I am happy to add, he adopted. I am quite clear that he should leave London as expeditiously and secretly as possible, for some sequestered spot in France, where he can, without danger, await your lordship's decision as to plans for his ultimate safety. May I entreat your lordship's instantaneous attention to this most urgent and alarming subject. I shall be in town to-morrow evening, where my usual address will reach me, and I shall, without a moment's delay, apply myself to carry out whatever your lordship's instructions may direct."

"Yes, he has an idea of my judgment—about it," said Lord Verney when he had read this letter, "and a feeling about the family—very loyal—yes, he's a very loyal person; I shall turn it over, I will—I'll write to him."

Mr. Dingwell, however, had been awakened by two officers with a warrant by which they were ordered to take his body and consign it to a gaoler. Mr. Dingwell read it, and his instinct told him that Jos Larkin was at the bottom of his misfortune, and his heart sunk.

"Very well, gentlemen," said he, briskly, "very good; it is not for me; my name is Dingwell, and my solicitor is Mr. Jos Larkin, and all will be right. I must get my clothes on, if you please."

And he sat up in the bed, and bit his lip, and raised his eyebrows, and shrugged his shoulders drearily.

"Poor Linnet—ay, ay—she was not very wise, but the only one—I've been a great fool—let us try."

There came over his face a look of inexpressible fatigue and something like resignation—and he looked all at once ten years older.

"I'll be with you, I'll be with you, gentlemen," he said very gently.

There was a flask with some noyeau

in it, relics of last night's merry-making, to which these gentlemen took the liberty of helping themselves.

When they looked again at their prisoner he was lying nearly on his face in a profound sleep, his chin on his chest.

"Choice stuff—smell o' nuts in it," said Constable Ruddle, licking his

lips. "Git up, sir; ye can take a nap when you git there."

There was a little phial in the old man's fingers; the smell of kernels was stronger about the pillow. "The old man of the mountains" was in a deep sleep, the deepest of all sleeps—death.

CHAPTER LXIX.

CONCLUSION.

AND now all things with which, in these pages, we are concerned, are come to that point at which they are best settled in a very few words.

The one point required to establish Sedley's claim to the peerage—the validity of the marriage—had been supplied by old Arthur Verney, as we have seen, the night before his death.

The late Lord Verney of unscrupulous memory, Arthur's father, had, it was believed, induced Captain Sedley, in whose charge the infant had been placed, to pretend its death, and send the child in reality to France, where it had been nursed and brought up as his. He was dependent for his means of existence upon his employment as manager of his estates under Lord Verney; and he dared not, it was thought, from some brief expressions in a troubled letter among the papers placed by old Mrs. Mervyn in Wynne Williams's hands, notwithstanding many qualms of conscience, disobey Lord Verney. And he was quieted further by the solemn assurance that the question of the validity of the pretended marriage had been thoroughly sifted, and that it was proved to have been a nullity.

He carefully kept, however, such papers as were in his possession respecting the identity of the child, and added a short statement of his own. If that old Lord Verney had suspected the truth that the marriage was valid, as it afterwards proved, he was the only member of his family who did so. The rest had believed honestly the story that it was fraudulent and illusory. The apparent proof of the child's death had put an end to all interest in further investigating the question, and so the matter rested, until time and events brought all to light.

The dream that made Malory beautiful in my eyes is over. The image of that young fair face—the fair beautiful lady of the chestnut hair and great hazel eyes haunts its dark woods less palpably, and the glowing shadow fades, year by year, away.

In sunny Italy, where her mother was born, those eyes having looked their last on Cleve and on "the boy," and up in clouded hope to heaven—were closed, and the slender bones repose. "I think, Cleve, you'll sometimes remember your poor Margaret. I know you'll always be very kind to the little boy—*our* darling, and if you marry again, Cleve, *she'll* not be a trouble to you, as I have been; and you said, you'll sometimes think of me. You'll forget all my jealousy, and temper, and folly, and you'll say—'Ah, she loved me.'"

And these last words return, though the lips that spoke them come no more; and he is very kind to that handsome boy—frank, generous, and fiery like her, with the great hazel eyes and beautiful tints, and the fine and true affections. At times comes something in the smile, in the tone as he talks, in the laugh that thrills his heart with a strange yearning and agony. Vain remorse! vain the yearnings; for the last words are spoken and heard; not one word *more* while the heavens remain, and mortals people the earth!

Sedley—Lord Verney we should style him—will never be a politician, but he has turned out a thoroughly useful business-like and genial country gentleman. Agnes, now Lady Verney, is, I will not say how happy; I only hope not too happy.

Need I say that the cloud that lowered for a while over the house of Hazelden has quite melted into air, and that the sun never shone brighter

on that sweet landscape. Miss Etherage is a great heiress now, for Sedley, as for sake of clearness I call him still, refused a *dot* with his wife, and that handsome inheritance, will all belong to Charity, who is as emphatic, obstinate, and kind-hearted as ever. The admiral has never gone down the mill-road since his introduction to the Honorable Kiffyn Fulke Verney at the foot of the hill. He rolls in his chair safely along the level up-lands, and amuses himself with occasional inspections of Ware through his telescope; and tells little Agnes, when he sees her, what she was doing on a certain day, and asks who the party with the phaeton and grays, who called on Thursday at two o'clock, were, and similar questions; and likes to hear the news, and they say is growing more curious as years increase. He and Charity have revived their acquaintance with *écarté* and *piquet*, and play for an hour or so very snugly in the winter evenings. Miss Charity is a little cross when she loses, and won't let old Etherage play more than his allotted number of games; and locks up the cards; and is growing wife-like with the admiral; but is quite devoted to him, and will make him live, I think, six years longer than anyone else could.

Sedley wrote a very kind letter to the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney, to set his mind at ease about *mesne rates*, and any other claims whatsoever that might arise against him, in consequence of his temporary tenure of the title and estates, and received from Vichy a very affronted reply, begging him to take whatever course he might be advised, as he distinctly objected to being placed under any kind of personal obligation, and trusted that he would not seek to place such a construction upon a compulsory respect for the equities of the situation, and the decencies enforced by public opinion; and he declared his readiness to make any sacrifice to pay him whatever his strict legal rights entitled him to the moment he had made up his mind to exact them.

The Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney is, of course, quite removed from his sphere of usefulness and distinction—parliamentary life—and spends his time upon the Continent, and is remarkably reserved and impertinent,

and regarded with very general respect and hatred.

Sedley has been very kind, for Cleve's sake, to old Sir Booth Fanshawe, with whom he is the only person on earth who has an influence.

He wrote to the baronet, who was then in Paris, disclosing the secret of Cleve's marriage. The old man burst into one of his frenzies, and wrote forthwith a frantic letter direct to his mortal enemy, the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney, railing at Cleve, railing at *him*, and calling upon him, in a tone of preposterous menace, to punish his nephew! Had he been left to himself, I dare say he would have made Cleve feel his resentment. But thus bullied he said—"Upon my life I'll do no such thing. I'm in the habit of thinking before I take steps, about it—with Booth Fanshawe's permission, I'll act according to my own judgment, and I dare say the girl has got some money, and if it were not good for Cleve in some way that old person would not be so angry." And so it ended for the present.

The new Lord Verney went over expressly to see him, and in the same conversation, in which he arranged some law business in the friendliest way, and entirely to Sir Booth Fanshawe's satisfaction, he discussed the question of Cleve's marriage. At first the baronet was incensed; but when the hurly-burly was done he came to see, with our friend Tom, whose peerage gave his opinion weight on the subject of marriages and family relations, that the alliance was not so bad, on the contrary, that it had some very strong points to recommend it.

The Rev. Isaac Dixie has not got on in the Church, and is somehow no favourite at Ware. The Hon. Miss Caroline Oldys is still unmarried, and very bitter on the Verneys, uncle and nephew; people don't understand why, though the reader may. Perhaps she thinks that the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney ought to have tried again, and was too ready to accept a first refusal. Her hatred of Cleve I need not explain.

With respect to Mr. Larkin, I cite an old Dutch proverb, which says, "Those who swim deep and climb high seldom die in their beds." In

its fair figurative sense it applies satisfactorily to the case of that profound and aspiring gentleman who, as some of my readers are aware, fell at last from a high round of the ladder of his ambition, and was drowned in the sea beneath. No—not drowned; that were too painless, and implies extinction. He fell, rather, upon that black flooring of rock that rims the water, and was smashed, but not killed.

It was, as they will remember, after his introduction to the management of the affairs of the Wylder, Brandon, and Lake families, and on the eve, to all appearance, of the splendid consummation of his subtle and audacious schemes, that in a moment the whole scaffolding of his villainy gave way, and he fell headlong—thenceforth, helpless, sprawling, backbroken, living on from year to year, and eating metaphoric dust, like the great old reptile who is as yet mangled but not killed.

Happy fly the years at Ware. Many fair children have blessed the union of pretty Agnes Etherage and the kindly heir of the Verneys. Cleve does not come himself; he goes little to any gay country houses. A kind of lassitude or melancholy is settling and deepening upon him. To one passage of his life he looks back with a quickly averted glance, and an unchanging horror—the time when he was saved from a great crime, as it were, by the turning of a die. “Those three dreadful

weeks,” he says within himself, “when I was mad!” But his handsome son is constantly at Ware, where he is beloved by its master and mistress like one of their own children. One day Lord Verney ran across to Malory in his yacht, this boy with him. It was an accidental *tête-à-tête*, and he talked to the boy a great deal of his “poor mamma” as they sauntered through the sunny woods of Malory; and he brought him to the refectory, and pointed out to him from the window, the spot where he had seen her, with her trowel in her hand, as the morning sun threw the shadow of the spreading foliage over her, and he described her beauty to him, and he walked down with him to Cardyllian, the yacht was appointed to meet them at the pier, and brought him into the church, to the pew where he was placed, and showed him the seat where she and Anne Sheckleton sat on the Sunday when he saw her first, and looked for a while silently into that void shadow, for it is pleasant and yet sad to call up sometimes those old scenes and images that have made us feel, when we were younger, and somehow good Lady Verney did not care to hear her husband upon this theme.

So for the present the story of the Verneys of Malory is told. Years hence, when we shall not be here to read it, the same scenes and family may have a new story to tell; for time with his shuttle and the threads of fate, is ever weaving new romance.

SONG.

Rich notes from a contralto voice,
Loving, laughing eyes,
Some one list'ning to those notes—
Sunlight in the skies.

Sad notes from a contralto voice,
Tear drops in the eyes,
None to listen to those notes—
Twilight in those skies.

No sound from that contralto voice,
Closed for aye those eyes,
Some one pining for those notes—
Darkness in the skies.

Glad notes from a contralto voice,
Glory in those eyes,
Some one dreaming hears those notes—
Dawn is in the skies.

“MOINEAU.”

INDIAN BIOGRAPHY.

THE opinion that the days of Indian heroism passed away with the old Company is natural in the race of Indian officers spending an honourable evening of life at home after long and severe service in the East. The "former times were better than these" is the sentiment of their years and condition. Others, however, being free from special traditions and influences, will hold that even if in some respects the change from the Company to the Crown has been no improvement, the material of British heroes, whether in the military or civil service, is as good as it ever was, and that events rather than any system produced the great men of Indian story. Should for the next generation English rule in Hindustan create no grand occasions, the highest possible attainment for the nation's servants will be the topmost pinnacle of a successful officialism, but it will not follow that the same men would not prove the equals of their predecessors did the exigency require similar effort and sacrifice. But thus much may, without hesitation, be said, that no future episodes of Indian government can produce, as none that are conceivable will demand, larger powers or a nobler patriotism than were the characteristics of the men who, during the thirty years ending with the suppression of the Mutiny, governed the Indian provinces of Great Britain. The biography of those illustrious soldiers and administrators is a national boast, and that it should be truthfully and attractively written is of the highest moment. The records themselves often possess more than the charm of romance, and will fire the mind and guide the judgment of youth, and tend to prolong the line of distinguished officers who, more than any other servants of the Crown, owed their position to their merits. India is a wider field than forty or fifty years ago. The direc-

tion of the roads to eminence is changed since the definitive abandonment of the policy of territorial extension, but it is impossible that in the government of so difficult a dependency the places of highest responsibility should not fall to the ablest men to an extent hardly less great than in more stirring times. Political and personal considerations will always have their influence; nevertheless, an Indian career is still a noble one, and because it is so, the Lives of its Worthies are the proper study of a large proportion of our ambitious youth. The task of inditing these, in a form separate from the general history of the country—in that of convenient illustrative biography—has been wisely and lovingly discharged by Mr. Kaye. The two volumes now published by him are a valuable and most interesting contribution to the literature of British India, and largely add to the obligations under which all "Indians" have been laid by his *Histories*.

These sketches are not very elaborate or very critical Biographies. They are short, diversified, and popular, without being slight or deficient. The peculiar fitness in Mr. Kaye to perform the duty arose not only from his actual Indian knowledge, but from the circumstance that the private letters and papers of several of the heroes passed away were intrusted to him. And from these he makes such pleasing and judicious selections, that those most familiar with Indian history will read his pages with even higher pleasure than those less so. The same clear and masculine style which marked his Sepoy War increases the attractions of the work. And here it may be remarked that the publisher, Mr. Strahan, in conceiving the idea of a series of Lives of Indian Officers in his magazine, *Good Words*, where first these sketches appeared in a less complete form, rightly judged that in

"Lives of Indian Officers, illustrative of the History of the Civil and Military Services of India." By John William Kaye. 2 vols. London: A. Strahan and Co., and Bell and Daldy. 1867.

all parts of the kingdom such a feature in his popular pages would be welcome.

Mr. Kaye selects his portraits without respect to nationality. His book represents the genius and valour of the empire in India. It is not a gallery of successful Scotchmen, or Englishmen, or Irishmen, but an impartial selection from the gallery of Anglo-Oriental heroes, whose lives and example are the common property. Some of the biographies have not been written before, and to those previously done, Mr. Kaye has communicated a good deal of freshness. It is due to him to let him explain that the memoirs in his second volume are altogether written from original materials. The extremely interesting life of the precocious, energetic, outspoken Montrosian, Sir Alexander Burnes, who must have attained the highest Indian position had he not been murdered by the natives at thirty-six, has been compiled by Mr. Kaye from journals and correspondence given to the author by Dr. James Burnes. These journals are very copious and curious. It was the habit of Burnes from his earliest days to keep a diary, the records in which were not the false register of feelings and opinions often made with a view to future publicity and effect, but the sentiments of a man who concealed nothing either from himself or from others—who stated his mental experiences with as little reserve in his closet manuscripts, as he did his political convictions and personal likings and dislikings in letters to brother officers, or when occasion appeared to require, in public documents. The character of that noble young Irishman, also cut off ere his prime, Eldred Pottinger, is also presented in a truer light, from private materials; and the sketch of Arthur Conolly, who perished at Bokhara with Colonel Stoddart in 1842, is one of the most tragic pieces of Indian story. The memoirs of Neill and Nicholson are particularly full.

"I have," says the author, "drawn my examples from the three great national divisions of the British empire. Cornwallis, Metcalfe, Martyn, and Todd, were Englishmen pure and simple. Malcolm, Elphinstone, Burnes, and Neill, were Scotch-

men. Pottinger and Nicholson were Irishmen. Ireland claims also Henry Lawrence as her own; and Arthur Conolly had Irish blood in his veins." Mr. Kaye desired to draw his examples, likewise, from the three presidential divisions of India. "Metcalfe, Martyn, Conolly, Todd, Lawrence, and Nicholson, were Bengal officers, and served chiefly in that presidency; Malcolm and Neill came from the Madras presidency; Burnes and Pottinger belonged to Bombay; whilst Elphinstone, though nominally attached to the Bengal Civil Service, spent the greater part of his official life in Western India." The lives are published in chronological order, and form, as the writer contemplated, a Biographical History of India from Cornwallis to Canning. Having read it, no reader will refuse to go with him when he observes that, whatever its defects, the Patronage system of the East India Company opened the gates of India to a hardy, robust race of men, who "looked forward to a long and honourable career, and looked back only to think of the joy with which their success would be traced by loving friends in their old homesteads." "The system could not have been very bad which produced a succession of such public servants as those who are associated with the history of the growth of our great Indian empire, and as many others who in a less degree have contributed to the sum of that greatness."

Lord Cornwallis was the first to set his face determinedly against place-jobbery in India. The Directors slowly conformed to his views, but ultimately he had his way. He abolished sinecures, all posts in which men had an opportunity of making rapid fortunes by questionable means, agencies, contracts, and all frauds and abuses his hand could reach. The result was a novelty in India, and the commencement of many subsequent reforms—the expenses fell short of the estimates. To deal with jobbery in India, however, was of small avail so long as "from all the high places at home—from the King's court, from the council chamber of the King's ministers, from the houses of parliament, from the lobbies of the India House—solicitations on behalf of all sorts of people kept streaming into Cal-

cutta. Men and women of rank and influence in London had been so long accustomed to get rid of troublesome petitioners for place and patronage by sending them out to India with a letter of recommendation in their pockets, that the evil habit was not to be readily abandoned." It was the creditable characteristic of Cornwallis's administration, that despite these intrusions he held to his virtuous purpose, and refused to perpetrate the enormities expected from him even by the Company itself. His customary answer to importunate requests that he would provide for *protégés*, was a threat of resignation of his post of Governor-General. During his two Indian administrations he cleared away a vast amount of abuses which had impeded good government, and not only laid the basis of future more honourable administration, but by raising the morality of Englishmen in India, through the force of example as much as of will, imparted to Indian administration a vital principle. Lord Cornwallis also, if without genius of the highest order, guided by strict conscientiousness, and laboriously striving to master every subject for himself, saw the danger of an extension of English responsibilities in India, and was more concerned to govern well than to carry on intrigues against independent princes with a view to conquest or influence. Mr. Kaye's estimate of his aims and powers is appreciative and discriminating, and the chapter which contains it is certainly not the least valuable in his volumes.

The lives of Malcolm and Mountstuart Elphinstone—of the latter particularly—show with what statesmanlike caution and care our Indian Empire was built up; with what patience difficult problems were approached; how scrupulously interference with the superstitions of the natives was avoided. Elphinstone was the creator of the State system of Education in India, which was laid on foundations deep and broad. He devoted his energies likewise to the effecting of legislative and judicial reforms, and proved remarkably that a man of the nicest literary taste and the most refined reading, may be a statesman of practical mind, capable of applying himself to the hardest

problems of government. How interesting is the portrait the subjoined passages afford of the great governor of Bombay, whose eight years' rule was one of beneficence, strict morality, and solid reforms.

"His habits, whether in the Presidency or in the Mofussil, were the same. He rose at daybreak, and mounting one of a large stud he always had, rode for an hour and a half, principally at a hand gallop. He had a public breakfast every morning, and never left the room as long as one man desirous of speaking to him remained, but after that he was invisible to all but his suite. After luncheon he took a short siesta, and in the afternoon read Greek or Latin. . . . After an eight o'clock dinner, at ten he rose from the table, and, reading for half an hour in his own room, went to bed. Although surrounded by young men he never suffered the slightest indecorum, and if any one after dinner indulged in a *double entendre*, he would not say anything, but, pushing back his chair, broke up the party. We always had in the camp a Shikaree, whose business it was to inquire for hog, and whenever he brought in intelligence of game, Mr. Elphinstone would proclaim a holiday, and go hunting for one or perhaps two days, and he was fond of a chase at any time. In the midst of many striking excellences, that which placed him far above all the great men I have heard of was his forgetfulness of self and thoughtfulness for others." [This is the testimony of Mr. Warden, one of Elphinstone's secretaries.]

Another peep into his life is afforded by a record in his journal under date 1811 :—

"August 14. I spent a long time in reading new *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, and have since read, with greater admiration than ever, Bacon's *Essays*. I have also been reading the '*Hecuba*' of Euripides. It is, as far as I have read, a noble production, rising at every step in dignity and interest. I have scarcely ever seen a finer turn than that when, after *Hecuba* has exhausted her eloquence in begging for Polyxena's life without success, and she tells her daughter to make a last effort herself to seize Ulysses' hand, and supplicate his mercy, Ulysses turns away, and hides his hand in his garment, but Polyxena, in a speech full of the sublimest sentiments, tells him not to be afraid, for she is not going to ask for a life which she disdains."

And so on, through a long and interesting criticism showing much thought and appreciation. The journal resumes,—

"June 15, 1814.—I have read a volume of the 'Concilio Tridentino,' and am pleased with the impartiality and sagacity of my author, as well as with the plainness of his style. June 28th. I go on idly, or at least like a man of perfect leisure. There is little business at this moment, and my book is gone. I walk about three hours every day, and to-day six hours planning or superintending improvements. I read Greek two hours or more with Jeffreys, and the 'Concilio Tridentino' at all spare times. I find the doctrinal discussions tedious and useless, and now either skip them or run over them slightly. Besides the penetration which enables Father Paul to unveil all the intrigues to which the Council gave rise, the impartiality which allows him to state them without diminution or aggravation, I am particularly pleased with the shrewd and sarcastic turn of many of his general observations on human nature, and on the modifications of the human character. August 8th. I have left off Father Paul. I never intended to read all the discussions about points of faith, and these seem to compose the whole of the fifth and sixth volumes. All connexion between the Council and the politics of Europe is over before the end of the fourth volume; and the Fra now declares his intention of giving a diary of the debates of the Council. I do not know what I shall read next. I am reading the third volume of Madame de Staël *ad interim*, and the Greek with Jeffreys goes on to my great improvement. My former studies begin to tell."

Elphinstone is the literary ornament of the story of Anglo-Indian rulers. His book which he refers to was "an account of the kingdom of Caubul and its dependencies in Persia, Tartary, and India," and was published in 1815, by Longmans—a magnificent quarto, with an elaborate map and coloured engravings. It proved a complete success, and is still read with interest in the more convenient shape of two octavo volumes. This highly gifted man's life is, on the whole, the most interesting portion of Mr. Kaye's work. To those elegant accomplishments, and qualities of a more aimable kind, he united clearness of view and courage, and declared the same views as all the more profound and farseeing statesmen of India on that "earth-hunger" which, as has been seen, began so far back as the times of Lord Cornwallis, and eventually contributed to produce the awful catastrophe of the Mutiny. "The long line of annexations," says

Mr. Kaye, "beginning with that of the old Mahrattah principality of Sattarah, was viewed by him with sentiments of regret, not unmingled with alarm. 'I do not remember (writes Sir Edward Colebrooke) ever to have seen Mr. Elphinstone so shocked as he was at this proceeding.' The treatment of the Sattarah sovereignty as a jagheer, over which he had claims of feudal superiority, he regarded as a monstrous one; but any opinion of the injustice done to this family was subordinate to the alarm which he felt at the dangerous principles which were advanced, affecting every sovereign state in India, and put forward both in India and at home." Elphinstone designed a complete History of India, for which he was qualified more fully perhaps than any governor she has had. This effort was suggested to him by Sir John Malcolm, and he set about it in earnest in 1834. He had been collecting materials for it for years previous, and came to the task with all his resources at command. The five years following were spent upon the Hindoo and Mahomedan periods, and in 1841 this instalment of the work was published, and had a large success. It was regretted that he did not continue his labours; but his own account of his reason for abandoning what seemed his original intention was stated to a friend. When he approached the British period, it did not appear to him that his materials were sufficient. He had no exclusive information. The task, besides, was less captivating to a mind like his than the more romantic purely Oriental preface.

Mr. Kaye does well in giving a prominent place to the portrait of the apostolic Henry Martyn. To the religious world he is known only as a missionary, one with all the zeal of Xavier, who, had he not died ere his prime, would have attempted greater things. But the Rev. Henry Martyn was a chaplain and servant of the Company of Merchants, and went out to fill the narrower function of preacher to the Europeans at Dinapore. Martyn, however, never could have remained at such a post, decided as the necessity for a man so earnest and single-minded was in those times among the English residents and officials. Previously, the chaplains

had attended to their spiritual duties as the merest matter of course, and employed every opportunity to enrich themselves, so as to return early in life to Europe with a fortune realized. One (says Mr. Kaye) after a service of little more than twenty years, carried home a fortune of £50,000; another, after thirteen years' service, took with him from Calcutta, £35,000; and another, at the end of ten years, had amassed £25,000. "At a later period they were less successful in money-making, but scarcely more profitable as members of the faith and ministers of the Gospel." Martyn's example and pulpit addresses were not welcome among men who had too often neither religion nor learning. But useful as the labours of the gifted and enthusiastic pupil and friend of Simeon would have been in this more limited sphere, his soul was consumed by a larger passion. He had been fired to deeds of Christian heroism by the life of David Brainerd—first and best of missionary works—and his physical decay alone prevented him from being literally the Apostle of India. He began his life there with this great advantage, that it was quite impossible to doubt his entire sincerity. He had abandoned the certainty of the highest successes at home for the rough duties and privations of a messenger of the faith among the least known of the heathen races. Such a man was not to be scoffed at, and soon established a great influence over all conditions of Englishmen in India. His character was a curious combination. He possessed undoubted courage as well as powers of self-denial, as his journey to Persia showed; yet his correspondence with Miss Lydia Grenfell—surely the most extraordinary love-passage on record—showed a morbid timidity and indecision least to be expected from such a man. His "beloved Lydia" occupied all his heart, and still he could write to her asking her to join him in India as his wife, thus:—

"From the account which Mr. Simeon received of you from Mr. Thomason, he seemed in his letter to me to regret that he had so strongly dissuaded me from thinking about you at the time of my leaving England. Colonel Sandys spoke in such terms of you, and of the advantages to result from your presence in this country, that Mr. B.

became very earnest for me to endeavour to prevail upon you. Your letter to me perfectly delighted him, and induced him to say that you would be the greatest aid to the mission I could possibly meet with. I knew my own heart too well not to be distrustful of it, especially as my affections were again awakened, and accordingly all my labours and prayers have been directed to check their influence, that I might see clearly the path of duty. Though I dare not say that I am under no bias, yet from every view of the subject I have been able to take, after balancing the advantages and disadvantages that may ensue to the cause in which I am engaged, always in prayer for God's direction, my reason is fully convinced of the expediency, I had almost said the necessity, of having you with me. It is possible that my reason may still be obscured by passion; let it suffice, however, to say that now, with a safe conscience and the enjoyment of the Divine presence, I calmly and deliberately make the proposal to you."

Miss Grenfell, just as calmly deliberating upon her prospects declined to go to India, though holding herself pledged to the lover who thus "halted between two opinions." It is at this stage of his short career that Martyn speaks of misanthropic disgust with the world, and turns round to apply himself more earnestly to his translation of the Scriptures. It was after he had become convinced of the deep-rooted existence of the family disease in his frame—an affection of the lungs—that he prepared for the journey to Persia which has given his life its romance. In ordinary missionary records the facts of this expedition are sometimes distorted and coloured, and we read the account given by Mr. Kaye with interest. Martyn died at thirty-two, at Tokat, whether by the plague, or the disease which had been slowly and surely bringing him down to the grave, is uncertain. If this memoir rather fails to sustain the estimate previously formed of the greatness of his character, no language could over-depict his holy enthusiasm and continuous self-sacrifice.

But the sketch which will attract most attention in these volumes is that of Sir Henry Lawrence. Mr. Kaye does not fall into the error of excessive admiration, for which, in this case, if in any, there would be extenuation. The great man who rose

by sheer industry and ability from the position of a Lieutenant of Bengal Artillery to the highest place, and wielded eventually an influence no predecessor had possessed, is faithfully dealt with in these pages. It is curious to mark that in his earlier Indian days Henry Lawrence disciplined his mind by original composition. When summoned to the north-western frontier, at the moment when his ascent began, he was employed writing articles for the *Calcutta Review*, and closely studying Indian history and polity, as if with a presentiment of future eminence. From being chief of the Council of Regency he rose almost at once to a fitness for the responsibility involved in the pacification and government of the Punjab. His masterly rule of that province is the greatest triumph of our Indian statesmanship. And the same man who discharged successfully this huge task, with immense expenditure of labour and thought, was also a Howard for philanthropy, exerting himself to alleviate the miseries of the wretched prisoners in jails, and designing plans to relieve the children of the European soldiery from the polluting influence of barracks, and provide them with instruction and healthful residence. The story of Lawrence's later life is in every memory. It is here told simply and pathetically, and only so much of the occurrences of the Mutiny brought into it as serves to illustrate the record. Of Lawrence's character here are the estimates of the author, now written, and of Lord Stanley at a meeting held in London to do honour to his memory:—"In no one (says Mr. Kaye) who has lived and died to maintain in good repute our great Anglo-Indian Empire shall we find so lustrous a combination of ennobling and endearing qualities. . . . Those who knew him and knew him well, and had been on habits of intimacy with him, were ever as proud of his friendship as Fulke Greville was of the friendship of Mr. Philip Sydney. He had some points of resemblance to Sydney, but there were also characteristic divergences; and if we could conceive a fusion of a Sydney and a Cromwell, we might arrive nearly at a just conception of the

character of Henry Lawrence. He was very chivalrous and tender; he was courteous, but he was not courtly; he had profound religious convictions, and in the hour of difficulty and danger he communed with his God, and felt that, whether the issue were life or death, it was all for the best. But the ruggedness of Henry Lawrence was all on the outer side; he was personally one of the most gentle, loving, and compassionate of men; and, in his relations with the great world around him, he was essentially charitable and forbearing. There was no iconoclasm in his nature. He grieved over the errors which were ever patent before him; but he had a great pity for those who professed them, and it was his desire rather to persuade than to break."

Another description of portrait, but equally striking, is Lord Stanley's. "Sir Henry Lawrence," said he, "rose to eminence step by step, not by favour of any man, certainly not by subserviency either to ruling authorities or to popular ideas, but simply by the operation of that natural law which in troubled times brings the strongest mind, be it where it may, to the post of highest command. I knew Sir Henry Lawrence six years ago. Travelling in the Punjab, I passed a month in his camp, and it then seemed to me, as it does now, that his personal character was far above his career, eminent as that career has been. If he had died a private and undistinguished person, the impress of his mind would still have been left on all those who came personally into contact with him. I thought him, as far as I could judge, sagacious and far-seeing in matters of policy; and I had daily opportunity of witnessing, even under all the disadvantages of a long and rapid journey, his constant assiduity in the dispatch of business. But it was not the intellectual qualities of the man which made upon me the deepest impression. There was in him a rare union of determined purpose, of moral as well as physical courage, with a singular frankness and courtesy of demeanour which was something more than we call courtesy; for it belonged not to manners, but to mind—a courtesy shown equally to Europeans and natives. Once know him, and you

could not imagine him giving utterance to any sentiment which was harsh, or petty, or self-seeking."

It must be evident, even from these brief allusions to Mr. Kaye's Biogra-

phies, that no "Indian's" library ought to be without them, and that they constitute a most valuable and pleasing contribution to the history of the Empire.

MY DREAM.

A SLENDER form, a girlish face,
Blue eyes, and golden hair;
Sweet lips, dear lips! and sunny smiles,
A vision angel fair!
Oh, gentle eyes! oh, cruel eyes!
Why will you haunt me so?
Filled with the old sweet tenderness;
The love of long ago.

A merry laugh, a pleasant voice,
Sweet chimes, like silver bells;
Old music unforgotten still,
Around me rings and swells.
Oh, wooing voice! oh, cruel voice!
Why will you haunt me so?
Speaking the old sweet tenderness,
The love of long ago.

An angel form, a blessed face,
A picture, fading never!
The anguish of a vanished hope,
That clings to me for ever.
Oh, blessed dream! oh, cruel dream!
Why will you haunt me so?
Sad with the old sweet tenderness,
The love of long ago.

MOONLIGHT AND DARKNESS.

LIGHTS upon the water dancing,
Eyes, beneath the moonlight glancing
Words spoken low;
Filled my heart with tender fancying
Long, long ago.

Clouds above a dark sea bending,
Sighs with sad sea breezes blending
Words wild with woe,
All my heart with fears were rending
Long, long ago.

Years that brought with them estranging
Hopes, and fancies all deranging,
Hearts altered so;
Love, like life, for ever changing
Since, long ago,

THE HOUSEHOLD STORIES OF POLAND.

IN the collection of Slavonian and Hungarian household stories which appeared in the number of this Magazine for August last, two of the Polish tales were included. We have found the Hungarian tales, as we expected, to consist of daring adventures in which the noble steed is frequently the adviser as well as the humble and devoted servant of his master. All Polish popular stories might naturally be expected to dwell on noble actions and knightly exploits, but such is not the case. We know that in reality there were but two classes in the country, nobles and serfs, and the narratives with which we have become acquainted through the German versions, are evidently the favourites of the latter. While insisting on the universality of the greater part of the household fictions of Europe, we find a considerable modification in those told by people whose characters are strongly marked. While a great portion of the fictions of the Celts and the Norsemen are easily traced to a common source, there are many legends peculiar to one and the other people, and not to be traced outside the society where they were invented, or at least strongly modified from some early form. The graceful, gracious, and capricious fairy is found only among the Celtic races and their southern relatives, the industrious dwarfs and stupidly wicked trolls patronise our northern neighbours. We hope that those brutal beings, who when taken off by sudden deaths return to torment and disgust those who were their mortal loves while on earth, are peculiar to Iceland.

The Polish serf, seeing himself much at the mercy of his noble master, and with scarcely a will of his own, let this helpless usage appear in his household tales. The great of the land are replaced by witch or wizard; the ordinary personages of the tales are left pretty much at their mercy, and it is only by bringing on the scene a more powerful necromancer that the good characters can be protected, and the evil ones punished. So witchcraft, and sorcery, and

diablerie abound, but are, when needful, kept in check by saintly influence. In these, as well as the stories of their unfriendly relatives the Russians, the story-teller's devotional feelings frequently manifest themselves in a way far from being approved by Dr. Cumming or Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. But the reader will gather more from the perusal of the tales themselves than from the most learned dissertation that could be written on their spirit and form.

THE WIND-RIDER.

"A sorcerer was once violently enraged against a young servant-man. Full of anger he went to his house, stuck a sharp knife into the threshold, and uttered this spell: 'Seven years shall this clown ride on the rough fleet wind, and be blown through the world.'

"As the young fellow was turning over the hay-rows in his meadow, a violent blast of wind blew them about, and raised himself in the air. He grasped at the hedges, and then at the trees, but could not stop himself, and the wind blew him on and on.

"On the wings of the storm he flew like a wild pigeon, and his feet no more touched the earth. The sun went down, and he saw the gray curling smoke rise from the chimneys of his native village, and he felt the sharp pangs of hunger. He kicked out his feet, he cried, and he wept. All in vain! no one heard his cries, no one saw his tears.

"And so he rode the wind three moons, tormented with hunger and thirst, till he came to resemble a withered apple. At last the gale drove him toward the village where he was born.

"With tears in his eyes he looked down on the house where his master and his sweetheart lived. He saw her coming out with some loaves in a basket. In vain he stretched his withered hands towards her, in vain he cried out her name. His weak

voice hardly passed his lips, and she never cast a look upwards.

"He flew on. The sorcerer stood at his door, looked at him, and cried out in a mocking tone, 'seven years shall you continue to ride the wind over this village, to suffer all torments, but not die.'

"Oh father, if I once offended you forgive me. See, my lips are hard; my face, my hands are nothing but dry bones; take pity on my sufferings."

"The sorcerer muttered something, and the young man saw him fly towards him, and rest in one spot in the air near him.

"It is well that you regret what you did to me. What will you give me if I release you from your punishment?"

"Anything you ask," said the young man, folding his hands, and kneeling in the cloud.

"Resign your true love to me to be my wife, and you shall again touch the earth,"

"The youth hesitated, but he thought to himself, 'Let me first regain the earth, and I shall find means to disappoint him.'

"So he answered the sorcerer; 'You ask a great thing from me, but I cannot help myself: be it so!'

"The sorcerer muttered a charm, and the young man came to the ground. Oh it was great joy when he felt the firm land under him, and found himself out of the fierce blast of the storm.

"As fast as he could he made his way to the farmer's, and met his true love on the threshold. She cried out for joy when she saw him after lamenting him so long. He put her back with his withered hands, and stepped into the room where the farmer was sitting on his chair—his master whom he had served so long, and striving to stop his tears, he thus spoke to him—

"I can no longer serve you, and your daughter I may not marry. I shall love her for ever, and she is as dear to me as my eyes, but she cannot be mine."

"The old man was astonished. He looked at his bleached and thin face, and saw on it the marks of suffering, and he asked him why he refused his daughter's hand.

"So the poor fellow told about his riding on the wind and the promise made to the sorcerer. When all was said, the farmer bade him be of good cheer, and taking a bag full of money in hand he set off to visit a wise-man.

"He came back by evening, and he spoke cheerfully to the boy. 'Tomorrow morning, as soon as it is light, go to the wise-man, and he will tell you what to do; all will turn out well.'

"The wearied boy slept on a bed that night the first time for three months. However he was off at break of day to the house of the wise-man.

"He found him busily engaged at his hearth throwing herbs into the fire, and he was directed to remain quiet in a corner. It was a hot morning, and suddenly such a storm arose as made the house shake.

"The wise-man then took the boy out into the yard, and bade him look up. He did so, and what did he see but the wicked sorcerer with nothing but a shirt on him, flying round in a circle.

"There is your enemy," said he. 'He can do you no more harm. If you wish him to be a looker on at your wedding, do what I am about to tell you.'

"The boy joyfully returned home, and a month after he was holding his marriage feast. When the guests were all dancing, he went out into the yard, and looking up he saw the sorcerer flying round in a circle. He had a sharp-pointed knife in his hand; and after taking good aim, he darted it up into the foot of the villain, who then fell, and was obliged to stand all night outside the window of the room in which they were dancing.

"He was not there in the morning, but some neighbours said they saw him flying over the sea with a flock of crows and ravens before, and behind, and at each side of him, proclaiming with their croakings the endless flight of their wicked master."

The underground adventures in the following tale resemble in some respects those in the *Three Crowns* of the *Leinster Folk Lore* in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,

but those who remember this latter version will discover in it a finer spirit, a greater exercise of fancy, and a more picturesque succession of adventures, and more human interest than in the Sarmatian legend, which is distinguished, as most of the Polish stories are, by the exercise of witchcraft and sorcery.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

"A witch in the shape of a large hawk was always breaking the panes in the windows of a village church. In the same village lived three brothers who resolved to kill the mischievous bird. In vain did the two elder brothers keep watch with their guns. Just before the bird flew through, sleep closed their eyes, and they never woke till the window glass in God's house was clattering on the ground.

"The youngest took his stand, and in order to guard against sleep, he stuck thorns under his chin, so that if he began to nod, they might prick him, and keep him awake.

"The moon rose, and all was as bright as day. On a sudden he heard a great fluttering. The witch spied him, and threw the sleep-charm over him.

"His eyelids closed, but as his head fell on his shoulders the thorns drew blood, and he awoke. He espied the hawk flying round the church, took aim, fired, and the bird fell under a large stone. Its right wing was broken. The boy ran over, and saw that under this stone there was a large cavity. He called his brothers, and they provided a long rope and lighted pine wood. They descended, but at first saw nothing round them but damp and dark sides. When they came to the floor, the two elder brothers staid there, but the youngest went down another shaft and came to an open space where trees grew, flowers bloomed, and a delightful light shone round.

"In the middle of this underground garden stood a strong castle, and its iron door was wide open. The youth entered, and found everything made of bright copper. A beautiful young woman was sitting, and combing her golden locks, and as a single hair fell

on the floor, it clanged as if it was made of metal. Her skin was smooth and white, her eyes sparkling, and her hair like gold. The youth went on his knee to her, and asked her to be his wife.

"She received his offer with pleasure, but told him she could never go up to upper air till her mother was dead, and she could be killed only by a great sword which hung in the castle, and which could not be drawn from its sheath or lifted by the strongest man.

"He went into the next room, and there was sitting the sister of his bride. Everything around was silver; the lady was combing her locks, and every hair that fell on the floor sounded like a string of catgut. She showed him the sword, but it was so heavy he could not raise it. Then came in the third sister, and she brought drops with her which make men strong. After the first drop he tried but could not raise it; after drinking the second, he was able to stir it; after the third he lifted it and waved it to and fro.

"He waited in the castle till it was dark, and then he saw the hawk drop down into an apple tree, and throw some of the golden apples on the ground. She then alighted and became a woman, and this is what the boy was waiting for. He waved the sword in the air, down came her head on the ground, and the blood spirted on the castle walls.

"He then packed all the treasures in the castle into boxes, and gave his brothers above a signal. They first hauled up the treasures, then the young women, and last he was to be pulled up himself. But he mistrusted his brothers, and fastened a big stone to the end of the rope. It was only half up when the rope was let go, and down it came and was broken in pieces on the rocky floor.

"*'So would my bones lie,'* said he, *'if I had trusted my brothers,'* and he began bitterly to lament, not for the riches but for the bride with the swan-white skin and the golden hair.

"And long he wandered about in the underground country, and sorrowed, till at last he met an enchanter who asked him why he grieved, and to him he told his story.

"*'Have courage,'* said the magi-

cian. If you protect my children who are hidden in the golden apple tree near the castle, I will bring you to the earth's surface. Another magician lives in this country, and eats my children when he can find them. In vain have I hidden them in caves, in vain have I hidden them in strong castles. Now I have concealed them in the boughs of the golden apple tree. He will come at midnight to seize them. Be there at that hour and rescue them.'

"The youth climbed the apple tree, picked some of the nice fruit, and made his supper on them.

"At midnight the wind ceased, and under the tree the boy heard a dull sound. He looked down, and saw a long bulky snake beginning to climb. He went round and round the stem, he crept higher and higher, and at last put in his frightful head between the boughs, seeking for the children's hiding place. These trembled with terror, and strove to hide themselves behind the leaves. But the boy drew his sword of power, and with one blow cut off the reptile's head. The body he hacked in small pieces and scattered to the four winds of heaven.

"The overjoyed father of the children took the rescuer of his children pick-a-back (*huckepack*), and soon placed him in the centre of his village.

"Oh how eagerly he flew to the white house of his brothers! He ran into the living room, but no one knew who he was. But his own true love, who was obliged to cook for her sisters, knew him at once, and threw her arms round him.

"His brothers, who had told every one that he was dead, ran away to the woods in great terror. But he searched them out, and divided his treasures with them. He built a great castle with golden windows, and there he lived long and happy with his golden-haired princess."

perish, and the mere man of the people prevail. The serf story-teller sensible of the inevitable ascendancy of noble over serf, recompenses his hearers and himself by giving one of their own rank the upper hand in the fire-side narrative.

THE HILL OF GLASS.

"Upon a hill of glass once stood a castle of gold, and before the castle was an apple-tree, on which grew golden fruit. Whoever plucked an apple might enter the castle, where sat a princess of wonderful grace and beauty. She possessed great treasures; the vaults were full of precious stones, and boxes full of gold were ranged along the walls of every room.

"Knights came from all parts to win the princess and her treasure. On sharp-shod horses they attempted to ride up the hill, but never could go beyond the middle of the ascent. There they fell back with great clatter. One broke his arm, another his leg, and some even broke their necks.

"The princess looked from her window, while knights from the four quarters of the world, mounted on their noble steeds, were striving to mount the hill. Seven years was she waiting to welcome the fated bridegroom.

"A heap of dead knights and horses lay round the hill. Many were suffering in pain without being able to remove themselves. All around resembled a disturbed graveyard. It wanted only three days of seven years, when a young knight, in golden armour, and mounted on a strong horse, was seen riding towards the hill.

"He let his steed take a run, mounted the hill half way, and then quietly turned back. The following day he attempted the hill again, and nearly reached the apple-tree, when a large falcon, with wide, strong wings, dashed at the horse, and tore out his eyes. The steed opened his nostrils, shook his mane, and reared up. His hind feet slipped, and he and his rider rolled to the bottom, where nothing was left of them but their bones; the golden armour was shattered in bits.

Glass hills are favourite ingredients of the Norse tales. The present modification of those slippery ascents has not the dash, nor the heroic spirit of those found in Dasent's collection, but it possesses more human interest. Here we find the youth in the *Goldenen Rüstung* (Gold armour) fail and

"And now the seven years were run out all to one day, when a well-dressed, clever, and lusty student came to try his fortune. He looked at the dead bodies, and began to ascend without the assistance of a horse.

"This youth had heard at home a great deal about the princess's beauty and her riches. He went into the wood, and killed a lynx, and fastened its sharp claws to his hands and his feet.

"Provided with these he boldly scrambled up the hill. The sun was about setting, and the climber stopped to rest half way up. He could scarcely breathe he was so tired. His mouth was completely dried up by thirst. A black cloud went sailing over him, and he begged it to let a few drops fall. In vain; it went past, and not a drop refreshed his parched lips.

"His feet were now one wound, all bloody. He strove to see the hill-top, and then he cast his eyes towards the field of death at the bottom, where so many brave young knights, once full of life and spirit, were now only a mass of corruption.

"It became dark. The stars scarcely gave light to see the glass hill, and the student crept on by his bloody hands alone. At last he could do no more; his strength was gone, and he waited death. Just then sleep fell on his eyes, and he gave way, notwithstanding his danger. But the lynx's claws were stuck so firm in the glass (!) that he was held up, and there he remained in a sweet sleep till midnight.

"The falcon that had destroyed the knight and his horse watched the hill by night as well as by day. Scarcely had the moon broke out of the clouds when he rose from the apple-tree, flew round and round, and caught a sight of the student.

"He thought it was a corpse, and flew down and lighted on it; but the student was awake, and planning to make his escape with the aid of the bird. He found his talons driven deep into his flesh, but he bore with it, and firmly seized the two feet. The falcon rose all frightened in the air, and carried the student up and round the towers of the castle. There were the walls glittering in the moonlight,

there was the princess's room all alight with lamps, and there was the princess herself with a troubled mind, sitting on the balcony.

"Round and round flew the falcon, and still the student kept his attention fixed on its motions, having a sharp pocket knife in his hand; and when he found himself just over the apple-tree he cut off the two legs of the bird at one sweep, and dropped down into the branches. Up flew the falcon into the clouds, and tormented him no more.

"The student then drew the claws of the falcon out of his body, plucked an apple, and the skin of it hardly touched his tongue when he found all his wounds healed. He filled his pocket with the finest ones he could select, and advanced to the castle. A dragon was guarding the outer door, but he threw him an apple, and he at once sprung into the moat and disappeared.

"Then the large door opened, and he saw inside a court-yard, with fine trees and flower-beds in it, and at the balcony sat the princess and her attendants.

"As soon as she saw the young man, she advanced to greet him, and welcome him as her lord and husband. She made him master of all her treasure, and he became a rich and powerful lord and lived long and happy with the enchanted princess."

In the next story, the lady is much improved in the estimation of the narrator's audience, by leading a retired humble life, and for a year assuming the duties of a servant. The Polish tales, as already mentioned, are partial to a bit of diablerie in addition to the exhibition of sorcery and witchcraft.

THE CROW.

"In a royal palace once lived three princesses—sisters. They were all young and handsome, but the youngest, though she was no handsomer than the others, was the best of all in her disposition.

"Within half a mile of the palace there was a castle all in ruins, and a very fine old garden beside it. Often the youngest walked about in that old garden.

"Once as she was going along the lime-tree walk, a poor crow, all bruised and bloody, hopped out from a rose-bush. The princess felt pity for the wretched state he was in, and as soon as he saw her he began to speak.

"'I'm no crow at all,' said he, 'but a wretched prince under enchantment, and I am doomed to spend my years of youth in misery. If thou wilt, O princess, thou can'st rescue me, but you must consent to leave your family and come here, and live all alone in a room with a golden bed in it. Whatever you see or hear in the night, and however frightened you may be, you are not to shriek or cry out. If you do, you will double my sufferings.'

"The tender-hearted princess quit-
ted father, and mother, and sisters, and came to live in the one room in the old castle, where a golden bed stood in the corner.

"When the night came her mind was so full of thoughts that she could not go to sleep. At midnight she heard steps outside, and then the door was thrown wide open, and a crowd of evil spirits came into the room. They kindled a great fire on the hearth, and hung a pot of water over it. When it was mad boiling, they began to cry and yell, and came over to the bed. There they lifted out the princess, carried her across the floor, and dropped her into the pot.

"She almost died with the terror but she uttered no cry. Just as she was falling into the water the cock crew and the horrible crowd vanished.

"In came the crow, and hopped with joy round the room. He thanked her for her great courage, and said that his troubles and his pains were much lightened.

"One of her sisters who was very inquisitive came to visit her, and plagued her so with questions that she told her all that had happened. She begged to be allowed to sleep with her one night in the golden bed, and though the youngest princess was very unwilling she consented. But when night came and the troop of devils began to boil the water she let a scream, and such a wild hullabulloo was heard outside, that her sister would never let her sleep with her again

"So she spent the long hours of the day all alone, and suffered terror at night from the evil spirits, but in the morning the crow came in and promised that their trials would soon be over.

"When two years had gone by, the crow came in one morning and said these words:—

"'In one year, if you hold out, I shall be free, for then the full seven years will be past. But I can't recover my state and my father's treasures till you go out into the wide-world, and spend a year at service.'

"The princess was obedient to the wishes of her bridegroom, and spent a long year at service; and though she was young and handsome, she escaped from all the snares that were laid for her.

"One evening just as the year was ending and she spinning flax, and her white hands all weary, she heard a bustle and glad cries, and in walked a young prince as handsome as an angel, and he went on one knee, and began to kiss her white hands that were all tired with the hard work.

"'Dear love,' said he, 'I am your prince that was so long kept in pain under the shape of a crow. You have restored me to my form and to my state, and now we will go to my castle, and enjoy happiness in each other's society.'

"So they came to the castle where she had endured such trials, and she did not know it, for it looked as if it was only finished yesterday. They were married and lived there a hundred years, a hundred happy years."

The opening of the next story made us fear that it would be a mere version of one in the August collection, but as we read on we were agreeably disappointed. There is a commonplace character about these Polish tales, compared with Hungarian or Norse ones. While in these last we would be introduced to some terrible being with command over winds and seas, and passing at will through space, it is the devil and his imps in a humdrum shape that work all the woe in the Polish fictions. The reader can hardly fail to

be struck with the naive and simply devout character of the legend.

MADÉY.

"There was once a merchant who, returning home from a long journey, had to pass through a wood. It was thick and shady, and he went astray, and the night came down on him while he was wading through a marshy spot. He got into despair, and began to cry, when the Evil One stood before him in man's shape.

"Have courage," said he. "I will take you out of this marsh, and put you on the way home; but in return you must give me whatever you have in the house without knowing it."

"The merchant thought a little, and was very glad of the offer. He did not know that during his absence a fine young child had been born to him. So he was soon out on the high-road to home; but before parting, the devil got his promise on a piece of parchment, and then he vanished.

"Very happy was the merchant to embrace his little wife after his long absence, but oh! how sorrowful was his heart when he got a sight of his little son, and recollected to whom he was promised. He often cried and lamented unknown to wife and child, but years went by, and the infant had become a thriving boy.

"He was quiet, and fond of learning, and at five years old he could read and write; and this made the father more dismal to think of giving up such a fine boy to the Evil One.

"When he was seven years old he took notice of his father's sorrow and tears, and he urged him so much to tell him the reason, that at last he related it all.

"Don't grieve, father dear," said he, "God will help us. I will travel to hell and bring your handwriting away."

"The mother cried, and the father cried at the thought of the boy taking such a long and dangerous journey, but it gave him no trouble. He

packed up a few necessities, and quietly quitted the house.

"He travelled and travelled till he came to a tangled, frightful-looking wood. In a dark cavern of that wood lived the terrible robber, Madéy.

"This wretch had killed his own father, and now his mother lived with him, and cooked for him. He spared no one's life; whoever fell into his hands was killed.

"The old woman, his mother, sometimes hid people who had gone astray in the cave, but he had such a keen smell that he soon found them out.

"It happened that the boy was overtaken by a storm near the cave, and sought shelter within. The old woman pitied him, and hid him in an out-of-the-way corner. Scarcely had Madéy entered when he smelled him out; and was going to despatch him with his club, but first he asked him where he was going. When he heard he was bound for hell, he granted his life on condition that he would bring him back word about the punishment he himself would have to suffer after death.

"At day break he left the cavern. When he came to the door of hell he fastened some pious pictures on it with holy water, and it immediately flew open. Lucifer came out to him, and asked him his business very crossly.

"I want the writing which my father gave you concerning the grant of my soul."

"As the king of hell wished to have done with him as soon as possible he ordered it to be brought," but the lame *Twardowski* (the Polish Faust) held it fast, for a drop of the holy water had burnt his hand, and so for spite he would not give up the parchment.

"Lucifer cried out in a passion, 'Take him to Madéy's bed,' and so *Twardowski* gave it up at once for fear of the frightful punishment of that couch of torture.

"The curious boy was desirous to see it, and it was pointed out to him. It was made of iron bars stuck full of sharp knives, needles, and pins. A never-extinguished fire was burning

* It does not clearly appear from the story why Lucifer complied so readily with the demand. Probably the boy's innocence and the power of the holy water, which had made the door fly open, were the agents.

under it, and blazing melted sulphur ever dripping down on it.*

"So the boy quitted hell, and walked one day, and another day, and the third day he came to Madey's cave where the robber was anxiously waiting his arrival.

"The boy told him what he had seen in hell, and he was so terrified that at once he resolved to give up his evil ways, and do penance.

"They went together into the wood, and there Madey stuck his murder-club upright into the ground, and kneeled, and said he would remain there doing penance until the boy would be consecrated a bishop, and come and absolve him.

"It was full thirty years before that happened.

"He was riding one day through a thick dark wood, which his eyes could not pierce. He got a sweet smell of apples, and desired his servants to go and bring him some. They went but soon came back and told him there was indeed a beautiful apple-tree near, but they could not pluck off any fruit, and there was a grey old man kneeling just beside it.

"The bishop went over to the place, and there was Madey still kneeling. His hair was white as snow; his beard hung down to the ground. He besought the bishop to hear his confession and give him absolution. The bishop immediately complied, and the attendants were astonished, while the

confession was going on, to see the apples, one after another, changing into white doves and fly up to heaven. One apple still held on; it was the soul of his murdered father. Madey was delaying about confessing the frightful crime. At last he took courage, and the apple changed into a gray dove, and flew away.

"When all was confessed, and he had made his act of contrition, the bishop gave him absolution, and the moment after, his body became fine dust and covered all the ground where he had been kneeling."

We may mention to such readers as have not seen our collection in the August number of the *UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE*, that the store from which our specimens have been extracted is the German version, by Friedrich Heinrich Lewestam, Berlin, 1839, of the Polish collection of K. W. Woncicki. The translator divided the tales into three parts,—the first including those of the very early Slavonian times, such as the Pest, the Storm-wind, the Wehr-wolf; the second—the later quasi-historic tales of knights and robbers, such as the Oak-rooter and Rock-breaker, Madey, and Twardowski; the third—stories of sorcery, enchanted princesses, enchanted castles, &c.

* It is recommended to preachers who make hell's tortures their theme, to dwell for a short time on this simple and terrible picture in preference to Dante's wearying apparel.

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MONASTICISM IN ENGLAND.*

It is very possible that in these times a portion of the public might at first be repelled by the title of the book which is to form the subject of these observations. There is a general revolt against clerical influence, which makes almost every ecclesiastical subject distasteful. What is not purely secular in motive and purpose partakes, to the popular eye, of priestcraft, a word which is the expression of all evil and of all danger. It is not designed here to trace the sources of this sentiment, or to distinguish between that which is necessary and useful in it, and that which is narrow and injurious. It may, in fact, be referable to the undue pretensions of a section of the Anglican clergy; it may be the fruit, in a great measure, of the democratic spirit which now so largely pervades society. But shortly it may be said, without argument in proof, that such a prejudice would be an unfortunate as well as ridiculous excess, if it extended to the preventing of an intelligent retrospect of any development of ecclesiastical life in other generations. The British public are not Puritan to that extent, and hardly likely ever again to become so, strongly as the reaction sets in

that direction from the follies of a few. In no previous age was the love of truth stronger, and men of candid minds are prepared to acknowledge what is, and what has been good and sincere in systems and orders, and to rest content with condemning in a discriminating and generous, not in a factious and intolerant spirit.

The monks of old, by tradition, were the jovial band, who quaffed rich wine, led idle lives, and saved their souls by a process of luxurious eating, drinking, and making merry. And no doubt there were grounds for the belief that to be a monk was not necessarily to wear a leathern girdle, and eat locusts and wild honey, to spend nights in prayer on the cold floor of cloisters, and to bind up the wounds of the poor and friendless, pouring in oil and wine. The physical appearance of the Orders protested against any idea of extreme ascetic practices. Rotund, ruddy, robust, the fraternity were advertisements of good fare rather than persons whose maceration and self-denial awakened sympathy. Unless, indeed, upon the theory that splendid health was part of the miracle of their life, there was none other possible conclusion than that

* "English Monasticism: its Rise and Influence." By O'Dell Travers Hill, F.R.G.S. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1867.

of the mocking world. But monasticism had its good side. Let us be just. Its great organizations were civilizing influences in times when it is hard to see what other agency could have been so successful. If such communities are not a need of an age which has its pulpit, its printing-press, and its school, and whose lay spirit is of at least semi-religious character, we are not to judge of former times by these. Monasticism had its day, and in looking back we ought, in fairness, to take in the whole picture of that day—the wide-spreading and rampant barbarism on every side, in the midst of which it was an oasis of civilization, and earnest of a better future.

In its best phases the monastic system was unnatural, and its tendency, consequently, was ever to degenerate. If, originally, it was the influence by which religion and morals were preserved amid the frequent tempests of revolutionary passion—if it provided a home for the oppressed—if genius found it not only an asylum, but the source of tasks worthy of its powers—if it served as an agent in the dispensation of charity, which no unsympathetic legal system of relief equals—if the characteristics of the early monastery were its almshouse, its hospital, its workshop, its scriptorium, rather than its kitchen, its refectory, the magnificence of its chapel, its well-stored treasury, or the pretensions of its abbots—in its later story it is the centre of political and ecclesiastical intrigue; ambitions of the most earthly sort mingled with the fine gold of the earlier spirit of devotion; wealth brought indulgence, and indulgence popular contempt, and that which once had been a necessity, if not a blessing, became almost a curse. It is, however, of monasticism in its glory—in the days of its simplicity and real separation from the world, that the author of the volume before us writes.

Glastonbury was the grandest of those structures of piety, benevolence, and spiritualized genius—and of it Mr. Hill writes, in a warm, nervous, picturesque style, which is maintained throughout his volume. And here it may be observed that the greater part of this work appeared from month to month in the pages of this Magazine, and attracted such

an amount of attention as justified the writer in undertaking the further labour of collecting, revising, and largely extending his papers, so as to present his researches in their present complete form. The volume opens with a picture of the great Abbey.

“Even now, in these later days, though time has wasted it, though fierce fanaticism has played its cannon upon it, though ruthless vandalism, in blind ignorance, has despoiled many of its beauties, it still stands proud in its ruined grandeur, defiant alike of the ravages of decay, the devastation of the iconoclast, and the wantonness of the ignorant. Although not a single picture, but only an inventorial description, is extant of this largest abbey in the kingdom, yet, standing amidst its silent ruins, the imagination can form some faint idea of what it must have been when its aisles were vocal with the chant of its many-voiced choir, when gorgeous processions moved grandly through its cloisters, and when its altars, its chapels, its windows, its pillars, were all decorated with the myriad splendours of monastic art. Passing in at the great western entrance, through a lodge kept by a grave lay-brother, we find ourselves in a little world, shut up by a high wall which swept round its domains, enclosing an area of more than sixty acres. The exterior of the building is profusely decorated with all the weird embellishments of mediæval art. There in sculptured niche, stands the devout monarch, sceptred and crowned; the Templar knight, who had fallen under an oriental sun, fighting for the cross; the mitred abbot, with his crosier; the saint, with his emblem; the martyr, with his palm; scenes from Sacred Writ; the Apostles, the Evangelists: petrified allegories and sculptured story; and then, clustering around and intertwining itself with all these scenes and representations of the world of man, ornamental devices culled from the world of nature.

“Turning from the contemplation of this external grandeur, we come to a structure which forms the extreme west of the abbey—a chapel dedicated to St. Joseph of Arimathea. The entrance on the north side is a masterpiece of art, being a portal consisting of four semicircular arches, receding and diminishing as they recede into the body of the wall, the four fasciæ profusely decorated with sculptured representations of personages and scenes, varied by running patterns of tendrils, leaves, and other natural objects. . . . On both the north and south sides of the church are four uniform windows, rising loftily till their summits nearly touch the vaulting; underneath these are four sculptured arches, the panelling between them adorned with painted representations of the sun, moon, stars, and all the

host of heaven; the flooring a tessellated pavement of encaustic tiles, each bearing a heraldic device, or some allegorical or historical subject. Beneath this tessellated pavement is a spacious crypt, eighty-nine feet in length, twenty feet in width, and ten feet high, provided with an altar, and when used for service, illuminated by lamps suspended from the ceiling. St. Joseph's chapel, however, with its softly-coloured light, its glittering panels, its resplendent altars, and its elegant proportions, is a beautiful creation; but only a foretaste or a prelude of that full glare of splendour which bursts upon the view on ascending the flight of steps leading from its lower level up to the nave of the great abbey church itself, which was dedicated to St. Mary. Arrived at that point, the spectator gazes upon a long vista of some four hundred feet, including the nave and choir; passing up through the nave, which has a double line of arches, whose pillars are profusely sculptured, we come to the central point in the transept, where there are four magnificent Gothic arches, which for imposing grandeur could scarcely be equalled in the world, mounting up to the height of one hundred feet, upon which rested the great tower of the church. A portion of one of these arches still exists, and though broken retains its original grandeur.

"The body is divided into stalls and seats for the abbot, the officers, and monks. At the eastern extremity stands the high altar, with its profusion of decorative splendour, whilst over it is an immense stained-glass window, with semicircular top, which pours down upon the altar, and in fact bathes the whole choir, when viewed from a distance, in a sea of softened many-coloured light. The flooring of the great church, like that of St. Joseph's, is composed of encaustic Norman tiles, inscribed with scripture sentences, heraldic devices, and names of kings and benefactors.

"This is the weird world, which exerts a mysterious influence over the hearts of the most thoughtless—the silent world of death in life—and piled up around are the remains of whole generations long extinct, of races of canonized saints, pious kings, devout queens, mitred abbots, bishops, nobles who gave all their wealth to lie here, knights who braved the dangers of foreign climes, the power of the stealthy pestilence and the scimitar of the wild Saracen, that they might one day come back and lay their bones in this holy spot. There were the gilded coffins of renowned abbots, whose names were a mighty power in the world when they lived, and whose thoughts are still read with delight by the votaries of another creed—the silver crossiers of bishops, the purple cloth of royalty, and the crimson of the noble—all slumbering and smouldering in the dense obscurity of the tomb, but flashing up to the light once

more in a temporary brilliancy, like the last ball-room effort of some aged beauty—the aristocracy of death, the coquetry of human vanity, strong even in human corruption."

The library of the monastery is the spot to which the eye, dwelling in fancy on so romantic a vision of life in the long past, is most strongly attracted. This was the hive where no drones were suffered to remain. Glastonbury library, the first in England, had, besides the books transcribed by its monks literary gifts from all sorts and conditions of men. Adjoining the library was the writing-room, an apartment which every Benedictine monastery could boast of, where the materials of modern education were preserved and perpetuated. Here the two classes of scholars, the antiquarii and the librarii, daily laboured, the former copying old books of value, the latter multiplying copies of those more in use. The instruments were the humblest—pen, chalk, pumice, a knife, an awl to make dots, and an inkstand. With those implements and industry vast results were achieved. Such was the care taken to prevent inaccuracies and interpolations that the transcribers not only noted all omissions in the margin, but acknowledged them in the fullest and frankest manner. "I have signed," says one in an old manuscript of the Carmelites, "with the sign following, and made a certain interlineation which says *redis*, and another which says *ordinis*, and another which says *ordini*, and another which says *circa*." The invention of printing so relieved the world from the necessity for these severe labours, that it is hardly possible to appreciate the moral qualities required for the monotonous and painfully accurate toil. Some conception of its trying nature may be derived from an hour or two in a public institution, such as the Royal Irish Academy, where scribes, as zealous in their work as the ancient monks, may still be seen copying with extreme care, and exquisite neatness, old Celtic manuscripts of interest. The Glastonbury kitchen is the only building which still remains entire: "It was built wholly of stone, for the better security from fire; on the outside it is a four-square, and on the inside an eight-square figure; it had

four hearths, was twenty feet in height to the roof, which ran up in a figure of eight triangles; and from the top hung suspended a large lantern." This kitchen had strange vicissitudes, having been in 1667 used as a Quaker meeting-house! The Glastonbury abbots were more than royal in their hospitality. Above 500 guests at a sitting was not uncommon. As monasticism waxed strong, the ruler of the abbey rose to the status of a prince. He was a member of the upper house of convocation and a parliamentary baron; he sat robed and mitred amongst peers; he had his parks, four or five, near the monastery, with his horticultural and piscatorial pleasures; he kept up a court, and was never without fawning courtiers of the noblest in the land. Up to 1154 the ruler of Glastonbury was First Abbot of England. A monastic day was spent precisely as the ultra-ritualists of present times would wish the days of ordinary men and women of the nineteenth century spent, and the monastic terms are, in fact, adopted by them to the letter. The bell having tolled for matins at two in the morning, every monk arose, repeated his private prayers, and hurried to the chapel. After fifteen psalms had been sung, and the Nocturn, and more psalms, a short interval was allowed, which was succeeded by lauds, which lasted till six, A.M., when the bell rang for prime. Reading filled up the time until seven, when the monks dressed for the day. Ablutions and breakfast brought them on to tierce, which was at nine. After that there was mass, and then a procession to the chapter-house, where a sort of court of inquisition was held for the trial of offences, and complaints and the correction of faults. Sext was at twelve, A.M., and then dinner; and next, after a ten hours' round of laborious piety, an hour's sleep was permitted in their clothes. Nones began at three, P.M., first vespers at four; work or reading until second vespers, at seven; reading again till collation; then complin, confession of sins, evening prayer, and bed at nine, P.M. This round of service was a burden grievous to be borne. The lunacy statistics of Glastonbury Abbey would be an interesting document.

The Franciscans revived the "or-

dinance of preaching" in England, and as they attacked the vices of other orders boldly, and were accounted reformers by the people, their popularity in the thirteenth century was greater than any other order ever attained. That influence was altogether due to their preaching powers, which they carefully cultivated, as in other respects they were on a level with the orders they condemned. They were equally subject to Rome, and equally eager for rule and authority. What the Wesleys were in after-time to the English Church at a period of deadness, the Franciscans were to the Church of their day, and the means of "awakening" were the same:—

"To a generation of men who had heard no preaching, or, if any, nothing they could understand, the enthusiastic discourses of these men were like refreshing showers on a parched soil; for in the thirteenth century the sermon had fallen into such disuse, that an obscure and insignificant preacher created a great sensation in Paris, although his preaching was rude and simple. Both doctors and disciples ran after him, one dragging the other and saying, 'Come and hear Fulco, the presbyter; he is another Paul.' The Franciscans diligently cultivated that talent, and from the general favour in which they were held by nearly all classes of the community, especially by the common people, we may conclude that the style they adopted was essentially a popular and engaging style, in direct contradistinction to the scholastic discourses delivered at rare intervals from the pulpits of the half-empty churches. Then a Franciscan mingled amongst the poor; he too was poor, one of the poorest, and the poor saw their condition elevated to an apostolic sanctity; his raiment was coarse like theirs; his food also as coarse, for it was their food shared often with him at their own tables; they sat at his feet and listened to him, not in trembling servitude, as at the feet of one whom they had been taught to regard with superstitious awe, but as at the feet of a dear brother, one of themselves, who had hungered with them and sorrowed with them.

"Then the Franciscan preached everywhere—at the street corner, in the fields, on the hill-side; his portable altar was set up, the sacrament administered to the people, and the Gospel preached as in the old apostolic times, by the river-side, in the high-roads and by-ways, under the bare heavens. No wonder that they won the hearts of the degraded populations of the countries in which they settled, that the poor ran to them and flocked round them, and that the good and great were soon drawn over to

their side; it was the revival of apostolic simplicity, and as the excited crowds were swayed under their fervent eloquence, and myriads of tearful eyes were turned up to their gaze, it was like the miracle in the wilderness—the rock had been smitten, and the waters gushed forth.”

But the Franciscans soon began to seek domination in the households of the people; to interfere with family concerns, on the familiar religious pretences; to dabble in will-making; to gather together riches for themselves; and degenerated from being a body of evangelists into a corrupt and ambitious priesthood. The rock they split upon has been a huge obstacle in the way of the Church's progress in all ages.

Mr. Hill's best chapter is his sketch of the times of Dunstan. When this figure comes upon the scene the British and Roman Churches had been for two centuries at least confounded. The independence of the ancient British Church had been sacrificed, and the spiritual supremacy of the Papacy was successfully established. Its power over the civil ruler, however, was still in the tenth century imperfect; with the rise of a distinct papal power, the ambition of universal control had sprung up—as the author admirably puts it, “a territorial dominion once established, the idea soon arose of exercising over all other monarchs, by means of a gradually established spiritual supremacy, as regards the Church in their dominions, a power which should bind themselves and direct their senates and their armies to its own personal aggrandisement—the most gigantic dream which ever filled the imagination of human vanity. Two centuries rolled by, bringing with them towards the consummation of that idea great accumulations of wealth and territory. At the dawn of the tenth century the idea had so far become reality that steps were taken to practically enforce its designs. In England the instrument by whose means that work was attempted was Dunstan.”

The life of this, in one sense, great man, presents the contradiction so often found in the career of “Princes of the Church.” His zeal for religion never flagged. His ecclesiastical reforms were many and honest; yet his love of temporal power was

even a greater passion, and involved him in breaches of the Commandment. He was arrogant, intolerant, fierce, vindictive. By him first in England was that superiority to the monarch asserted, the attempt to repeat which afterwards greatly aided, though it did not create, the Reformation.

“Edgar had been on a visit to the monastery of Wilton, where he fell in love with Wilfrida, said by some to be a nun, by others to have assumed the dress to avoid pursuit—the former is the more probable supposition, from the fact that the severest punishment in Dunstan's power was inflicted upon the king; had she been an ordinary secular person we should have heard nothing of the incident, that amusement being a favourite one in those days, and especially with Edgar. However, as Edgar had caused this young lady to be seized and brought to him, and had made her his mistress, the scandal was too great to be passed over, public opinion was aroused—every monk's cowl in England shook with indignation, and Dunstan, like a bold man, resolved upon extending to Edgar the utmost ecclesiastical discipline. We must give him credit for doing this act honestly and bravely, at the signal risk of his position, and at the peril of the Church. To have imposed mere ordinary penances would have been of no avail, as they could be evaded and compounded for. The Penitential Canons of Dunstan himself allowed one day's fast to be met by the penitent singing the Beati six times, and Pater Noster six times, or bowing down to the ground, with Pater Noster, sixty times, whilst a whole year's fast might be compounded for by his paying thirty shillings, and so on in proportion. Dunstan, however, resolved upon imposing a real penance upon his royal culprit, and in addition to sentencing him to almsgiving, fasting, prayer, and to the founding of a nunnery, he enjoined strictly that the king should not wear his crown for the space of seven years. This was a severe ordeal for his pride. Also, that he should cause copies of the Holy Scriptures to be made and placed in churches in different provinces of his dominions, which, as the expense of copying books in those days was something fabulous, was a severe infliction upon his purse. Short of this Dunstan was inflexible, and the king was compelled to yield. The alms were given, the fasts kept, the nunnery was built at Shaftesbury, the copies of the Scriptures were made and sent to their destination, and at the end of seven years, the crown which had not been used during that period was brought out. A jubilee was held, and at Bath, in the presence of robed nobles, mitred bishops and abbots, with all other dignitaries of the Church, Dunstan

absolved the king, and amid the acclamations of the people placed the crown once more upon his head. The king had been publicly humiliated, and the monks were satisfied."^{*}

Another instructive episode of his career was his conflict with the married clergy. After he had subdued the sovereign, his energies were vigorously directed "towards the expulsion of all married clergy from the kingdom." It having been reported to him that there were many such throughout the country, he replied, "They must either live canonically, or retire from their livings." The decree of celibacy was not an idle threat. Dunstan set at once about putting it in force.

"Expulsion, attended with the most painful scenes, then became frequent throughout the kingdom, when their cause was taken up by Elphere, the Ealdorman of Mercia. It was represented to the king, on the part of these married clergy, that they were virtuous men and good pastors, and they wished their cause to be investigated by His Majesty himself. To this there could be no objection, and Dunstan was compelled to summon a council, which sat at Winchester; the king and nobles attended, and the case of the married clergy was gone into. Their sorrow and sufferings created a strong sympathy amongst the assembly, in spite of the severe charges brought by Dunstan's party against them; and the king, seeing the disposition of his nobles, began to waver in his mind as to whether they should not be restored to their benefices; and the party of Dunstan began also to fear the result, when suddenly a voice was heard to issue from the crucifix on the wall, uttering the following words: 'Absit hoc ut fiat! Absit hoc ut fiat!' That settled the question; the king and nobles, terrified at the miracle, filled the building with acclamations, and the cause of the secular clergy was lost."

The influence of the Saxon element on the national character is traced by the author with singular power and fulness, and no one can read this portion of his volume without understanding much more clearly how the foundations of English society were laid, and what instinct has remained in the people through every struggle and every effort

to turn aside the natural development of their hereditary dispositions. The germs of our administration of justice are found in the Saxon courts, inferior and superior. Trial by jury was sacred among them at the earliest date. In the Witanagemot, the position of the Church was acknowledged, but never in the high papal sense. Prelates sat and voted in the national assembly. At the king's coronation, when the archbishop administered the oath to him, the first thing he was called upon to swear was to uphold the Church. "In the name of Christ, I promise three things to the *Christian people, my subjects*. (The form of the language is striking.) First, that the Church of God, and all the Christian people, shall always preserve true peace through our arbitration. Second, that I will forbid rapacity and all iniquities, to every condition. Third, that I will command equity and mercy in all judgments, that to me and to you the gracious and merciful God may extend His mercy." But this ceremony amounted to no more than a form of religious institution, such as is followed in England at the present day. Its spirit was Anglican, not Roman. The Saxons also treated woman better than other races, and did so on a principle. Woman was elevated to a higher position, both in the domestic and social circle, than she occupied in subsequent ages of chivalry. Her elevation was more real—it was a moral elevation, not a superficial flattery. She was admitted into the Church, where she might hold a high position—

"A position equal to a mitred abbot. She might be a possessor of property, of which she had the right of disposal. When a man of any position married a woman, he was bound to make a settlement upon his wife. This was not finally completed, however, until the morning after marriage, and for that reason it was called the 'morgen gife,' or morning gift. The origin of the question in our matrimonial service, 'Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?' may be traced to Saxon times, for every Saxon lady had a 'mundbora,' or guardian, without whose consent she could not be married."

* The monks instituted a comparison in this case between David and Edgar, Nathan and Dunstan; but Fuller crushes it by saying Nathan pardoned David, and imposed no penance on him that he can find.

Wakes, after an Irish pattern, were a religious rite among the Saxon-English, and the similarity of custom may do something to mollify the hatred entertained among the Celts for their ancient "oppressors." A man about to die did not fail to make provision for what was called his "soul-shot;" he left money not only for prayers for his soul's repose, but for his funeral services, of which the "wake" was an essential part. The original idea was that his friends should assemble round his dead body, and spend the night in prayer, using the money to provide needful refreshment, but the practice soon degenerated into the riot and inebriety of the modern *wake*. It is strange that with so much that indicated superior conceptions, the Saxons retained the pagan custom of ordeal by fire, which afterwards the papal authority adopted from them. A Saxon, wishing to avail himself of this mode of purgation, gave notice to the priest, and for three days prepared himself by masses and fasts.

"On the day of trial he received the Eucharist, and swore upon the Gospels that he was innocent. If the ordeal were by fire it was carried into the church, the priest and accused being there alone; in the case of carrying hot iron, a space was measured out nine times the length of the party's foot, and when the required heat had been reached, two outsiders were admitted, one for the accuser and one for the accused, as witnesses to the fact; then twelve others as spectators of the ceremony. Holy water was sprinkled upon all of them, and a short service read. The iron was then removed from the fire, and placed upon a supporter at the end of the distance measured out. The hand of the accused was sprinkled with holy water, when he walked to the spot, took up the burning mass, carried it one-third of the distance, threw it down, ran up to the altar, where the priest bound up his scorched limb, and sealed it. On the third day after this ceremony the bandage was removed, and if the hand were healed the accused was acquitted of the charge; if not, he was pronounced guilty. There were, however, many forms of ordeal. The accused might be required to remove a heavy substance with his naked arm from boiling water, or to walk barefooted over red-hot ploughshares; but in all cases the ceremony was conducted with the same solemnity."

It is necessary to pass over the internal history of Glastonbury Abbey, as also the Fall of the Monas-

teries, which Mr. Hill traces with great fidelity, impartiality, and skill, here as elsewhere consulting original documents, and taking up all the fresher lights thrown upon events by later discoveries. Readers of the volume, however, will consider those chapters as of great value, from the sound and broad judgment marking the author's views. In his essay on *Mediæval Books and Hymns*, which to many will prove the most attractive portion of the work, he begins with the literary labours of the learned and conscientious Alfred, and comes down to the latest of the mediæval developments of doctrine introduced or propagated by means of hymns. There has lately been much controversy on the character of this class of compositions, on the effects produced by it, and the sources from whence recent aberrations have arisen. The earliest hymns of the Christian Church were at once the purest, the simplest, and most poetic. One of the most beautiful was that written by the pious old Greek who so sternly combated Arianism, Gregory of Nazianzen. Two verses, given in these pages, at once arrest attention:

"Where are the winged words? Lost in the air.

Where the fresh flower of youth and glory?—Gone!

The strength of well-knit limbs? Brought low by care.

Wealth? Plundered. None possess but God alone.

Where those dear parents who my life first gave,

And where that holy twain, brother and sister? In the grave.

"This as thou wilt, the Day will all unite,
Wherever scattered, when Thy word is said;

Rivers of fire; abysses without light,

Thy great tribunal, these alone are dread.

And Thou, O Christ! My King, art fatherland to me—

Strength, wealth, eternal rest—yea, all I find in Thee."

The Latin hymns were less spiritual and more mystical; the mediæval more glowing. The story of a well-known and delightful hymn is thus given: "It was reserved for Archbishop Trench to dig out of the mouldering relics of the past a hymn written by a monk of Clugny, one Bernard de Morlaix, the translation of which, by Dr. Neale, has supplied the

Church of every denomination with favourite hymns. The most general name by which it is known is 'Jerusalem the Golden.' The original is a poem of about three thousand lines, called, 'De Contemptu Mundi,' a melancholy satire upon the corruptions of the times. The first appearance of it in print is in a collection of poems, 'De Corrupto Ecclesiæ Statu,' by Flacius Illyricus, who laboured at that subject, and compiled also a very useful work called 'Catalogus Testium Veritatis,' or an account of those many witnesses to the truth who sprang up in the bosom of the Church from the earliest ages down to the times of Luther, their works being but a foreshadowing of his. We cannot speak too highly (adds Mr. Hill) of this poem of Bernard, nor of the merits of Dr. Neale's translation. The original is written in one of the most difficult of all metres, technically called, 'leonini cristati trilices dactyllici,' a dactylic hexameter, divided into three parts, with a tailed rhyme, and rhymes between the two first clauses. Dr. Neale gives a specimen of this verse in English:—

"Time will be ending soon, heaven will be rending soon, fast we and pray we;
Comes the most merciful; comes the most terrible; watch we while may we."

The imagery in the original poem is described as gorgeous, and the stanzas quoted are very fine. Dr. Neale had good material to work upon when making his vigorous and flowing translation from Latin like this,—

"Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt,
vigilemus!

Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter ille supremus.

Imminet, imminet, ut mala terminet,
æqua coronet

Recta remuneret, anxia liberet, æthera donet.

* * *

"Patria luminis, inscia turbinis, inscia litis,
Cive replebitur amplificabitur Israelitis.

Patria splendida, terraque florida, libera spinis,

Danda fidelibus est ibi civibus, hic peregrinis."

For sake of the beauty of their art of illumination, many faults may be pardoned to the monks. The scriptorium may not have been the most spiritual, but it was certainly among the most useful of

the departments of the monastery to the external world. Upon the adornment of their manuscripts the denizens in those asylums of learning and civilization spared no toil, and this portion of their achievements possesses especial interest for an Irish reader, since it was the Irish monasteries which earliest excelled in illuminating, and it was Irish monks who taught the art to the Saxons. Bede mentions that it was the custom to send English youth to Ireland to study at Irish monasteries. The mode of carrying on the work never changed, and was the same in the Continental as in the English monasteries.

"The parchment was cut into sheets of the required size, and prepared for the copyist in the following manner:—they were first rubbed over with the powdered bone of the cuttle-fish, or with the ashes of a certain kind of bone or wood burned and pulverized; a wheel with sharp teeth at equal distances was then run down each side of the sheet, and lines ruled across from point to point between which the matter was to be written; it was then handed to the scribe, who began his work. In the ancient manuscripts there is to be found no paging or table of contents. The whole work was divided into packets of parchment sheets, each containing about four leaves; these packets were sometimes marked with a number temporarily on the first page, which was cut off when the whole was bound. At the end of each section of leaves the scribe wrote the word with which the next section should commence, a practice continued by printers under the title of 'catch words.' If a manuscript contained several treatises on different subjects, a list of contents was appended, the initial word of each tract, and the number of sections. As soon as the copying was finished, the work of illustration commenced.

"The outlines were traced with a pencil made of silver, or brass with a silver point; then the metallic outlines were gone over with a fine quill pen, dipped in a preparation of lampblack and gum. There are many MSS. extant originally intended to be illuminated, but, from some unknown cause, have come down to us in this unfinished state of outline sketches. The next step was to wash in the shades with ink and water of three degrees of strength; at this point the gilding was done, in order that the burnishing might not interfere with the colours. The raised or embossed gold grounds were executed first by laying the metal leaf on a thick smooth bed made of fine plaster, carefully ground; they were then burnished, and if it were intended to decorate these raised gold grounds with

engravings or patterns cut in the metal, that was done as the next stage. After this the large masses of flat painted gilding were added, and the colours laid on with the utmost care as to the tints. The last process, which was intrusted only to superior hands, was that of diapering, pencilling, inserting brilliant touches of gold and white, and in fact finishing the whole work. These two forms of gold work, the embossed and the flat, are to be found in perfection in MSS. of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. They prepared their gold with great care. In the fourteenth century the gold leaf was ground with honey, carefully washed, and the powder mixed with gum water. In a treatise written by Theophilus, the pulverization of gold for painting forms a difficult process; he directs that the pure gold should be filed into a cup, and then washed with a pencil in the shell of a sea fish, after which it is to be milled in a mortar made of copper and tin, with a long pebble worked by a strap and wheel. Then the gold filings are to be milled in water for two or three hours and gradually poured off. The powder thus produced was to be tempered with isinglass and laid on a ground of red lead, mixed with the white of an egg; after this it was burnished with a bloodstone, a shining horn tablet being placed under the gilded picture. The Anglo-Saxons used to rub gold filings in a mortar with sharp vinegar, and then dissolve them with salt and nitre."

Even the illuminating art was prostituted as theological error increased, and the pictorial marginal representations were made to convey new doctrine in various forms. The devotion which inspired the laborious efforts of the earlier monks remained, and the art itself lost none of its power, but the purity and elevation of the religious sentiment had vanished, and this degeneration was expressed in a variety of incongruities. It was the printing-press, however, which finally destroyed it, and any attempt in these days to revive it can only be the fashion of a month or so. With many of the old rich specimens before our eyes, in a state of preservation, it is hard to look with favour upon the bungling attempts of modern "medævalists." Our author, who is the very opposite in disposition to those sentimentalists, can yet write beautifully. "We may see in all this painting and sculpture, poetry and music, the marvellous adaptability of Christianity as a regenerator and stimulant, how it takes up what is good in the world—genius, skill, love, devotion, and starts them into new

channels, with increased vigour and nobler aim. It took up philosophy, purged it of its errors, and of philosophers made Fathers; it took up science, and bade it labour to alleviate human suffering, and assuage the physical condition of humanity; it took up art, and not only embellished it, but gave it an inexhaustible realm of subjects—a realm in which it has been labouring ever since, and though improving and advancing in each age, in spite of enemies its power is undiminished; it has been, as its Founder declared it should be, the salt of the earth; it has rescued the world in moments of darkness and danger, aroused it from apathy and indifference, purged it, stimulated it, sent it on in the right way, and brought it back again when it had peevishly wandered; and not the least evidence of its purifying and elevating effects upon the fine arts, is the rise and development of missal painting, that beauty of cloistered holiness."

This notice does not pretend to be a complete examination of Mr. Hill's valuable book, far less of the interesting subject to which he has devoted so much attention. It may suffice, however, to indicate how much he has enriched our literature in this department, and to induce many to peruse his picturesque pages. Mr. Hill's erudition is extensive, his fidelity as investigator manifest even in his style, and his high intellectual powers are unquestionable. Greater justice to what was benevolent, refined, and inspiring in the habits, aims, and practices of the monks of the olden time could not have been done by any writer, whilst his appreciation of their works and motives never betrays a principle or sinks into weak sentimentalism. His elegant volume should have a place in every good library. It is a contribution to the history of England rendered especially valuable by the fact that very many of the most interesting and curious of the cross-lights which he throws upon the progress of the Constitution to its present state of perfection, and many of the expositions he is enabled to make of ancient struggles between the lay and clerical power, have been derived directly from original documents only lately made accessible to the historical student.

SWEET ANNE PAGE.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. PAGE'S WILL.

ALGERNON PAGE died of disease of the heart, a malady for whose fatal ending he had long been prepared. His loss was felt in Idlecheester. Of immense advantage to country towns is the residence of men of culture, who stand aside from the main grooves of ambitious life, and steadfastly and silently follow their favourite pursuits. Time was, within the remembrance of many of us, that certain cities—notably York and Bath—had certain famous names connected with them. As a consequence, such cities had a society devoid of that *provincialism* which Mr. Matthew Arnold denounces; and those whom necessity compelled to reside there were greatly benefited by the refined and classical atmosphere of the upper social stratum. But now, scarcely a great writer or artist can be named who is not a Londoner, or a dweller in a home county, so that London may be accessible to him; whence the society in country towns sinks to the level of those residents whom occupation keeps there. Even Edinburgh feels the centralizing power, the centripetal force—and Messrs. Blackwood have settled quietly down next door to Messrs. Longman, and the chief Scottish periodicals, from the *Edinburgh Review* to *Chamber's Journal*, are published in London.

In this way, Mr. Page's loss was felt in Idlecheester. Of good birth and easy fortune, with high scientific rank, his social reserve had not prevented him from exercising much quiet influence. Great men in his own special line were his frequent visitors. His incomparable gardens attracted others, who knew nothing of scientific botany, but could appreciate floral beauty. Perfectly independent, above ducal insult or episcopal patronage or decano-capital intrigue, he set a rare and profitable example of an unostentatious yet liberal and thoughtful life.

How can any pen describe the ter-

rible grief which his death caused sweet Anne Page to suffer? It was perhaps the worst time for this child, already motherless, to lose her father. Just on the verge of womanhood, she had especial need of the guidance which he alone could have given. Hers was sorrow beyond words. Claudia found herself powerless to console her poor little cousin.

Mr. Page, knowing his precarious tenure of life, had made his will years before, and left it in Mr. Drax's custody. That gentleman, and Ralph and Walter Branscombe, were named Anne's trustees. She was directed to reside in the house at Idlecheester until she came of age, unless her marriage occurred before that time, and a thousand a year was set aside for her maintenance during her minority. A sealed document accompanied the will, and was not to be opened until her coming of age, unless she should marry before that time, when it was to be read immediately after the ceremony. Funded property producing five hundred a year was left to Stephen Langton. Legacies of a thousand pounds each went to the three trustees; and if Anne died unmarried before the age of twenty-one, two-thirds of the property went to Ralph Branscombe, of Branscombe, esquire, and the remainder to the Reverend Walter Branscombe. The whole amount disposed of by the will was about four thousand a year.

I suppose Stephen Langton was more surprised than anybody else at his good fortune. He knew that his benefactor was willing to give him his daughter, but he did not know that in his thoughtful kindness he would also give him independence. It was the very gift he needed. It saved him from the necessity of sordid toil, and strengthened him to act with courage when courage was requisite. It is very contemptible, doubtless, but poverty too often makes social cowards of the best of

us. Stephen could now isolate himself from the weary vulgarities of his relations. There are always quaint corners of a Cathedral town where the peaceful and picturesque mingle. Stephen found old-fangled apartments in a dark polygonal old house in a queer trapezium called Little College Green. There he took up his abode in a suite of three rooms, all on the ground floor. The front room looked on the Green, and was long and narrow; the two back rooms occupied the same space, in length, as the front, and gave on a garden such as one sees in ecclesiastic towns, and nowhere else. A garden where the scendent plants have stems as thick as a man's leg, and the ivy is a monster of vegetation; and there are two or three apple trees, mossy, gnarled, decrepit, bearing few fruit, but of such quality as Covent Garden never knows, notwithstanding its monastic name. Stephen had besides a dark deep fish-pond, with two or three enormous carp in it that came to him for bread crumbs. He used one of these back rooms as a bedroom; the other, accessible only through the bedroom, was devoted to his books and his cigars. For these bachelor quarters he paid half a guinea a week; which was thought rather a high price in Idlechester, in those days before railways. He could not at this time see much of Anne Page, who had naturally fallen into the hands of her relations, Claudia, and Winifred, and Winifred's father. So he wrote a little, and studied a little, and dreamt much of that distant wondrous world whose existence Claudia Branscombe had revealed to him.

Meanwhile Mr. Drax had made a communication to the Rev. Walter Branscombe, and that excellent clergyman desired to pass it on to his brother. But how? Claudia had no idea where her father was. Devil Branscombe did not believe that girls could keep secrets, so he kept his own. Raphael might know: but where was Raphael? But her father had told her that, if she wanted to communicate with him on anything important, she was to send to the *Times* this advertisement—

"Good morning, Papa!"

It was some time before she recol-

lected this direction; when she thought of it she did it at once, and a day or two brought her a letter from her father, telling her to address him, "L. M. N., Post Office, Guernsey." So she wrote, enclosing a note from her uncle; and the consequence was that the brothers arranged a meeting at the Dolphin Hotel, Southampton.

In a bow-windowed room on the first floor of that fine old hostelry, from which you could look up and down Southampton's long, busy, picturesque High-street, Devil Branscombe met his clerical brother. You can always get a good bottle of wine at the Dolphin, and there stood between them a claret-jug, holding excellent Chateau-Lafitte. And thus they conversed.

"I told Drax not to pay over that thousand pounds to your account at Coutts's, not knowing how you might stand there," said Walter.

"I don't think you often make a mistake. My account must be a good deal overdrawn. The thousand will be useful for immediate expenses."

"So I thought, and brought it with me in notes. Claudia doesn't want any money just now. She's been living for nothing at poor Page's, and her own little income is quite enough for her."

"What in the world made Page leave young Langton anything?"

"Langton is engaged to his daughter—a mere baby—only sixteen; we can do anything with her."

"What do you propose to do?"

"Listen a moment. Drax—" Here the Rector dropped his voice involuntarily—"Drax has told me the contents of that sealed codicil. It leaves the whole property in this way. If Langton and the little girl are married, half of it is settled on each of them. The same thing is to take place if she declines to marry him. But, if he declines to marry her, she gets the whole property."

"Is the codicil valid, do you think?"

"Well, if not, it is no good for us to upset it, as of course the child would then get everything unconditionally."

"I don't see anything to be done," said Ralph Branscombe, meditatively.

"I do," said the Rector. "That

boy showed symptoms of being taken with Claudia. "What if she were to marry him?"

"What good would that be? It would leave the little girl independent."

"But suppose Raphael were to marry *her*? I should think he would have no difficulty."

"By Jove, I shouldn't have thought of that arrangement. Well, what do you want *me* to do?"

"Write to Claudia; or, better still, see her, and tell her to marry young Langton. She has fascinated him already, I fancy."

"My Claudia's too good for the young lout," said Devil Branscombe. "But it seems a fine combination. I ought to see her to explain it to her. I tell you what—leave it to me—I'll come to Idlechester."

"Is it safe?" asked the Rector.

"No; that's the fun of it. If it was, I wouldn't come. I'll manage the affair."

A few days later than this, as old Langton, the tanner, in the dusk of evening was looking round the tanyard, he became aware of a tall man on the other side of the brook. Rather to his surprise, the stranger splashed across the shallow stream, and coming up to him, said,

"Well, Langton, how are you?"

"Why, it's the Squire," exclaimed the old tanner, in astonishment.

"Ay, my old friend, here I am," said Devil Branscombe. "And now will you do me a good turn? Get me quietly into your house, and let me sleep there a couple of nights, without a word said to anybody. Will you?"

"I shall have to tell one of the woman folk, Squire—my daughter Harriet. She's so cursed sharp she'd be sure to find it out; but she won't split. And there's the spare bedroom looking out on the street; you might be there a twelvemonth and nobody know. None of the maids go there; only Harriet."

"That will do capitally," said Ralph. "I'll trust any daughter of yours, my old friend. But how shall I get in?"

"That's just what I must get Harriet to manage," said the tanner.

And Harriet managed it extremely well.

The "best bedroom," an immense

chamber on the first floor, occupying half the width of the house, had not been tenanted within the memory of this generation. But to have used it for any other purpose would have been sacrilege. It was the pride of Aunt Harriet's heart. She gave it periodical dustings, and kept it always in as good order as if she expected a visit from the Queen. And, as she never, except at lustrations, allowed anyone but herself to enter it, it was a perfect place of concealment for Devil Branscombe. Here he found himself that evening, with wax candles burning, and the best bed—a great bed of Ware, almost—prepared for his reception. And, when everybody else was in bed, Aunt Harriet brought up for him a copious supper—an uncut ham and an enormous home-made loaf, and a mighty tankard of her father's ale. He rather enjoyed his position. It was a curious change after rustication in Guernsey, an island more picturesque than social, where he smoked on the pier all day and played loo or billiards at the club all night. Here, snugly hidden, he looked down upon the familiar High-street of Idlechester, and upon the house in which his brother-in-law died. He saw Stephen Langton call to inquire for his sweetheart in the early forenoon, and turn sadly away when told that she did not feel well enough to see him. He saw the Reverend Walter and his pious daughter, Winifred, enter the house; and by-and-by he saw the Rector go away again, Winifred remaining. He saw Claudia come out for a stroll, beautiful as ever in her sable attire, and little dreaming that her father's eyes were upon her. He saw scores of faces that he knew, and criticized the changes time had brought them. And, so amused was he at his whimsical position, that he wrote a long letter to Raphael (who was at Venice) describing all that he saw, and fully explaining the Rector's subterfuges.

Not till the second day did he decide to act. Then he requested Aunt Harriet to communicate cautiously to Miss Branscombe that she wanted to speak to her.

"Don't say a word to her about me. Bring her up here at once. Won't she be astonished? But if she screams, by the Lord Harry, I'll forfeit a ten pound note."

Miss Harriet Langton acted on her instructions, and Claudia, considerably surprised, walked across the street, and was shown into the parlour—a room little altered since we first knew it, except that there was no bright-eyed boy dreaming at one window, no oracular old lady knitting at the other. Old Mrs. Langton was dead. Being asked to walk up stairs, Claudia could scarcely do less than comply; and she certainly was rather amazed to find her father comfortably sitting in one of those vast bedroom easy-chairs which arried our ancestors. Aunt Harriet left them alone.

"Lock the doors, Claudia," said Ralph Branscombe. "You look surprised to see me. I came over from Guernsey on purpose to have a talk to you."

"I'm very glad to see you, papa," she said, seating herself opposite to him. "You are looking uncommonly well."

"Yes, I don't wear badly, and I've been very quiet lately. But we must talk of business, child: I think you can do a good thing for us all."

"I am ready to try," she said; "but I hope it doesn't involve playing *écarté*, for that's a thing I never could do properly."

"I want you to marry that young Langton."

"What!" she said, "why, he's a mere boy, papa."

"So much the easier to manage. But come, what difference is there between you? seven or eight years, perhaps. It is a mere trifle—and you don't look above twenty, really."

"You flatter, Mr. Branscombe. But what good should I do by marrying him? He's only got five hundred a year."

"That's not the point. We have discovered the nature of that sealed paper of Page's. If Langton marries your little cousin, they are to have all the property; and if she should refuse him, each is to have half; but if he declines to have her, she gets the whole."

"Well, I don't see."

"Why, if you get hold of young Langton, Raphael can marry the girl."

"O, indeed. Well it's a brilliant idea—uncle Walter's, I guess. Let me think, if I marry Stephen, we shall have about seven hundred a year be-

tween us, which isn't much. Then he's a mere boy: why I remember saving him from being whipped when he was a child at school. Still, he's good looking, and he might be obedient. Well then, Raphael is to marry Anne. Will he? And will she have him? I don't think she'd break her heart about Stephen, and I believe anybody could marry her who chose to try. But are you sure about Raphael, papa?"

"One can't be sure about anything; but if he isn't compromised elsewhere, I fancy he'll do it. I have written to him to meet me as soon as I get away from here."

"And you want to get away at once, of course, because it is dangerous. Well, I'll sacrifice myself, if Stephen will have me. He's a nice boy, after all."

"How long will it take you to land him?" asked her father, in angler's phrase.

"A month or two, perhaps. What shall you do in the meantime?"

"Go to Baden, I think, and try a new martingale. Poor Page's thousand will last some little time, as of course I shan't pay any debts."

"But, papa, if Raphael marries Anne, won't it be possible to make things square, and live quietly again? You must be dreadfully weary of this hide and seek."

"We'll try what can be done," he replied. "I think my wild oats ought to be nearly sown."

Claudia left him, and he watched her cross the street to Mr. Page's. He stood looking thoughtfully out of the window for some time, and by-and-by noticed a stout seedy man pass slowly up the pavement, giving what seemed a significant glance at the opposite house. He was just the sort of man one associates with writs, and Devil Branscombe felt an uneasy sensation. The man was followed at some distance by two other men; one of these looked like an Essex or Salisbury-street lawyer; the other Ralph Branscombe knew too well. He was a shrewd and resolute officer who had been in pursuit of him for a year or two.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "those beggars have traced me, somehow. How the deuce have they managed it? Luckily they don't seem to guess I'm here. I'm glad Claudia was safe across before they could see her."

At that moment he started; for his door, which he had not locked after Claudia, was suddenly opened, but the person who entered was only old Langton.

"There are sharks abroad, Squire," he said. "I've just seen Laurie, the Sheriff's officer, looking very knowingly at Page's house; and two other fellows followed him, and they went away together. I was standing at the gate, and saw them. The others are London chaps, I guess."

"I saw them, Langton, and know who they are. How shall I get away? They'll watch all the coaches."

"I've got an idea, Squire. There's a night mail that passes the cross roads a way towards Eastford about two in the morning. It goes right over the Downs to Salisbury. It's fourteen miles, about; my mare'll do it easy in an hour and a quarter. Shall I drive you over to-night?"

"The very thing," he replied. "We can start after your people are in bed. It won't do to go from the high street, though."

"No," said Langton, "I thought of that. We can have the trap down in the back lane, and walk across the tanyard."

"But how will you get the mare round there? And who'll be in charge of her till we come?"

"Ah," replied the tanner, "that's a puzzler. I can't trust her with everybody, and besides, any giddy boy won't do."

After a pause, he resumed.

"I think I see what to do. The mare and trap are in the Half Moon stables, luckily; I left them there when I drove in with a commercial the other day. I'll manage it, Squire, never fear."

Away went the loyal old tanner to the Half Moon, and called for ale. Jack Winslow served him, looking as piquant as ever.

"Jack," he said, "you're not timorous, I know. I want you to take out my mare and trap to-night at a quarter past twelve, and drive down to Lane End, and wait for me and a friend. You must do it all yourself, and not say a word to anybody, before or after. It's a matter of life and death, almost. You're not afraid?"

"Not likely. I'll do it. It will be a jolly lark. I'll be there to a minute. You won't have the lamps, I suppose."

"No, certainly not. And if anybody interferes with you down there —"

"He won't interfere with anybody else for some time. Don't be afraid for me, Mr. Langton. I can take care of myself."

The tanner was on tenter hooks till his family were gone to bed that night. But they were all off in capital time; and he and Ralph, after a stiff glass of brandy and water, made their way into the tanyard at the hour appointed. There was neither moon nor stars, and it was pitch-dark.

"Keep right behind me, Squire, and put your hand on my shoulder. There are lots of pits about here, but I know my way blindfold."

A tanyard is not a nice place to walk in at night, the pits being divided by very narrow pathways, awkward enough by daylight; while the lime pits, in which the hair is scorched from the hides, are so surrounded by a white deposit that, when quite full, they can hardly be distinguished from the firm earth around them. As the two men advanced along a path so strewn with soft tan that their footsteps gave no sound, Langton became suddenly aware of a light moving in front of them. He stood still for a moment. It was evidently a lantern.

"I verily believe those villains are prowling about here, Squire. What can they be after at this time of night?"

"Perhaps they want to find some place to hide and keep watch," whispered Ralph.

"I'll be hanged if I can make it out. But come along quietly, and be ready for a row. We shall have to meet them; they're right in our way."

The lantern which the approaching party carried carefully in front of them served to expose them to Ralph and the tanner. There were two men only, who turned out to be the lawyer and the London officer. Laurie, the local man, was not interested enough in the capture to undertake midnight reconnoissances. They carried their light low, and stooped as they walked to make out the path, and did not notice anyone approaching till the tanner collared one of them with his strong right hand, and exclaiming, "Thieves, by Jingo!" swung the unlucky intruder into the nearest tan-

pit. The lantern was smashed; the other man was so affrighted by his perplexing position that he went down on his hands and knees, groping for the path; and Langton and Branscombe, kicking him out of the way, pushed forward down the hill, crossed the brook, and were soon at Lane End.

"That poor devil won't be drowned, I hope," said Ralph.

"Drowned, no!" said Langton. "He'll be tanned, though. There isn't much stuff in that pit, but I doubt if he'll get out till the morning, unless the other rascal has sense enough to help him."

"I expect he'll be afraid to move," said Ralph. "It's a deuced awkward trap to be caught in. Your men will probably find them both there in the morning."

Which turned out to be the case. You have probably never fallen into a tanpit, reader. I have, and I assure you it is not nice. It was the lawyer who got in, and there he was found at about half-past six up to his arm-pits in tan. The bailiff, more fortunate, had scrambled to the sloping side of a bark stack, where he had slept, but he had not strength enough to get his companion out, and so they had to wait till the men came to work. Everybody roared with laughter at the professional gentleman's plight; but the old tanner told him it would do him good, substituting a healthier smell for the bad odour observable in low attorneys. He had a great mind, he said, to give them into custody for trespassing, and on suspicion of theft.

Ralph and his guide found the trap standing at Lane End, the mare now and then giving an impatient stamp of her fore foot. Jack Winslow jumped out, and it was not so dark that Devil Branscombe could not recognize a petticoat.

"By Jove, Langton," he said, "why, who's this?"

"You know her well enough, Squire; it's Jack Winslow."

"Egad," he exclaimed, "you *are* a trump, Jack; I must give you a kiss for this. Why, there isn't another girl in England would have had the pluck to do it."

So Ralph Branscombe pressed the buxom barmaid's lips, and sprang into the trap, and away went the mare with that long swinging trot

into which the tanner broke the animals he drove. Meanwhile Jack Winslow walked fearlessly up the lane, and through the stable entrance to the Half Moon, and found her way to her bedchamber.

"I didn't think it was the Squire," she said to herself while disrobing. "Well, he's a gentleman every inch, though they do say he's so wild, and he's just the man I'd marry if he was young enough and would have me."

How these wild men fascinate women of all sorts!

"I'm well out of that, Langton," said Ralph, as the mare went merrily along.

"Yes; they were on the scent, evidently. Downright fools to come into the yard by night, though. I suppose those Londoners had never seen a tanyard before."

"They won't want to see another," said Ralph, laughing. "What a thorough trump that little Winslow girl is! I gave her a kiss, but I'd have given her a handful of guineas if I'd thought she'd take them."

"You'd have mortally offended her," said the tanner. "Send her some trifle when you're safe—a bit of your hair in a locket, or some such truck, and she'll be delighted."

"I will," said Branscombe—and he did.

A night drive in fine weather is always pleasant, and is peculiarly exhilarating when you have just succeeded in eluding some imminent evil—when you feel safe and free after long suspense. So Branscombe and Langton were in high glee when they reached the cross roads. The mare had gone like the wind; it wasn't half-past one, and the mail came by at two. They knocked up the landlord of the little inn, and the kitchen fire was resuscitated, and something hot and strong prepared. Ralph Branscombe for his ride over the great plain. Oh, those old country inns, with their generous kitchens, their strong home-brewed ale, their great flitches always ready to be sliced and broiled, their fresh eggs, their wholesome, neat-handed waitresses! Steam has annihilated them; and I am one of those who find no consolation in the gaudy coffee-rooms of the Magnificent Hotel (Limited).

But there are the lamps of the Salisbury mail.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PANTHER'S WOOING.

CLAUDIA had undertaken a task of double difficulty—difficult for Stephen, difficult for herself. Perhaps she rather under-estimated the difficulty, so far as Stephen was concerned. He was a boy, she thought, and boys are seldom true to their first love fancy; and surely she was far more bewitching than that little Anne Page. But she looked her own difficulty fairly in the face; she was old enough to know her own need; she required, as old Langton had said to himself ten years before, a *man* to rule her; she was well aware that a miserable life awaited her if she married a person her inferior in strength of will, in force of character. She should have her own way in such a case; but she did not want her own way; she wanted to be obliged to accept the way of a man she worshipped, a man she loved and feared, a man at whose feet she crouched, a very tame submissive Panther indeed. Knowing all this, she felt that the sacrifice she contemplated making for her father was of no common magnitude.

I venture to think that the neoteric novelist is generally a trifle too fond of little girls. I mean—don't be offended, young ladies—children of eighteen or nineteen, infantile heroines, who are very pretty, and fresh, and nice, but who can by no possibility have any definite character. Watch, as I have watched, a girl's development from seventeen to twenty-seven, and say if from her peculiarities at the former age it is possible to judge what she will be at the latter. It is hard to understand why pretty creatures fresh from the nursery are perpetually chosen as heroines. They are seldom such in real life, and it would be a dreadful bore if they were. Only boys and foolish elderly men think of marrying girls of eighteen or thereabout. Perhaps the truth is that the woman in her young prime—the woman in that delicious decade which begins at twenty-five—is rather too difficult a subject for the average novelist. So he gives us lamb instead of four-year-old mutton.

Claudia tried hard to persuade

herself, in direct contravention of her own judgment, that it would give her satisfaction to have a husband who would do her will unreasoningly. And such a spouse she expected in Stephen. That word "*obey*," which our wise liturgists put into the mouth of the marrying maiden, is a great trial to womankind. They know by instinct that it is what they ought to do, to be happy; yet they shrink from it as a timorous bather shrinks from his header into the sea on a cool fresh October morning. Shy creatures, whether panthers or fawns, they fly from the hand of their master; yet to be mastered is their destiny, their felicity.

Having decided to sacrifice herself for the good of the Branscombes, Claudia perceived the necessity of so occupying Anne Page that she might not monopolize Stephen. So she encouraged him to bring his friend Humphrey Morfill to the house; and Humphrey was both useful and ornamental. Humphrey was quite the modern Admirable Orichton. He could do anything. He went in for winning a fellowship and a lady's hand in precisely the same business-like way. He knew how to talk. In brilliant verbal foil-play with Claudia he achieved great success; but he showed a preference for teaching pretty little Anne a few innocent elements of the science called knowledge of the world. So the two couples paired off, a good deal: Claudia instructress to Stephen, Humphrey ludimagister to Anne. We must watch both processes.

In time, Stephen had nearly exhausted Claudia's information of that world-stratum called society. He was apprehensive, as I have said; and, having apprehended, he began to exercise his forgetive faculty. He combined the social elements learnt from Claudia into dramatic and romantic scenes. Farther, he imagined himself in the untried arena, and felt—the daring young dreamer—as if he need fear no one there. But, as Claudia ceased to teach, she began to learn. What, it may be asked, could this brilliant creature, a social

expert, learn of a boy like young Langton? Much. A poet of the day has described a young lady who, being christened Louisa, and being rather fast, has been rechristened "Unlimited Loo," in rhymes like these, so far as I can remember them:—

"Loo's a voice most delicious to carol
Mr. Tennyson's songs to the harp;
She can manage a light double-barrel;
She can angle for trout or for carp;
So wisely she talks about science,
You'd think her a regular blue;
She sets every rule at defiance—
And we style her Unlimited Loo.

"She can pull a stroke-oar on the river,
Like that muscular hero, Tom Brown;
She can ride, and at fences don't quiver
Where many a hunter goes down;
She's plucky, but vastly more pleasant
Than most of the nursery crew;
She can shoot, dress, and carve a cock
pleasant,
This wilful Unlimited Loo."

Now Claudia had all Miss Loo's accomplishments, and was quite as unlimited; but there was one thing whereof Claudia had a ladylike ignorance, and that was literature. I don't of course mean contemporary literature—i.e., Tennyson, Tupper, all the new novels, and the *Saturday Review*. She knew nothing of the classical literature of this or any other nation; and here she found a teacher in Stephen. He, being omnivorous, had read Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher—had gone farther afield, reading all that is best in the literature of Greece and of Rome—had mastered Spanish, Italian, German, French, and could quote for her Calderon, Camoens, Chiabrera, Goethe, or Heine and Alfred de Musset. I do not mean to say he had scholarly or accurate knowledge of any one of these languages; he had not. But he had, in that apprehensive faculty of his, a power which enabled him to understand great poets more thoroughly than many a perfect scholar. Porson was the victim of false quantities to the last, though he taught us the laws of Greek verse. Peacock, whose algebra has well been styled "The *Ivanhoe* of Cambridge," could not solve an equation problem. Stephen Langton could scarcely write a grammatical phrase in any tongue save English; but he tasted authors as diverse as Aristophanes, Anacreon,

Heine, Béranger, with most appreciative palate.

Now Claudia Branscombe's policy was transitive from the brilliant social mood to the Platonic and psychological. And here, as I have said, Stephen was so apt as to astonish her—almost to alarm her. She became rather afraid of the boy's progress being too rapid. Learned in the lore of the poets, he was first lecturer and then improvisator. The noble library furnished abundant material. Pleasant mornings of autumn vanished but too swiftly in its easy chairs or out beneath the leafage of the gardens. Let me sketch but one such morning.

Humphrey Morfill had brought Anne Page to that seat beneath the acacia where Stephen had declared himself her lover, and was teaching her chess. It was a most barefaced pretext. Anne couldn't learn the moves, and wouldn't try; her pretty white hands played with the white ivory; her sweet cheek flushed as she listened to Humphrey's gay joyous spirited talk. A capital talker, Humphrey; never dull or taciturn or melancholy, like Stephen; always ready with easy converse that had perhaps very little in it, but was enlivening and effervescent, like the foam of champagne. So they were pretending to play chess, and Humphrey was chattering, and Anne was listening dreamily, delightedly. Where were the other twain?

There was a cool shady seat under the tentlike greenery of a superb plane tree: "such tents the patriarchs loved." On a mimic lake, tranquil and pellucid, swam a very flotilla of unusual water-fowl, "*rare aves in terra*." The mound on which rose the plane sloped to this lakelet. Claudia sat upon the turf, a volume wide open on her lap. Stephen looked over the fair white page, and with eager finger pointed to the lines—

"Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure and no pace
perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks
still doth stand,
Hath motion and mine eye may be
deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age
unbred?
Ere you were born was beauty's summer
dead."

"Very poetic flattery," said Claudia, "but even Shakespeare was too weak for time. The fair face faded. Who was she, I wonder?"

"She is immortal in his verse, at any rate," said Stephen. "But nobody believes that beauty's summer is dead."

"It is melancholy to think that what poor beauty one may have is stealing away every moment just as certainly as the shadow moves on the dial."

"Heraclitus remarked that you never twice cross the same stream or twice look on the same face. Yet," went on Stephen—daring boy!—"you seem to me the very same vision of beauty that dawned upon me at that sordid school."

"Don't talk of it," she interposed, hurriedly. "Why, there have been ten April perfumes in ten hot Junes burned since then! I could almost cry, Stephen, when I think how dreadfully old I am growing—and you, why you are just beginning to live."

There certainly was a misty moisture in those wondrous black eyes of hers.

"You are not altered," said Stephen, "I could fancy—I do sometimes fancy—that the whole time is a dream, and that I shall wake up in the morning a little boy, in that snug room at Kingsleat, with your night-dress on. I remember now what wonderful frills it had."

"You were a wicked little boy," she said, turning round upon him with a flash of the liquid black eyes. "What business have you with my night-dresses?"

"Ah," said Stephen, throwing himself back upon the soft green turf and closing his eyes, "it is a dream, I know. I am not on the grass under a plane tree: I am half asleep in a delicious bed—half asleep, drowsily dozing—and you are going to get into bed in the next room—and before you do, you will stoop over me and give me a kiss. I know you will."

Why, Claudia, Claudia, what can this impudent boy mean? Is he not a trifle too precocious? Is he forgetting sweet Anne Page? Or is it only that facile humour which ever coexists with poetry? A momentous problem.

Claudia looked down upon him. His eyes were closed; the leaf

shadows of the plane fluttered over his boyish face; his lips were half parted, expectant. She stooped, and her abundant black tresses showered over him, and she pressed her lips to his. She could not resist the impulse; it was magic, magnetic. He caught her before she could rise again, and gave her kiss for kiss. Springing to his feet, he laughed merrily, and exclaimed

"Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty."

He could see Claudia blush a rosy red—she who blushed seldom indeed. And Claudia could feel the warm blush tingle and redden through her every limb. What had she done? She was playing with edged tools. She was afraid of this boy whom hitherto she had regarded with tolerant contempt. She was afraid of herself and of him.

"Sweet-and-thirty, you mean," she said. "Now, you must not do that again, Stephen, or I shall be very angry. You are a naughty boy."

He stooped over her, caught her two hands in his, and looked right into those great black changeable eyes. There was a strange expression in them—an almost piteous expression.

"Why, 'Claudia,'" he said, "there is no need to be angry. We went back a few years, that is all. I was a poor little schoolboy again, and you were the kind and beautiful vision that came suddenly to give me one day's pleasure. And you gave me a kiss of your own free will, you must admit."

"You are cruel," she said, looking away from him. "Let me go. I am tired of this child's play."

She rose to her feet, imperious and angry as the virgin goddess, that day the luckless huntsman beheld her white-skinned beauty in the Gargaphian waters. If Claudia had been at this moment a goddess I don't know what might have chanced to Stephen. You see, being very angry with herself, she naturally vented her ire upon him.

"You should go back to school again if I had my way," she said, "and learn better manners. I wonder at your impertinence."

"My dear Miss Claudia," said Stephen, "will you listen for a minute? You are unreasonably angry with yourself for being so generous as to

recall old times by giving me a kiss, and so you pretend to be angry with me. Now what harm in the world have you done or have I done? In point of fact you were only kissing a little boy in one of your own night-gowns."

Claudia thought it best to laugh. She knew it was ridiculous to quarrel with Stephen for her own mistake.

"I'll never kiss you again, sir, never," she said.

"Don't make rash promises," replied Stephen. "I really think that in order to console me for the scolding I've had, you ought to give me one more kiss—or at least let me take one. I shan't be able to believe you forgive me, else."

I think I may leave the reader to guess how this overture was received.

Claudia could not for a long time decide whether Stephen had any touch of feeling towards her. His manner perplexed her. With Anne Page he assumed the rights of betrothal, and tacitly treated her as his future wife, giving her indeed slight lectures, and making suggestions as to her conduct, all which Anne took with sweet submission. But he appeared to prefer Claudia's society, and lost no occasion for a quiet conversation with her, and wrote verses for her, and left Anne Page for Humphrey Morfill to amuse. He, nothing loth, amused her, and little Anne seemed quite content. Winifred tried once or twice to make her jealous of Claudia; but Anne could not feel jealousy.

"He likes Claudia's company," said Anne, "and why shouldn't he enjoy it? We love one another, you know, Stephen and I; but we need not always be talking about it."

"It appears to me," said Winifred, "that neither of you cares about the other. If he runs away with Claudia, I suppose you'll take up with Mr. Morfill."

"Claudia is much too old for Stephen. She is like a mother to him," said Anne, with a touch of demure spitefulness.

Winifred only wanted to make a little mischief. She and her father watched Claudia's game with much interest, and hoped to see her successful; and I suppose, if they had witnessed that scene under the plane tree, they would have felt certain of

her triumph. The Panther felt no such certainty.

When they parted, she went to her room, and kneeling on a stool at the window looked out upon the garden. There was still upon her cheeks the remnant of that angry blush, like the rosy streaks in the west that mark where the sun went down in splendour. She bit her beautiful nether lip; she clenched on one another her small white hands; her bosom panted beneath her bodice; her great black eyes had a lurid light in them.

"Shall I gain him?" she soliloquized. "I don't know. He is a strange boy, with something about him that I cannot understand. He made me kiss him just now. I believe he could do it again, this moment, though I hate him for it. Yes, I hate him sometimes. I like him a little, now and then; but he shall not have such power over me. Why I could have cried with spite. O, if he was only the little puny boy he was when I knew him first, I'd whip him to death almost—I declare I would. Hateful creature! When I marry him he shall pay for all this. I'll make him my slave. Can I? I will—I must; he shall submit to my will. To think that this mere boy should be able to make me hate him so. I wonder what Cis would say, if I told her."

The idea of the Bishop's lady's probable amazement made our Panther laugh. She grew less moody. She bathed her fair cheeks in fragrant water, and cooled away the excitement which had so thrilled every nerve of her body. She looked out upon the garden; Stephen and Humphrey and Anne Page were grouped together by the fountain: Humphrey was throwing pebbles into the water; Stephen, holding his sweetheart's hand in his, was saying something to which she eagerly listened.

"No; she shall not have him," said the Panther to herself. "I will not be defied by two children. They cannot know what love is."

So through the pleasant autumn weather she did her utmost to charm him. She wasted upon him a myriad times the art which had been triumphant with admirers of far greater pretension. It was a strange game

they played—she conscious, Stephen unconscious. Day after day passed delightfully, yet the Panther could not be sure of her prey. His very innocence foiled her—his boyish love for sweet Anne Page—his reverent admiration for herself, reverent, though, as we have seen, chequered with irreverent incidents. And the great Term time of Cambridge came rapidly on, when Humphrey Morfill would be away, and her work would be retarded by Anne Page's company. She resolved soon to make some decisive move. It was most important, for her father's sake, to win this game; and, besides, she was now too excited in the pursuit to relinquish it.

Whence it happened that, after much reflexion, she fixed upon an evening for her purpose. Eager in her enterprise, she was yet cool and considerate. "This boy," she said to herself, "cannot believe that I really love him, as I want him to believe; he thinks me beyond him; I must prove to him that I am not so. He will fall at my feet and worship me, when once he perceives his good fortune. As yet he is afraid." And so she decided upon time and place, and on a plan of action.

There was a lecture at some Idlechester Institute, by one of those wandering geniuses who skim the froth of other men's minds, and retail it for a few guineas nightly. I rather think it was on chemistry; and sweet Anne Page, having a pretty childish liking for seeing potassium flaming upon ice, and hearing the explosion of oxyhydrogen soap-bubbles, asked Stephen to take her. But Stephen was too busy, he said; the foolish fellow was hard at work on a magazine article, which of course was eventually refused; so he suggested that Humphrey would be glad to go. And thus it was arranged.

Which our wicked Panther knowing, that afternoon in the garden she reminded Stephen of a translation he had promised her of those delicious verses of Chiabrera's—

"Belle rose porporine,
Che tra spine
Sull' aurora non aprite:
Ma ministre degli Amori,
Bei testori
Di bei denti custodite."

Cunning as Eve her progenitrix, mother and mistress of many tricks, she knew well that the young scribbler could not refuse her his rhymes, whensoever she desired them; and so she desired them this very evening. And so, when Humphrey had taken Anne away to their chemistry, Stephen arrived with his MS., and began with more fluency than felicity—

"Ruddy Roses! not the blossoms
Whose sweet bosoms
Morning wets with crystal dew:
But lip-roses,
Where reposes
Love, and music trembles through!"

And of course the Panther's lustrous eyes brightened with admiration; and of course he read more of his polyglottisms, all about love—leave the boy alone for that. But by-and-by Claudia interrupted the readings with—

"Stephen, how old is Anne Page?"

"In her seventeenth year," he said.

"And when are you going to marry her?"

"That," he replied, "depends on her guardians. If Mr. Page had lived, he would doubtless have wished her to wait a few years."

"And you are in no hurry?"

"Why should I be? We are both very young. It would be wrong to hurry her. She is scarcely old enough to know her own mind."

"Are you?" asked Claudia, with some emphasis.

"Well," he said, rising from his seat and walking up and down the room, "I think I am. You know I have been in love with her for ten years at least," he continued, with a light laugh.

"Stephen," she said, with a very low inflection of her most musical voice, "Stephen, do not make a mistake in this matter. Do not mistake a mere childish fancy for true love. You young poets rhyme about true love without dreaming of its marvellous power. O, it is something so delicious that the delight is on the very verge of agony. It is too divine for us to enjoy it fully, and that is why its course can never run smooth. The gods envy those who love. Be careful, Stephen."

"Why, Claudia," he said, aston-

ished at her vehemence, "have you ever known true love then?"

"Shall I tell you a great secret, Stephen? No," she said, playfully putting her pretty finger to her lip, "no, you cannot be trusted. No, I won't tell you."

"You may trust me," he said. "I should very much like to know that there is any one whom *you* think worth loving."

"O, there is," she said; "there is." There was a pause. At length she said—

"Come here, Stephen. Kneel down. I don't want you to look at me while I tell you my secret."

He knelt at her feet, and buried his face in her lap, as if they were playing forfeits. She ran her delicate fingers through his bright crisp curly hair. He was very patient. At last she said,

"I am afraid. Can't you guess, Stephen?"

"I can only guess that he is a very happy man," he answered, trying to raise his head and look at her face. But she would not let him.

"He is too happy," she said, "too fortunate. He cares nothing for me. O, I cannot tell you, Stephen."

"How you delight to tantalize me," he said.

"Listen, Stephen, listen," she whispered. "Tell nobody. Forget that you have heard it." She bowed her head towards him, so that he felt her breath upon his hair. "*It is you I love!*"

Still she held him in his sweet prison; then, as with a sudden revulsion, she pushed him from her, exclaiming—

"Go away—you despise me, I know—go away directly."

She buried her face in her hands, and sobbed passionately,

Stephen was astounded. With all her apparent passion, he could not believe her. He had never dreamt of loving Claudia, of being unfaithful to sweet Anne Page. He was thunderstruck, yet scarcely credulous.

"Claudia," he said, "what have you told me?"

"Stephen," she replied, standing erect, and looking upon him fearlessly with dilated orbs of living light, "I have told you the truth. I am foolish enough, wicked enough, to love you, though I know you can never love me. Perhaps you some day will love as madly, and then you will

know how vain it is to strive to repress such love. O Stephen, Stephen my darling, pity me!"

She threw herself upon him. She flung her arms around him wildly, and clung to him, lip, breast, and lissom limb. She kissed him as Cleopatra might have kissed broad-fronted Cæsar in her youth. He could not help returning the pressure of that irresistible embrace. For a half-minute it may be, locked in each other's arms, Stephen and Claudia forgot, or seemed to forget, everything but love. So Hero and Leander may have clung together ere the bold swimmer sprang into Hellespont on his return.

But the Panther felt that she had not triumphed. She had miscalculated her power over him. And she was not surprised, when that vehement embrace was over, to hear him say, "Claudia, this is very terrible. I pity you."

Yes, this was her humiliation, only too well deserved, she felt. She had vainly exhausted all her resources, even those which no woman should stoop to use. She had offered herself to this boy, and was rejected. Even the secret might not be kept; he and Anne Page perhaps would talk of her with a pitying smile as "poor Claudia." Her haughty temper chafed at the numberless probabilities which crowded her imagination. If Raphael should hear of it! Raphael would believe Stephen to blame—would call him to account; and what would he say to her? O that she had never run such a risk! O that she had never taken a fancy to this contemptuous boy, years before.

"I wish I could love you, Claudia," he went on breaking the silence, "I owe you a great debt of gratitude."

This was worse than all. Every word he uttered, though intended kindly, filled her with deeper shame, with hotter ire. She bit her lip till it bled; she clenched her beautiful hands till the nails indented their soft palms. She would have given half her life at that moment to be revenged upon Stephen. O to torture him with some intense ingenuity of torture—something beyond all that the Inquisition ever invented!

Humphrey Morfill's knock was heard at the front door, "Tell them I have a headache—anything"—she said, and was gone in an instant. So Stephen told them he had called in to

hear their account of the lecture, and that Miss Branscombe had a bad headache; and Anne Page ran away to see if she could do anything for her cousin; and Humphrey criticized the lecturer's theories, and laughed at the awkwardness of his experiments, and was learned upon isomeric substances; and by-and-by Anne returned to say that Claudia was coming presently, and they must stop to supper, which they did; and Humphrey Morfill announced his intention of performing a chemical experiment superior to any at the lecture, and accordingly, being furnished with a lobster and some anchovies and olives and capers and lettuce and endive and various condiments, made such a salad as only a first-rate operator could produce.

Claudia came down looking radiant, and supper went off with joyous gaiety.

"Chemistry," said Humphrey, "is a wonderful science, if one only knew something beyond its mere facts. I want to know *why* two gases form water, when mixed in given proportions—why chlorine destroys colours and odours—why laughing gas intoxicates you. What we call science is only classified ignorance."

"Then it is just as well to be ignorant without classification, as ladies generally are," said Claudia.

"What a beautiful colour the vapour of iodine is!" said Anne. "I don't think I ever beheld anything so exquisite."

"If I recollect," observed Claudia, "it is very much the colour of Stephen's eyes."

"Ironical flattery is cruel," said Stephen, who was rather surprised at Claudia's gaiety.

"How strange," said Anne, "that that stuff—what did he call it?—should catch fire when it touches water! It seems so absurd."

"Potassium, you mean," said Humphrey. "Well, that experiment illustrates the weakness of what is called chemical science."

"How so?" asked the Panther.

"Why, look here. Two elements, oxygen and hydrogen, are in close partnership—closer than man and wife, a great deal. The result we call water, and drink it—some of us. Now why should there be a third malignant element that takes delight in separating these two attached lovers? Potassium is the rascal; he—or perhaps I had better say she, for it is quite a ladylike business—has so strong a passion for oxygen that she forcibly extracts her true love from the water, and so violently as to set both the hydrogen and herself on fire. Whence this mad passion? Chemists only say—'O, potassium has a great affinity for oxygen.' To me it almost seems like the jealous work of a living creature, just as if Rosaline, the scarlet-lipped beauty whom that rascal Romeo deserted for Juliet, had followed him in wild anger, and killed both Juliet and herself."

"That is the action of potassium, is it?" said Claudia. "The chemical type of a jealous woman. Curious! Anne, the lecturer did not tell you all this, did he?"

"No, it is some of Mr. Morfill's fantastic speculation. He is fond of odd notions. I think he would have been an alchemist or an astrologer if he had lived in old times."

"I believe in both sciences," said Stephen.

"I believe it is getting late," said Humphrey. "Come, the ladies are tired of us."

They rose to go. Claudia took an opportunity to approach Stephen, and whispered in his ear with singular distinctness—

"*I hate you, Stephen. You shall never marry Anne Page.*"

He gave her a sorrowful look, and then went away with his friend. But not home, as yet; it was a night of glorious moonlight, and they paced the cathedral close, solacing themselves with the enchanted weed.

CHAPTER IX.

IN A GONDOLA.

HE is somewhat daring who ventures to make Venice a scene of his romance. Has not Shakespeare the myriad-minded been there twice—once with his wondrous comedy and

peerless Portia, and that divine little Jewess Jessica—

"In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her"—

once with that tear-compelling tragedy of the doom of Desdemona, with

"That whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster"?

Nor Shakespeare only; but men of smaller mould than he, to whom yet we in this day seem pigmies. Voltaire's kings, and Schiller's masked Armenian: Byron, hymning in his strongest verse the "sea Cybele, fresh from ocean," fed with gems of "the exhaustless East," and in another mood telling the story of Beppo: Shelley, longing

"Never to leave sweet Venice, for to me
It was delight to ride by the lone sea;
And then the town is silent—one may
write
Or read in gondolas, by day or night,
Unseen, uninterrupted:

later, Disraeli the younger, with that hero whose story, as his preface tells us, "has had the rare fortune of being cherished by great men:" and Ruskin, who puts artistic and architectural paradox in sonorous prose: and Arthur Clough, exclaiming,

"O beautiful beneath the magic moon
To walk the watery way of palaces;
O beautiful, o'er-vaulted with gemmed
blue
This spacious court; with colour and with
gold,
With cupolas and pinnacles and points,
And crosses multiplex and tips and balls,
(Wherewith the bright stars unproving
mix,
Nor scorn by hasty eyes to be confused;)
Fantastically perfect this lone pile
Of Oriental glory; those long ranges
Of classic chiselling; this gay flickering
crowd,
And the calm Campanile!"

Last, but how far from least, the greatest of living poets has been "In a Gondola," and has sung

"O which were best, to roam or rest?
The land's lap or the water's breast?
To sleep on yellow millet-sheaves
Or swim in lucid shallows, just
Eluding water-lily leaves,
An inch from Death's black fingers, thrust
To lock you, whom release he must;
Which life were best on summer eves?"

Ah, can I venture on the charmed Venetian water after these? Can I write in my gondola after Shelley's divine lyrics, or look up eagerly for a flushed face at a balcony for an embrace of her whom Browning beheld

stretching to regain her lost loory, till

"Quick the round smooth cord of gold,
The coiled hair on her head, unrolled,
Fell down her like a gorgeous snake
The Roman girls were wont of old,
When Rome there was, for coolness's sake,
To let lie curling o'er their bosoms"?

Pshaw! Authors must not be cowards in these days: "faint heart never won fair lady:" and there is one fair lady whom I fain would win to read this story.

Raphael Branscombe was in the silent city; not because, like Contarini Fleming, he was drawn thither by some magic impulse, but simply because he rather liked it. And though, again unlike Contarini, the Seraph had no special predisposition for conspiracies, he had a wonderful genius for adventure. He was in the midst of one now; or perhaps 'twere better to say it had reached its acme, and Raphael was getting a little tired of it.

The Seraph was singularly unaltered since we saw him at Kingsleat, so long ago. He was boyish and beautiful as ever. No trace of beard or whisker marred the feminine curves of cheek and chin. You might have thought that he drank the elixir of youth. He lay back in his chair at breakfast, according to his old custom; and Louis supplied him abundantly with comestibles; and he gazed languidly through an open window towards a palace on the opposite side of the narrow canal.

In that palace dwelt two English ladies, the Countess of Shottesbrooke and Lady Æmilia Hastings, her youngest daughter. The elder lady was an average countess dowager, unpleasantly hard up. As for Lady Æmilia—I am tempted again to quote a famous poet—

"Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round
and lips so red,—
On her neck the small face buoyant, like
a bell-flower on its bed,
O'er the breast's superb abundance where
a man might base his head."

Yes: Æmilia was very much "such a lady." She reminded me often of Browning's Ottima, or of Byron's Dudd—

"Being somewhat large and languishing
and lazy,
Yet of a beauty that would drive you
crazy."

She had driven a good many people crazy in her time; and was at present occupied in doing the same kind act for a young Mr. Bouverie Hudson, a millionaire of five-and-twenty, whose father was generally believed to have been a tailor, and whose prænomen, according to some wicked wit, had been given him because he lodged in Bouverie-street. Hudson was a very agreeable affable innocent young fellow, who was maddened by Lady Emilia's sleepy beauty. The Countess encouraged him; he would be a capital match for her daughter; but he could not succeed in awakening the slightest amount of interest in those great drowsy eyes of hers.

Even now, as Raphael lounged over his late breakfast, Mr. Bouverie Hudson was in attendance on the lady of his love. He had arranged a morning stroll in a gondola, if I may use such a phrase, to see some church or palace or island of the lagoons—I forget what. And the hour had come, and the Countess had already dressed to start, and Lady Emilia declined to move.

"I am so weary of it all," she said. "And it is so hot." And she sank back in her chair the very picture of lassitude.

"It will be pleasantly cool on the water," said the Countess.

"O mamma, don't try to persuade me. You know what an indolent creature I am. You go with Mr. Hudson—you'll enjoy it, I dare say—and bring him back to dinner."

She sighed with the exertion of saying so much. Her invincible indolence made her quite an autocrat. So the Countess of Shottesbrooke and Mr. Bouverie Hudson started together, the young gentleman looking anything but happy.

Their gondola had scarcely left the steps when Lady Emilia so far exerted herself as to rise from her seat, and fasten to the blind of the balcony a morsel of rosy ribbon. Then she actually went and dressed herself, and, returning to the saloon, sat watching by the window.

"Confound the girl!" murmured Raphael to himself as he saw that silken signal. "Louis, the gondola."

He prepared to go out, though in leisurely fashion. Having lighted a cigar, he also fastened a strip of rib-

bon to the blind. When Emilia saw it, she sprang up with a promptitude, and tripped down the marble stairs with an agility, which you would not have imagined in her.

Raphael's gondola shot rapidly across from one palace portal to the other. When the Lady Emilia had entered it, away it floated through these labyrinthine canals—what matter whither?

A sunny atmosphere of delight seemed to surround Emilia as she lay back on the cushions, alone with Raphael. They were silent, for a long time. At last Raphael, having finished his cigar, half rose from his seat, and looked upon the lady's face, and kissed her drooping eyelids.

"So Hudson is teasing you still, my child?" he said.

"Yes, and Mamma encourages him dreadfully. O, I am so tired of it all. I wish I had never seen you, Raphael."

"Why, you silly little thing," he exclaimed, "what next? You know that an hour with me on these quiet waters is worth a year of your slow lazy life. What have I taught you, come?"

"You have taught me to love you, Raphael. And I wish I had not learnt it. And I never know whether you love me, or not."

"That is a question on which no young lady should permit herself to have a doubt."

"Do you love me, Raphael?" she asked, eagerly.

"How many times have you asked me that, Emilia? And how many times have I told you that I don't care very much for anybody but myself? When will you learn to know me, child?"

"I don't like you when you jest in this way," she said. "If you don't love me, why do you kiss me?—why do you . . . ?"

"Because I like it," he replied.

"You are very nice—and you love me, I know, which is very pleasant—and I like to float in a gondola with my arm round your waist, and your charming head on my shoulder. And if I am satisfied, why should not you be, my pet?"

"But this can't go on for ever," she said, in speech far more rapid than his; for she was eager, and he was cool and calm. "You know it can't; what am I to do?"

"For ever," said Raphael, meditatively. "No, *indeed*. Perhaps an eternity of it might get monotonous, but I am not yet very much fatigued. O, if I could only stay in one place without being bored, and you could always be beautiful and young, it would be very tolerable here in Venice."

And he kissed her lips, this time. And then he lazily lit another cigar.

"But, Raphael," she said, after a long pause; "what *am* I to do? Tell me. You haven't told me?"

"Marry Hudson, I should think."

"O, now you are cruel!" she cried, passionately. "You know I hate that man."

"Which need not prevent your marrying him. He worships you. Come child, be reasonable; you know I can't marry; you know you must marry money. Here is this good-tempered young fellow as madly in love with you as you are with me. Make him happy—and be as contented as you can manage to be, yourself."

"Raphael! you are a fiend."

"Don't be abusive, my pet, or I won't give you another kiss this morning. Was it my fault, you little fool, that you fell passionately in love with me? Why you were like a ripe peach—you dropt into my hand, you know you did. I have told you all this before; you need not make a man talk so much, this hot weather. There! my cigar is out."

Æmilia was half smiles, half tears. So foolishly she loved this man that she could not be angry with him. She was his slave. She could have thrown herself on the ground at a word, for him to tread upon her. I believe she would have cast herself headlong into the canal, if Raphael had bidden her. And now, while he talked with this cool cynicism, she clung to him with servile love.

"If I could marry," resumed the Seraph, after a while, "I would marry you, Æmilia—and that is more than I ever said to any woman before. If either you or I had a clear thousand a year, I would marry you. I don't know that I should be happy; I think not; if I know myself at all, I should desert you in about six months. But *you* would be happy—for a week or two."

And he hummed—he had a capital tenor voice, Raphael—a stanza of Murger's song:

"Yesterday seeing the swallows whirl,
Summer's guests in a happier clime,
I thought once more of the darling girl
Who used to love me—when she had
time—

"—When she had time!"

"Ah," said Lady Æmilia, with a sigh, after another pause, "what would my brother say if he knew?"

"My dear girl," said Raphael, "you are in a fanciful state this morning. Be calm. I like repose. If you worry yourself your eyes will lose their brightness and your cheeks their colour and your bust its divine curve—and then you won't catch me in a gondola with you again in a hurry. Your brother the Earl is as gallant a boy as ever lived—and if he knew, why I suppose he'd kill me, for it wouldn't be gentlemanly for me to kill him, you know—and I really shouldn't so much care if I felt sure there was a Venice in the next world, and a pretty Æmilia ready to love me. But the parsons, who ought to know I suppose, don't give one any such ideas, I'm sorry to say."

The well disciplined gondolier, who knew the value of time, had brought them back to where Lady Æmilia dwelt. Raphael gave her a farewell kiss.

"Good-bye, child," he said, "Go and tell Mamma, like a dutiful daughter, that you think you'll marry Hudson if he'll make a good settlement on you. I'll make you a wedding present. Run away."

She ascended the stairs. He, returning to his palace, found that the post had in the interval arrived, and that there was a letter in his father's well known hand. Better say "fiat," perhaps; Devil Branscombe wrote a most characteristic and unmistakable fiat, and sealed his letters with a vast shapeless splash of wax, whereon a muzzled mastiff and the motto "*Cave!*" seemed equally characteristic.

"What's the row now?" said Raphael, breaking the seal. The letter was dated from Idlechester: "By Jove," said Raphael to himself; "the old gentleman has taken a queer fancy." Thus ran the epistle:—

"DEAR RAPHAEL,

"You remember old Langton the tanner—big old fellow with a strong smell of leather. Well, here

I am in his house in the High-street, comfortably shut up in a front bedroom, and watching all that goes on at poor Page's opposite. Amusing, rather. Nobody knows I'm here, though Walter knew I was coming; settled it all with him at the Dolphin at Southampton. Very fair wine at the Dolphin, for a country inn.

"You'll say, what the deuce is it all about? Well, Page left his money so that half of it will go to old Langton's grandson, if we don't look sharp. Your uncle, who's got his wits about him, suggested the best way out of it—Claudia to marry young Langton, and then you to come over and marry Page's little girl. She's very pretty, I hear: and, as you've had your fling, it can't matter much who you marry. She's got close upon four thousand a year.

"So I want you to come and meet me and talk it over. I shall start for Guernsey as soon as I've talked to Claudia. I saw her go along the street just now. Wouldn't she have been astonished if she had known who was looking at her!

"R. B.

"P. S. I mean to go to Baden or some such place, and see if I've any luck with the thousand Page left me. He might as well have made it ten. I shall wait for you in Guernsey—but be as quick as you can, for I'm tired of the infernal hole."

"That's your game, is it, old gentleman?" said Raphael. "Under the circumstances, perhaps I'd better not hurry myself. You can't spend much money in Guernsey, at any rate. However, I must go to talk to you, that's certain—and it will be a fine opportunity of dropping that little Hastings. She's getting tiresome, poor child. As to Anne Page, why she must be a mere baby yet. So much the better perhaps, in some respects. Her money would make us all right."

The next morning Raphael signalled early to his fair neighbour opposite, and sat smoking in proximity to the window, awaiting a reply. None came, all through the long bright day.

"Strange," he thought. "Æmilia is generally in a deuce of a hurry. I suppose the old woman has made her go out somewhere."

But when on the next day the

same thing happened, Raphael said to his valet,

"Louis, I want you to find out quietly what Lady Shottesbrooke is doing."

"Her ladyship has left Venice, sir," said Louis, promptly. "I have just heard it."

Louis was a model valet, always knew what his master wanted to know, but never entered on a subject except by his master's desire.

"Left, eh?" soliloquized Raphael, "I wonder if there has been a row. Louis," he said to his valet, "I shall leave too. I shall go to Rome for a day or too, and then I think of crossing to Corsica. We'll start this evening."

There *had* been a row. We left Æmilia slowly ascending the palace stairs. When she reached the saloon, to her amazement she was received by her mother.

"Well, Lady Æmilia Hastings, pray where have you been? I thought you were too indolent to move."

"I suppose one may change one's mind, mamma."

"O, of course. At the same time I presume I may inquire where you have been, and in whose company."

"Whom do I know here?" asked Lady Æmilia. "What do you mean by '*In whose company*'?"

"I mean," said the Countess, "that for a young lady of your rank to be alone in a gondola with a man whose character is so bad as Mr. Raphael Branscombe's is sufficient to ruin her reputation."

The girl was taken by surprise. Though the noiseless labyrinthine canals of Venice, with their mysterious gondolas, are the natural home of intrigue, yet the secrets of the Venetian waters are not always kept. Gossip exists there, especially among the resident English: and the Countess had that very morning encountered another dowager who knew more than herself of her daughter's movements. So she had hastily returned, finding some pretext for the alteration of her design, and dismissing Mr. Hudson till dinner time.

"If Mr. Branscombe has so bad a character," said Lady Æmilia, "why do you let him come here?"

"It is impossible," said the Countess, "to exclude an Englishman of fashion, whom you meet everywhere. But if

he were the most virtuous man in the world, it would not justify you in going out with him alone."

"Not if I were affianced to him?" she asked.

"Why that would be worse than all," the Countess almost shrieked. "He has no money; he is a pauper, and is far too clever to marry a pauper. *Æmilia*," she said solemnly, "I don't know how far you have gone with him, and I have no wish to know, but we shall leave Venice at once—and you will accept Mr. Hudson."

"Never," said *Æmilia*.

"*You will*," replied her mother, firmly. "Otherwise I will write at once to Edward, and tell him of your intrigue with this Mr. Branscombe."

The threat was effective. The young Earl, his sister knew well, had a high notion of the family honour. *Sans peur et sans reproche* himself, and descended from a stainless ancestry, he was certain to hear of her doings with indignation.

"Good heaven!" she thought, "and Raphael would be killed. He said he could not defend himself. It is dreadful."

Poor girl, she was awakened from her indolent languor now. She loved this man, who was utterly unworthy of her, with the most absolute love. And if she sacrificed herself to a man for whom she cared nothing, it was to save Raphael from her brother's vengeance.

"Mamma," she said, faintly, "I submit. Now leave me alone, please." She sank back in her chair and wept as if her heart would break. The Countess, heedless of her daughter's tears, went away smiling at her own success.

That day the happy Hudson, after a charming dinner, received from the Countess a hint that he might speak.

And he spoke, frankly and fairly, like a fine foolish young fellow as he was; and Lady *Æmilia* intoxicated him with an indolent *Yes*. But ah, poor child, she shuddered at his delight, and shrank from the lips that touched her own.

And, before they started for England, she wrote a note to Raphael, which came to him through a gondolier, after she was gone. It was a very little note.

"DEAR CRUEL RAPHAEL,—I have obeyed you. I should not have had courage, but Mamma found out that I love you, and I was afraid Edward would kill you. I don't know *what* she knows. Forget me, *please*."

"*ÆMILIA*."

"Poor little rogue!" thought Raphael, when he read it. "That's all over."

He went, as he intended, to Rome; having written to his father to say that he was on his way to Guernsey. Rome had not at that time become quite such a suburb of London as it now is. People had not begun to write—

"Jemima was cross, and I lost my umbrella,
That day at the tomb of *Cæcilia Metella*."

There was no croquet at the Aldobrandini. Story and Weld had not written their dreary books, nor had my friend Mr. Locker set up as Laureat of the Eternal City. Raphael only stayed a day or two; there was, of course, nobody there; and he took wing to Naples, to look once more upon its voluptuous bay, and the pale cone of Vesuvius. Raphael, a thorough Epicurean, intensely enjoyed fine scenery. All his tastes were exquisite. If he had possessed any kind of ethics, he would have been a very good sort of fellow.

BALZAC—HIS LITERARY LABOURS.

IN a former article we gave a sketch of the life and career of Balzac ; we shall now endeavour to examine his literary labours.

He wrote like no ordinary writer ; he wrote as all great writers have written and must ever write. Where many men finish, Balzac only really began his work. He was a devotee to that "*limæ labor*" upon which Horace lays so much emphasis. He was a long time thinking over a subject, and before he sat down to his desk he had generally clearly conceived in his mind the whole plan of his work—the subject, the plot, the episodes, the digressions, and even the details of scene and points of conversation ; and this mental conception was cherished in his memory as a whole, subjected to mental criticism, embellished, polished, filled with marked characters, whose peculiarities he had settled, whose dress was clear to him, and of whose continued influence on the plot and ultimate destiny he would not have to pause for a moment to consider. Consequently, when he began to write, the labour was to a great extent mechanical ; his pen travelled over the paper with the swiftness of lightning—he never paused a moment ; and people who saw him write, and were ignorant of the previous mental labour he had undergone, used to think him a marvel of rapid conception and ready imagination ; but the detail had been laboured out carefully, painfully, in his mind for months before.

When the composition was finished one would imagine that little more could be left to be done in the way of revision, but with Balzac this was really the commencement of his labour. When he received the proof from the printer he began by annihilating whole chapters or substituting others, changing the place of chapters, re-arranging portions of the plot, so that one chapter which had appeared towards the beginning was now placed at the end ; characters

were replaced and others interpolated ; details filled in which involved a considerable amount of new matter ; and after an infinite number of minor corrections it was at last sent back to the printers, to be not corrected, but almost wholly recomposed, and that from a manuscript charged with a network of interpolations, obliterations, long lines leading from one point in the page to some marginal references, and other lines crossing and recrossing each other for a similar purpose, to the utter bewilderment of the poor printers, who used to pore over it, spell it out, discover the course of these many lines, and trace them to their termination with the greatest difficulty. There were only a certain number of men in Paris who could "compose" Balzac, and a rule sprang up amongst them that no one should work more than one hour at a time on his copy. "I have had my hour at Balzac" was a common saying in the Paris printing-offices, and the signal for a new victim to take up the copy whilst the other took his hour's rest. Then what is called a "paged" proof was sent him, which with most men would require only the slightest typographical correction ; but with Balzac it was a renewal of his labour. Between certain phrases he inserted new sentences, added new words, obliterated others ; a line was paraphrased into a page, and the substance of a page compressed into a sentence ; one chapter was developed into three ; their order was again disturbed, and not unfrequently arranged as they were placed in the first proof ; the margin was crowded with a multitude of alterations, and covered with a new network of lines leading to the portion of the sentences to which they applied. It was then returned to the printers to be almost wholly recomposed, and after another—final proof he allowed it to be struck off.

Not only was this habit a terrible trial to the printers, but it was a continual expense to his publishers. It

* J'ai fait mon heure de Balzac—qui prend sa copie ?

cost them forty francs for corrections for every sixteen pages. He was paid by the *Revue de Paris* 250 francs the sheet; and M. Buloz, the editor, one day, alluding to the labour and expense of correction, said—

"Balzac, you will ruin me."

He rejoined, angrily—"I will give up fifty francs per sheet to be free to make what corrections I think proper; so say no more about it, for you know very well that pecuniary discussions are soon settled with me."

Another good practice he had was the keeping a note-book, which he always carried about with him, and in which he recorded, not only the various phenomena that strike a vigilant observer in society, in the streets, in the fields, but the happy thoughts that so frequently occur to the mind under the stimulus of reading, conversation, or in wandering amongst the solitudes of nature. For such emergencies Balzac was always ready. No happy thought ever escaped him; no peculiarity in character or temper or even physical formation ever came before him without being recorded in his note-book, which became a repertoire of materials, natural scenes, domestic dissensions, snatches of conversation, happy phrases, elegant thoughts, moral reflections, names, plots, and even apt words. It is to this book that we owe some of the most graphic descriptions of nature and subtle analyses of the human heart ever penned by mortals. He was a true artist; he worked like a galley-slave for his money and his fame, both of which he loved, though we are quite sure he had a true pure love of his art as well, and to that he fell a victim.

It is of course quite impossible in the space of a single review to give a fair idea of the mind of such a voluminous author as Balzac. Amongst so many good things the difficulty of selection is increased, but we hope, by making our selection as varied as possible, to convey some idea of the marvellous anatomy of human nature to be found in this treasure-house of Balzac.

The first work we shall examine is one of the most amusing, and at the

same time one of the keenest analyses of a certain phase of domestic life we have ever found anywhere. The title is, "The Small Miseries of Married Life" ("Les Petites Misères de la Vie Conjugale"). Before proceeding we may remark here a fact we have elsewhere examined more in detail*—that is, the obligation of Thackeray to Balzac. There were not only striking similarities in the styles and conceptions of these two men, but, strange to say, in their careers.

Balzac began his career in the celebrated Quartier Latin, so did Thackeray. Balzac, as we have seen, went into business and failed at the age of twenty-seven. Thackeray at about the same age had the misfortune to lose considerably by speculation. Both men set to work honourably and nobly to retrieve their position. Both laboured for ten years without much success, in obscurity and with straitened incomes. Both burst suddenly into fame; Balzac by his "Physiologie du Mariage," and Thackeray by his now classical "Vanity Fair." In twenty years time, both men were famous and wealthy. No man was more respected and beloved by those who knew him than Thackeray. Balzac, though not much beloved, enjoyed a popularity equalled by few, and was feared even by his enemies. But the most extraordinary coincidence is in their deaths, Balzac dying at fifty, and Thackeray at fifty-two, each somewhat suddenly, and each having an aged mother under his roof to lament his loss.

Thackeray often testified in public to his admiration of Balzac's writings, and his advice to Miss Brontë was to study them. Strange that both the adviser and advised have traces throughout their works of having drunk deeply at the same fountain. The nature of the obligation does not partake of the character of plagiarism. That is a vulgar crime to which writers of Thackeray's or Miss Brontë's stamp have no occasion to descend, nor could they under any circumstances. But it is of the nature of unconscious imitation: that subtle influence which mind exerts on mind.

* DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, December, 1864. "On the Style of Balzac and Thackeray."

It is the same with literature as with life. From long contemplation of one character we assimilate into our own a portion of that character. Revelation lays emphasis upon this great mystery of our being. The continued contemplation of the life of our Divine Master, is urged repeatedly as the only means of attracting his Spirit and becoming like him; so that, as the Apostle says, the consummation of that imitation of Christ from continually contemplating his life, will only be complete "when he shall appear, and we shall be like him." And that consummation will still be the effect of more perfect contemplation, for "*we shall see him as he is.*" Upon this phenomenon is based the absolute necessity of purity in literature, more especially in that class of literature which, appealing to the fancy, is most popular. What more insidious method could the Evil one have devised for instilling sin into the soul than the pages of an impure novel or play. We all know something of the facility by which an impure thought is implanted in the mind, and of the difficulty of exorcising it; once the germ is planted it becomes vital, grows, matures, and bears deadly fruit.

The "*Petites Misères de la Vie Conjugale*" is an analysis of that phase of life, or rather it is what would be termed in surgical science a *morbid anatomy*. It is an endeavour to trace the rise and development of domestic infelicity, that subtle disease of which a keen eye may detect traces in many a gay joyous pair, as they flit through the fairy chambers of fashionable life.

"The way of a man with a maid," was a mystery to Solomon, and it remains a mystery even now. Incomprehensible, unaccountable mystery. The way of man with man is tolerably well understood; it is subject to laws which are known, it is characterized by some degree of regularity; ascertain the character of each, and you can predict with tolerable certainty what kind of communion they will hold with each other. But the companionship of man with woman is capricious, varying, inconsistent; his wisdom becomes folly, and sometimes folly appears like wisdom, the atmosphere is very unsettled; now calm, now stormy; the sun shines brilliantly

on one day, but to-morrow there will be lightning and tempest. And so this French sage observes, "To know women as I know them, would not be to know much about them; they do not know themselves, and the Creator, you recollect, was deceived by the only one that he had to govern, and whom he had taken the trouble to create."

But we will endeavour to give an outline of this lecture on matrimonial anatomy. It consists of two parts, each containing eighteen chapters, and though necessarily there are allusions to phases of domestic life, to which we English are totally unaccustomed, and some of us happily ignorant, but which strongly characterise the domestic economy of the French, yet there is a great fund of general truth capable of universal application. It commences thus:—

"A friend speaks to you of a young lady—good family, well educated, handsome, and three hundred thousand francs safe. It's just the thing you are looking for."

"Generally these accidental meetings are premeditated, and you are soon introduced to the object."

"Your intended will inherit property from a maternal uncle, an old gouty subject, whom she cajoles, humours, flatters, and muffles—in addition there is the fortune of her father to her. Caroline (name of the object,) has always adored her uncle; her uncle who dandled her on his knees, her uncle this, her uncle that, her uncle everything, whose property was estimated at two hundred thousand francs. A mathematical calculation ensues in all such cases, such as the following:—

	Francs.
Three probable inheritances, . . .	750,000
Your fortune, . . .	250,000
That of your wife, . . .	250,000

"That is the matter of fact of all those hymeneal processions whose choruses dance and feast in white kid gloves, with flower at the button hole, bouquets of orange flowers, gold and silver thread, veils, carriages going to the Mayor's, the church, from the church to the banquet, from the banquet to the dance, and from the dance to the nuptial chamber, amid the tones of the orchestra, and the flatteries of the guests. Meantime the parents

sum up the whole matter in two sentences; the husband's parents say, "Adolphus has done a good business," and the lady's, "Caroline has made an excellent marriage." Adolphus is an only son, and he will have sixty thousand francs income some day or another."

There is a chapter on discoveries which illustrates the following truth:—

"Generally a young person does not reveal her true character until after two or three years of marriage. She unconsciously dissimulates her defects during the first rejoicings, the first fêtes she goes into the world to dance, she visits her relations, to parade you there. She becomes suddenly a woman; then she becomes a mother, and in that situation, full of joy and suffering, so full of care as to leave no time or opportunity for observation, it is impossible to judge of a wife. You must spend three or four years of intimate life before the period of discoveries. They commence; you fancy you have been deceived, Caroline is deficient in perception, she cannot converse, she is dull and has no tact, you are alarmed, and you begin to feel that you will have to watch and guide her in society, where she will ever peril your self-love. You have already heard her remarks, and noticed how they have been received politely in a silence which scarcely hid the smile, you have felt quite certain that some such conversation as the following took place when your back was turned:—

"Poor thing she is—"

"As stupid as a cabbage."

"However could a man of his intellect choose her. He should instruct her, or teach her to hold her tongue."

Time rolls on, bringing new knowledge, and revealing new facts.

"You have passed the allegro of bachelorhood and reached the grave andante of a father of a family. Instead of that fine English horse, prancing along the Champs Elysées, you drive a quiet large Norman animal. Behind you, in that substantial four-wheeled vehicle, are spread out like flowers your wife and her mother, like a large rose with many leaves. They chirp and chatter about you, knowing well that the noise of the wheels prevents your hearing their

conversation. On the box there is a pretty nursemaid, and upon her knees your little girl; by her side is your son, a restless child, whose antics worry his mother and you."

"You have achieved the triumphant idea of taking your family out; you depart in the morning the admiration of your poorer neighbours, who envy you the privilege of going into the country without undergoing the inconvenience of public vehicles. You have dragged that wretched Norman horse to Vincennes across Paris, from Vincennes to St. Maur, from St. Maur to Charenton, and from Charenton to some small spot which has appeared to the minds of your wife and mother-in-law more beautiful than any other."

"Let us go to Maisons," they cry.

You go to Maisons, which is near Alfort, and return by the left bank of the Seine, in the midst of a cloud of dust; the horse can scarcely get along. At this moment little Adolphus becomes restless and cries.

"What is the matter?" says the grandmother.

"I am hungry."

"He is hungry," says the mother to the daughter.

"And how can he help being hungry? It is half-past five, we have been out two hours, and we are only at the barriers."

"Your husband should have let us dine in the country."

"He would rather make his horse go two leagues further and return home," said Caroline.

"The cook would have had her holiday," rejoined the mother-in-law, "but after all Adolphus is right. It is economical to dine at home."

"Adolphus," cried Caroline, stung by the word "economical," "we are going so slow, I feel as though I were sea-sick, and you seem to keep us in the dust as long as possible, my bonnet and dress are spoiled."

"Do you want me to kill the horse?" asked her husband.

"Never mind about the horse, think of your child who is dying of hunger, it is seven hours since he has taken anything; whip the horse on or one would think you valued your horse more than your child."

You are afraid to urge the horse for fear of accident, and you take no notice.

"No," exclaim your wife and her mother, "Adolphus loves to contradict me."

"However, Caroline," said the old lady maliciously, "*he does what he likes.*"

Nothing annoys you more than to be protected by your mother-in-law. She is hypocritical, enchanted always to see you at issue with her daughter, and with infinite precaution throws oil upon the fire. When you arrive at the Barrier your wife is sulky and says nothing; she will not even look at you, and if you have the misfortune to suggest that it was at her suggestion you undertook the journey, you are assailed with a number of sarcastic phrases.

Your atrocious mother-in-law whispers in your ear, "Bear everything rather than annoy a woman in *her delicate situation.*" You begin to get furious.

When the officer of the Octroi says the usual "Have you anything to declare?" your wife replies, "I declare a great deal of ill temper, and much dust."

She laughs, the man laughs, and you feel inclined to pitch all your family into the river.

You reach home at last, and Caroline is unwell, she cannot attend to her child, who screams all night. It is your fault, you prefer your horse to your children, who die with hunger.

"After all," says your dear mother-in-law, "*men are not mothers.*" As you leave the room you hear her consoling her daughter with these malicious words, "They are all selfish, calm yourself, your father was just like *him.*"

The gradual development of matrimonial infelicity is traced in a masterly manner, all the shoals and quicksands are marked: in fact, the book is a pocket-chart of the matrimonial voyage. We will mention a few such shoals.

He describes a scene where Adolphus takes his wife to a ball: everybody in the house had a hand in dressing her, it is a joint work, and they all admire her as a triumph as she steps out to her carriage, Adolphus being himself nobody.

"She mingles in the ball with others, but she finds fifty women more

beautiful than she, so that she is obscured and scarcely noticed. When there are sixty beautiful women in a room, the sentiment of beauty is lost. Your wife becomes a very ordinary person. Her little smile, usually so effective, has no force amongst so many expressions, she is effaced, not asked to dance; others more fortunate, hypocritically ask her if she is unwell that she does not dance, for they have a repertoire of malice concealed under a show of kindness, enough to make a saint sneer, and chill a demon."

"You, innocent, go and come and see nothing of what is going on, they have wounded the vanity of your wife, and just at that point you come up and say—

"What is the matter?"

"Order *my* carriage," is the only reply.

This *my* is the *coup d'état* of marriage. For two years she had the carriage, the carriage of *monsieur*, our carriage, but now it is *my* carriage.

You order the carriage, and madame enters in a smothered rage, throws herself in a corner, rolls herself up in her cloak, crosses her hands under her pelisse, sulks and says nothing.

There is an amusing chapter called The Conjugal Gadfly, which of all flies, gnats, mosquitoes is the most troublesome. Caroline observes suddenly, in the most natural manner, "Madame Deschars had a handsome dress on yesterday."

"Yes, she has very good taste," replies Adolphe, innocently.

"It is her husband who has given it to her," says Caroline, shrugging her shoulders—"a dress of four hundred francs. All husbands do not pay such attention to their wives."

If you bring anything to your wife it is never so good as what M. Deschars gives his wife. If you use an impatient gesture, if an impatient word, you have this sibilant phrase, "M. Deschars never behaves like that. Take M. Deschars for a model." In fine, M. Deschars appears in your household at any moment, and on the slightest pretext. He is a sword of Damocles, or rather a pin and your vanity is the cushion in which your wife runs it and withdraws it upon a thousand pretexts, and always with

terms of endearment most tender and gentle.

After trying various expedients, such as taking a country house, going frequently to the opera, he resolves at last to allow his wife to do what she pleases, to manage the house and provide what she likes, arrange how she likes, and go where she likes; he establishes the constitutional system for the autocratic, and the results are thus summed up—

“For some days the happiness of Adolphe could only be compared to that of the honey-moon, she would invent little cares, little words, and little attentions, *calineries*, and tenderesses. But at the end of a month she began to say, not in word but in action, “It is impossible to please a man.”

First epoch.—Everything goes well. Caroline buys little account books to enter her payments, a purse to keep her money, does everything to make Adolphe live as he should, is delighted with his approbation, discovers a multitude of things which are wanted in the house; her ambition is to be the mistress of a well-ordered household. Adolphe cannot find a single fault. If he dresses himself, there is nothing wanting. The cosmétiques are carefully renewed and his razors arranged, new braces are supplied for the old; a button-hole is never ragged; his slippers are free from holes; his linen is assiduously attended to. At table all his tastes and caprices are studied and consulted; he grows fat. He has ink in his inkstand and his sponge is always moist. He has never occasion to say, like Louis XIV., “*I have almost had to wait.*” He is even obliged to reprove Caroline for not attending sufficiently to her own wants. She carefully records that reproach.

Second epoch.—The scene changes. Everything is very dear; vegetables are beyond all prices; wood is sold as if it came from abroad; and as to fruits, only princes and bankers can eat them. Adolphe hears Caroline repeatedly whispering to Madame Deschars, “But how do you manage?” and conferences are held before him upon the subject of cooking. Caroline utters such ejaculations as, “Ah, men are happy, they have not the trouble of domestic matters; woman

has all the burden.” In fine, she is running into debt, but will not acknowledge it, and Adolphe laughs in his beard, foreseeing a catastrophe which will restore him to power.

Third epoch.—Caroline, penetrated with the idea that we should eat simply to live, makes Adolphe's table more like that of an ascetic. His socks have holes, or are burdened by many repairs; his braces are not renewed, his linen is dirty; if he is in a hurry, and wants to dress quickly to keep an appointment, it takes him an hour to find things; but Caroline is always well dressed. She has fine bonnets, velvet slippers, and handsome mantles. She has taken her position, and administers now upon the principle that well ordered charity begins with one's self. When Adolphe complains of the contrast between himself and her, she replies, “But you scolded me because I bought nothing for myself.”

An interchange of pleasantries takes place, and one evening Caroline makes herself most agreeable in order to confess a considerable deficit in her accounts; just as a minister commands tax-paying, and praises the greatness of the country as a preamble to a project to raise more supplies. The result was that the system constitutional was infinitely more expensive than the system monarchic. Adolphe seeks a pretext to bring matters to a crisis, and on one fatal evening utters the terrible phrase, “*When I was a bachelor.*” The words, “When I was a bachelor,” are to a woman the equivalent of the “*My dear defunct*” of a widow to a new husband. These two strokes of the tongue make wounds which never heal.”

This *coup d'état* brings matters to a crisis, and the monarchical form of administration is restored.

The second part of the book is called the feminine portion. It is the complaint of the wife, and it opens with a chapter called “Husbands of two months,” in which we get an amusing report of an actual conversation which took place between two young married ladies in secret; and as the topic of conversation of ladies, when they leave the gentlemen at dinner and retire to the drawing-room, has always been a subject of speculation, perhaps this may throw

some light upon it. Two young married ladies, friends, have met in those solitudes to be found even in drawing-rooms; the ball has just commenced, they are at the second contredanse, but these two have retired to an embrasure near the cool air of the open windows, and thus commence—

"Well, Caroline."

"Well, Stephanie;" and then two sighs blend in one.

"You do not attend to conventionalities now."

"How do you mean?"

"Why do you not come to see me?"

"I am never left alone; in fact, I have hardly time to talk here."

"Ah, if my Adolphe were only to adopt that system."

"You recollect us, Armand and myself, when he paid me what is called, though why I cannot understand, his 'court'?"

"Yes, I admired him; I thought you were happy, you had found your *'ideal'*, a handsome man, well dressed, with yellow gloves, clipped beard, varnished boots, white linen, and the most exquisite neatness."

"Va! va!"

"In fine, a man as he should be; his voice was of a feminine sweetness, no brusqueness. And what promises of happiness, of liberty! His words were redolent of shawls and lace; you could hear the gallop of horses and the roll of carriages in his voice. Your *corbeille* was of the magnificence of a millionaire. Armand always appeared to me to be a velvet husband; a fur of birds' feathers in which you were going to enwrap yourself."

"Caroline, he now *takes snuff*."

"Ah, well, mine *smokes*."

"But mine takes it as they say Napoleon did, and I hold snuff in such horror."

"All men have those habits; it is absolutely necessary that they *take something*."

"You have no idea of the sufferings I endure. In the night I am awakened by a sneeze; when I turn in my sleep I come across grains of snuff scattered on the pillow, which make me spring like a mine; that wretch, Armand, is accustomed to such surprises and he never wakes. I find snuff everywhere, and, after all, I have only married a *snuff box*."

"What is that? It is only a trifling

inconvenience, my dear, if your husband is good and generous."

"He is as cold as marble, as regular as an old man; one of those men who say *yes* to everything, and *do* nothing but what they please."

"Say *no* to him."

"I have tried it already."

"Well?"

"He threatened to reduce my allowance to what would be only necessary to do without me."

"Poor Stephanie! he is not a man, but a monster."

"A monster calm and methodical, with a false wig, who every night—"

"What?"

"Has a glass of water to keep his teeth in."

"What a trap was your marriage! but Armand is rich."

"But how is it with you?"

"Me! at present I have only a pin which pricks me, but it is insupportable."

"Poor child, you too are unhappy. Come, tell me!"

"Here they spoke together in whispers, so that it was impossible to hear a word; but the conversation finished thus—"

"Is your Adolphus *jealous*?"

"How can he? We seldom part, and that is one of my miseries: I dare not even yawn. I am always acting the character of a loving wife, and it is fatiguing."

"Caroline."

"Well?"

"What will you do?"

"I shall resign myself. What will you?"

"I shall combat the snuff."

This tends to prove that in the fact of personal deceptions, the two sexes are quits with each other.

This chapter is a glimpse of the unseen, and a revelation of the unknowable. It is perfectly natural that in the mutual interchange of ideas between ladies, which we are told takes place when the toilette and the nursery are exhausted, and the natural history of husbands comes upon the *tapis*—a species of comparative anatomy which would be harmless were it not for the charlatanism it is apt to create; the matrimonial charlatanism which prescribes the universal remedy for all evils, forgetting that the treatment which soothes and composes one patient,

drives another mad. A lady whose husband is of a phlegmatic temperament can scarcely be a good physician for one who is suffering from the gad-fly stings of an ever active restless companion. In vulgar life it is the same tale. Mrs. Noakes advises Mrs. Styles to "show a spirit." On the next occasion the poor woman shows a spirit, and is cruelly used; then follow the stern magistrate, the brutal stubborn husband and the weeping but still forgiving wife, reluctant to punish: scenes which grace our police courts daily; the morbid anatomy of a disease which afflicts all classes, but is only concealed in refined life.

Two letters occur, one from a friend to Caroline, and the reply of Caroline to the friend; these letters sum up their respective matrimonial experiences. That from the friend says—

"After your departure from Paris I married M. de Boulandière, President of the Tribunal. I live with the uncle of my husband and my mother-in-law. I am rarely alone, and when I go out I am accompanied by my mother-in-law or husband. We receive all the grave people of the village. They play whist at two sous the fish, and I listen to conversations like these—M. de Vitremont is dead; he leaves 290,000 francs. Then ensues a chorus of praises of the dead who had locked up his larder always, and heaped up sou on sou."

In allusion to her husband and that of Caroline she says—

"I have bidden adieu to my dreams. I am Madame la Presidente, and resign myself to give my arm to this great M. de la Boulandière for forty years, to live, managed for in every way, and to see two thick eyebrows over two eyes of different colours in a yellow face which never knows a smile. But you, Caroline, at the age of twenty-seven, with 200,000 francs, have captured and captivated a great man, one of the most intellectual in Paris, one of the two men of talent which our city has produced."

Caroline in her reply gives an analysis of her happiness—

"Adolphe, alas! is a man of letters, and men of letters are not less irritable, nervous, capricious, changeable, and wanton than women. We both love ourselves to tell the truth. I have saved my husband

from a great misery. Far from reaching 20,000 francs per annum, he has not gained them in the fifteen years he has spent in Paris. We are lodged on a third floor in the Rue Joubert, which costs us 1,200 francs, and we have left about 8,500 francs of income, with which we endeavour to live. I have not more reason to complain of my marriage as an affair of money as an affair of the heart; my self-love suffers, my ambition has foundered. Ah, my dear friend, real talent is a rare flower; it grows spontaneously; no hot-house training will rear it; but Adolphe is a mediocrity tested and known—he has no other chance than to settle himself down to the *utilities* of literature. He was a genius at Viviers, but to be a genius at Paris a man must possess wit and intellect in large doses. I begin to esteem him, for after many falsehoods he has at last acknowledged his position to me. He hopes, like all mediocrities, to attain to some place like an under-librarian or an editor of a journal. Who knows if he may not yet be nominated député for Viviers?"

She concludes with a little malicious triumph over her friend, who is married to an old rich man, with—

"You see, of the two, I, in spite of my deceptions and the little miseries of my life, am better allotted; Adolphe is at least young and charming."

In the answer of her friend she says to Caroline—"I hope the anonymous happiness which you enjoy will continue," and she revenges her old President upon Adolphe's gloomy future.

There are many other points in this book we should have liked to notice, but it is impossible; we must pass on to others.

If we were asked which book should be read first of Balzac's many volumes, we should say by all means "*Eugénie Grandet*," both for its beauty, amounting almost to a perfection, of style, its graphic descriptions, its truth, its pathos.

As a specimen of the writing we give the opening description—

"There are in certain provincial towns, houses whose aspect inspires a melancholy equal to that induced by sombre cloisters, dull heaths, and gloomy ruins. Perhaps there are combined in these houses the *silence*

of the cloister, the aridity of the heath, and the skeleton nature of ruins; in them life and movement are so tranquil that a stranger thinks they are uninhabited if he should not happen to encounter suddenly the pale and cold face of an immovable person whose half monastic figure appears at the casement at the sound of an unknown step. These principles of melancholy exist in the physiognomy of a lodge situated at Saumur, at the end of a hilly street, which leads to the chateau in the upper part of the town. This street, little frequented, hot in summer, cold in winter, obscure in some places, is remarkable for the sonorousness of its flint pavement, always clean and dry, for the narrowness of its tortuous way, for the peace of its houses, which belong to the old town and look over the ramparts. The habitations here are still solid, though constructed of wood, and their diverse aspects contribute to the originality which recommends this part of Saumur to the attention of artists and antiquaries. It is difficult to pass before these houses without admiring the enormous planks whose ends are carved into curious figures, forming a bas relief, which decorates the ground-floors of nearly all of them. Here pieces of wood transversely placed are covered with slate, and form blue lines on the frail walls of a lodge, terminating in a roof, which years have bent, and the alternate action of rain and sun has twisted. The window-sills are old and blackened, their delicate sculpture hardly visible, and they seem scarcely strong enough to bear the flower-pots, in which are the carnations and rose-trees of some poor workwomen. Further on are gates garnished with enormous nails, where the genius of our ancestors has traced domestic hieroglyphs, whose meaning will never be known. Here a Protestant has signed his faith; in another place a Leaguer has cursed Henri IV.; there some citizen has engraven the ensigns of his nobility, the glory of his forgotten magistracy. The history of France is there in its entirety. By the side of the trembling house with rough panels is the house of the gentleman, where in the centre of the gate may still be traced vestiges of his armorial bearings broken in the

many revolutions which, since 1789, have agitated the country. In that street the commercial ground-floors are neither shops nor warehouses. The friends of the Middle Ages will there find the "*ouvrouère*" of our forefathers in all his ancient simplicity. These low chambers, which have neither frontage, nor show, nor glass windows, are profound, obscure, and without internal or external ornament; their door opens in two parts, rudely ironed, of which the upper one turns inwards, and the lower, armed with a bell, swings constantly either way. The wind and the sunshine enter into this species of humid cavern. In the goods they sell there is no charlatanism. According to the nature of their business, the samples consist of two or three tubs of salt or codfish, a few packets of linen, cordage, brass goods, or pieces of cloth. Go in; a young girl, clean, full of youth, with white neckerchief round her throat, red arms, quits her knitting, calls her father or mother, who comes and sells you what you want phlegmatically, complaisantly, proudly, according to their character, whether it may be for two sous' worth or 20,000 francs of goods. You will see a seller of casks sitting at his door turning his thumbs whilst talking to a neighbour; apparently he only possesses a few dirty planks and two or three bundles of laths—but on the port is his full timber-yard, which furnishes all the coopers of Anjou; he knows to a plank what he shall sell in tuns if the crop is good; a stroke of the sun enriches him; a stormy time ruins him. In one morning the puncheons may rise or fall six livres. In this country as in Tourraine the changes of the atmosphere rule the commercial life. Vine-dressers, proprietors, wood merchants, cask makers, innkeepers, mariners, are all on the look-out for a ray of the sun; they tremble on going to bed at the idea of hearing that it has frozen in the night; they dread rain, wind, and drought, and want water, heat, and clouds to their will. There is a continual duel between the heavens and worldly interests; the barometer saddens, and in turn clears and brightens their countenances. From one side to the other of that street, the ancient High-street of Saumur,

these words are bandied from door to door, "Here's a golden time," then another cries, "It rains livres," knowing well what a sunshiny rain brings him in.

On the Saturday, towards mid-day, you would not obtain a sou's worth of goods of these brave people. Each one is at his vineyard, his close, gone to pass two days in the country. There everything is seen—buying, sale, profit; the traders find they have ten or twelve hours to employ in pleasure parties, in continual observation, commentaries, and watching each other. A housewife cannot buy a partridge without her husband being asked how it was cooked. A young girl cannot look out of her window without being seen by groups of idlers. There the consciences are in the daylight just as their houses, though impenetrable, dark and silent, yet have no mysteries. They live in the open air; each family sits at its door, breakfasts there, dines there, disputes there. Nobody passes who is not studied. Formerly when a stranger arrived at a provincial town he was bandied from door to door. The ancient hotels of the old town are situated above the street formerly inhabited by the gentry of the country. The house, full of melancholy, where the events of this history took place, is just such an one, a relic of an age when things and men were characterized by a simplicity which French manners are losing day by day.

M. Grandet, the occupier of that house, had in former days been a cask merchant, and made great deal of money both by his profession and political changes. He also inherited money from three sources. Under the Consulate he became mayor, and though he made a good mayor, he did not neglect his wines. Under the Empire he was displaced, but he had improved his property and his produce was the best in the country, so that in 1806 he found himself at fifty years of age wealthy and comfortable, his wife was only thirty-six, and his daughter, their only child, was ten years old. His riches increased with years, and the consequential respect of the surrounding country for him increased in the same proportion. If any Parisian talked to them of Rothschild, or Lafitte, the people of

Saumur asked them if they were as rich as M. Grandet. The manners of this old man were very simple; he spoke little. Four phrases served him to encompass or resolve all the difficulties of life, "I cannot," "I know not," "I will not," or "We shall see." He never wrote letters. If anyone spoke to him he listened coldly, his chin on his right hand, and the elbow resting on the left. At the end of the conversation he would reply, "I can decide nothing until I have consulted my wife." His wife, whom he had reduced to a perfect nonentity, was his screen in all difficulties of business. He visited no one, received no invitations, and gave none, but economized on all sides, yet his manners were gentle, and he was universally respected.

The description of the gaunt old servant cannot be omitted, it is a masterpiece. "*La grande Nanon*," as she was called, was the only person who could patiently endure the despotism of her master. "She was so called on account of her height, five feet eight, and she had been with M. Grandet thirty-five years. Although she had only sixty livres wages, she passed for one of the richest servants in Saumur. These sixty livres, accumulated for thirty-five years, had enabled her to place four thousand livres with Maître Cruchot. Every other servant envied her. When she was twenty-two years of age she tried in vain for a situation; her masculine figure was against her, and she was rejected from house to house. A farm on which she guarded the cattle being burned down, she came to Saumur, where she sought service. Grandet was about to marry, and had the courage to engage her. He clothed and cherished the poor girl, gave her wages, and employed her without fatiguing her too much. Finding herself so well treated, Nanon wept with joy, and attached herself sincerely to her master. She did everything; she cooked, she dusted, she washed the linen in the river, and brought it back on her shoulders. She rose with the daylight, and went to bed late; she gave the vine-dressers their dinner in harvest time; watched the market people, and defended her master's property, like a faithful dog; and with blind confidence in him she obeyed

all his fantasies without a murmur. In the year 1811, when the harvest cost unheard-of labour, Grandet resolved upon giving, after twenty years of service, his old watch to Nanon, the only present she had ever received. Although he abandoned to her his slippers when he had done with them, it can scarcely be counted anything, they being of so little value then. Necessity made this poor girl so avaricious, that Grandet grew to like her, just as one likes a dog. Nanon let him put a collar round her neck garnished with points. If Grandet doled out the bread parsimoniously she did not complain; she consoled herself with the idea that the scantiness of the fare contributed to the extraordinary health of the house. Besides, she was now one of the family. When Grandet laughed she laughed; grew sad, shivered, warmed herself, and worked with him. Never did her master reproach her, neither with the early peach, nor the prunes, nor the nectarines eaten under the tree. "Come, Nanon, regale yourself," he would say, in the years when the branches were so loaded with fruit that farmers were obliged to give them to the fowls. To a peasant girl, who in her youth had met with nothing but bad treatment, to a poor girl taken in out of charity, the equivocal laugh of father Grandet was like a ray of sunshine. Besides, the simple heart and upright mind of Nanon could only be contented with one sentiment, and one idea. She saw herself thirty-five years ago, arriving at the Timber-yard of Grandet, with naked feet, clothed in rags, and she always heard the old tunc-maker saying, "What do you want, my child?" so that her gratitude was always young. Sometimes Grandet, thinking that that poor creature had never heard the least word of flattery, that she was ignorant of all the gentle sentiments which woman inspires, and would appear one day before her God as chaste as the Virgin herself; would be seized with pity, and would ejaculate as he regarded her, "That poor Nanon." The old servant always rewarded him with a smile inexpressibly sweet, and that word of kindness uttered from time to time, found a long chain of uninterrupted friendship, to which every exclamation added a link. This pity in the

heart of Grandet, accepted in good part by the old servant, was horrible. That atrocious pity of the avaricious old man which awakened a selfish pleasure in his heart, was the happiness of Nanon. Who will not also say "Poor Nanon"? God will recognize his angels by the inflexion of their voices, and by their mysterious regrets. There were many establishments in Saumur, where the domestics were better treated, but where the masters nevertheless received no contentment. These people used to say, "What can the Grandets do to their *great Nanon* to make her so attached to them? She would go through the fire for them."

"Her kitchen, whose barred window looked out on the court, was always clean, neat, and strict—true kitchen of a miser, where nothing was lost. When Nanon had washed her vessels, laid by the remains of the dinner, extinguished her fire, she left the kitchen, separated from the saloon by a window, and came amongst the family, to spin hemp. One candle sufficed for all during the evening. The servant slept at the end of the corridor in a small closet, which scarcely admitted the daylight. Her robust health allowed her to inhabit this hole, where she could hear the slightest noise, in the profound silence which reigned night and day in the house. Like a mastiff, she only slept with one eye, and listened as she slept."

The domestic silence is afterwards somewhat disturbed by the arrival of a cousin Charles, whose father had sent him to his uncle; he having failed. When this brother was dead Grandet had to pay his debts, which he did not until he had driven the creditors to the necessity of reducing the sum considerably. The natural results ensued: Eugénie pitied her cousin, and then loved him. The usual vows were made, but the time came for parting, Charles being destined for the Indies. Before going he deposited with her a small jewel-box with all his money in it. The old man, who had discovered this, tried to get it from her, but she was firm: he even attempted violence, and a scene ensued which has been much admired as a dramatic situation. Madame Grandet, the mother, whose health was failing, died through the excitement of that scene. Five years after

Grandet himself died suddenly, and Eugénie was left mistress of all his wealth. The consequences were soon apparent. She became the cynosure of the matrimonial speculators of the neighbourhood, and the various intrigues to win the hand and fortune of this young orphan, are vividly described. But it was all in vain; her heart had been given, and she waited on through the years patiently, though no tidings of the absent one came. At length, after seven long years of anxiety and expectation, a letter arrived announcing his good fortune and speedy return. She thought her time of happiness was approaching; but another letter blighted the hope. He wrote from Paris, where he had been staying some weeks, and informed his cousin that on his way he had met a family who had with them a young lady who had great interest at court, and he was engaged to her. She married in disgust M. de Bonjons, the President of the province, who had paid her the most assiduous attentions. The chief character in the book, as an artistic work, is the old man Grandet, his avarice is so vividly delineated, and worked up to that pitch of art as to make the conception equal, if not superior, to that of Terence or Molière.

In this "Eugénie Grandet," we have the sacrifice of the daughter to the avarice of the father; in the next work we shall touch upon, "Père Goriot," we have the obverse: the sacrifice of the father to his daughters, a phase of life of an exceptional character, but which in the hands of Balzac has been made the subject of a very charming tale.

Madame Vauquer, a widow, kept a boarding-house in the Rue Neuve, Sainte Geneviève, over the door of which was the announcement "*Maison Vauquer*," and beneath this "*Pension bourgeoise des deux sexes et autres*." She was about fifty years of age, and like all women who, as we English say, had "seen better days," she had a keen eye towards her own interest, though, as the boarders said, she was a good woman at the bottom. Who was M. Vauquer? Upon that subject the widow was silent. She never willingly mentioned the defunct. "How did he lose his money?" He was very unfortunate in speculations, she would reply, and left her nothing but her

eyes to weep, and the house to live in, and make her own living.

Then follows a description of the specimens of humanity, such as are usually to be found in those animated museums, where the most ample developments of all the perversities, the vanities, the little malices, and ironical charities which characterize the continual association of a number of persons bound together by no particular tie, but a common bond of disagreement with the landlady, may be found to perfection.

Into this association came an old gentleman of about sixty-nine years of age. He had retired from business and took apartments with Madame Vauquer, for which he paid twelve hundred francs per annum, with the air of a man to whom five louis more or less would be a trifle.

Goriot came well provided. Madame Vauquer had already admired his eighteen fine linen shirts, over the frill of which he wore two pins united by a gold chain, each pin surmounted by a brilliant diamond. Habitually dressed in a coat of blue cloth he had every day a clean white quilted waistcoat, under which hung a massive gold chain, ornamented with seals. His snuff box, also of gold, was decorated with a medallion in which was a lock of hair, a circumstance suggestive of the reputation of *bonnes fortunes*. When his landlady accused him of being a *galant*, he smiled but said nothing. His cupboards were filled with plenty of silver plate. The widow's eyes kindled when she helped him to unpack and arrange the forks, spoons, covers, oil cruets, saucers, plates, breakfast cups of silver gilt, and other pieces more or less fine and weighty which he could not do without. These articles recalled to him his domestic life. "This," said he to Madame Vauquer, straining to his bosom a plate and little basin whose lid represented two turtle-doves pecking each other—"this is the first present that my wife made me on the first anniversary of our marriage. Poor dear! she consecrated to it all her girl's savings. I would rather dig the earth with my nails than part with it; thank God, I can take my coffee every morning in that basin for the rest of my days." Madame Vauquer already began to see mentally his inscriptions on the Grand Livre to the amount of ten

thousand francs a year at least, and from that day Madame Vauquer, *née de Confans*, who was really forty-eight years of age, but confessed only to thirty-nine, conceived ideas. Although Goriot suffered from a running at the eyes which obliged him to wipe them frequently, she found him most agreeable. Besides, his plump calves as well as his long nose indicated to the widow's mind the existence of the moral qualities she approved, and she went to bed that night with the firm determination to change her cognomen of Vauquer for that of Goriot; to marry, to sell her house, to give her arm to that flower of the *bourgeoisie*, to become a noted lady of the neighbourhood, to seek out the poor, to make little trips on a Sunday to Choisy, Soissy, Gentilly, to go to the theatre after her own fashion, in her own box, without having to wait for the author's ticket which some of her boarders gave her in the month of July; she revelled in this Eldorado dream of Parisian life. She had not told anyone that she had amassed, sou by sou, forty thousand francs. From that day she profited by the visits of M. Goriot's coiffeur, who came every morning to him, and had little attentions paid to her toilette, which she explained by the necessity of giving to her house a decorum in harmony with the distinguished persons who visited it. She strove hard to induce her boarders to follow her example and improve their dress, insinuating that for the future she should only take persons of distinction and style. She advertised her house "*Maison Vauquer*, one of the most ancient and estimable dwellings. It commands a view of the valley of Gobelins" (it could only be seen from the third floor) "and an extensive garden, at the end of which is an alley of linden trees." This prospectus brought her the Comtesse de l'Abermesnil, a lady of thirty-six, who was awaiting the liquidation and settlement of an income due to her, in the quality of widow of a general killed on the field of battle. Madame Vauquer made many reforms in her household, and so pleased la Comtesse that she addressed her as *chère amie*, and promised to introduce her friend la Baronne Vaumerland and the widow of Colonel Comte Picquiseau. These ladies also were

awaiting the decisions of the War Office, but, said the Comtesse, "they are interminable." The two widows went up after dinner to the chamber of Madame Vauquer to chat, drink liqueur, and eat delicacies only reserved for the mistress. Madame la Comtesse approved of the *views* of Madame Vauquer on the subject of Goriot, excellent views, which she had discovered the first day of her visit, and she found him the perfection of men. The Comtesse suggested some valuable advice on the subject of dress. "You must be on a war footing," said she. After many calculations the two widows went together to the Palais Royal, where they bought, in the Galeries de Bois, a hat with feathers and a bonnet. The Comtesse then took her to her dress-maker, where another piece of armour was purchased. For these services she presented her friend, the Comtesse, with a hat worth twenty francs, who promised to sound M. Goriot and plead the widow's cause with him. She did so, and was so ill received by the old man that she made his behaviour the pretext for instantly leaving the house, having forgotten to pay her six months' rent, and a debt of five francs.

But Madame Vauquer very soon found that all her attentions and culinary devices would meet with no response from this wily old gentleman, and she then began to hate him, in which feeling her progress was more rapid than her love; and Balzac makes the following philosophical reflection upon this peculiarity of human nature: "Her hatred was not in the same proportion as her love. If the human heart finds repose in ascending the heights of affection, it rarely pauses in gliding down the rapid slope of hatred."

She then commenced a system of little annoyances, such as only an angry woman can conceive, and her disposition towards him was not improved, when he suddenly informed her that it would be absolutely necessary for him to retrench his expenditure by taking a room on the next floor at a lower rental. From that moment the widow called him no longer *Monsieur Goriot*, but "*Père Goriot*." It was a mystery to her why he should take this step, and she was the more annoyed with him,

because his immovable silence about his affairs continually baffled her curiosity. Speculation was rife as to what he could be, and following the logic of empty-headed people, she thought that anyone who was silent as to his occupation, must necessarily be engaged in something disreputable. He was an old ruined speculator; he was a gambler, a police spy, a money-lender to a gambling-house. But as he paid his rent regularly, Madame Vauquer retained him. One day she fancied she heard his door open and caught the rustle of a silk dress; she silently peeped over the banisters from above, and saw, actually saw, Père Goriot handing down stairs a most beautiful young lady, dressed in the first style of fashion. She sent her servant out with her basket on her arm to watch their movements, and upon her return Madame Vauquer heard to her great mystification that he had escorted "his mistress," as she at once termed it, to a magnificent carriage, at the corner of the street. During the dinner she rose suddenly and drew the curtains as a ray of the sun was playing on Père Goriot's eyes. This was a ruse to enable her to say maliciously, "You are loved by the beautiful, M. Goriot: the sun seeks you. But you have very good taste, she was very handsome," said she in allusion to the visit.

"It was my daughter," said he, proudly.

A month after he received a visit from another lady, who came in full ball dress, and the boarders who caught a glimpse of her, concluded at once, that so elegant a person could not be the daughter of Père Goriot. Then a few days after there came another, and inquired for M. Goriot, and she afterwards like the former came in full dress, and was not recognised, so that they said amongst themselves, "The old villain has *four*." Some time afterwards he again reduced his expenditure, to the utter disgust of the widow, who began now to speak of him as an "old rogue," her vocabulary descending in vulgarity as the poor old man ascended the floors of her house. There were no more visits from young ladies, and Père Goriot had now lost all his good looks, grown thin and emaciated, careless in his dress, and

looked quite broken; so she maliciously observed one day after dinner—

"Your daughters, Monsieur, do not come to see you now."

"They come sometimes," said he with emotion.

"Bravo, bravo," cried the boarders, who amused themselves with his persisting in his paternity.

The old man had spoken the truth; they were his daughters, and only two persons. They were married to rich but avaricious men, who did not allow them the funds necessary to the gay life of Paris. It was for them the old man sacrificed all his savings, reduced his income, and embraced poverty in his old age. They never admitted him into the society in which they moved, but it was his practice to visit them furtively at different places; to walk in the Bois, and gaze with pride at their carriages as they rolled by, and hug himself with the idea they were his children. The incidents of the tale form the career of their married life; their expenses being paid by this old father. There are many characters introduced, and the whole story amply illustrates the *haut monde* of Paris. The usual complications of Parisian life arise in the domestic relations of these two ladies, they want money for the debts of their "*amis*," secret money, that no wife dare ask of a husband. By degrees the old father gives them up all, and sinks into the very lowest state of destitution. When he has no more to give, these unnatural daughters neglect him, their own domestic dissensions and their wants occupy them; they seldom see him, and at last, worn out with anxiety and poverty, he subsists on reluctant charity, and dies in a garret raving after his daughters. Some friend who attends him endeavours to induce them to go to their father, but their husbands refuse to allow them, and they do not appear to be too willing to go. Meantime, the old man, who is still with Madame Vauquer, dies, and there is not a sou to pay for his funeral. Two medical students are the only persons that care about him, and they generously do all they can. One of them went to the houses of his daughters, but was refused admission by the lacqueys who had received orders. "Monsieur,"

said they, "you cannot be admitted; their father is dead, and they are plunged in the greatest grief."

He then writes a note to the following effect:—

"Sell some jewellery, that your father may be decently conveyed to his last resting place." The concierge, however, delivered it to the husband, who read it, and threw it into the fire. Thus the old man was left to be buried by the charity of two medical students, who were the only mourners at his grave—real mourners; whilst his daughters were in their luxurious drawingrooms, he was consigned to the earth, in an obscure cemetery, with the least expensive service that could be procured. "It was the death of the poor, without ceremony, without followers, without friends, without relations."

One peculiarity of Balzac's style we must notice—his elaborate descriptions. If he has to describe a room, he gives you everything, not an item is left out, it would be painfully elaborate but for the artistic finish of the picture. As in a Pre-Raphaelite painting, nothing is omitted—it is a detailed representation of an actual scene. In his delineation of nature he is perfect; he treats nature sacramentally, as an outward, a visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace; he looks on nature, not as a mere scene laid out for the amusement and recreation of man, but as a book to be deciphered which reveals many hidden secrets, beautiful analogies to human life, impressive lessons, or, as Shakespeare himself, the high priest of the sacramentality of nature, has observed—

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The sacramental interpretation of nature is the basis of all true poetry. We cannot help giving one specimen from Balzac's "*Lys dans la Vallée*."

"There are in nature effects whose significance is boundless, and which mount up to the very highest moral conceptions. Whether it be a flowered heath covered with diamonds of dew-

drops, on which the sun plays;—an immensity, decked out to attract a chance admiration. Whether it be a corner of a forest surrounded by precipitate rocks, moss clad and garnished with juniper trees, which strikes you with an indescribable idea of savageness and ruggedness, and out of which comes the cry of the screech-owl. Whether it be an arid plain without vegetation, stony and rough, whose horizon is like that of the desert, and where I meet a sublime and solitary flower, an anemone on a bed of violet silk, spread out for its golden stamen; a tender image of my white idol* alone in her valley. Whether it be some broad pond upon which nature sometimes casts verdant patches, species of transition between plant and animal, which in a few days are alive with plants and insects, floating here and there like a world in ether. Whether it be a thatched cottage with its garden full of cabbages, its vine, its palings suspended over a quagmire framed in a few meagre fields of rye—type of so many humble existences. Whether it be a long alley in a forest like the nave of a cathedral, at the end of which is a glade bathed in the crimson light of the setting sun, and outside of these thick woods a fallow ground, or upon mossy banks you see the adder, having feasted itself, gliding home with its resplendent head erect. Throw over these scenes now torrents of sunlight gushing like nourishing waves, now masses of gray clouds lined like the wrinkles of an old man's brow; then add the cool tones of a feeble orange sky furrowed with bands of pale blue, and listen—you will hear indefinable harmonies in the midst of a silence which confounds. During the months of September and October, I have never constructed a single bouquet which did not cost me a three hours' search, so much did I admire with the sweet leisure of the poet these fugitive allegories in which to my sight were painted the most contradictory spectacles of human life; majestic scenes through which my memory wandered searchingly. Often now I connect with these grand moments the re-

* The Lily in the Valley.

membrane of my soul being spread over nature. I walk amongst them still like a queen whose white robe undulates over the cypresses, flows over the green swards, from which thought issues like a promised fruit from every flower and calyx full of loving filaments."

One of the cleverest and most amusing volumes in the "*Scènes de la Vie Privée*" is "*Les Mémoires de deux jeunes Mariées*," which is the correspondence of two young married ladies, containing their experiences of life and the incidents of their varied careers. The characters of the two ladies are admirably developed in these letters. The one was destined to the gay life of Paris, and the other to a rural retreat with a rich but dyspeptic husband. The first four letters are from Paris from Mdlle. Louise de Chaulieu, to Mademoiselle Renée de Maulcombe—the young ladies are not yet married. Mdlle. de Chaulieu was placed in a convent with a view to ultimately taking the veil, but it appears this young lady's temperament was not inclined towards a life of asceticism; her penetration was too keen, her mind too active, and her love of life too deep for such a career, so she describes it to her friend in the following language:—

"That monotonous life where every hour brought a duty, a prayer, a task so exactly the same, that at any hour of the day or night a Carmelite might be always reported as doing the same thing: that horrible existence where one is indifferent whether the things which surround you are or are not." She describes her joy at leaving the convent from which her parents had taken her from fear of her health: the scenes of her home, her reception by her relations, the Duke, her father, and her proud brothers. In a few days she is going to a ball at la Duchesse de Maufrigneuse, her first introduction to society, where she will be presented to that "world" which she has so longed to know. A dancing-master is in daily attendance upon her: she has a governess whom she keenly depicts as a—

"Miss Griffith, who has been recommended to Mama by the English Ambassador. This miss is the daughter of a minister, she is perfectly

well-bred, her mother is a titled lady, she is thirty-six years old, and she will teach me English. Miss Griffith is pretty enough to have 'pretensions:' she is poor and proud, she is Scotch, she will be my chaperon, she will sleep in Rose's chamber; Rose will be at the command of Miss Griffith; but I have already seen that I shall govern my governess: during the six days we have been together, she has perfectly understood that I alone can be of service to her, and I, in spite of my statue-like face, have perceived that she will be complaisant to me: she is a good creature, but discreet. I have not yet found out what has passed between my Mama and her. There are twelve theatres in Paris. I read a great deal, but indistinctly one book leads me to another. I see the titles of many books on the back of one, but I have no one to guide me. What I have read of modern literature turns chiefly upon love, the subject which occupies us so much, since our destiny is made by man and for man; but how much are these great authors below two little girls I could mention, named Renée and Louise. I one day astonished them by asking my papa if I could be introduced to Madame de Stael. They all burst out laughing, and my brother said, 'Why, wherever has she come from?' My father replied, 'We must recollect she comes from the Carmelites.' 'My dear, Madame de Stael is dead,' said the duchess."

So sharp is this young lady, and so keen is her penetration, that she soon masters the positions of the field: in a few days she had learned everything of everybody.

"My brother honours me with a profound contempt, and continues towards me the kindness of indifference; he is a handsome young man, but whimsical and melancholy. *I have his secret*: neither the Duke nor the Duchess has suspected it. Although young and a duke, he is jealous of his father, he is nothing in the state, he has no office at court, he cannot say, 'I am going to the chamber.' There is only I in the house who have sixteen hours for reflection. My father is engaged in public business or his pleasures, my mother is also engaged, nobody reacts upon me in the house: they are al-

ways out, here is not even time for life. I am curious to know what invincible attraction the world can have to keep people up from nine in the evening to two in the morning, to cause so much expense, and so many fatigues. But I forget I am speaking of Paris; there one can live with others as a family, and not know each other. A half nun like myself arrives, and in a fortnight she has discovered what the great statesman has not seen in his own house. Perhaps he may have seen it, and there is a reason for his blindness. I shall sound that obscure depth."

At the first ball she is introduced to a man of talent, a renowned author whom she sums up thus:

"I do not know his works, but he is no gentleman. Whatever genius may be, I have no sympathy with it, and I found him so much occupied with himself, and so little with others, that he made me think we are only *things* not *beings* for these great *hunters of ideas*. When men of talent love, they should never write, or they cease to love. There is something in their brain which eclipses their mistress. I could see it all in that man's conduct, who, they say, is a great professor, orator, and author; and that ambition enslaves all greatness."

She becomes aphoristic in her letters.

"Good taste," she says, "consists just as much in the knowledge of what we should be silent about, as of what we should talk about." She speaks of an unconscious education, which "we give one another when we talk together in secret."

Her friend marries first, and in her congratulatory letter, Louise says:—"I have been now a fortnight in society; one evening at the Italiens, the other at the grand opera, and every evening at the ball. I have been gazed at through opera glasses, and admired; but I have seen no one yet to inspire me with such emotion as I experience in hearing Garcia sing in the magnificent *Duo* with Pellegrini in *Otello*. My dear, you see nothing but simplicity, and yet there are monstrous things. In a fortnight I have discovered the secrets of the whole house. My mother would have accompanied my father in his embassy to Madrid, if he could have taken M. de Canalis as

secretary, but the King nominates them, and the Duke dared not disobey his Majesty, nor thwart my mother, so this great politician has cut the knot of the difficulty by leaving the Duchess behind. M. de Canalis, the great poet of the day, is the gentleman who cultivates the society of my mother, and who studies, doubtless, diplomacy with her from three to five hours daily. Diplomacy must be a very fine thing, for he is as assiduous as a gambler at the Bourse. Miss Griffith has discovered that Alphonse, my brother, loves an opera dancer. How can a man love legs and pirouettes? We have noticed that he is always present when she dances, that he applauds her, and departs as soon as she has finished. I find that young men at present are more *interested* than *interesting*—more occupied with themselves than us; but they are very transparent—they quit at once the got-up physiognomy with which they address us, as though we could not use our eyes. The man who speaks to us is the lover; he who speaks no longer is the husband. As to young ladies, they are so false that it is impossible to divine their character otherwise than by their dancing. I have also been horrified with the brutality of fashionable life. When supper time comes, it passes all decent bounds, and reminds me of popular tumults. Politeness very imperfectly hides the general egotism. My mother said the other day, 'She makes astonishing progress.' 'Mama,' I said, 'do you expect me always to ask you if Madame de Stael is dead?' My father smiled, and left the room."

It is impossible to give a just analysis of this book; to do so would be to transcribe it completely. We can safely recommend it as a repertoire of good things, and must obey the imperative limits of space by concluding with a few of its gems.

In a letter from the married friend upon hearing of the approaching marriage of Louise, there occurs this striking passage—

"I conclude this by saying that upon re-perusing your letter a terror has seized me. Your great love seems to me to defy God. Misfortune, the sovereign master of this world, will he not be angry at not

sharing your feast? What superb fortune has he not overturned? Ah, Louise, forget not in the midst of your happiness to pray to God. Be charitable and good, and avert misfortunes by your goodness. As for me, I am become more truly pious since I left the convent. You do not say anything to me about religion at Paris. Whilst you adore Felipe (her intended husband) it seems to me that you address yourself, like the proverb, more to the saint than to God."

"The universe should attach itself to God as an infant is attached to its mother by the fibres of her being, for God is the great mother-heart of the world."

From the correspondence it appeared that Louise controlled her husband with jealous tyranny, which calls forth some good advice from the warm heart of the country recluse, who in reproving and cautioning her, adds—

"It is no use for our sex to strive; we can never be endowed with the qualities of men, and they are indispensable to a family. You know very well that I am superior to my husband Louis, but have you ever heard me contradict him? Do I not always respect him as the power of the family? Hypocrisy, you will say; but the counsels I wish to give him I reserve for our most private communion, but even then I never assume a superiority over him. My dear, *the perfection of kindness is in total self-annihilation, so that he who is obliged may not feel himself inferior to the person by whom he is obliged*; and this self-devotion is productive of infinite pleasures."

The one friend sends this consolation to the other on the loss of a child—

"You must for the future purchase the joy of meeting him again, for he is only gone to his God. You will not make a step that does not take you nearer to him, and every duty accomplished will break one link in the chain which separates you from him."

The delight of this good mother at the success of her boy is graphically depicted by an incident; she had been to the distribution of prizes at the college, and her child had won the two first prizes, upon which she says—

"I became pale when I heard them proclaim his name, and I felt an impulse to cry out, *I am his mother*. Nais pressed my hand violently, but I felt no pain at that moment. Ah, Louise, that fête was worth many flirtations."

We have said little about Balzac's plots, but they are masterpieces for two reasons: they are natural and they are well maintained. He does not depend, like modern novelists, upon some inextricable mystery or confusion, but upon the *vivida vis animi*, the magical naturalness with which he portrays character. You never forget them; you recognize them immediately; you have heard and seen them before; they come up again in his other works and continue their careers; they re-appear as old friends, with just the natural change of years upon them; the same in individuality, with the same passions, motives, and pursuits. Vautrin, whether as a priest, a thief-taker, or a thief, is always a monarch among villains. Rastignac and De Marsay are types of gay men of fashion, bred and perfected only in the hotbeds of Paris saloons—indigenous there; they live on gaslight, and die under the rays of the sun. The Baron Nucingen is always the same, the same coarse vulgar millionaire, hard, stern man of business, but the slave of his imbecile passions. Madame Fischtaminel, Madame d'Espard, Celestine, Beatrix, are all phenomena of the same class, though manifesting themselves in different modes and positions of life. No man has sketched vice so graphically, and with the graphic sketch kept back the gilding, and delineated it in all its repulsiveness; he has not held it out in its painted fascination—not offered it to his readers as an apple of temptation, sweet to look upon, but has accompanied it in its most brilliant forms with its dark, ugly shadow, and sent it to its doom. No man has sketched virtue more beautifully, and therefore, we may add, has painted the female character more justly than Balzac. His bad women, though strikingly bad, yet cast up to the surface some excrescences of concealed goodness; his good women are not angels, but flesh and blood, purified by self-denial and purged by sorrow. The panorama of life which is spread

out before us in his collected writings is a more varied one, and more universal than that of any other man save Shakespeare. It is marvellous how a man who had been born and had spent his life in Paris, and could naturally sketch the squalor of her low life and the splendid riot of her saloons, could also delineate with a magic pencil the quiet virtues of a rustic priest, the little troubles of a rustic fold, the vicissitudes of poor men's homes, the beauty of nature, in the majesty of its grandest forms, down through all its phases, to the quiet beauty of a flower-garden. He has touched nothing without embellishing it. There are in his works philosophical reflection, subtle analysis, vivid delineation, sparkling wit, repartee, vivacious conversation, declamation, dramatic action, tragedy and pathos, gentle and touching as a child's tears, garnished with a sensitive delicacy of feeling, and conveyed in a pointed, flexible style, which does not require deciphering, but paints the idea in all its colours, the result only of clear vision produced by severe mental training, and reading as easily as though thrown off without effort. His works have had a marked influence upon the literature of France, and exert no small influence upon our own; many of our best fictions are not a little nourished from the fountain of his works, and one of the most successful dramas ever brought out upon the English stage, which most affected the English heart and life, was "The Game of Speculation," almost a verbal adaptation of one of his few plays, "Mercadet, ou le Faiseur." We must, however, conclude this imperfect notice of his labours by first heartily recommending his works, and then by displaying before the reader a few gems, not chosen, but picked at random, from two or three of his volumes. We would mention out of the forty-three volumes of the "Comédie Humaine," that the reader should form his acquaintance with Balzac, first by reading "Eugénie Grandet," "Père Goriot," "Le Curé de Village," "Mémoires de deux jeunes Mariées," or "Le Lys dans la Vallée," that he should scrupulously avoid all works marked "Ouvrages de jeunesse," for they are not worthy of Balzac, and it is a sa-

crilege to his fame that they have been dug out of obscurity and brought to light.

"Every human life offers in its tissue the most irregular combinations, but seen from a certain distance they appear alike."—"Mem. de deux jeunes Mariées," chap. 18.

"We can love and not be happy, we can be happy and not love, but to love and have happiness, to unite these two immense human blessings, is a prodigy."—"La Maison Nucingen."

"Alike in its caprices to modern chemistry, which reduces creation to a salt, the human soul engenders in itself terrible poisons by the concentration of its enjoyments, of its forces, or of its ideas, and many men perish thus, victims to some moral acid which they have themselves distilled in their own hearts."—"Peau de Chagrin."

"Man stamps his helplessness on every act of his life; he is never altogether happy, nor altogether miserable."—*Ibid.*

"Man instinctively exhausts himself by two acts which dry up the sources of his existence. Two words will express all the forms which these two causes of death assume—Will and Power. Between these two terms of human action there is another formula which wise men master. Will consumes us, power destroys us, but knowledge leaves our feeble organisation in a perpetual state of calm. Thus desire or will is dead in me, slain by thought, and movement or power has resolved itself into the natural play of my organs. In two words, I have placed my life, not in the heart which breaks; not in the senses which grow dull; but in the intellect which never exhausts itself, and survives all."—*Ibid.*

The tendency of modern life is thus sketched:—

"The avaricious do not believe in another life, the present is everything for them. This reflection casts a terrible light over the present epoch, when more than in any other period *money* dominates laws, politics, and manners. Institutions, books, and doctrines, all conspire to undermine the belief in a future state, upon which the social fabric has rested for eighteen hundred years. Now the grave is a transition little feared. The future which

awaited us beyond that, has been transferred to the present. To arrive, *per fas et nefas*, at the terrestrial Paradise of luxury and vain enjoyments, to petrify the heart and macerate the body for fleeting possessions, as the martyrs once gave their lives for eternal happiness, is the general thought—a thought written everywhere, even in the laws which inquire of the legislator, *How much do you pay?* instead of, *What are your opinions?* When these doctrines have passed from the middle classes to the people, what will become of the country?—"Eugénie Grandet."

"Misery engenders equality. Woman has this in common with the angels, that suffering belongs especially to her."—*Ibid.*

"In every situation woman has more causes of grief than man, and suffers more than he. Man has his strength and the exercise of his power; he is busy, he hurries, he occupies himself, he thinks, he anticipates the future, and finds consolation. But woman remains alone; she stands face to face with her suffering, from which nothing distracts her; she descends into the very depths of the abyss which has opened, sounds it, and often sinks under her wishes and her tears. To feel, to love, to suffer, to devote herself, will always be the text of the life of woman." With these few extracts we must bid farewell to Balzac; we may also add that his novels are tolerably free from that peculiar form of representing social evils common to many French writers, and once so offensive to *la pudeur Britannique*, but as phases of French life they do contain some things of which we were once happily ignorant, but which have unfortunately been made familiar to us in the fiction writing of the last few years. Anyone who has passed through the *malebolge* of vice which has been delineated in our most popular novels, may read the worst of Balzac without fear of taint, although he himself forbade his young nieces to read some of his works.

The novel is one of the problems of modern literature, and its effect upon morals is yet in experiment. It is to the poets and dramatists of bygone

times, that we look for insight into the familiar life of extinct peoples. Old historians deal chiefly with the career of the nations and the march of event; but the poets and dramatists have stereotyped the peculiarities of every-day life, as they developed themselves around them. In these two departments of literature, as concerns ourselves, the present age is especially unfortunate; and time by obliterating much of our poetry and dramatic plagiarism will do a kindness to our national honour, so that posterity will have to turn to those delineations of life and character embodied in our novels for pictures of the habits and customs of the nineteenth century in England. That such a comprehensive representation of life should be false is an error which our natural love of perpetuity ought to rectify; that it should be impure is a stigma which the honour of the age ought to rectify; that it is, as regards us, both false and impure, is the crying calamity of our literature.

There is, interlaced as it were with the very tissues of the human mind, a principle which may be termed the principle of unconscious imitation. No intellect, however strong its calibre, can contemplate for any length of time one particular vein or cast of thought, without becoming as it were saturated with its spirit, permeated with its influence, without finding its own ideas receiving, by some subtle operation of this mysterious principle of imitation, a bias or impetus towards the current of that thought which it has been contemplating, and the velocity of the impetus is in the proportion of the strength of the mind of the operator to the weakness of that of the subject operated upon. It becomes at once obvious that the tainting such a current of literature as that of fiction with impurities, is one of the greatest evils which the intellectual history of a nation can record. The morbid influence is subtle; without perhaps working practical mischief it inflicts moral injury; for though it may be possible for virtue to exist without chastity, yet a healthy, chaste mind is the broad foundation and greatest help to a virtuous life.

"OLD SIR DOUGLAS."*

THERE can be little doubt that in "Old Sir Douglas" the Hon. Mrs. Norton has attained her highest excellence as a writer of fiction—not only has that tale an advantage over "Lost and Saved," in not being written, as the phrase is, "for a purpose," but over all her other prose works in vigour of interest, in profusion of thought and poetry; and, more strikingly still, in variety and singularity of character. If the book contained no other portrait than that of Alice Ross, that one marvellous delineation would suffice to stamp it as a work of the highest order of genius. But this book is characterized by all the brilliant singularities of its celebrated authoress. Mrs. Norton's narrative is impassioned in the sense in which a speech is impassioned. It is a statement of an extraordinary case, by an advocate of startling force, fancy, sarcasm, and pathos. It differs from other stories, not only in the measure of its power, but in the attitude of its narrator. Mrs. Norton handles the story she tells and the persons who figure in it, like an advocate in the forum. She denounces, she applauds—she throws her own passionate sympathies undisguisedly into her narrative, and the reader finds himself carried away by a double force—by the extraordinary interest of the tale, and by the enthusiasm of its reciter. It is this predominance of the rhetorical temperament which distinguishes Mrs. Norton essentially from all contemporary story-tellers, and contributes, one powerful element to the general fascination of her fictions.

The generous partialities and antipathies to which her impetuous eloquence is subservient, aid in stimulating the feelings of the reader, who lays down the book with a consciousness of having been wrought upon by something more than the situations, the dialogue, and the characters which enter strictly into a story—of having been pleaded with, harangued, and inflamed by an orator difficult to

resist during the entire movement of the drama.

In her method of treating a story, there are other peculiarities distinguishing her manner in a very marked way from that of most other writers of romance. There is hardly to be found in the entire work a single page of *mere* narrative. There runs through it a fine *essaic* vein of illustration drawn from acute observation and often from very profound thought.

The thinking faculty of the reader is thus kept in continual play, while his fancy is charmed by the poetic faculty and brilliant wit which beautify and illuminate without ever disturbing this current of severer thought. The proportion of this delightful and brilliant ingredient is so large as to impart a very singular charm to the work. We have mentioned that sparkling quality which is the natural heritage of Mrs. Norton. There are touches, too, of delicate humour, and playful, feminine irony, to be found in these pages, which to those familiar with the writings of Mrs. Frances Sheridan will recall one of the happiest gifts of that delightful mind.

To support what we have said respecting the "essaic ingredient" of which we have spoken, and which everywhere pervades this powerful book, we reprint, with hardly an attempt at selection, a few examples of the graver discussion which flows concurrently with the story.

"On their way to Glenrossie! Ah, what other rapture, what other fulness of joy, shall compare to the day, when the woman who loves deeply and truly is borne to the home of the man she so loves?"

"For ever! The human 'for-ever'—the for-ever 'till death do us part,' how it stretches out its illimitable future of joy, as we sit, hand linked in hand, sure of each other, of existence, of love, of all that makes a paradise of earth; and the hedges and boundaries that divide lands flee past before our dreaming eyes; and the morning sun glows into noon; and the noon burns and fades; and the day sinks again, with a

crimson haze, into sunset—and perhaps the sweet and quiet light—the pale light of the moon—swims up into that sea of blue men call the sky; while still we are journeying on to the one spot on earth where we have cast our anchor of hope; to the trees and lawns, and rocks and hills, and gardens of flowers, and paths of delight, which were till now all HIS: but since the morning are OURS!—the place we have loved without ever seeing it, perhaps,—the place that saw his boyhood; where his people drew breath; where his dear ones have lived and died; where we hope to live and die—Home! The blessed word HOME!"

"If there were not daily examples to familiarize us with the marvel, we might wonder at the strange way in which Nature asserts herself; or rather, at the effects of Nature and accident combined, in the characters of individuals.

"We see children, all brought up in one home, under the same tutelage, as different as night from day. Pious sons and daughters sprung from infidel and profligate parents; unredeemed and incorrigible rascals from honest and religious fathers; fools, that fritter away the vanishing hours they themselves scarcely know how, born where steady conduct and deep knowledge seemed the very life of those around them,—and earnest, intelligent, and energetic souls springing up, like palm-trees in the desert-sand, where never a thought has been given to mental culture or religious improvement."

"There are persons who talk much and readily of their feelings, and who yet leave you in uncertainty both as to the sincerity and the motive of their confession; and there are others whose rare allusions to themselves and their private joys or sorrows seem to come like gleams of light, showing their whole inner nature."

"I wonder if women who are 'first objects' in some large and happy home circle,—or even 'first objects' to the objects they themselves love,—ever ruminate over the condition of one who is *nobody's* first object. How lone in the midst of company such a one must feel! What silence must lie under all their talking and laughing! What strange disruption from the linked chain that holds all the rest together! What exile, though ever present! What starvation of soul, in the midst of all those great shares of love meted out around her!"

"Woe to the man who is loved with the passion that has neither tenderness nor affection to soften it: who is loved not for his own sake, but for the selfish sake of the woman who has mated with him! The opposite of that love is hate. The serpent

hatched from the Egyptian warmth of that sterile soil, is vengeance. Pity, and regret, and the sad quiet partings of a humbled heart; the unutterable and fiery sense of wrong quenched and conquered by a flood of better and holier feelings; all these things are unknown to such women. Their impulse is to slay Jason's children to punish Jason. They fulfil the Scriptural malediction which says, 'Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce; and their wrath, for it was cruel.'"

We may, without violating the mystery of the story, reprint here one of its many pathetic and powerful scenes, because it meets us almost *in limine*, in the second chapter, and discloses nothing which the reader is not intended to know at the outset.

"Sir Douglas rode to Torrieburn almost as desperately as his brother had done the night before. He found the handsome rider he had fondly watched at his departure, a bruised, shattered, groaning wretch. His horse, overspurred, and bewildered by the drifting rain and howling storm, had swerved on the old-fashioned sharp-angled bridge that crossed the Falls of Torrieburn close to his home, and had dashed with his rider over the low parapet in among the rocks below.

"Close to home; luckily, close to home!"

"Near enough for the wild shout he gave as he fell, and even the confused sound of the roll of shaken-down stones, and terrible weight of horse and rider falling on the bed of the torrent, to reach the house, and the quick ear of one who was waiting and watching there. For Kenneth's bachelor home was not a lonely one. Startling was the picture that presented itself in that drear morning's light when Sir Douglas entered. The weariest frightened form he ever beheld in the shape of woman, sat at the foot of the bed. Untidy, dishevelled, beautiful; her great white arms stretched out with clasped hands, shuddering every time that Kenneth groaned; her reddish-golden hair stealing in tangled locks from under the knotted kerchief, which she had never untied or taken off since she had rushed out into the storm and scrambled down to the Falls the night before. The lower part of her dress still soaked and dripping, covered with mud and moss—one of her loose stockings torn at the ankle, and the blood oozing through—her petticoat, too, torn on that side. She had evidently slipped in attempting to reach the horse and rider.

"Douglas spoke first to her, and he spoke to her of herself; not of his brother.

"Och!" she said, and her teeth chattered as she spoke, 'ye'll no mind me, sir! it's naething. I just drappit by one hand frae the brae, in amang the stanes to get at him, and sae gat hurtit. Oo Kenneth! Kenneth! Kenneth! Oo my man! my ain man!' and

rocking wildly to and fro while the rain beat against the window, and the storm seemed to rock the trees in unison with her movements, she ceased to speak.

"The dying man moved his lips with a strange sort of smile, but no sound came. Douglas knelt down by him; and, as he did so, was conscious of the presence of a little nestling child, the most lovely little face that ever looked out of a picture, that was sitting at the bed-head, serene and hopeful in all this trouble, and saying to him with a shy smile,—‘Are ye the doctor? and will ye put daddy a’ richt? We’ve been waiting lang for the doctor.’

"No doctor could save Kenneth—no, not if the aching heart of his elder brother had resolved to bring him life at the price of his whole estate. He was fast going—fast! The grief of the ungovernable woman at his bed-foot only vaguely disturbed him. He was beginning to be withdrawn from earthly sights and earthly sounds. But Sir Douglas tried to calm her. He besought her to be still; to go away and wash her wounded limb and tear-swollen face, and arrange herself, and return, and meanwhile he would watch Kenneth till the doctor came. No, she wouldn’t—no, she couldn’t—no, he might die while she was out of the way—no, she would see the last o’ him, and then dee.’ She offered no help; she was capable of no comfort; she kept up her loud lament, so as to bewilder all present; and it was a positive relief to Sir Douglas when, with a sudden shiver through her whole frame, she slid from the bed-foot to the floor in a swoon."

The Doctor and his assistant arrive—"bone-setters," from the village of Torrieburn, and the admission soon comes, that beyond some trifling palliatives, their simple skill can devise nothing—Kenneth must die—

"When the doctor had arranged that dying bed for the best,—and had attended to the miserable woman who had fainted, and had brought her back, pale, exhausted, but quieter, to the sick chamber,—Kenneth made a feeble effort to raise himself; an exertion which was followed by a dreadful groan. Then he murmured twice the name of ‘Maggie!—dear Maggie!’ and Sir Douglas rose up, and made way for the trembling creature so called upon, to kneel down in his place: adjuring her, for the love of heaven—for the love of Kenneth—not to give way, but keep still; getting only from her a burst of sobbing, and the words, ‘Kill me, oh! kill me! and then maybe ye’ll hush me down.’ There seemed ‘no hushing her down,’ till suddenly Kenneth said, in a sort of dreamy voice, ‘Maggie, you’ll call to mind the birken trees—the birken trees!’

"The woman held her breath. There was no need to quiet her now.

"The birken trees by the broomy knowe," repeated he, dreamily; and in a low clear tone he added,—‘I’m sorry, Maggie.’

"Then, opening his eyes with a fixed look, he said, ‘Dear Douglas!’ in a tone of extreme, almost boyish tenderness; and then followed a renewed silence; broken only by the wild gusty winds outside the house, and the distant sound of the fatal Falls of Torrieburn. All at once, with the rallying strength that sometimes precedes death, he spoke clearly and intelligibly. ‘Douglas! be kind—I’m going—I’m dying—be kind to my Kenneth, for the sake of days when we were boys together! Don’t forsake him! don’t deny him! Have pity, too, on Maggie!’

"A little pause after that, and he spoke more restlessly:—‘I’m asking others, and and I ought to do it myself. It’s I who forsake them: it’s I that didn’t pity. I say—I say—are ye all here? Douglas! the doctor—ah! yes, and my father’s factor,—Well—I—’

"He struggled for a moment, with blue blanched lips; then, feeling for the little curled head of the child at the further side of his bed, and locking his right hand in the hand of the kneeling woman, he said,—‘I trust Douglas with these. I declare Margaret Carmichael my Wife, and I acknowledge Kenneth Carmichael Ross as my lawful son!’

"The woman gave a suppressed shriek; she sprang up from her knees, and flung her arms round the dying man with a wild, ‘Och, I thank ye—I thank ye! and mither’ll thank ye for ever! Ou! my Kenneth!’

"He turned his head towards her with that unutterable smile that often flits over dying faces. Brighter and fonder his smile could not have been in the days of their first love: ‘by the broomy knowe, under the birken trees;’ and perhaps his thoughts were there, even in that supreme hour. No other word, except a broken ejaculation of prayer, came from him; only the bystanders ‘saw a great change’—the change there is no describing—come over his brow. The anguish of mortal pain seemed to melt into peace. A great sigh escaped him, such as bursts from the bosom in some sudden relief from suffering, and the handsome man was a handsome corpse.

"He who had been so much to that wailing woman, had become it! ‘it,’ ‘the body;’ that perishable form which had clothed the eternal soul, and was now to be carried away and hidden under the earth, ‘to suffer corruption,’ and join the unseen throng of those whose place in this world ‘shall know them no more.’

Maggie is drawn with the daring skill and utter fidelity which characterize every picture in old Sir Douglas—a skill and a fidelity which remain

one of the homely literalities which in Hogarth's and in Shakespeare's pictures startle one with their undeniable reality, and render the sublime of tragedy more sublime by a touch of prosaic and vulgar nature. In this sort of contrast Mrs. Norton is a consummate artist; nothing is disguised of Maggie's coarseness, violence, and vulgarities; she receives the benefit neither of distance, nor of darkened windows; she is in nowise idealized, nor translated into a statue; we see her in the broadest daylight, and face to face, without having been spared one intonation of her Scottish brogue, and savage uproar, or a single aggravation of her fierceness, and grossness, and vulgar savagery; and yet with all this—and in great measure—such is the mystery of true art, *because* of this, Maggie is nearly always interesting, and often by reason of the wild burst and tempest of her ungoverned affections, positively sublime—Maggie alone would make the success and the interest of a good novel; and yet, such is the wealth and perfection of portraiture—especially of female portraiture—in these pages, that Maggie might very easily lose her legitimate prominence among the creations of fiction, by her juxtaposition with the other more strange and striking, though not more finished pictures, in these powerful volumes.

The most singular figure that rises before us, at the weird beck of Mrs. Norton's pen, and that which, with strangest fascination, haunts our eyes, days after her book is shut—is undoubtedly that of Alice Ross. In the earlier chapters of the tale we become acquainted with her as a child, cold, cautious, repellant, and yet with a certain silent prettiness and grace. This little girl, the half-sister of old Sir Douglas, is harboured by him, after her mother's death, at his Highland castle of Glenrossie, of which she becomes "the lady," and in due time does the honors for him; this position, however, is changed—Sir Douglas brings home a beautiful young wife, and the first home-transports of the bride, are succeeded by a faint sense of danger—a trouble thus described—

"And then, very slowly, very quietly, very unexpectedly, and yet very clearly,

she awoke to the perception that in her Paradise there was a snake.

"Not a creature that awed and yet fascinated; whose presence was a mystery, and its counsel almost a scornful command. But a little sliding, alithering, mean, small snake: a 'snake in the grass:' a snake whose tiny bite the heel might almost carelessly spurn when it seemed to pursue, and whose power to wound might be doubted and smiled over, till the miracle of death by its venom were irrevocably proved! A snake that looked like a harmless eel.

"Nothing but the instinctive repulsion which exists in certain natures to reptiles even when unseen, their presence being discoverable to the inner soul of feeling though not to the outward sense, could have inspired Gertrude with the aversion she gradually felt for Sir Douglas's half-sister, Alice Ross.

"Alice had not offended the bride; on the contrary she flattered her; she obviously endeavoured to please, to wind round her, to become necessary to her. She went beyond the mere yielding up gracefully the small delegated authority which for many years she had seemed to exercise, from being 'the only one of the family resident at the Castle.' She was not satisfied with dropping to the condition of friend and equal; she rather assumed that of poor relation and humble companion. She chose toleration, and repudiated welcome. As to the near connexion between herself and Sir Douglas, she always alluded to it in a humble, half-mournful, apologetic manner, as if it were a fault, but not *her* fault; and yet a fault for which she was willing to make amends to the extent of her feeble powers. She behaved towards him as towards one who was to be admired, revered, wondered at;—but to *love* him would be taking too great a liberty. Still, in her own subservient way she contrived to impress him with a notion of humble worship: and she lost no opportunity of increasing that impression even while she deprecated all evidences of its ruling spirit in her mind."

We know not whether this picture has its particular counterpart in life. We cannot recollect, however, having actually met its original. And yet with the mysterious recognition we sometimes experience in dreams, we know Alice Ross instantly.

"Alice was certainly what in common parlance is called, even when the party still retains claims to personal attraction, 'an old maid.'

"Alice *did* retain claims to personal attraction: her well-shaped head,—though its banded hair was of that disagreeable dry drab colour, which had not yet the advantage of our modern fashion of being dyed of a golden red,—surmounted a long, slen-

der white throat; and a figure which, if somewhat too spare for artistic notions of beauty, was, as her maid expressed it, 'jimp and genteel.'

"She moved (as she spoke) with slow precision; and not without some degree of grace. The only positively disagreeable thing about her, was a certain watchfulness which disturbed and fascinated you. Do what you would, Alice's eyes were on you. You felt them fixed on your shoulder; your forehead; the back of your head; your hands; your feet; the sheet of paper on which you were writing a letter; the title and outside cover of the book you were reading; the harmless list you were making out of your day's shopping; the anxious calculation of your year's income; and the little vague sketch you scribbled while your mind was occupied about other things.

"I have spoken of her as the snake in this Paradise; but there was something essentially *feline*, also, in her whole manner; and indeed the cat is, among inferior animals, what the snake is among a lower order of creatures. The noiseless, cautious, circuitous mode in which she made her way across a room was cat-like; the dazed quiet of her eyes on common occasions, had the expression of a cat sitting in the sun; and the startling illumination of watchful attention in them at other times, recalled to our fancy the same creature catching sight of its prey. Even the low purring, and rubbing of pussy's soft fur against your side, seemed to find its analogy in her slow soft words of flattery: as the gentle approach, which neither required nor even accepted any returning caress, resembled the gliding to and fro on some familiar hearth of that unloving little domestic animal, whose cry is alien and weird to our ears, and its shape like a diminished tiger.

"Above all, in her gravity and changelessness, she was cat-like."

"In all that touched *herself*, she was keen, far-sighted, and long-remembering. She never forgot an injury. She never omitted an opportunity.

"Her cat-like resemblance extended to the order and method of her every-day life. In the open daylight of social intercourse, she was tranquil and unobtrusive, or purring and courteous; but in the darkness of solitary hours—in the Lone Den—her mind prowled and capered, and took its light leaps in pursuit of prey. There, the dazed eyes resumed their brilliant watchfulness; and gleamed over the gloom of her destiny. There, the many calculations for small and great ends were methodically arranged, and plans laid for besieging, undermining, and beleaguering, such as find no place in military books. The tactics of Elian were nothing in comparison with the tactics of Alice."

We have hitherto seen this feline

creature in her normal state of apathy and vigilance. For one moment let us look at her, in the solitude of her room, agitated by the wild—almost insane passion of which her seemingly cold nature is capable.

"He was gone forth; gone forth from *her*,—even she scarce knew where, or for how long,—but gone—gone out into the temptation of pleasing and being pleased elsewhere; and when Alice thought of it, that pale and apparently passionless woman could have dashed her head against the stone embrasure of her turret-window, or thrown herself from it into the deep courtyard below. Anything to still the fierce beating of blood to and fro in her brain, and deaden the thoughts that chased each other there, of the dark-eyed, meagre, eloquent man, who had been mocking Heaven and his fellow-creatures by the assumption of a character as much acted as any on the stage!

"But Alice governed herself, and was outwardly calm. The fox of an evil secret gnawing at her heart should not find her less brave than the Spartan. If she gave way she might destroy him,—she might *hang him*,—those were his words: no matter what they meant: no matter what he was. She would bear,—and live,—and see him again; and rend in pieces anyone who attempted to thwart her, or rival her in his affections."

It is quite impossible with the aid of a few tessellated extracts, to reproduce the spell which Mrs. Norton's art gradually and patiently weaves about us, and around this singular creation, in whom we discover, along with so much that is mean, bloodless, cruel—a sinister charm, for which we cannot account, except by a sort of witchcraft—and after whom, even when we have ceased to hope, in her, for one secret point of human sympathy, unless we are to except such passion as a sorceress is imagined sometimes to cherish for a human object, we yet linger with a perverted fascination.

In this feminine gallery we are irresistibly arrested by another portrait—gaunt, repulsive—with whose general effect we are familiar; but with the hard lines, minute wrinkles, and undefinable singularities of expression which indicate an unquestionable individuality. It is the full-length figure of the Countess of Clochnaben.

"The Countess of Clochnaben was standing with her hands behind her, superin-

tending the planting of some trees, when Alice alighted from her pony.

"She was so tall, and stood so firmly, that you might think she herself had been planted in the ground; and so thoroughly well planted, that no storm would avail to uproot her. She had been in youth what is termed a 'fine woman,'—very stately; but the worst of immeasurably stately women is, that in old age they are apt to become gaunt. The Countess of Clochnabon had become gaunt. She was also very severe in her opinion of others; gaunt in mind as well as body. She kept very early hours. The iron vibration of the rusty old clock in the courtyard, very seldom had the advantage of her in getting the hours of six in summer and seven in winter struck fairly through, before her stern tread was heard on the outer staircase. These morning hours being often chill, and the gusty mountain-gaps full of what Shakespeare calls 'an eager and a nipping air,' she habitually wore over her cap, as a shield against rheumatic headache, a small quilted black silk bonnet; and when she headed her breakfast-table, what with this peculiarity of costume, the rigid and erect carriage of her tall body, and the prepared severity of her mouth, she looked like a venerable judge about to pass sentence on a criminal.

"And, indeed, she was continually passing sentence on criminals. Most of her neighbours and connexions were criminals in her eyes; and she spent her time in reviewing their conduct with much asperity."

For sake of the *naïve* terms in which it is conveyed, we must here permit the Countess to utter one of her characteristic *dicta*—as she liked to term the emphatic expressions of her opinion.

"'You should not encourage such doings at Glenrossie,' said the dowager severely; 'there never was mirth or singing since I can remember the place, on such an improper day as the Lord's-day.'"

From this Rhembrant we turn to a portrait, young, refined, and voluptuous. The Spanish bride of young Kenneth Ross arrives as the guest of "old Sir Douglas and Lady Ross, at their beautiful Scottish castle."

"When Dona Eusebia did at last appear, they saw a most undeniable beauty; though she looked (as, indeed, she was) some years older than Kenneth. What with the splendour of a rich complexion, made richer by the addition of rouge; the glossiness of hair made glossier with strongly scented oils; the deep crimson of the carnations twisted with black lace, on her head; the gems that glittered on her neck; the sudden turn and flashing of her glorious black eyes, and the equally sudden flirting and shutting of

a painted fan mounted in mother-of-pearl and gold, the motion of which was so incessant that it seemed an integral portion of her living self; what with the gleaming smile when the curled lips parted and left her white teeth, like waves in the sunshine disclosing a shell; what with the pretty trick she had, at the end of every laugh (and she laughed often), of giving a mischievous bite to the full underlip, as though to punish it back to gravity; and what with the fling and leap of the soft fringes on her robe when she turned with quick animation to answer you,—there was so much lustre and movement about her, that it seemed as if she were a fire-fly transformed by magic into a woman. And, if she stood still (as she very seldom did), the curve of her neck and back resembled some beautiful scroll-work in sculpture; while her tiny forward foot shone in its satin shoe, a separate miracle,—for you wondered how anything so small could have so much strength and majesty in it."

Very happy and brilliant is Mrs. Norton's sketch of the London triumphs of this foreign beauty:—

"If ever that Tantalus thirst, the love of admiration, could be satisfied, certainly it should have been in the exceptional case of Dona Eusebia's triumphal progress through the London season. She 'made *furor*,' as the foreign phrase terms it. A hundred *lorgnons* were aimed at her sparkling face as she leaned from her opera-box, her graceful arms half nestled in scarlet and gold shawls, or Moorish bournouses of white and gold, black and gold, purple and gold, as the fancy of the evening moved her; for Eusebia had as many shawls and gowns as our vestal and over-rated Queen Elizabeth.

"She laid her dresses and wreaths out in the morning on her bed, and studied what the evening should bring forth. She tried on her jewels at the glass, and rehearsed the performances of her *coiffeur*. She tossed a white blonde mantilla over her glossy head, and stuck orange blossoms under the comb, and tossed it off again, to replace it with heavy black lace and a yellow rose. She sate mute and motionless, contemplating her own little satin shoes with big rosettes to them, and then sprang up and assailed that bewitching *chaussure*; pulling off the rosettes, and putting in glittering buckles; relapsing thereafter into the mute idolatry of contemplation. She wore her jet black hair one day so smoothly braided that her head looked as if carved in black marble, and the next it was all loose, and wayward, and straying about, as if she had been woken out of a restless slumber, and carried off to a party without having had time allowed her to comb it through.

"All the London dandies,—half the grave politicians,—a quarter of the philosophic sages,—and a very large proportion of the

Established Church, both High and Low,—thought, spoke, and occupied themselves, chiefly with reference to the fact of the appearance of this Star of Granada. The pine-apples and flowers of every great country-house, and the time of the masters of such houses, were at her entire disposal. It was rather a favour conferred than received, when she consented to accept a peer's ticket for some state show, or the opening ceremonies of Parliament. Statesmen sat round her after the cabinet was over; and indeed in some cases were even suspected of hurrying the happy moment of their release from such duties, in order to be in time to ride with her in the Park. Bishops wrote her facetious and kindly little notes. Poets extolled her charms in every measure possible in the English language, including the doubtful possibility of hexameters. Beautiful fresh young girls were presented at Court and made their *début* in the world of fashion, and the greatest compliment that could be paid to the mothers of such as were brunettes was to say that 'about the eyes,' or 'cheek,' or 'chin,' or 'mouth,' or *tout ensemble*, they had 'a look of Dona Eusebia.'

In the twining of this powerful tale are many strands of interest. One of these is anxious and even provoking. It results from a reserve in which the sort of cowardice which prefers a perilous silence to a frank but somewhat ambiguous disclosure, carries the person, Lady Ross, in whose happiness we actually feel, and are intended to feel, a degree of interest amounting almost to pain, to the verge of a ruinous self-sacrifice. Extreme frankness is often the expression of the merest callosity; reserve, on the other hand, is more frequently a form of sensitiveness than of suspicion. Gertrude Ross is eminently sensitive and unselfish; an instinctive horror of giving pain leads her to consider the feelings of others, even the unworthiest and the most unkindly, in preference to her own happiness and even safety. We find her gratuitously keeping the very questionable secrets of unamiable and unscrupulous persons, one of whom at least has evinced an active desire to injure her. These secrets have come to her without the complication of any confidence on the part of the odious people whom they concern, and in keeping which from her husband—a frank, trusting, and tender gentleman, whom she loves almost idolatrously—she compromises her own reputation, and of necessity

his happiness. That such things do happen now and then is only too true. But we have little patience with the feminine folly and secrecy which drop, here and there, bit by bit, the materials of a constructive case, which secret enemies and interested intriguers may put together at their leisure against the fair fame and the peace of a happy home. While in this one instance, pregnant with calamitous results, we complain of the heroine's indecision and even folly, we are bound to remark that Gertrude Ross is no conventional lady after the pink and white wax-work model. We have the distinctest possible idea of her in person, tastes, character, and style. She takes her place in the story as thoroughly individualized in her way as the hardest or wickedest person of the drama; and it is exactly because we feel that we have seen and known her, that we are so nervously interested in her happiness, and so incensed at her own temporary mismanagement of it.

Mrs. Norton's novel is glowing from first to last with colour. The ease and rapidity with which she describes, are magical. Natural scenery she paints with the touch, not of an artist, but of an enchanter. Her process is a mystery. We witness no exertion and need no patience. Trees, mountains, rocks, and skies expand before us in the glory and harmony of their hues and outlines. In like manner, whatever other object—be it peculiar figure, elaborate costume; face, dismal and wicked, or pure and lovely, she chooses you to see—you do see, and remember afterward, not as a dream but a reality that has traced itself in your brain. To this rare power of description Mrs. Norton adds the still rarer gift of translating the spirit and poetry of that which she makes you see into expression; and not only have we this never-ending play of fancy, but the charm of an intellectual activity, which at every second page hints a thought, or invites discussion, or investigates the moral of her situations, or the mysteries of human nature, with a facile and profound penetration. This stream of original thought sparkling through the entire work, stimulates in the reader a corresponding mental activity, and is one of the chief delights which await an

acquaintance with this extraordinary novel.

We have observed a careful reticence respecting the plot and denouement of the story. As we have before hinted, there are several—indeed, no less than three—principal and distinct veins of interest in the book. That which concerns Alice Ross and James Frere is heightened by the mystery which, skilfully managed, so powerfully contributes to the exciting ingredient of romantic fiction. It is enough to say of the plan of this story that it owes nothing

to the received precedents of fiction. The symmetry of a well-knit plot is disguised by a treatment which makes the whole story, with a gathering impetus, flow to its conclusion, so like a piece of real life, that we are cheated into discussing its incidents and persons like actual griefs and real men and women. Slight as has been this notice, we have placed, we believe, sufficient matter in evidence to satisfy our readers that we were right in pronouncing "*Old Sir Douglas*," Mrs. Norton's unquestionably greatest prose work.

JOHN HALLEE'S NIECE.

BY RUSSELL GRAY.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN HALLER.

WHEN Browning, in his dreamy thoughtful way, wrote "If one could have that little head of hers painted upon a back-ground of pale gold," he was thinking, I am sure, of some face which was familiar to him; some face which had grown beautiful from its connexion with things pleasant and kindly; he makes such a study of the face, he dwells upon it so. Everyone could so paint; everyone has some pet face upon which they love to think, some dear home-face which has grown beautiful for them, because it is always linked with things pleasant. I have some such picture faces, with which I have become so familiar, that for me they are the sweetest and fairest faces upon earth; and one of them is ever before me, one of them stands out distinct and clear, and I would that I could paint it for you, reader; I would, like Browning, that I could have it and show it up to you "painted upon a back-ground of pale gold," it is so that you could see it best; the soft dimpled beauty, the sweet expressive light over all, the faint shade of sadness, resting like a shadow over smiles and blushes and earnest eyes. I wish I could so paint it, not a picture face, cold, changeless, passionless; but a living, speaking, intelligent one, beautiful in its simplicity, puzzling us with its utter inconsistency, and

want of all regularity. Some old-world thinker, some dead and gone great man has said, "when I see the most enchanting beauties that earth can show me, I yet think there is something far more glorious; methinks I can see a kind of higher perfection peeping through the frailty of a face."

The principles of beauty, like the principles of truth, are everlasting. If people would only think so sometimes, they would spare themselves a world of trouble. If they would only tell themselves "there is no beautifying that which nature makes, I only spoil where I try to improve, I will not tamper with things which I cannot understand." If they would only sometimes so reason I think they would agree with me in saying that the principles of beauty are everlasting. I am so sure of this, I have seen some faces which are beautiful with the celestial beauty of intelligence; which no dress, or diamonds, or fine linen, or decorations of any kind can enhance; and it is of one such face that I am thinking while I write.

I am going to tell the story of a very quiet life; I am going to draw out a few water-colour sketches of fields, and trees, and pleasant country houses; of woods and rivers, and summer sunsets. I am going to paint a few faces and they are done all

from nature, they are every one familiar to me. One by one I will sketch them, and colour them, and fill them in, and hang them up in my little picture gallery, and you shall peep in, reader, and see them all.

There is a grave earnest one, a manly, honest face, which should be handsome, but for a few faults, too big a mouth, too square a forehead, a few such faults, and the face becomes what people call plain. But I don't think it so, for me there is the celestial light, there are the principles of beauty, the truthness, the gentleness, and it is one of my favourite pictures, that face belongs to one John Haller, a gentleman farmer, in the south of England. In my story, among my water-colour pictures, this John Haller will figure often, and of him I would speak a little.

Mr. Haller is a man well to do in the world, he owns many broad acres of fair English land, and a pleasant old grange-house, standing near to many heathy hills and green shady valleys. He lives a quiet life apart from other men, and although he is more than forty years of age, he has never been married. The village gossips, who remember the young squire when first he came to live in the grange-house, tell a story of him—a strange love story—which was unfortunate in its ending, and they say of him, that he has been blighted in his life; and that his heart is broken. Such stories are very old-world; day after day we are brought into contact with people of whom the world says that they are heart-broken; I have wondered very often long ago when I have heard such stories, whether they were true.

I have looked upon a grave peaceful face, I have watched a quiet aimless life, uninterrupted in its even monotony, and I have wondered to myself if it was possible that a great despair and sorrow was always blending with the even tenor of such a life. Such things came strangely to me then, I could not understand them, but I have since learnt that there is a great deal of such sorrow hidden away in many hearts; I have since found out that people can live on, living much as other people live, apparently enjoying life with their hearts so utterly broken that all the sweetness of life is gone. With John

Haller this heart-breaking came strangely ten years ago, when he had stood quite alone in the world, a solitary man, living a lonely life all to himself. He had given all the love of a strong earnest heart to a certain quiet girl, living away in Wales.

"None of us liveth to himself," everyone must have an object; and John Haller had made that gentle lady the object of his otherwise aimless life. He had been a poor man then; but he had put his hand to the plough manfully, and he had toiled on through lonely years never once lacking heart, looking onward always to a good time.

Since the days when Jacob served for Rachel, waiting very patiently for her, in every generation there have been men who have also toiled, and waited with true steadfast hearts hoping always, and John Haller had been one of those men—his whole life for those years had been one long struggle to get riches, and make a home for one dear to him. But all men are not as fortunate as Jacob was, all women are not as faithful as Rachel; and while John Haller, away in a distant land, was toiling and saving for his Rachel he was forgotten, his patient honest love was remembered no more, and there had gone a letter to him sending him back a little ring, a lock of hair, and all the love which he had given, which was so true and patient. And then John Haller took his hand away from the plough, he left the distant place where he had made such riches, where he was to have made so much more, all for her, and he turned his steps homewards. "I will see her myself," he thought; "I must have an explanation," and from that far away country he came over the sea with an anxious heart.

The letter which had brought him back his ring had given no explanation. But John Haller needed none when he arrived into the place where she lived; the place where he had first begun to live and work for her; he never paused to write to her, to tell her of his coming; he started for the house all alone walking; he stood before her suddenly where she sat in the garden, and before his honest proud indignation she shrank ashamed. Two years were gone and past since John Haller had taken his farewell, on a still summer night under

summer leaves; two long weary toil-some years since he had heard her voice, and looked upon her face, and in all that time he had believed in her so truly he had never once doubted her truth; and yet, standing before her then, he had no right to believe in her, no right to touch her hand, or speak any of the love which was rising up even then in his heart, and speaking in his big honest eyes. "I have come a long way to see you," he said at last, standing before her a great strong man, very proud in his love, injured much, "to ask you for an explanation of your letter;" and tears came rising up in soft dove eyes which were gazing up at him, white lips strove to speak but couldn't; and John Haller's heart grew sick with fear; "have you nothing to say to me, Rachel, have you no explanation to give me?" And then the white lips answered, "John, John, you must not think ill of me—but—but I can never see you again, for I am married to another man; don't think harshly of me, try and forgive me." And John Haller, proud of spirit, brave and honest, felt all his faith in women gone from him; and he had turned away in bitterness a broken-hearted man, he had given no forgiveness then, his heart was too full of anger; his proud spirit made his face flush up crimson, and so he had left her ten years ago—left her in anger speaking no words to her, thinking much evil. All that was past; and

John Haller, who was so very honest and true himself, felt deeply such falseness in another.

From time to time he had heard news of Rachel, but he had never seen her since. She was married, and she still lived in that quiet out-of-the-way place in Wales; and John Haller kept himself acquainted with her doings. Was he still living in that vain dream of his, still waiting for a time far off and uncertain, I don't think he would have acknowledged such a thing for a moment, he was too proud. "I will never forgive her, until she comes to me and tells me that she begs my pardon for the grievous wrong which she has done me; when she does, when she tells me all this, then—then—" Mr. Haller didn't say what he would do in such a case, he only bent his head upon his two hands and covered up his face, perhaps he was ashamed of a certain weakness which he couldn't help feeling.

"And then you will forget all the wrong, I know you will, Uncle John," spoke a soft voice close beside him, and a loving little hand was on his shoulder. He looked up, there was a mist in his gray eyes, "Perhaps I would, darling," and John Haller drew down a pretty face to his and kissed it fondly two or three times. He was not all alone in the world then, as he had been ten long years ago; he had his pretty affectionate little niece to comfort him.

CHAPTER II.

JOHN HALLER'S NIECE.

JOHN HALLER'S niece, who had spoken those words to him in the study at the Grange, was an orphan. Seven years ago a letter had gone to Mr. Haller of the Grange, telling him that he had been left sole guardian to a very wilful young lady, Miss Ethel Haller, his niece; who was just then all alone in the world, very desolate and homeless; and John Haller had written back an answer to the letter, saying that he was quite prepared to take the charge of Miss Ethel, and give her a home for always in his old grange-house.

On a dull November day, seven years ago, he had gone to meet his niece at

the Nante Station; he had found her there a solitary little girl in a black dress, with big wondering violet eyes, and long golden brown curls, falling over her neck and shoulders. John Haller had not thought his niece a pretty girl on that November day, seven years ago. He didn't admire violet eyes, and tawny hair, but he pitied the lonely little soul, and he took her into his heart at once. He bent down gravely, he held the little wistful face between his two hands and kissed it gently, never speaking, and the shy violet eyes went up to his face and filled with tears all at once.

In those days John Haller and his niece got on very well together. I am afraid he spoilt the little lady; he gave her her own way in everything. She was a very odd young lady—a little wilful, rather passionate, but very affectionate, and very, very loyal and true, and between them there grew up a great love. Miss Ethel had a great respect for this grave, gentle uncle of hers; she thought none the worse of him for letting her sometimes bully him over little things. He was so quiet and good, he never scolded her; he only reasoned with her, and sighed over her many faults.

I think it was unfortunate for Ethel that she had such a foolishly indulgent guardian. I think it would have been better for the impetuous little girl if she had had some one to bully her a little, to give her less of her own way; but such things will happen, and it is so that a great deal of good is lost to the world. For seven years John Haller had done his duty towards his niece very honestly; he had had masters coming from far to teach her all that a lady should know; he had paid away large sums in this way, so that she might be made in every way perfect; but I am afraid much of it was wasted.

But when those seven years were gone, when Miss Ethel had grown up to be quite a tall girl, when all the masters and teachers had pronounced her "finished," Mr. Haller began to see other difficulties. He was a thoughtful man, and he could not hide from himself the fact that his young niece still lacked many of the advantages which other girls had. "Every girl should have a companion," he thought to himself often—"some one to look up to and associate with," and then would his thoughts take wing and fly away into Wales, and John Haller would lose himself in a dream, all about impossible things, thinking and despairing. Ethel Haller had lived with her uncle for seven years before he had ever told her the love story which had thrown such a shadow over his life. He was not a man given to bragging, and he didn't care to make confidants; but when he had known his niece for seven long quiet years, when he had grown to understand

her, to know that she was altogether true, he told her all the story. On the summer morning when sitting in his study he had said—

"And I will never forgive her until she comes to me and tells me that she begs my pardon for the grievous wrong which she has done me."

"And then," Ethel had said, "then you will forget all the wrong—I know you will, Uncle John?"

And John Haller loved his niece all the better for her sympathy. He didn't repent of having told her his sorrow.

Ethel Haller was sixteen on this summer morning, and her uncle had given her a little ring, and it was while he slipped it on her pretty finger that tears had come stealing up into his eyes, and he had been unable to speak to her. That morning he told her all his trouble.

The home which John Haller had given his niece was a very quiet, retired one—far removed from any of the bustle and gaiety of the world—a quiet old grange-house, hidden away among many tall trees—a big roomy old house, red-bricked, and gabled with diamond-paned windows and a sloping roof; but this grange-house had not been always a grange-house; John Haller was a comparatively new tenant there.

Far below, sunk down in the valley, well nigh hid among the trees, there stood a solemn stone house, with wide terraces and big square windows, and that stone house, and many miles of land, belonged to Sir Hugh Darrell.

To every small English town there is always a great man—he who has most land, who has lived longest in the place, and to whom the little village world can look up reverently. At Nante Sir Hugh Darrell was the great man; but this same Sir Hugh, and the other Sir Hughs, and Sir Johns, and Sir Richards, who were gone, had been greater men still, had owned broader lands, and more moneys, and had been far more influential men once on a time. But those old dead and gone Sir Hughs and Sir Johns and Sir Richards had made ducks and drakes with their broad gold pieces; they had laid them very recklessly on foreign gaming tables; they had used them badly in many ways; and the present Sir Hugh, who lived in the great stone house, found it

hard enough at times to keep things going. He, too, had followed in the steps of his forefathers; he, too, had stood breathlessly over bright tables, seeing his gold and silver taken from him in great handfuls; he had had a great name upon the turf, too, and a grand account at Tattersall's; but he was an old man now, and all those things were over with him—a disappointed man, declining slowly into the vale of years, having lost much of the world's good things, and gained nothing at all.

It was so that Sir Hugh Darrell was obliged to part with many of his good wide fields and lands; it was so that that old house, which had once been a dower-house, had passed into John Haller's hands, for when the well-to-do young man had come forward and offered a large round sum of money for the dower-house and a hundred acres of pasture land, Sir Hugh had not been in a position to refuse the good offer, and the house, which had been a dower-house for many centuries gone by, passed away into strange hands.

Sir Hugh Darrell was a very proud man, and he felt his fall deeply; it wounded him keenly to stand on his terrace-walk, and look away over green plains, and great fields of golden corn, and to know that all that good fruitful land was gone from him, and his for ever.

Of evenings often, the tall spare figure might be seen pacing up and down upon that terrace-walk all alone; and on those summer evenings when the sunlight lay on the land old Sir Hugh would stand looking away to the cluster of trees on the hill, where stood John Haller's grange-house; and at such times the proud old man would feel it very hard to realize that the old house was no longer a dower-house. Long years ago that house among the trees had been fitted up and decorated for him; for him and for the young bride whom he had chosen. In the old house he had spent three years of of very quiet happy life with that gentle delicate lady who now lay among the dead and buried Darrells in the family vault. Another Lady Darrell reigned in her stead; a new Lady Darrell, who had brought much money and a large manufacturing

connexion with her into the Darrell family.

But the memory of those old days was still dear to Sir Hugh, and he had found it very hard to part with the dower-house; it wounded him to hear people call it "The Grange;" he would flush, and grow fidgety, and take it as a kind of insult. He could not realize the fact, that the place was quite lost to him. "I will buy it all back again, some time or another," he told himself often. But he never visited the place, and he didn't know of the changes which John Haller had wrought there, he didn't know how great a pride Mr. Haller took in his new farm, and how hard it would be ever to make him ready to part with it again.

"I will buy it all back again some time or another," he told himself always, while he paced up and down in the sunlight all alone; he was no longer an extravagant man, the excitement of life had lost its charms for him, he liked living in his big house, and roaming about his quiet grounds, he would have liked to see the villagers all touch their hats to him. He wished to live more among them, to be better thought of by them; he would have liked many of them to mourn for him when he died, but all this was impossible now; men passed him by on his lonely rambles, never noticing him, not knowing him, there came but few friendly greetings for the old stooped gentleman as he walked the village streets, he was unknown in his native place, he had never lived among his own people, and they had no love for him; all that came heavily on him, in this the evening of his life; he was cut off from that pleasant intercourse which many men enjoy among their tenants, he was a stranger in the land. "I will buy it all back some time or another," Sir Hugh Darrell would tell himself day after day, and evening after evening, aye, although long years might pass away before that "some time" came; though he should be a very old man, too old to derive any enjoyment from the possession of lands or moneys or any of the world's good things. Still he had a son; a son of whom he was very proud, and for whom he was very, very ambitious, and for him it was

that Sir Hugh was planning when he said, "I will buy it all back again some time or another." It never crossed the proud old man's brain, that that buying back might come to be a thing impossible for him; that a time might come when land, and money, and fair possessions would

all slip through his fingers at a breath; when his plans, and schemes, and brilliant hopes would all lie ruined, shipwrecked; when that buying and selling between him and the quiet gentleman farmer, John Haller, would be unnecessary, a thing impossible.

CHAPTER III.

ETHEL'S DREAMLAND.

MISS **ETHEL HALLER** and her uncle lived a strange life all to themselves in that retired Grange. For John Haller, the interest of life was gone; and with his niece it had not as yet begun, and so they neither of them felt the loneliness of this quiet life.

John Haller was a farmer, and a very energetic, active one, and for him the days, and weeks, and even the months went by quickly enough; and Ethel, who had now lived seven years of such quiet life, had learnt to fill in her days with many occupations. All day would John Haller be absent on his farming business, and all day would Ethel be alone in that big house, in the silent garden, and lonely fields; she was a very dreamy, eccentric young lady, this Ethel Haller. That want of companionship, of which John Haller had thought, made the odd little girl still odder. In those lonely places, day after day, she would live a life all to herself, a kind of dream-life, among strange people and places, away from everything real.

Ethel Haller's education was a very different one from that of most young ladies. Her books and studies were widely different from those of other girls. She had read those German tales of love; the gentle tender passages in Schiller were all familiar to her, she had much of it off by heart too. With Don Quixote she had charged windmills, and rescued unprotected females, and over the good knight's death she had wept salt tears. John Haller's library was an extensive one, it contained a little of everything, old books and new, and Ethel had the run of this strange library; with all the poets, ancient and modern, my heroine was quite familiar.

She had drunk in breathlessly the story told by Milton, of "Paradise Lost." She had pondered over it

and wondered at it, but half understanding it all. She had skipped from Milton over long centuries, to those idyls of the King which have become such household words among us now-a-days; with the gentle Enid she had ridden through the summer woods by night and day; with the good King Arthur she had mourned over fallen Guinevere, and many times had she told herself that should such a noble generous man ever give her his love, that love should never be dishonoured. She had in spirit lain prone at his feet, and in the quiet evening, sitting all alone, his words had come to her, speaking softly, "And I—lo, I forgive thee." And then here easily provoked tears had fallen silently on the open book. She was a very tender-hearted girl, and over every one of those pathetic stories her heart had bled many times. For Fox's numerous martyrs, for La Motte Fouché's poor broken-hearted Ondine, over Charlotte's and Werther's graves, for John Bunyan's Pilgrim, there had been the same sorrow in her foolish romantic heart; one by one she had lived their lives with them, sorrowing and rejoicing even as they sorrowed or rejoiced; and in this way my lonely little heroine's mind had been fed for seven long years.

It was not the kind of education which a careful mother would have selected for an imaginative, romantic girl's mind. Many of the books which Ethel read were works from which well-trained young ladies are religiously cut off, but there was no one to tell Ethel what she was not to read in that old library; morning after morning, when John Haller was away among his fat and lean kine, his little niece would sit, curled up into a ball, in the wide window-seat,

drinking in this strange book lore, which had such an attraction for her. Of evenings, too, John Haller would read aloud to her often. When he began, it was with those tales of Walter Scott's, which are interesting to all, both old and young; Amy Robsheart's sad story; and all the excitement, the love, and treachery in *Ivanhoe*, the fortunes of *Nigel*, and the sorrows of the *Scottish Queen*. And then John Haller had given a new course of readings; he had dipped into the *Pickwick Papers*, and marked out all the pleasant bits to be read to Ethel, he had skimmed through *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and together they had laughed over those *Pecksnifian* passages which are ever new. He had read her too the sad storics of little *Dorrit*, of ill-fated little *Dombe*, of *Nelly's* journey from the *Old Curiosity Shop* into strange places and scenes, and they had wept together over the brave little maiden's death.

All these things drew John Haller and his niece very close together. In those days there was a sympathy between them, and they were wonderfully alike in many ways.

This heroine of mine is not going to be in any way perfect; she is only a mortal, and a very imperfect little mortal too, with many, many faults, and the story of her life will only be the story of a very common-place one, faulty in many ways. But if Ethel was different from other girls, if she was less reserved and more impulsive, I think she was none the worse; there was a great deal that was genuine and honest about her, a great deal of that candidness and innocence of mind which belongs only to such dreamy, romantic people; for all those storied people she had felt an interest and affection, which was perfectly genuine. And all her strange

readings had only opened her mind, and softened her heart, and made her more thoughtful. Poor little lonely soul! I am afraid all her romance stood sadly in her way in the end. I am afraid she borrowed too many of her ideas from those old world heroes and heroines, she became too fanciful. In those evenings John Haller and his niece used to talk a great deal too on many subjects; in the long winter evenings they used to sit together in the library, by bright wood fires, John Haller reading aloud, and Ethel, dreamy Ethel, hugging her knees, gazing into the fire, and listening eagerly.

Ethel's education had gone further, she had not all her knowledge from story books, and tales of fiction; she was a clever girl, and rather accomplished; she sketched well, and coloured boldly, she sang too, and her voice was strong and sweet.

In John Haller's library there stood a small organ, an old organ which Mr. Haller had bought many years ago, hoping then that other hands might play upon it. All that was over now; but in the evenings, while they sat together, Ethel would sing sweetly to her uncle, and listening John Haller's thoughts would wander off, and that quaint old library would fade away, the music would grow faint, and far off, and in his dream-land another room would rise, another voice would sing to him the songs of long ago; and then John Haller would shake off his dream, he would cast all those old things behind him; and thinking still he would grow ashamed of his thoughts, he would tell himself that such constancy as his was only a misfortune, his pride would rise up and tell him that he must make an effort and forget those past things, which were so unworthy of being remembered.

CHAPTER IV.

MY LADY DARRELL.

MY LADY DARRELL found the family seat of the Darrells rather dull. When she had married Sir Hugh some few years ago, she had made a great sacrifice to place that title of "Lady" before her name; she had paid a large round sum of money down, and she

had sworn to love, honour, and obey an elderly man, not handsome, not agreeable, or even amiable, but somewhat ill-tempered and embittered with life, a very proud man too, who was intensely proud of his noble birth, who hated any taint of labour or

vulgar trade in those with whom he associated. He had told his wife many times that those opulent, shiny men, those gentlemen who owned big manufactories, were just as much his inferiors as the unpretending poor men, who dug his ground and farmed his land; in his own estimation, he stood so high above them all, from his pinnacle of perfect gentility, he could look down with such contempt on all such. All this my Lady Darrell knew well. She and Sir Hugh had quarrelled often over this subject, and he had given his opinion very freely once or twice. Sir Hugh and Lady Darrell did not agree very well I am afraid; my lady was disappointed in her new life: she was not the fashionable, gay lady which she had once hoped to be; She had made a great mistake in thinking that her aristocratic alliance would bring with it any pleasures for her. Sir Hugh was not in any way proud of his parvenue wife, he preferred hiding her away in that retired old country place to showing her at St. James's, or introducing her to his fashionable acquaintances. He looked upon his mis-alliance as a necessary evil, which duty had demanded of him. It had been the one chance of restoring the Darrell family to opulence; it was a penalty which his extravagance had brought upon him. He owed some restitution to his son, and so he had looked about him, and cast favourable eyes upon the first eligible young manufacturing lady who had come in his way.

Poor lady, she had had very brilliant hopes in those days of a house in Belgravia, of balls and assemblies and opera boxes, and all kinds of fashionable luxuries; but she had since found out her mistake, she had been disappointed in all her dreams. In a great, wide, faded drawing-room my lady sat, not quite by herself, however, for, seated near her, on a low seat, in the window, was a young man, and that young man was Victor Darrell, Sir Hugh's handsome nephew.

Victor was an orphan: he stood all alone in the world; but his uncle, Sir Hugh, had been very liberal to him. I think the proud old man couldn't bear to see anyone bearing the name of Darrell in poverty. He

had no particular affection for this good-looking nephew of his; but he had educated the boy with his own son, and he had since given him his commission in a cavalry regiment, and a hundred a-year to keep up the respectability of the family. All this he had done for that penniless young man, who now sits at Lady Darrell's feet, in the big drawing-room at Darrell.

"Fair-haired, azure-eyed," one of those genuinely good-looking young Saxons, of whom St. Gregory exclaimed, "Not Angles, but angels," he had that sunny happy expression, which only such young English faces can have—honest, blue eyes, with many shadows in them; curly hair, golden moustachios, and smiling lips. He was a very good-looking young fellow, this nephew of Sir Hugh Darrell's, and he and Lady Darrell were sworn friends.

There was no evil pride in Victor, being a gentleman, with full consciousness of his good blood and gentle birth. He had that thoroughly open-hearted, candid manner which gentlemen only possess. He had a kind word for everyone, this big, handsome young officer; he was better known, better liked, and more respected at Darrell than either his haughty uncle, or idle, languid cousin.

When Lady Darrell had first come to live in that stone house she had been very lonely. From the first, Sir Hugh had always let her see that she was in no way a fit companion for him. Their ideas and habits were so different, their ways of thinking were so widely different. Sir Hugh had always looked down upon his wife as one far beneath him, and in this way there existed no love between them. My lady only stood in awe of the proud old man; she trembled when he spoke to her; she felt like a servant in his big house; she was a stranger to all his people too, and she knew well that he was ashamed of her.

All this was very hard upon the poor lady. She had paid away her goodly fortune, all for nothing, and she felt her misfortune bitterly. When Lady Darrell had first come to live at Darrell, she had been brought into contact with both Sir Hugh's son and nephew. Henry Darrell, who was the heir of all those

lands ; Henry Darrell, a proud, cold, young man, who had received his step-mother solemnly in the big hall at Darrell, when Sir Hugh had handed her out of the carriage, and up the stone steps ; Henry Darrell, who had stood afar off, coldly polite to his new mother, affecting not to see her mild advances, scarcely touching the timid hand which she half held out to him from under her shawl, he stood before her, a sullen, handsome man, with dark, haughty eyes, and a sarcastic mouth, a proud, insolent young man, and the timid manufacturing lady felt that this, her husband's son, was standing there slaying her with his noble birth, and that between them no love could ever be.

It was on a cold December day that Lady Darrell had first set foot in the stone house among the trees. The snow lay thick and white on the ground, and everything looked very desolate at Darrell ; and on that winter evening she first met Victor.

She had been sitting all alone in the wide drawingroom, waiting for Sir Hugh to make his appearance before dinner ; there was only the fire-light in the room, and my lady sat idly on the sofa thinking, when the door opened quickly, and Victor Darrell stood before her. Victor, the golden-haired, the favourite of all, and in the fire-light Lady Darrell thought her new nephew the handsomest, finest man that she had ever seen.

For a moment he stood undecided in the doorway, he looked across at the nervous lady on the sofa, and then, in the uncertain light, he advanced to greet her.

"Lady Darrell," he said, and the

colour grew deeper in his sunburnt cheeks, his blue eyes dropped upon the carpet, and my lady stood up and answered, "Yes," and then Victor advanced into the room, he held out one of his big, honest hands, and said, "You are very welcome to Darrell, Aunt."

Those were the first kind words which had greeted her. She had been many hours in the house, but no one's voice had spoken welcome to her as yet ; and the poor, disappointed lady felt her heart full up with gratitude to this big, kindly, young man. "Thank you," she whispered. There were tears in her eyes, but the light was too faint and uncertain, and Victor didn't see them, but he felt the timid hand in his tremble while he held it ; he heard the nervous voice falter, and his kindly heart went out with a great yearning to this strange lady.

"I hope you will be very happy here," he said again ; he felt awkward ; he didn't know what to say ; he wasn't good at speech-making, he only spoke what was in his heart ; but Lady Darrell understood it all, and she was very, very grateful for his sympathy. A whole year was gone now since she had stood before her nephew on that winter evening, listening to his greetings—a whole, long, quiet year—and in that time she had seen Victor very often ; she had grown to love the kindly, affectionate, young fellow—they were sworn friends, he and she. He told her all his secrets ; and for him Lady Darrell had begun to live, and hope, and plan, taking a very tender interest in all his affairs, he was such a genuinely honest young fellow, so straightforward in all his words and deeds.

CHAPTER V.

VICTOR TELLS A SECRET.

My lady sat in her faded drawing-room at Darrell, with handsome Victor sitting by her. She had been playing on the new grand piano, which Sir Hugh had given her, and Victor had been listening.

It was the same summer morning upon which John Haller had stood with his niece in the library at the Grange, when he had told her all the

story of his love. And Lady Darrell had been playing and singing to her nephew half the morning.

On this summer morning, Victor Darrell had made up his mind to tell his aunt a secret. Between them there was a wonderful confidence. The good-hearted young man pitied the lonely ill-used lady, and she was very grateful for his pity. He was

a great companion to her, always seeking her company, and asking her advice. Victor had had some small debts of which my lady knew, but of which Sir Hugh knew nothing. Victor had hopes and plans, of which my lady knew and approved, but of which Sir Hugh knew nothing.

"I would like to work my own way in the world, to be indebted to no man for my daily bread," he had told his aunt once or twice, but she had always checked him. "No, no," she said, "there is nothing humbling, or in any way degrading in your present position. Sir Hugh is bound to do all he does for you; he promised as much to your father, Victor." And then Victor would answer, "I know he did, but that makes no difference."

And then, when those debts had come, my lady had looked very grave; it was not in such a way that a man might begin and labour for himself; he was throwing a burthen upon his own shoulders; he was making stumblingblocks before his own feet; and Lady Darrell was pained at all this. "We must manage it somehow or another," she had said to him; and somehow or another it had been managed, and Victor's small debts had all disappeared many months ago. But on this summer morning, he had a greater secret still to tell, something which lay very near his heart, and he found it hard to begin.

"Aunt Mary, were you ever in love?" and Lady Darrell's pale face flushed up very hotly all at once.

"Why do you ask?"

"I only wanted to know," Victor answered, and then there was a long silence. It had been an awkward question for my lady; although she knew well that her nephew saw that there never had been any love between her and her husband, still, it was not a pleasant question, and she was silent.

"I suppose everyone has been some time or another," Victor continued, looking along the keys where Lady Darrell's white hands lay. "I suppose nearly everyone has been in love at some period of their lives."

"I suppose they have," and my lady sighed gently to herself. Perhaps she had had that period in her life long ago, but she only said, "I suppose they have."

And then Victor spoke again.

"I think I am in love just now—I am afraid I am."

Lady Darrell turned sharply on her nephew, her mild little eyes stared upon him.

"You in love, Victor?"

"Yes, I," he answered, holding up his head, and turning his face towards her. "Haven't I as good a right to fall in love as other people?"

"I suppose so."

And over the notes her fingers began to stray again. Lady Darrell had heard a rumour concerning this handsome nephew of hers, and that rumour was unpleasant to her.

"And I think you know who it is, Aunt Mary," Mr. Darrell said again, still looking at her from his window seat—"I am sure you can guess."

"Ethel Haller?" she said, and there was a little pause. Then Victor spoke again.

"You know I love her, Aunt Mary," he said at last.

"I dare say you do."

"There's no dare say in the matter at all. I love her desperately; and now I want you to advise me—I want you to tell me what I am to do."

Lady Darrell didn't answer at once; she let her hands wander on over the piano notes; she looked down thoughtfully.

"My dear boy, I am afraid it is hopeless," she said at last, taking her hands off the notes, and speaking slowly.

"Why?"

"They will none of them approve of it, I am quite certain."

"What is it to them?"

"Everything; it is everything to Sir Hugh that you should not do anything foolish," and then Victor's young face flushed; "and it is everything to Henry that you should have nothing to do with Ethel Haller."

And then Victor's face flushed up even hotter, his pleasant blue eyes grew darker, and he said passionately:

"He has no right to expect such a sacrifice at my hands."

"But he will expect it."

"Then I will not make it."

And there was a long, long silence in the drawing-room. Lady Darrell played softly on her grand piano Beethoven's sonata, and Victor sat with his head bent, and that hot, angry flush still on his face. Those

words had sunk deeply into his heart; and a hundred angry, bitter thoughts were surging through his brain.

"The snob," he said, at last, "what business has he thinking of her?"

But Lady Darrell checked him anxiously.

"Hush!" she said, "you musn't speak so."

She lived in awe of Sir Hugh's son; she feared him almost as much as she feared his father.

"I may be mistaken."

"And whichever way it is, you must promise me one thing, Aunt Mary," Victor had said eagerly; "you must promise me your good offices, you musn't help him."

"Am I likely to?" and Lady Darrell smiled faintly.

"You are always so good to me," spoke out poor Victor, and before him rose the memory of that hundred pounds, which had taken a load off his heart some months ago; and over the white hands on the piano he bent his sunny head. He kissed one of them very gently, and then he left his aunt all alone; he wandered out into the grounds all by himself.

"The snob," he said again, as he stood on the terrace-walk, looking away over the fields; "what right has he to think so of her, or any other honest girl, the sneak?"

And over the stone parapet Victor Darrell looked sullenly, with his chin resting on his hands, and his broad, sunny brow wrinkled into many lines. He had such a contempt for that gentlemanlike cousin of his; he had such a supreme contempt for his polished manners, his rings and scents, and man-of-the-world's small ways; he hated all affectation and conceit, he had such a great contempt for such things.

And yet, standing there, looking away over those fair English meadows and valleys, he felt that in a worldly point of view his cousin Henry had the advantage of him. Was there any girl in all England who would not far rather be the wife of Henry Darrell, with his baronetage and goodly lands, in preference to being his wife. His wife! While he thought over it all, poor Victor, his heart sank within him. How could he keep a wife on his miserable one hundred a

year? How could he expect Ethel Haller to prefer him with his poverty to a man with such fair prospects as Henry Darrell? It wouldn't be natural, he told himself; the contrast was so startling, the temptation would be too great. He had strange, wild ideas of women and their ways; he had mixed so little with them ever, he had no experience; he only judged them by that palefaced aunt of his, who after all was a very fair specimen—so he thought; a gentle, passionless lady, who had married for money and rank; women's hearts were all so cold, so different from men's—so Victor thought their passions in comparison "but as water unto wine."

"I would like to work," he thought then; "I would like to toil and slave for her, I would do anything, I would never tire, I would work my way somehow or another."

And while he thought so, Victor Darrell repented that he had ever taken that commission in an expensive cavalry regiment. That toiling and slaving of which he had thought was a thing impossible for him while he held that position; he could never feel in truth that he was a man labouring for a great object while he idled away so many of the young, good days of his life. His poverty was very galling to him then; he felt his dependence lying very heavily on him.

This love of his had only just begun, and had he been a wise man, I think he would have told himself at once that that dream of waiting and toiling was a very foolish one; he had always been kept so far removed from all the labour and struggle of the world; that word "work" was one very distasteful to his uncle's ears—the idea of a Darrell working, toiling, and slaving! Such a thing could not be thought of for a moment; and then Victor in his despair wished that he had not been born a gentleman at all—wished that he might have been a struggling man, with this his object ever in view; he would so have laboured, never once taking his hand from the plough, that in the end his faithful life might be requited; but all that was impossible; and Victor Darrell saw that it was so.

When his aunt had spoken those words to him, those words conveying so much of ill, he had thought very

enviously of his cousin's good fortune; he had called him a "snob," and he had sneered at him; but good-hearted Victor was ashamed of all that now, he felt that after all he might be wronging his cousin.

And then, standing there, he determined that he would tell Henry the whole story of his love. Back over the terrace-walk he strode again, under the windows of the drawing-room where Lady Darrell sat all alone, through the silent hall, along many passages, into a quiet room where his cousin Henry was. It was ten o'clock, on a bright summer morning, but Mr. Darrell was only just commencing his breakfast. Being a fashionable town man, with luxurious habits, he didn't make his appearance at the breakfast table where his father sat.

This snug room in a far wing of Darrell house was where the young heir had his study. There he sat and smoked, and read his papers, and eat his late breakfasts, all by himself; but in which he studied very, very little, I think. Henry Darrell was seven-and-twenty, as the peerage told, and he was the only son of Sir Hugh Darrell, tenth baronet of that name, seven-and-twenty years of age, looking older, he was dark, with that olive tinted complexion, dark hair, dark sleepy eyes; rather a handsome man, but a disagreeable looking one. He had an insolent, lazy way of looking down upon all the world with those dreamy, half-closed Italian eyes. There clung the faintest possible sarcastic smile about his thin lips. It was an insipid face too, and Henry Darrell was an insipid, vain man.

He took such a pride in himself; he had such an intense admiration of himself, of his handsome face, of his white hands, and whiter teeth; he was so indolent too, so idle and passionless, so unlike his cousin in every way. And these two men are to be rivals in the time to come. A romantic, impulsive little girl is to give to one of them all the love of a passionate, loving heart. Upon which of them, I wonder, will she cast her choice, they are so widely different?

On a man such as Henry Darrell,

such love would be altogether thrown away. His cold, indifferent nature would never sympathize with that warmth of heart; he would accept all the love in a calm, languid way, treating it only as a kind of homage, giving little or none in return. He would accept such love, nay, even seek it, so that his vanity might be gratified. There was such an innate conceit about the man, that in his own estimation his powers of fascination were unequalled. Nevertheless, at times there had crept in a vague sense of insecurity; he had seen that good-looking, manly young cousin of his stand now and then in his light. He had been obliged to acknowledge to himself that Victor was the better man of the two in all manly things. He could never ride up to him in the hunting-field; he could never stand side-by-side with him on the shooting-range; his prowess lay in drawingrooms, under bright lights, among fair faces; he was a carpet knight, and there Victor was obliged to give him the palm.

On such a man the great passionate love of a heart like Ethel's would be sadly thrown away; but men like Henry Darrell do sometimes get to themselves such love. It is heaped upon them blindly; it is cast like incense all around them; it is wasted on them daily in the world. And to this indifferent, cold-hearted man, Victor now came to tell the story of a wildly romantic love; a love which was to live on, through good and ill, never changing; a love which was to level mountains, and make rough places smooth; and I am afraid he could not understand such a passion. But it was a chance, a forlorn hope, a dying man clutching at a straw. Perchance, when the whole of that story was told him; perchance, when its desperate hope should have penetrated into his heart, it might touch some tender, pitying place there, and make him deal mercifully where in his worldly strength he could be merciful. All this Victor thought on that summer morning, while he sat in his cousin's room, with this his love story trembling on his lips.

CHAPTER VI.

VICTOR'S LOVE.

"I AM sorry I can do nothing for you, Victor," Henry said at last, when he had heard the whole story through. "It's very unfortunate."

Honest Victor, that crimson colour came into his face once again. "I don't want any help," he said, "I have my own brains, and my own hands, too, if necessary. I don't want help from anyone."

"I am afraid your brains won't help you much, my good fellow," Henry said, and he laughed a little quiet laugh. "No Darrell ever had any brains, I believe, and as for hands, except to write cheques, and put their names to bills, their hands have never served them much."

"It's nothing to me whether they did or not. I mean to be the first Darrell who made his own way in the world, and I think I may succeed."

"Well, I hope so, I'm sure," Henry sneered. "And pray what line of business have you thought of?" He was smiling to himself, he saw the ridiculous side of his cousin's plan so clearly. Victor didn't remark the sneer, his mind was so full of other things, and he said,

"I don't know, I'm sure. I came to ask your advice. I have heard of people making great fortunes in far countries: I am willing to try my luck there, if you think I have a chance, Henry."

Henry laughed outright then. "You must be thinking of some of your fairy tales, my good boy: they're not quite out of your head yet. Aladdin's jewelled garden, or Sinbad's valley of diamonds, something of that kind; but those days are over, I am afraid." Henry had a way of bantering—a sneering way—and he liked treating his young cousin as a boy. He was four years Victor's senior, and he had seen much of life in those years, and he liked displaying his knowledge.

"Hang it! Where's the use of always scoffing at everything," Victor said, hotly. "I'm in earnest—more in earnest than ever you could be about anything, I think."

"I dare say; but it's a mistake to think too deeply of things—a mis-

take, however, to which youth is always subject. You'll get over it in time."

"I don't want ever to get over being sincere, Henry," Victor said again. He had stood up now, and faced his cousin while he spoke. He felt very bitterly towards the cold-hearted man of the world, he had told him his little story so simply, speaking ever with that fear which Lady Darrell had given him, in his thoughts; and Henry had known of the fear, and it had pleased him much, but in no one little way would he show that knowledge.

"Quite right," Mr. Darrell said again, "always be sincere, always speak what is in your mind; never beat about the bush, Victor."

Victor was silent, the words went deep into his heart. That he had been beating about the bush he knew well, but for him there was a great excuse. He could not have stood up and spoken his fear, his pride stood in his way.

"I have spoken very freely to you," he said at last. "I have asked for your advice, too, but that you will not give."

"My advice on the subject is very simple," Henry Darrell said. "Live, and forget her, my good boy; it's what dozens of better men have had to do before you. You'll get over it in time."

"That can never be!" Victor had said then passionately, and he had turned on his heel angrily; he had left his cousin, and wandered away again into the woods and fields, with a great storm in his heart, a great despair and anguish. To live and forget his love seemed then such an impossible thing, and yet that love was but a few weeks old—it had only just begun with him.

Henry Darrell was pleased with himself on this summer morning. He was pleased with Victor, too, for having disclosed his little jealousy. He walked over to the chimney-piece when his cousin had left him, he leant his chin upon his two hands, and contemplated himself quietly in the mirror.

"Gad! I dare say he's right. I might go in and win this minute, if I liked, Miss Haller wouldn't object, I dare say. By Jove, I'll try her, just for fun, just to amuse myself, this place is so d——dull. I'll kill two birds with one stone, too — I'll take some of the conceit out of that young coxcomb, and I'll make a little sport for myself by gad! I will," and Mr. Darrell ran his fingers through his glossy dark hair, and looked approvingly at his handsome face in the mirror.

"Ethel Haller, little pink-cheeked, snub-nosed, fuzzy-haired romantic fool; quite a romance one might make out of it all."

And Henry Darrell smiled again as he thought over it all.

He had paid some attention to the pink cheeks and fuzzy hair; he had met the little romantic fool many times in those woods at Darrell; and he had walked through green lanes carrying sketch-books and pencils; he had got his feet wet, too, more than once, making short cuts through damp meadow grass, and all this he remembered while he stood there, looking complacently into his mirror. "By Jove, I will go in for her, she's rare fun, and I'll let that young puppy see that I can hold my own sometimes."

A shade stole over Mr. Darrell's dark face while he so spoke. He had been left many times in the back ground lately. It was August, and the birds at Darrell had been falling very quickly under Victor's gun. Sportsmen had pronounced the young dragoon a keen shot; Victor was an admirable Crichton in all field sports; such a favourite among men, too; such a "right good fellow;" and Victor was wont to banter his cousin on his little sporting misfortunes, and this annoyed Henry more than he cared to show. "I will show him that I can be even with him in some things," he said to himself on that summer morning.

Out into the bright summer fields Victor wandered all alone, past the wide wastes of golden corn, past the green meadow grounds, past the wooden paling, which made a boundary between Sir Hugh Darrell's land and John Haller's farm; over a little wooden stile, he walked on, scarcely thinking where he was going,

but all that way was familiar to him, and he walked it nearly every day. No one knew of those quiet visits which Victor made to the farm-house among the trees. But there was no secrecy about it, when he wandered on into the woods, and met Ethel. He would make her way his way, and walk on beside her through those pleasant summer places, talking to her, hearing her pleasant voice, looking on her pretty, intelligent face, and daily learning to love her more and more. There was nothing odd in their meeting so; there was nothing wrong in it, those pleasure grounds belonging to Sir Hugh lay so very near to John Haller's farm.

And then, too, Ethel had no one to tell her that it was not right or proper for her, a young lady of sixteen, to walk off alone every day with a strange young gentleman of twenty-one. Poor little soul, it never once entered her head to think that out of such innocent things unkind people might make great ill.

Ondine had so wandered with her knight away by the borders of her enchanted lake; Marguerite had strolled with Faust through sunny gardens; Miranda had strayed through Prospero's Islands with Ferdinand, and why not she with this goodly young English officer, who had penetrated into her solitude, bringing with him so much new brightness to her days? She never tried to conceal from her uncle anything, but it never once entered the quiet young squire's head to think that out of those daily walks a great romance was beginning to spring; his little niece was in every way such a child with him still. He lived so much out of the world, too. His ideas were different from those of other people; he was very innocent-minded too; he trusted Ethel so implicitly in such things, he knew so well that the brave little lady would in no way deceive him. In this way John Haller overlooked all Victor's visits; he had grown so used to meeting that big, solitary young man wandering about the lanes and fields; he liked him, too, that gracious, pleasant manner of Victor's, which gained for him a place in almost every heart, had warmed John Haller towards him, and he had grown to like the sight of young Victor's big figure, his rough tweed

clothes and sunny face coming to meet him. They always had a pleasant word together; Victor's merry laugh, ringing gaily, would bring a smile up into John Haller's face—broken-hearted John Haller, who farmed his land, who took an interest in fat sheep and pigs, who ate his dinner, and drank his good English beer, aye, and slept well of nights often, and was yet a really broken-hearted man.

On this summer morning Victor Darrell wound his way past those familiar fields, the hedges, and little clumps of trees, scarcely noticing anything, looking away into the distance, watching almost unconsciously for the least sign, it might be the flutter of a white dress, the top of a parasol, or the flash of a blue veil,—all these things had begun to have a very great interest for Mr. Victor lately, and his eyes were searching the distance anxiously, but there came no blue veil fluttering among the trees on this summer morning—there came not the pretty girlish figure by the corn-fields or through the long meadow-grass; Victor Darrell took his morning stroll all by himself with a heavy heart; he lingered about the place under the trees, along the garden-wall at the back of the grange house, but she came not. He heard the workmen's bell ringing them in to dinner, and then he turned away; he made a way for himself among the brambles at the foot of the garden-walk; he started a few rabbits, which ran scampering away down the hill; he roused a big pheasant, which went sailing off into the woods, and was

lost; he bruised down the nettles and wild-sorrel leaves as he made a way for himself where no beaten way was. He was disappointed in his morning walk; she had not come; she had not come out to meet him in her accustomed way, and Victor was disappointed.

Every day when they had ended their walk, when he said his good-bye to her at the wooden stile at the bottom of the lawn, Victor would say, "I suppose you will be in the meadow to-morrow morning," and she would answer, laughing, "I suppose I shall," that was all; it was not making an actual appointment, but it had come to be an understood thing between them that the meadow and the wooden stile was a kind of trysting place; and there they could meet morning after morning, Ethel with her sketches, Victor with no sketches; and then they would stroll off into the country together, and on some little rising ground the camp-stool would be pitched, the pencils would be taken out of their leather case, and Ethel would begin her sketch, with that big, golden-haired young officer lying at her feet, looking up at her, studying her face, learning to think it the brightest, most beautiful face that the earth contained.

It was so that they had trod together all the beaten paths in and about Darrell; it was so that they had trod many untrodden ways, making paths all for themselves, and those rambles and little sketching expeditions were very pleasant to Ethel.

CHAPTER VII.

"REVENGE IS SWEET."

"I WILL show him that I can be even with him in some things," Henry Darrell had said to himself on that summer morning while he stood looking on his handsome pale face in the mirror. And he had thought again and again of the peach-coloured cheeks, the snub nose, and fuzzy hair. "Just for fun," he kept assuring himself, while he thought so of John Haller's pretty little niece. He was not a man easily moved by a pretty face; he had seen many such

in his life; he had seen beautiful Italian faces, tender passionate eyes, had spoken love to him. He had stood in the presence of beauty almost divine, but he took no pleasure in such things. Those beautiful foreign faces were linked to southern natures, very warm, very demonstrative, and the love of such natures is full of passion. And Henry Darrell was a strangely cold-hearted man. He had accepted some such love, he had allowed it to be offered up to him as a

kind of homage, but that was all. He had always prided himself on his strange coldness; for no fair woman-face had he ever lain awake of nights sighing and pining—for none of all those beautiful perfect faces. He had ever stood afar off, using all their love, often abusing it, but never returning any of it honestly. Surely then there was no danger for him in this new flirtation. Simple English girls' beauty, delicate tints, violet eyes, tossed golden hair. Such things were very far from being dangerous to such a man. To please his vanity he would do this thing; to show his power, that was all, when the feat was accomplished, when he might stand there once again and be able to tell himself that in this thing he had been Victor's equal then—then he would do as he had done before, he would leave all the love to die out how it would, and this was what Henry Darrell planned all to himself.

This same Henry Darrell was not a wicked man. It gave him no pleasure to see his fellow-men in distress or trouble, but it gave him no pain either. He was only a thoroughly heartless man, selfish and very vain. As long as no one interfered with him or his plans, he would interfere with no one; but once let a man stand between him and something which he desired, and that man became his enemy. Once let a man triumph over him in ever such a little way, and he would never forget it; he would take his triumph from him some day or another, he would shear him of all his honours; for this he would live and plan, seeing no evil in his revenge.

Victor had so triumphed over him many times; in small ways, among men, and men's sports and occupations Victor held himself superior in every way. He had always left his cousin in the shade at such times, and Henry Darrell had determined that for such things his wounded vanity must have revenge.

"I will show him that I can be even with him in some things." This he promised to himself. In thinking of Ethel Haller, Henry had always in his thoughts made little of her; she was not a girl in any way striking looking. A soft expressive little face, big earnest eyes, with a devotional

way of looking up, full red lips, curving into a bow; passionate lips, very expressive. These were Ethel's good points, and when Henry Darrell in his thoughts of her added, "a snub nose, and tossed tawny hair," he wasn't far wrong. A little Grecian nose, very straight, but much too small, and great waves of gold brown hair growing too low on a wide forehead. I have this face before me now, a miniature face, with all the lights and shades, and pretty tints very faithfully drawn, and this was John Haller's niece. There was no regularity in the features, none of that classic rule which we find in picture faces, in cold marble heads; it was a study for Sir Joshua Reynolds, a piquant, triste little face, shaded in by curly gold hair. A face which people seldom passed without looking at twice; a face upon which men liked to look; which puzzled them, and piqued their curiosity, for there was a naïvete in it, an intelligence very attractive, and Ethel Haller was a very attractive girl.

Odd in many ways, with theories and ideas all her own, this little heroine of mine was unlike all other girls. She had lived such a strange life, away from all companionship, among old books, taking her ideas altogether from her pet authors. She had a great admiration for that little heroine of the Old Curiosity Shop; she would have liked to have led good honest John Haller through all those wild places where Nelly and her grandfather wandered. She would have never once lost heart; she told herself many times she would never once have let go his hands on that long journey; and she would have liked to have died like Nelly, leaving behind her so much love. All this had been in her thoughts many times; but she had had new dreams lately; she had been no longer the little faithful maiden, straying through strange places. She had left all that behind her in the days gone by; and now she had her new dream, and that dream was made up of so many, many stories, and they were all love stories; old and new, those tales of Schiller's, and the newer ones; through them all ran the old-world story of love, and she was beginning to make out a newer story still, a story of which she herself was the heroine, and a certain

big golden haired young British officer was the hero. And this new story was to be a far more exciting one than any of the others.

A young day-dreamer Ethel was ; a very eccentric, romantic little girl, with a warm heart and a very loving nature. Some day this heroine of mine will give all that love to some one man ; a whole world of love, strong and faithful, unchanging in its truth. With her there will be no second love, with her that falling in love at all will be a very gradual thing. She is not a girl likely to lay her affections on anyone lightly ; she will not be easily won. It will all come by very slow degrees, in little things, in the daily intercourse, the smiles, the laughter, and sweet familiar talk ; so it will come to her slowly, by degrees, until her life and all the trivial interests and pleasures of her life shall come to be so bound up and mingled with another's life, that separation will be a thing impossible. Something of that pleasant intercourse had begun for her, something of the sweet companionship, something of the social life.

She was a very odd young lady ; her interests and ideas were so different from those of other girls ; she had lived altogether a different life.

But now for her there had begun at last a new companionship which was dangerous for her. A solitary little girl, living such a lonely life, always by herself ; a dreamy sensitive little creature, who had lived hitherto altogether among her books, her traditional heroes and heroines, acting and living among them, growing to worship some of those storied people. This awakening was new to her, this passing from ideal to real things seemed so strange ; but it was not unpleasant. With this new intercourse there had come a charm, a thrill, a brightness. It would be difficult now to return to that old life among those fairy people, to live among them once again, loving them and joining in their pleasures and sorrows would be impossible. A new story had begun, a very interesting, exciting story, with much good promise in it, and these others were very inferior in interest ; they all became so small in account all at once.

Day after day, while Ethel walked and talked with Victor Darrell, there

was growing up in my little heroine's heart a liking so strong and earnest for the good-looking young man, that without him the pleasantness of life would be gone. In those summer days, in that bright time of sunshine and flowers, and singing birds, there had grown up a sympathy between these two young people ; their lives had become very closely linked together, and this was Ethel's first awakening out of her dream of old-world knights and ladies.

It was so that my romantic little heroine first began to live for and think of things real. It was so that she began to give her warm heart's love to Victor Darrell. Not rashly or impetuously, not lightly, but earnestly ; seeing in him the beauty and the grace, the manliness and the nobleness of all her storied knights and heroes. Of such a love any man might well be proud ; such love may be called true love, for it has the honest trusting parts as well as the romantic ones ; it is the dream and the reality all in one. It is at the beginning, even as it will be always unto the end. And such love is very scarce, slow of growth, but strong and earnest, and true, undying in its faithfulness ; when once aroused, not changing or growing cold for slight things, not easily turned aside.

This Ethel Haller was a proud little lady too ; she had a wonderful control over herself, and although she had given all her heart away to Victor Darrell, still in no one little way had she as yet shown her preference. There was a dignity and reserve about her until she was very sure of his love, until with his lips he had told it all to her. I don't think this shy little heroine of mine would ever let him see in any way how great her love was ; and Victor Darrell had never spoken his love, he had gone on from day to day, walking with her, talking to her, seeking her company at all times, looking love upon her with his honest eyes, but never speaking. And this was how it was that in those summer days Ethel was beginning to doubt her hero ; she was beginning to tell herself often, that this her dream was only a passing one ; a little story quickly told, slight and soon forgotten ; other young ladies had had such passages in their lives. Ethel had read of them. Those

romances of hers were all full of such mistakes and heart-breakings, she was quite familiar with such things. Little romantic fool; she almost wished in those days that a great romance might spring out of those walkings and talkings; that there might be a tender leave taking in a still twilight; a passionate broken-hearted leave taking; the exchange of vows, the lovers' promises, and

then the parting, the conventional parting, for a long, long time. And she went still further; she pictured the long years of anguish, of never-changing love, and then the end. The end, the winding-up of it all, was uncertain as yet; over that far-off time there still hung a shadow, and Ethel could not quite make up her mind how she would like the end to be.

CHAPTER VIII.

A BRAVE LITTLE LADY.

JOHN HALLER's niece was only sixteen on the bright summer day with which my story opens. Only sixteen! I see you young ladies of eighteen and twenty, and perhaps older, turn up your noses. Sixteen! why at sixteen you were writing copies, and playing duets with your governesses; weren't you? You went to bed at half-past nine, and got up at seven in the morning to practise your exercises. You were supposed not to have had an idea beyond Murray's grammar, and the knowledge conveyed to you in a ladylike manner through Mrs. Markham's history of kings and queens. You never dreamt wild dreams of moonlight meetings and partings, of good-looking young gentlemen, with golden moustaches; such things never entered your well educated brains; those meetings and partings were things far, far below such proper ladylike young persons. The cook, or Mary Jane, might so meet their friends; but even that was not a thing which you were supposed to know. At sixteen you had never dreamt of falling in love. Well, I dare say not; but then, oh! my young friends, you had not been living all those sixteen years of your life in a spirit world—among fairy people. You had not grown to think and act always as they thought and acted. You had not hung breathlessly over those French romances, which are so full of the word "amour," drinking in the strange wild story which is repeated over and over again in them, the world's old story, which is told in every language. You had not lain awake of nights thinking over those love stories, weeping over

the ill-fated heroines, identifying yourself with many of them, and planning how you would have acted in their positions; no, I do not think you had. At sixteen you were innocently plodding through Goldsmith's *Rome*, trying to interest yourself in the fates of toga'd Cæsar and rebellious Brutus. Well, well, I dare say you were all the better for not being too precocious. I dare say you had all your dreams, and wakings time enough.

But this queer little niece of John Haller's was older at sixteen than many girls are at twenty—older in such knowledge than some people ever are, to the end of their lives. She was a romantic little person in a way; fond of building up castles in the air, fond of planning out a life for herself; and yet, she was not foolish in her romance. She wasn't the kind of girl to fall headlong into love with the first good-looking man who came in her way, to tumble into his arms at the slightest provocation, and break her heart palpably when he began to show signs of falling off in his attentions. She was very affectionate and tender-hearted, but her pride was strong, and would never have allowed her in any way to humble herself.

I often question with myself whether such pride is not pardonable; whether after all it is not only self-respect, and, as such, quite pardonable. I like not the bold evil pride which causes men to vie with each other in great worldly contests. I like not the false cruel pride which stirs up men's hearts to revenge; but I do like the honest pride which makes a man's face flush up crimson

at a word spoken falsely. I do like that brave, straightforward pride which recoils from all things dark and false; and of this latter John Haller's niece had good share.

On that summer morning on which Victor Darrell had strayed all alone among the woods at Darrell thinking of his love, Ethel Haller had walked off alone through the fields with her sketch-book. She had been thinking much lately, and in those thoughts Victor Darrell had been much mixed up. She had begun to doubt her hero, and with this doubt in her mind the spirited young lady determined to hold herself aloof from honest Victor Darrell. This resolve my heroine had only made that morning; she made it after she had heard John Haller's unfortunate love-story; she made it while she looked on his saddened face, while she saw how bravely he strove to hide his pain from her. He was a great strong man, brave of heart, but that sorrow had tried even him too severely; and Ethel saw all this, and she thought within herself, how if such a trouble were to come to her? how if she too should find falseness where she had learned to look only for truth? would she be strong and brave enough to hold up her head and live down her love? She didn't trust herself then; she looked into John Haller's patient face, and she doubted her own strength of purpose.

Day after day, while she walked with Victor Darrell, while she listened to his pleasant, manly voice, she had felt herself growing more and more to like the big, kindly, young man; and that feeling of liking had frightened her when she thought over it. Such a love could bring with it no good; such a love could never end in anything but misery. Between Victor Darrell the penniless, and Ethel Haller the farthingless there could be no marrying or giving in marriage; all that was impossible. Between Sir Hugh Darrell's nephew, and the humble, insignificant farmer John Haller's niece, such things were wholly and entirely impossible. All this Ethel had thought many times; and even while she so thought she had gone on walking and talking with that very attractive, handsome fellow day after day, unconscious of the influence which his

jolly manners and good-looking face were getting over her; day after day living in that dream of hers, unmindful of all other things.

It was so that when Victor Darrell had asked her at their parting on the day before—

"I suppose you will be in the meadow to-morrow morning?" she had answered him, as usual, "I suppose I shall;" and he had smiled upon her, and she, looking up into his face, had blushed and then they parted. All this had only happened one little day ago, but with the moral of John Haller's unfortunate love-story before her, Ethel had made up her mind to avoid the meadow, aye, and the woods, and all the familiar ways where she was used to walk with her lover; she would make out a new road for herself, she would not be weak and thoughtless any longer, and then the brave little lady, she seized her pencils and drawing-board, and hurried away out of the house. Steadily my heroine kept her back turned upon those Darrell woods, walking every step further from them, further too from the sunny meadow field and wooden stile where she and Victor had had their trysting place; all that was over now! Ethel kept telling herself, with a tremendous load on her heart, and while she so thought there came a mist before her eyes, the distant hills and fields grew faint and dark, and this brave little heroine of mine well nigh came to a halt on her march, well nigh made up her mind to turn her face once again towards those familiar summer places, and regardless of all consequences to run back down the hill which she had been climbing, and wait on the wooden stile, and have one more of those enchanted walks with her golden-haired young hero. But then before her came a vision of broken-hearted John Haller, thinking ever of his sorrow, and her strength came back to her, and she went on her way resolutely, never once looking back.

And when she came to the top of the hill Ethel sat her down among the ferns and furze bushes, and looked away down into the valley.

There stood John Haller's farmhouse, red-bricked, overgrown with green leaves, the farmyards, the big stables, and many haycocks, she saw

them all from her seat among the furze-bushes. The big stone house at Darrell too, the terraces of stone, the white gravel walks, all shining in the sunlight, and between those two houses there lay such a wide waste of green woods and yellow cornfields, so many acres of fair English land; and there stole a greater sadness still over Ethel while she looked out over that sunny prosperous land, and on this summer morning my heroine felt very lonely. The sketching-block and case of pencils lay unused beside her. The impulsive little girl! what an oddfreak all this was, how unlike what anyone else would have done. But Ethel never did act as other people do; she was a very natural little person, eccentric in every way, having nothing in common with others.

For a long time Ethel sat there among the mountain furze, looking away over the fields and woods towards Darrell, and the longer she looked, the greater grew her desire to give up her brave resolve, and turn once again to meet Victor. Just one more walk, she told herself, this one more day of enchantment, one day would make no difference in the waste of days which were past; and then bravely she would set her face against him, she would begin to live her life forgetful of him altogether. In seizing her sketching apparatus Ethel had also taken up a small volume of Longfellow, "*The Courtship of Miles Standish*," and she opened it carelessly. It was early yet, Victor Darrell would not be in the meadow-

field for more than an hour, and she had all that hour to make up her mind. She read on, trying to interest herself in the patient, fair-haired youth who was so true to his love; she read on, trying to lose herself among the people and scenes. But she couldn't, her mind was troubled with a sad uncertainty, and her thoughts were away elsewhere.

"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards, though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its foundations, though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths of the living. It is the will of the Lord; and His mercy endureth for ever."

And this my heroine kept repeating to herself over and over again. She, too, had put her hand to the plough, but she had been looking backwards ever. But now, she would be brave at last; she would look no more behind her into those past days, vainly thinking of them; she would keep her hand steadily to the plough, never once removing it, though the ploughshare should cut through the flowers of her life to its foundations. And then this very eccentric young person gathered up her pencils and books and wandered on still among the hills, never once pausing until the view of Darrell, and its woods and fields, was lost to her.

She was a very odd girl, this niece of John Haller's, but she had a strong brave heart, and a will of her own, too.

CHAPTER IX.

LITTLE BEGINNINGS.

"AND so you are sketching, Miss Haller?"

And Ethel looked up, startled; looked up into a handsome, olive-tinted face.

"How you startled me, Mr. Darrell," she said. Henry laughed.

"I have been watching you these last ten minutes, wondering when you would look up from your work, you seemed so deeply interested in it."

"I'm very fond of sketching," she said again, quietly. She didn't feel inclined to enter into a conversation just then, but Mr. Darrell was not to be snubbed.

"What a lady-like accomplishment it is," he said, "and yet what humbug, too."

She looked up again into the dark face. She was a very simple-minded little girl, this niece of John Haller's, and she felt uncomfortable when Mr. Darrell spoke in his sarcastic way. He was leaning over her, looking down upon her work, and she felt that he was laughing at her.

"There is no humbug in it at all," she answered. But he laughed again.

"There's humbug in everything, I'm afraid," he said; "I wish I could find anything, or anyone, tho-

roughly genuine and natural ; but I believe that to be impossible."

"Oh, Mr. Darrell !"

"I do, indeed. I've seen a good deal of the world ; I used to believe in it all once upon a time ; but I've found out in time that it's all one great colossal humbug from beginning to end."

"Is there nothing good, then, nothing really true in the whole world ?" Ethel asked. She liked talking to this *blazé* man of the world sometimes, his doctrines were all so new ; he was such a thorough misanthropist.

"Very little good ; nothing really true, I believe," he answered. He wasn't laughing now ; he was standing by her looking down upon her gravely. "There's hypocrisy in everything — the absurd etiquettes and little proprieties, the conventionalities and little hollow mockeries, all such humbug !"

"It seems to distress you sadly," and the violet eyes went up to his face ; the full red lips smiled.

"No, no," he answered ; "I stand afar off enjoying it ; from my pinnacle of good common sense I can look down and laugh at it all, don't you see ?"

"You laugh at everything, I think," Miss Ethel answered.

Henry Darrell had sat down beside her, and he made answer—

"I laugh at it the way a certain fox once laughed at a certain bunch of grapes, which was out of his reach, and upon which he was obliged to turn his back. The world has not dealt kindly with me ; bunches of grapes have been held above my head, and I haven't been able to pluck them, and so I have turned my back upon the world. I laugh at it, because I envy its good things, I suppose. I'm very candid with you. Amn't I ?"

"Yes."

And Ethel turned her intelligent face towards him, the violet eyes looked full upon him, and she said,

"Do disappointments always make people think badly of the world ?"

"Generally, I believe. But why do you ask ? You have never been disappointed in anything or anyone, have you ?"

She felt that he was looking at her

again, and she said, "Never." Then Henry said,

"That's all right ; you're still at the sunny side of life."

"Must everyone have disappointments, then, some time or another ?"

"Most people," he answered. He was turning over the leaves of the little volume of poetry—"The Courtship of Miles Standish." "What's all this ?"

"Have you never read it ?" And Ethel laid down her pencil. She was beginning to think Mr. Darrell was the oddest person in the world.

"I never read poetry," he answered.

"And what's it all about ?"

"It's a love story—the story of a man who waited very patiently until his love was all rewarded."

"Oh, how charming ! What a faithful fellow he must have been—a kind of Mr. John Eames. You've heard of him, I suppose ? A gentleman who wouldn't take 'No.' Those people have none of my sympathy."

Again Ethel looked into the dark face—she was puzzled.

"How would you act, then—would you have no hope ?"

"I don't believe in hope either," he answered quietly. "What is hope ?—a dream, a fancy, a fairy light, leading us wild pilgrimages through desert places ; a Will-o'-the-Wisp, which always plays us false in the end. Isn't it so ?"

She smiled.

"You are a sceptic," she said. "You are very hard to convince. You have no faith."

"None," he answered. "Don Quixote had faith in his windmills, but he came to grief. The madman who thinks to make himself a pair of wings which are to carry him far from all his troubles, he has faith and hope too ; but I'm too sensible. I've seen too much of life ; I don't believe in these things."

Again the violet eyes went up gravely to his face.

"If you have no hope," Ethel said in her demure way, "life must be a very strange dream with you, and death a terrible thing to look forward to."

Henry Darrell opened wide his handsome eyes ; there was surprise and amusement in his face, as he looked down upon the nun-like figure

and grave saintly face; the idea of this little lady of sixteen presuming to preach a sermon to *him*, to lecture *him*, and question *his* ideas! It was a great joke, and he was piqued as well as amused, he determined to draw her out; he made up his mind to try and shock this demure young lady.

"I believe the Turks or some of those people have an idea that everything that happens to them has been fated to happen; and they take things in a gloriously quiet kind of way, never desponding—'sufficient unto the day'—you know all that kind of thing, and I think the Turk's plan isn't a bad one after all; never show any fight, give yourself up to be a kind of shuttle-cock, and take everything, good and evil, as a matter of course, just as it comes. I have often wished that I could think like the Turks sometimes."

There was a pause, Ethel had begun her sketching once again, the grave face was bent low; but she had a very keen sense of the ridiculous, had this demure little niece of John Haller's; and she was thinking just then, that all this was very strange.

"You are very odd," she said, laughing a little. She didn't look up; she didn't see Henry Darrell's handsome face grow a shade darker and graver; she didn't see those angry clouds gather.

"Very odd, I dare say, and very wicked, too, I suppose you think!"

"No," Ethel answered, still sketching; but that "no" had come very slowly. "I don't think you mean half of what you say, people fall into a habit of talking in that bitter sarcastic way about everything, but I don't think you really mean what you say always."

Henry Darrell was silent again—all this was true, but still he didn't like to be told that it was so; he was annoyed at the idea that this little school-room miss had been able to read off his character so quickly; another young lady would have turned up her eyes, and carried away the idea that he was a very *mauvais sujet*, indeed; but here was this little country miss pretending to understand him so thoroughly, it teased him; and yet she did understand him;

he felt that she did, and he determined to try and puzzle her.

"Well, perhaps you're right," he said at last. "I dare say I'm no worse than dozens of other fellows who talk less, who carry off their misdeeds better; but I have sown my wild oats, and I feel strongly inclined to reform, and renounce all the pomps and vanities, and settle down here at Darrell, and come the good old English gentleman over my village flock. What do you think? do you think I might accomplish all this?"

"I dare say," Ethel said. She was beginning to take an interest in this very odd gentleman's welfare.

"I think I might. I am certain I might be made a good boy of if anyone took the trouble to lead me in the way I should go. Will you help me sometimes, Miss Haller, if I try? Will you read me lectures when I deviate from the narrow way? Will you give me a helping hand when I stumble?"

The faint, unpleasant smile was flickering once again round his lips; Ethel grew demure at once.

"I'm afraid I wouldn't make a good *precepteur*," she answered. "I'm afraid I wouldn't be equal to the task."

"You won't, then?" came bluntly from Mr. Darrell. The smile had died away; he was annoyed at this indifference. "If you won't help me I shall go on in my sins impenitent; if you will, why then I promise on my honour I will make an effort. Think how proud you would be if you succeeded, and saw me a regular reformed rake, all owing to your exertions."

"That would be impossible," spoke the demure little person again.

"Then you won't help me?"

"My help would be useless."

"No, it would not, it shall not; will you try?"

"I will always help you, certainly, when I can, but —"

But Henry interrupted her; he had heard all he wanted.

"That's right," he said, gladly, "and you must lecture me tremendously, you know."

"I cannot promise that."

And my demure heroine drew in once again into her shell.

"Well, we shall see."

And Mr. Darrell felt very well

pleased with himself, even this was something to have gained from such a terrible prude; he was well satisfied with his morning's work; and the bell had long rung for the workmen's dinner; Victor had made his way all through the wood alone, ere his cousin turned homewards through the beaten ways across the fields.

Henry walked with his hands deep buried in his pockets, thinking; he was very well pleased with himself; he had succeeded in arousing even some little interest in Miss Ethel's heart, and his vanity was pleased in consequence; he thought of his cousin Victor—of his big, manly figure, of his bright, handsome face and winning manners—and the old jealousy

was roused within him, the jealousy which had been between them in the old days when they were boys together, when Victor had ever excelled in all manly things; and a dark frown was on Henry's face as he thought over all this; but he had consolation for himself at last, and while he walked on through the pleasant summer fields he kept telling himself over and over again, that in the end he would be even with that handsome cousin of his. "I will make her like me somehow or another, if I have to live long months before that liking comes, but it shall come at last." And this evil thing Henry Darrell resolved, as he walked resolutely on through those bright fields.

CHAPTER X.

THE TIME OF ROSES.

ALL that day Victor never once saw Ethel. The sun set upon his disappointment; and from the dining-room, after dinner, sitting with his uncle and cousin over their wine, through the big window he could see the farm-house among the distant trees. The red bricks shone in the sunlight, the cornfields were all bright with gold; but Victor Darrell looked out upon that fair sunset view very sadly; there was a great weight upon his heart—there was a foreboding of evil, and he was silent and subdued.

There rose another bright summer morning above the trees and fields and gardens, and once again Victor wandered off alone into that meadow-field lying near to John Haller's land. He sat down upon the wooden stile, looking away towards the farm-house, waiting still. He had walked up and down upon the terrace-walk, after dinner, on the previous evening, smoking a cigar with Henry, when the sun had nearly set, and the sky was all gold and red; and then Henry had told him of his morning's adventure.

"By-the-bye, Victor," he said, walking by his cousin, "I met that little dairymaid of yours this morning."

Henry didn't see the hot colour flush his cousin's face.

"Oh, indeed," Victor answered, and

he added, "Where did you meet her?"

"Up at the back of the house, somewhere among the furze, buried down, reading poetry, and we had a great chat."

"Really!"

Victor didn't feel at all comfortable while he listened to Henry's account of his morning's adventure; in some ways he felt himself to be inferior to his cousin. Among women, in the small talk and little gallantries which please women, he was far behind him. He was not a lady's man; he was a man who among men held a high place. They all with one accord voted the big, manly, young officer, "a right good fellow." He rode well, a good heavy weight; he was a good billiard-player, and a cricketer too; a sure shot, and a very pleasant companion; good-tempered, good-hearted, and manly; but among women, shy and often awkward, never at home, and in this he held himself inferior to his cousin.

When such men fall in love, their love becomes a very engrossing passion; it is a thing new with them; Through one woman, they see all that is good, and beautiful, and lovable in the whole sex; they make no comparisons; they see no faults; and this was how Victor Darrell loved Ethel. He was a man who lived much with

other men, joining in their sports, understood and liked among them—"a right good fellow," and yet not a fast man, not given to deep drinkings or bettings at play; men liked him not because he had money to lend, or to lose; not because he was a famous *roué*, and the glory of his sins might cast a reflected light upon his companions; not because he was a "swell," and it was well to be seen with him. None of these things belonged to Victor Darrell. He was liked for his open-hearted, frank manners, for his sunny face, and honest, gentleman-like ways, and in their hearts many men envied this good-looking young officer, his fair, blameless life, and his powers of resisting all temptation. He was not noisy or pushing, but he held his own always among other men; he was friendly and pleasant with them, but they all knew that it was a useless thing to try and laugh him out of his steadfast purpose to try and live honestly away from evil. I do not say that Victor's life was altogether a blameless one; I don't say that he had never once strayed from the narrow way of righteousness; I dare say he had; I dare say there were some hours, some past moments of his life, which this honest young hero of mine would fain have blotted out, when he sat and talked to Ethel, looking into her innocent face; but there are very, very few men, who, looking behind them into the waste of years, cannot see some such lost hours; there are few, very few, who have walked ever in the light, never once turning aside into the dark places; but with Victor those past sins were few, and now standing in the light of his new love. He repented him very bitterly of them all, and with that repentance of past sins came the brave resolve to avoid all future ones, so that he might ever stand blameless and pure before his love.

When Henry told him the story of his morning's adventure, Victor never once doubted his cousin. For one man to purposely rob another of any treasure dear to him, was an act which this hero of mine would have stoutly termed a theft, and thieving was a thing with which gentlemen should have nothing to do. There was no doubt then in his heart, but there was fear. That

same fear which Lady Darrell's words had awakened within him the day before. The fear that unconsciously, meaning nothing, that fair spoken man of the world, who was so at home with ladies, who could bring smiles into pretty faces, and entertain a dozen women at once, that languid Adonis cousin might, in his heartless way, step between him and the little lady who lived in the farmhouse among the trees.

In the meadow field at the foot of the hill, by the stile, Victor waited for a long long time on this morning also; but Ethel never came, and then Victor, with many misgivings, crossed the stile and walked slowly on in the direction of the farm-house. He crossed the yard among the men, who were all busy; they touched their hats to him, and wished him a cheery "good day." He was a favourite with them all, and there were many among the villagers who wished much that the big, manly young man had been the heir to all Sir Hugh's fair land, instead of Henry Darrell; the haughty, careless man who held himself so much aloof from them all. He crossed the yard, he didn't stop to speak to anyone, he passed through the red gate, and into the garden beyond.

The garden at John Haller's grange house was an old-fashioned one, with trim thorn hedges, and crowds of bush fruit trees, and great abundance of flowers, old and new. Sloping gently to the south, it ran close along the side of the house, and out into this great wilderness of a garden the drawingroom windows looked—wide French windows, with Venetian blinds, quite out of keeping with the character of the rest of the house. But Mr. Haller had made those wide windows himself; he had made them so that his young niece might have some pleasant cheery room to sit in when she was alone. And that drawingroom at the Grange was a very bright pleasant room; fresh chintz covers, a pretty pale wall paper, snug arm-chairs, and long lounge sofas; and hanging round the room, many pretty water-colour sketches of Ethel's. Only twice in his life had Victor Darrell stood in the pretty sunny room, and both those times Ethel had been there, making the bright room look brighter; but now,

as he walked straight up the gravel walk, he saw that the room was empty. The wide French window was open down to the ground, and as he trod the gravel, out ran Miss Ethel's little pet lapdog, Fairy, barking shrilly. He had been roused out of his doze upon the mat in the sun, and he barked angrily at the intruder. But Victor was glad to see this little angry animal, for he knew then that Ethel was somewhere near. Fairy was a very faithful little brute, and never suffered his mistress to set out alone on her rambles.

"Well, Fairy, old fellow, how are you today?" and Victor had bent down to stroke the irritated Fairy. "All alone, too, Fairy; where's your mistress, eh?"

Just then the drawingroom door opened, and there stood Ethel, pretty Ethel, with the shy violet eyes and red lips, and Victor went forward to meet her. It was rather an awkward meeting—they both felt it so. She was surprised, and oh! so pleased; pleased in spite of herself, in spite of all her brave wise resolutions to avoid this handsome young man. Her heart bounded up at sight of him, her soft face flushed up crimson, she was so glad to see him again. That one day that had passed since she had looked upon him had grown into a whole age of time; the hours had stretched themselves so, had crept along so slowly.

"Oh! Mr. Darrell."

And there was welcome in the voice—a welcome which this honest heroine of mine could not disguise, and she half came forward to meet him. Victor forgot his fear then, his goodly young face was bright with pleasure.

"Yes," he said, heartily taking her little frank hand and holding it long in his. "I have had to hunt you up; you gave me the slip yesterday."

He was much too straightforward in his speaking, this hero of mine; he always spoke as he felt, bravely—he never could dissemble. Ethel's big eyes were raised to his face, and a shadow came into them while he spoke.

"I didn't try to meet you, that was all," she said. And Victor said—

"Yes; but you tried to avoid me, too, Miss Haller. What have I done?"

What had he done? Nothing wrong; it was no fault of his, surely, that he was better looking than other men—no fault of his that he was more attractive than others, and yet those things had gone against him.

But Ethel always forgot to be demure with him; my shy little heroine forgot her shyness in his company. He never puzzled her, or laughed at her odd ways and ideas—he was so honest and candid with her; and she said—

"You have done nothing wrong, indeed."

Victor was satisfied; he was not exacting in his love; he trusted much.

"That's all right," he said, "but all the same; here I am, having been obliged to ferret you out; I've been in the meadow for the last half hour, waiting in the hope of seeing you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I couldn't have gone another day without!"

The violet eyes went up again to his face then, but they dropped quickly on the carpet. They had looked into an earnest young face, into blue eyes, and there had been a look in those eyes which she had never before seen in mortal eyes; there had been a light on that good-looking face which she had never seen on other faces; and little Ethel's foolish, romantic heart began to beat very rapidly, and the soft voice faltered as she asked—

"Shall we go out now?"

The violet eyes were raised again, but in the handsome speaking face there was no more of that strange passionate light. Victor was looking down thoughtfully on the carpet.

"If you wish," he said, then raising his head.

"I might finish my sketch of Darrell; I have done nothing to it since," Ethel ventured.

"Very well," he answered; he was away in a dream, and Ethel said—

"I will get my hat then;" and then she left him alone in the pretty snug room.

Victor stood many minutes, never moving, thinking still, and then he gave a great sigh, and turned to the table, carelessly took up a book—it was the same little volume of Longfellow's which Ethel had read over to herself among the furze bushes

the day before, "The Courtship of Miles Standish;" and he turned over the leaves one by one.

"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards, though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its foundations, though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths of the living; it is the will of the Lord, and his mercy endureth for ever."

Beside this passage Ethel had drawn a long pencil line; Victor read it through, and reading, there came a thought into his mind, and he held the book still in his hand when Ethel, hatted and cloaked, entered the room.

"When did you mark all this?" he asked, and his eyes looked full upon her.

"Yesterday," Ethel answered, and she never hesitated, although fresh in her mind came the vow which she had made all to herself among the furze bushes on the hill; although while she spoke her sad falling-off was ever before her, there came a bright rich blush into the soft cheeks, and Victor standing close to her said quietly—

"I, too, will mark this place; I, too, will make a vow to keep always steadfast to my purpose, my hand ever to the plough."

And firmly he drew the pencil along the opposite side of the passage.

"We shall see which of us is the most steadfast of purpose; time will show."

Ethel smiled the faintest little smile possible, and she looked up again into the familiar face; there was no smile there; he was looking down gravely on the open book, and there was a long silence in the pretty

drawingroom, and then at last Victor said—

"Suppose we come out now?"

And then they walked out into the old-fashioned garden together, Fairy skipping and barking round them gladly.

What a handsome young couple they looked—so old Sally thought, as she watched them from her window up among the rose-leaves. Sally Bird had been housekeeper to Mr. John Haller for all the years that he had lived at this grange-house; she had been bequeathed to John as an old family property; she was to be supported as long as she lived. All this had been conveyed to Mr. Haller by his mother's last will and testament, and he had striven to obey; he had given the old lady a home in his farm-house, and he had grown to have a great affection for the gossiping, cozy old woman, who managed his housekeeping affairs for him, looked after his little comforts, and helped him to spoil his pretty niece.

Mrs. Bird looking from her window could watch the young couple all through the garden, across the yard, down the hill, and into the meadow beyond.

"But sure there's no one good enough for her in the whole world, my beauty!"—and old Sally smiled fondly to herself while she thought over her darling—"no, not even the young master himself, with his title and fine house, and servants and carriages—no, not even him."

And then Mrs. Bird fell a-thinking all about her pretty favourite, building up most wonderful castles in the air for her.

CHAPTER XL.

SIR HUGH'S HOPE.

LADY DARRELL, the lonely lady, living in the stone house among the trees, found the days hang heavy on her hands. She took no interest in the great solemn gardens, in Sir Hugh's farming, his hay, and corn, and young short-horns. She knew nothing about such things, and she hadn't energy to pretend to take an interest in them. She had lived her life in a city, a

great busy manufacturing city, and she knew nothing about farming. She only knew that sheep made mutton, and pigs bacon; that hens laid eggs, and that milk came from cows; and her knowledge went very little further than this. But Sir Hugh, who was a changeable man, always riding some new hobby, had lately taken it into his head

that he would be a farmer ; it would give a new interest to his country life, an interest which was sadly wanting, and so he began to potter about his fields and yards ; he bought at fairs, and began to pick up a smattering of farming knowledge. He took up the project hotly, as he always did take up any new project, and he wished everyone round to join in his enthusiasm.

But Lady Darrell had only made one expedition into the farmyard since she had come to live at Darrell. Once, and once only, had she got her pretty French boots spoiled by walking through wet grass to see those pet animals of Sir Hugh's, and that was all. She spent her days very quietly now ; she had grown resigned to her fate ; she had ceased lamenting over her disappointed life ; but for some companionship this lonely lady did long very often. No children's voices sounded in the wide rooms and corridors of Darrell, Lady Darrell had none of the little anxieties and responsibilities which mothers have ; she was childless, and this was another of her trials ; this made her more lonely still ; in Sir Hugh's big house she had her carriages, and servants, her fine rooms, and dresses, and upstairs in her jewel-box a rare suit of old family diamonds, a tiara which had rested on many an aristocratic head, and these fine things Sir Hugh had presented to my lady, his second wife. He had given her much gold and precious stones, all the old family heir-looms, which had been handed down from one Lady Darrell to another for scores of years—he gave them all ; but in a little red leather case which Sir Hugh kept locked into his escritoire, there were some treasures of which this second Lady Darrell knew nothing. There was a pretty set of pearls, a delicate necklace, which had only been on one pretty neck, a coronet which had only graced one sunny head ; and these things Sir Hugh kept without my lady's knowledge, and with these there was also a miniature, a little picture-face, set round with white pearls and sparkling diamonds, a sad, young face, on which Sir Hugh looked often in the solitude of his lonely room ; and while he possessed these things, I think he strove to persuade himself

that he was loyal still to the past times to which they belonged. But the poor snubbed manufacturing lady knew not of all this, and I think it was just as well that she didn't ; but she was not happy ; she was in a false position ; her title and honours sat heavily upon her, and she didn't know how to carry them off. She couldn't play her part in this new drama. She was shy and sensitive, and the coldness of her new life was beginning to chill her and make her sad.

On that summer evening while Henry and Victor paced up and down together on the terrace-walk, Sir Hugh sat in one of the wide drawing-room windows with his wife. It was a kind of duty which he imposed on himself this hour in the drawingroom every evening after dinner ; and on this pleasant summer evening, while the sun still shone over the trees and fields, Sir Hugh leant back in a comfortable arm-chair looking out.

Opposite him sat Lady Darrell, with her pale, sad face bent over a great square of canvas half filled in with big, many-coloured flowers, my lady was working silently. She seldom spoke except when spoken to, this shy, retiring lady ; but every now and then she raised her eyes from her work, and looked at Sir Hugh ; and Sir Hugh was looking ever towards that farm-house of John Haller's ; he was thinking always of the goodly land and pretty house which had passed away out of his possession, and his proud spirit was champing within him as he saw the white smoke curling up from among the trees, and heard the distant cawing of the rooks. That patch of trees, that snug old house, and the fields around it had grown more dear to him than all the rest of his demesne, he coveted them so.

"I was a fool to part with it," Sir Hugh said, sitting there in his comfortable chair, speaking aloud, forgetful of the pale lady's presence.

She looked up, she was startled, the voice that spoke was so full of a strange regret.

"But sometime—yes, sometime or another I will see it all back again, God willing."

My lady had laid down her work now. There was surprise in her

meek face ; for there had been an earnestness in her husband's voice new to her, and she asked—

"What, Hugh?"

Then Sir Hugh spoke.

"It is a hard thing to sit here, and look away over all that fair land, my land by right, and to know that it is no longer mine. I cannot prevent that fellow—that farmer, from cutting down the trees, from pulling down the house, I have no voice now in the matter ; it's a very hard case, but you cannot understand how hard."

The meek lady bowed her pale face over her work, she was sensitive and she did understand, she knew Sir Hugh's weak nature better than he knew himself, and it wounded her that he should always ignore her so.

"All along by the meadow down there," Sir Hugh continued, "one, two, three, and the two corn fields at the back of the house, five ; five of my best fields, and the house, the poor old house"—and the strange regret came into his voice, the bitterness died away, "the poor quiet old house." My lady knew none of the memories which that grange house roused in her husband's mind, and she said quietly—

"It is not so much land after all, Hugh."

"And yet, little as it is, I cannot buy it back again."

"How is that?"

And the pale face was raised once again. My Lady Darrell was very ignorant concerning her husband's affairs, she knew nothing about the property, this was the first time he had talked of anything of the kind.

"My dear, when you have lived a little longer in the country, you will learn that men don't like to buy land and sell it again in a couple of years ; and men like John Haller, whose whole souls lie in their farming, like it less."

"Will he never sell it then?"

"Never is a long time," Sir Hugh said, looking still into the sunlight.

"If he will not sell it, I must find some other way, I must see all the land safe before I die."

Some other way ! the pale-faced lady sat thinking, she was not sufficiently intimate with her husband to ask what that other way might be. He had been wonderfully confidential as it was ; she mustn't expect too much, and so she sat waiting patiently for him to speak again. There was a long pause, and then Sir Hugh did speak.

"Mr. Haller has a niece, I believe?" He spoke dreamily, still looking out, as if speaking to himself, but Lady Darrell answered him—

"Yes, a very pretty niece."

"He is not married either?"

"No, I believe not."

"And this same John Haller is a gentleman too, they tell me, and a very honest gentleman ; such things are scarce now-a-days, my lady ; there is very little of such honesty to be had, it is all old world. I must make his acquaintance, this Mr. John Haller, I must judge for myself, I think I *can* judge in such matters, I think I can tell a gentleman from a snob, whenever I meet him."

Sir Hugh said that one word "snob," so very bitterly, it was the word over which he and his pale-faced manufacturing wife could not agree.

"I must see his niece, I must judge whether she is a lady or not."

Still Lady Darrell sat silently, but in her mind there rose a doubt that the "some other way" of which Sir Hugh had spoken, bore reference to that pretty niece of John Haller's ; and while she so thought, there stole a sadness into her heart, and she thought of Victor's love story, and it all came back to her like a dream, his goodly young face, his passionate words, and the hope which was so strong within him ; and while she so thought, she sighed a great sigh over her coloured wools, and there came a fear into her heart that Victor's love was more hopeless than ever now.

CHAPTER XII.

WORDS OF LOVE.

UP from the fields came the scent of the hay, and the perfume of the meadow,—sweet, while Ethel and

Victor strayed through the fields together, in the sunlight, among the flowers. Handsome Victor with his

honest blue eyes and golden hair, a goodly young Saxon, and demure Ethel with her soft, smiling face and devotional eyes, such earnest, prayerful eyes, like some pictured saint of story, on through the meadow-field at the foot of the hill, and into the woods.

"And so you did take a sketching expedition after all, yesterday?" and there was reproach in his voice, reproach too in his eyes.

"Not an expedition," Ethel said, "and my sketch is only a beginning, and a very bad beginning too." It was a kind of apology which this heroine of mine was making. She began to think that she had been rash in making that determination yesterday, to forget this good-looking young man, to keep aloof from him, she began to think that after all she had been doing him an injustice.

"Yes," he said again, "I heard it all, and I had my walk all for nothing too; altogether I was hardly used—wasn't I?"

Demure little Ethel, the devotional eyes went up to his face, and the spirited little lady said—

"No, I don't think you were."

There was a colour in her cheeks, a very bright colour which had come rippling up at his words. She was very sensitive, this heroine of mine. What right had *he* to assume this injured tone with her? What right had *he* to question her goings-out or comings-in. They were in the woods now, on the moss-grown path, and while she spoke Ethel came to a halt. There was an opening in the trees, and a pretty little peep-show view of far-away blue mountains and bluer sky, and Victor, standing by her, looking away into that fair view, spoke sadly—

"I think I was ill-used," he said, "my last days too."

She looked up once again into his face.

"Last days!" she echoed, and the warm colour faded a little in her face, "you are not going away from here yet?"

"My leave will be up to-morrow."

The colour was gone altogether out of Ethel's soft face, before her eyes there came a shadow, and she said—

"So soon?"

"Yes, only one day more, one little

day. Are you sorry, Miss Ethel? will you miss me at all?"

Little romantic soul, her heart stood still within her, there was something in his voice that thrilled her.

"Of course I shall," she answered, but it was scarcely a whispered voice that spoke.

"One little day," he said, "and then——" he paused; he looked down on the pale pretty face, the grave, tender, little face which had somehow become very dear to him, and in his eyes the passionate loving light had come again, "and then no more sunshine and gladness—all dark." He paused again; the little face was bent, long lashes hid the violet eyes, there was the shadow of a sorrow there, and Victor's love grew all at once too powerful for him; and while Ethel stood there listening to his voice, all at once the voice changed strangely, grew far off, and full of despair, "Ethel—Ethel, I am sorry to leave you, darling;" and hushed was the flutter of the leaves and trees, still grew the song of the birds, all nature was hushed, for the voice that spoke was like the voice of a man in a great agony, crying for mercy. And up to his face went the violet eyes. Had she known all this before; had she guessed it all? I cannot say, but women have an instinct in such things, and perhaps she had.

And while they stood there among the trees, while Ethel looked and listened in a dream, scarcely understanding, Victor came a step nearer to her; he took her hand, a little passive hand, which made no resistance, and speaking still he said—

"I am so fond of you, Ethel, that I can scarcely bear to leave you, do you understand?"

And the shy eyes were lowered once again. "Yes," Ethel whispered, and then Victor said—

"And it's all very unfortunate, isn't it, dear?"

Poor Victor, he was looking at the gloomy side of everything, he was in such low spirits, he still stood very close to her, he still held her hand, that was all; there had come a great desire over him to take her into his arms, to hold her there, and to kiss the red lips, if only once; but he put the wish away from him, he had no right to do any of these things, and

while he stood there, he was telling himself that he was not acting fairly towards her, in even telling his love, he was so poor, so very poor.

"It is all very, very unfortunate ; it would have been better for us both that we had never met."

But Ethel said, "Oh, no ;" and the little soft hand nestled closer into his.

"But I think perhaps in time, some time, I may be able to make my way, I think I may, I am so determined to work with this object before me, and I think I must succeed ; when I do—when that time comes—then, Ethel, I will come back, and ask you to be my wife."

He paused ; he had indeed acted rashly in speaking his love, the love stood so hopelessly alone, the chances of that far-off time were all so slight and frail ; but he had spoken. His passion had been too strong for him ; all that now lay in his power was to act bravely, honestly, and truly towards this good, tender-hearted girl. He never doubted her love, he had never once questioned it, he knew her, and understood her so perfectly.

"But I will not be unjust with you, darling. I will not let you hold yourself in any way bound to me ; such bondage shall be all on my side ; if I fail, if things go against me, if I never succeed in getting money enough to keep you as you ought to be kept, like a lady in everything, you will still be free to take some one else who can do all these things for you ; do you understand me, Ethel ?"

She did understand, but there was a disappointed feeling in her heart ; such words were strange to her, in none of her storied love tales, had the heroes so spoken to their loves, there was a coldness in such forethought ; and this romantic little girl was disappointed.

"I think I do," she said softly ; she was looking down thoughtfully on the moss and little leaves, and there were tears swelling up in the violet eyes. Victor saw that sad shade steal once again over Ethel's pale face, and he felt that he had indeed acted unjustly in speaking his love.

"You are so sensible, Ethel," he said. "You will understand it all, darling, how impossible it would be for us to live on my miserable one hundred a year. It wouldn't be fair

of me to ask you—it wouldn't be right."

"Oh, no," Ethel whispered, but there was a load still on her heart.

"But I will try, yes, try with my whole soul and strength, to work my way somehow or another, and I believe that such strength of purpose will carry me on somehow."

He had let go the soft, nestling hand while he spoke ; he had taken his eyes off the pensive, earnest face ; he was looking away to the blue mountains ; and he was speaking almost passionately, making a strong, earnest vow to himself.

"And—and I was wrong to speak to you at all ; I was wrong to take advantage of you in any way, but I couldn't help myself. I couldn't have left you without speaking to you, and I go to-morrow."

And then there came another pause—a long silence. Ethel stood still looking down, still sad at heart ; her love-story had ended so abruptly, in such an unromantic way, all so different from the stories of other people's loves, and my foolish, romantic heroine was sadly disappointed.

"Will you write to me sometimes, while I am away ?" Victor asked. "just a little line to say that you are well ; to show me that I am not forgotten ; there can be no harm in that, surely—such letters as friends would write to one another. Will you sometimes so write to me, Ethel ?"

Ethel said not a word, but the load grew heavier still on her heart. Friends ! Where was all her romance now ? Surely, this hero of hers was very different from all other heroes, his love must be very cold-blooded, very cool and calculating.

"I don't know," she faltered. She was beginning to think that, after all, a parting, a blow-up, and estrangement would be preferable to this absurd friendship, which must ever be a mockery, now ; and she said,

"I think that friendship would be a mistake. I think, perhaps, we had better never see other again."

Little fool ! She was one of her book-heroines while she spoke ; but Victor interrupted her, he was standing before her. He disregarded her little speech altogether.

"If you do write to me," he said, "I will be very careful of your let-

ters, and—and if there should ever come a time when you ought to ask me for them, when it is your duty, when you owe it to another man, then—then, love, send to me, and I will return your letters every one."

It was not such an answer as one of her novel-heroes would have made; but she forgot her romance now; she forgot everything; she remembered only that one cruel speech, "When you owe it to another man," and the foolish, impulsive little soul, she couldn't bear any more.

"Victor! Victor!" and the passionate tears which had come swelling up into her eyes, were falling very fast. "Don't speak so to me; you know that that can never be now." And, then, Victor, loving, passionate Victor, at the sight of those tears, forgot himself—forgot the good, wise resolution which he had made—took the little figure to himself, held her in his big, strong arms, pressed her close to him.

"God bless you, darling," and then

he bent his handsome head. He kissed her lips; he kissed away the tears; he kissed her forehead, and cheeks, and lips, "God bless you, my own darling," many, many times, and those moments stretched themselves, as such moments will stretch, and grew, and lost themselves into ages of time; and the remembrance of such moments will cling to us always; will come back to us, and back again, when the memory of them shall have become a pain, when we would fain forget; when it is a sin to remember. We try to forget, and we long to find that stream of Lethe, which Dante tells us flows always from Paradise, to wash away the remembrance of past errors. But that river of Dante's, that stream of Lethe, is only a dream one; for to none of us mortals, with our mortal memories fierce and strong within us, can the remembrance of such moments be lost or washed away while the earth is and earthly things are—for ever!

CHAPTER XIII.

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART—GOOD-BYE."

MISS HALLER kept a diary, and alone late at night, in her lonely room, at the Grange, she sat and wrote in it—

"August the 29th, the happiest day of all my life, because Victor loves me—he told me so to-day."

On that 29th day of August a new chapter had opened in the life of my heroine. From being a careless, impulsive, thoughtless little girl, she had turned into a saddened, thoughtful one. This new love of hers had changed her so; had altered the tone of her life altogether; and while she wrote those lines in her diary, on that 29th of August, when she called it the happiest day of all her life, in her heart of hearts there was a doubt and fear—there was a trouble which was new—and this day of joy was also a day of bitterness. Are there no earthly pleasures perfect, I wonder? Why is it that every joy is so near a sorrow? That while our lips speak gladly, our eyes fill up with tears, our hearts are full of a wild regret? I have listened to sweet, grand, triumphal music; and there

has stolen that same sadness over me. I have heard some voices speaking, and in my heart a chord has been touched, for the voice has spoken strangely, bringing me glad tidings of great joy, and the joy has been half a sorrow.

Poor, happy, bewildered little Ethel, the dream of love which had been growing on her for so many past days, was all lost in a great reality—the dream was over. The story had begun for her in solemn earnest.

"The happiest day of all my life," she wrote, and then she closed her book; she put it aside on its shelf, and she crossed the room, and pushed open the window, a small casement window, and looked out into the quiet night. On those broad fields of John Haller's, over the old-fashioned garden and groups of trees, the moonlight lay calmly; on the distant woods, upon the white stone house at Darrell; it was a young, new moon, a pale young moon, which shed a faint uncertain light over all those far-off places; but Ethel looked long into the night. "Yes, the happiest

day of all my life," she said, speaking softly to herself; and this dreamy strange young heroine of mine sighed a little sigh out into the night; she was thinking of many things, and there was something telling her that this past day was the last bright day of all her love. For she had to take a long farewell of her lover under those trees at Darrell on the morrow. They would not meet again until the trees were bare, and the snow lay thick and white on the ground; not for long months, and Ethel sighed sadly to herself, as she thought how light a thing love was with some people, how soon forgotten; and she thought over again of good John Haller's unhappy story, of the changes which time had brought to him.

"I will never change," she thought to herself on that summer night, and then she went to bed and dreamt a whole string of dreams.

In the early morning when the dew still lay upon the grass, when the birds were just beginning to stir themselves and fly away in search of their wormy breakfasts, Ethel hurried along the meadow path towards the wooden stile near the woods. A last meeting, last words, last looks, a parting under summer woods; what a trite subject it is, lovers are always so parting it seems to me, and their partings wouldn't be a bit romantic unless they made them under summer leaves, in lonely woods, near murmuring streams; and as my lovers are just like other lovers in most things, I may as well tell of their first parting, which by a chance was in a lonely wood. But although these lovers of mine were such conventional ones in many ways, still in some things they differed from the every-day lovers with whom we are all so familiar. When Ethel saw Victor coming towards her through the trees, she did not drop her eyes on the grass and pretend not to see him, she did not blush or simper; she went forward frankly to meet him, she held out her little honest hand, and he took it, and held it, and spoke such commonplace words to her.

"So you did come after all, Ethel?" and she smiled and answered,

"Yes, I got a wish to see you once again, you see."

And then he let go her hand, and they walked on together over the

moss and close grass; such a dull pair of lovers, so undemonstrative; weren't they?

"I have only an hour," he said; "I start at nine o'clock, and it's just eight now; and how are you this morning, darling?"

And once again he took the hand; he drew it under his arm and led her on; he looked on the soft pensive face, and he said—

"I am so sorry to go—so sorry to leave you."

"Are you really?" Ethel asked.

"You know I am."

"When will you be coming back?"

"Ah, that's the question I cannot tell, darling; not for a very long time, I'm afraid; it's hard work getting leave, you know it's not easily done."

"No, I suppose not."

Ethel knew very little of soldiering life; red coats, and bugles, and brass bands, were the things most nearly connected in her mind with all things martial. Duties, and guards, and drills, and inspections, were all mysteries to the little lady; she didn't understand them.

"But you won't forget me, will you?" he asked, cheerily, he had such confidence in her honest love.

"No, indeed," a soft voice spoke, violet eyes looked into his, a little hand clasped tighter the velveteen arm on which it rested, and Mr. Victor Darrell said—

"My darling," very tenderly, and laid his hand very gently on her hand.

On among the green moss and ferns in the early morning, getting their feet wet I am afraid, these two romantic young persons strayed together, and that hour, that last hour of Victor's, was slipping by very quickly.

"Ten minutes to nine," he said, as they stood once more by the wooden stile at the foot of the lawn. "I'm afraid the time has come, darling, and we must say good-bye."

Ethel sighed, "I am very sorry, Victor."

"So am I, darling."

But where is the conventional parting; where are the tears, and clings, the passionate gazing "where love comes from the heart to the eyes, and so into other eyes, and to the heart again?" Ethel stands before her lover, looking upon him with

those frank eyes of hers; there is a sadness over all her face, she is pale; but there are no tears, for she is a brave proud little lady, and she is battling with that weakness, and bearing up valiantly.

"Shall we ever meet again, I wonder?" she asks very gently; she is away somewhere in her dream-land, there is a great void before her, and she is trying to look beyond.

"More than likely, I should say," Victor answers; "some great fellow says that 'men have a salmon-like instinct to visit the place of their breeding.' I am sure to turn up soon again, little woman."

He is not a man given to making speeches, or saying things in pretty ways; this hero of mine is a rough-spoken honest young dragoon. But he sighs, even while he smiles, for there are long months before him yet, long months when he can neither look upon her or hear her voice, and those days will be very dark lonely ones for him, "and so good-bye, my darling."

Just a step nearer and he has taken the earnest face in his two hands, he holds it there before him, looking, gazing upon it, and there is a strange despair in his handsome kindly face, there is a mist over his bright blue eyes; he is taking his farewell all in silence.

"Good-bye, God bless you, Ethel." Once more he kisses the soft face, one long passionate kiss; and then he says, very gently, "Stay here, it is our trysting-place, and watch me out of sight."

She stands motionless by the little wooden steps; she speaks no words to him, but stands and watches him stride away over the bright grass all glistening with dew. Her lover! her goodly honest young lover! he is going from her, and there comes a great despair into her heart. "Come back! come back!" her heart's voice is crying; but she never speaks, she stands there spell-bound while he walks away, across the long line of meadow-path; at the wooden gate he pauses, he takes off his hat and waves it two or three times to her, she sees his gold hair in the sunlight shining, she sees his face and form all in a picture, a dream, and she never stirs, a moment more and he is gone; that bright spot near the gate has grown dark all at once, and then this brave-hearted little heroine of mine, she fairly broke down, she sank down among the wet grass and wild sorrel leaves, and cried as if her heart would break; for oh! he was gone!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MAJOR'S DAUGHTERS.

NEAR to the stone gates of Darrell-house below the green sloping lands of the grange, lay the village of Nante, an old-fashioned village, with rows of red brick, doll-houses, and tiny whitewashed cottages; it was a very gossiping little place, for it had its share of old maids, and tea parties. It had its big haberdasher's shop, where all the gossip and scandal was retailed over the counter, by fat confidential Mrs. Jones; it had its club, reading-room, and billiard-room, where the gentlemen met together and smoked, and read the papers, and listened to old Major Townsend's stories.

Major Townsend was a Waterloo hero, he had stood fire in his day, and he had a couple of medals, of which he was very proud; he had seen Napoleon, and had sat at the same

table with the great Duke, and of these things the major was very proud, and in those club-rooms he would recount the strangest, most improbable tales of wonder, of how on that field of Waterloo, a cannon ball had skimmed along a whole regiment of dragoons, making every sword rattle, "and, by gad, sir, never touched a man of them;" and then Mr. Bell, the agent, who was a man of wit and humour, and who loved drawing out the major, would pause in his game of billiards and say, "By Jove, how wonderful; and did it injure the blades at all, Major?"

And then the major, who like a conjuror grew testy when his feats were investigated too closely, would answer, "indeed, Mr. Bell, I cannot say, sir, I never examined them;" but the major stood a little in awe of the

agent; he knew that he laughed at him, and that he never believed his stories; and this made the old gentleman feel uncomfortable in his company. When Mr. Bell was absent, the stories would grow and swell in a manner quite astounding; the cannon ball would shave two or three regiments, and sometimes graze even the feathers in the great Duke's cocked hat. The major was a widower, with two daughters, Miss Milly Townsend and Miss Mary Townsend. The major owned an unpretending cottage at the far end of the town, a snug, cheery little place, with a green lawn, and small trim flower beds. He took a great pride in his rose bushes and scarlet geraniums, and every morning saw him, trowel in hand, pottering in his little suburban garden. He was a stout, healthy, old man, with white hair, and a very grey moustache. In his seventieth year, old Major Townsend was as stout and firm as other men of fifty; he was very sociable, fond of his club, where he spent his evenings telling stories and praising his daughters. Those two daughters of the major's were two ladies well advanced in life; Mary was forty, although the major was wont to announce in the billiard-room that his eldest child was born to him in the year 1843; and Milly, thirty, although every year on the 30th of August for the last five years the major had declared that his youngest daughter was that day of age. Mr. Bell would wink at the room when the major made this little statement, and whisper in the ear of any casual listener who knew not the major and his peculiarities, "she has come of age so often that now she's old enough to be my grandmother."

The good old major, with his faults, and his many many kindly endearing good qualities, there was something loyal in this little deception of his. I really think that he believed himself that those two faded elderly young ladies were girls still—young girls, and he treated them like children. He had a loyal admiration for their dress and conversation; and he listened to Mary thrumming on the old harpichord in the cottage drawingroom, with genuine pleasure and pride. And when Milly in a feeble soprano sang "Love thee, dearest," very flat, tears would

come up into his eyes, and with a true enthusiasm he would "encore" the song, and beat time and hum in concert, and think that his little Milly had quite a divine voice.

All love is more or less blind, seeing things through that medium *coloured de rose*; and the major was not the only person who saw beauty in Miss Milly Townsend. There was a pale-faced rector, who in his heart worshipped the *passée* young lady, a near-sighted, tender-eyed man, who listened sometimes to that feeble "Love thee, dearest," with something of the old major's enthusiasm, mingled with other feelings in which the major did not participate. I am sure the rector was the only person at Nante who really believed that fiction of the major's with regard to his daughter's age. He gazed often on her with his tender eyes, but they were pink and watery, and he saw only through a happy mist, which veiled Miss Milly's rather mature beauty, he didn't see the little stray wrinkles round her blue eyes, he didn't see the few gray hairs in her smooth sandy hair. Milly was plump and rosy, and given to smiling; and the simple, near-sighted rector had a hazy picture in his mind of a gentle, blushing, plump Hebe; and before this shrine he was wont to offer up homage—to fall down and worship in the spirit. The ways of Providence are mysterious, and it is a wonderful and beautiful dispensation which causes all things beloved to look lovely to the eye.

Milly Townsend was a gentle, harmless little person, very even-tempered and large-hearted, with a big bump of veneration on her head. She had such an admiration for that small, simple, young rector, who sat listening to her humble music so patiently; she had such an honest admiration for his long prosy sermons, in which he wandered off so hopelessly from his text, and everything connected with it; she listened open-mouthed to those long discussions, Sunday after Sunday, in the village church. When she lost the thread of his narrative; when she became utterly lost in a slough of despond, vainly trying to see light, she would blame herself for having so lost herself; she would blame her own ignorance in not being able to follow the

learned little man through all the intricate by-ways and dark places where he well nigh lost himself. She was simple-minded and soft-hearted, and she wept regularly every Sunday over those sermons; she would question him too about them, asking him questions sometimes which puzzled him sorely, driving him into a corner, and demanding an explanation. There was no affectation about her, she only wished to bring herself up to *his* level, to understand the things which *he* understood, that was all, she worshipped him so honestly. The unkind gossips at Nante said that Miss Milly was setting her cap at the rector, and Miss Bell, the agent's tall sister, who had had her eyes upon the pretty, sunny parsonage-house, and who would have liked to rule there and henpeck the rector, had lately got up quite a coldness for the Townsend family, and the agent was more on the alert to catch the major in any inaccuracy in his stories than he used to be; and he whispered it among his friends that the major was the greatest old humbug and biggest liar in the three kingdoms—all this was excusable in Mr. Bell, I think, for that tall sister of his was a strong-minded lady, and kept him in order, objecting to his bachelor's habits, forbidding smoking in the house, and perplexing and worrying him with a score of small rules and regulations. It would have been a relief to the good-humoured gentleman to get this domineering sister off his hands, and it was a grievous disappointment to him, I think, when the mild, easily led little clergyman began to fraternize with the Townsend family.

Miss Bell had chanted psalms and hymns for the rector many and many a time; but her voice was loud and powerful, with strong bass notes, and it only intimidated the timid man. She was tall and bony, and the rector was short and stout, he respected and admired her, but he didn't love her. He was a little afraid of her; he didn't understand her, and latterly he had begun to avoid the agent's brick house in the village; he had slunk by once or twice, pretending not to see Miss Bell's dark face behind the geraniums in the drawingroom window; but he had always felt frightened on those occa-

sions, he had hurried past with his freckled face all a-glow with nervousness, and his mild eyes gazing anxiously through spectacles down on the pavement. Something whispered to the little man that Miss Bell held herself injured by his devotion to Milly Townsend; something told him that she was indignant with him, and so he avoided her. This gentle Mr. William Gray, the rector of Nante, was so much accustomed to be fêted and tea'd by ladies, so much used to hear sweet voices singing psalms and hymns to him, that all this wooing and pursuing had lost its newness, he never perceived it; he was not spoiled by it or made conceited. He was dull, slow of comprehension, not easily caught, and so far he had walked quite heart-whole among his flock; but with simple smiling Milly a new vista had opened in his life, and latterly the rector had begun to think his snug rectory-house very lonely; he had begun to tell himself that it is not good for man to be alone, and then before him came a dream of a plump, sunny face, of bustle and change, and the music of children's voices among the lonely rooms and gardens at the parsonage—all this had been in the rector's mind many times lately as he wandered home of evenings from Major Townsend's suburban cottage, with the music, the tones, and chords of Milly's feeble "Love thee, dearest," floating round him on the still summer air, and filling all his heart with a new strange pleasure. How wonderful are the ways of Providence!—how mysterious! When I think of that single-minded little man dreaming always a vision of angels and celestial music; when I think of him wandering home in the moonlight with his mind all distorted with fancies of haunting eyes and heavenly smiles, of beauties which did not exist; when I think of him, the kindly, simple, believing little mortal, I scarcely know whether I should laugh at him for being so romantically blind and easily pleased, or respect him for being so thoroughly honest of faith, seeing deeper than others, looking beyond the surface, finding for himself that good part which passeth not away, and able to halo it so with his love that it became beautiful.

CHAPTER XV.

STILL LIFE.

SOMEBODY says that "those who live in town think too little, and those who live in the country think too much," and the same wise-head remarks that "the one makes them superficial, and the other sour."

Now, Ethel Haller lived in the country a quiet country life, and she was a very thoughtful young lady, a tremendous day-dreamer, fanciful and romantic, and yet all her thoughts had not yet made her sour, the quiet course of monotonous days bringing with them nothing new in my heroine's life; long summer days, still evenings, all heavy with the breath of flowers; life creeping along in such a sluggish, humdrum way; and in all those days Ethel still lived on the memory of that time which was past—of the blessed time when Victor had been with her, when he had wandered with her through the fields and woods, when he had sat chatting with her in the pleasant old-fashioned garden at the Grange, and the happy evenings when he had come up in the moonlight breaking in upon the quiet hours which John Haller and his niece spent together; and many a time in the new lonely days would Ethel remember regretfully those pleasant evenings, the songs which she had sung for him, the swell of the organ in the library, the words spoken in praise, the cheery voice, the blue honest eyes, the gold hair, and big manly figure—they all came back to her, back and back again, in a dream, in those new days; but although she thought much of these things, still her thoughts were not bitter or disagreeable to her.

My heroine was a very truthful girl, and she had no secrets from her uncle. Long ere this she had told him all her love story from beginning to end, and listening John Haller grew sad and thoughtful; it was the old story, the world's old story of love and hope, and to him that story had grown a monotonous, weary one, so full of false promise and change. He sat with Ethel in the old library at the Grange—he sat holding her hand and listening to her story, never speaking; but he had

a tender heart, a very soft, loving heart, and while he listened he was smoothing and caressing the little hand. This niece of his was such a pet, such an engaging, lovable little girl, and his life was so much bound up in hers, her happiness was his, and in his kindly heart he was hoping very earnestly that all the bitterness and sorrow of life might be kept very far from his darling.

"My little puss," he said, "God grant that she may be happy," and John Haller kissed his niece's forehead gently while he spoke.

Ethel Haller had one other friend at the Grange. Old Sally Bird had frequent visits from the solitary little lady. A snug room above, low ceilinged, with tiny lattice windows, looking out into the garden, and over the fields and trees, and this was where old Sally had her housekeeper's room. And here often, when the day was closing in, when Ethel grew weary of wandering about the woods and lanes, when her pretty chintz-covered drawing-room grew dusk and lonely, she would come up and sit with Sally, and have a cup of tea with her. By the snug fire in the winter time, listening to the old woman's bits of gossip and cozy stories; and in the bright summer time, by the open lattice window, near the leaves, with the scent of the flowers rising up from the garden beneath, and the chirping of birds going to rest, sounding shrilly from the ivy on the farmhouse wall, Ethel would sit watching for her uncle, waiting for the first sight of his tall figure among the trees at the foot of the meadow-field, ready to run and meet him and take his arm, and lead him on through the pretty old-fashioned garden, into the snug house. No wonder that John Haller's life was beginning to lose much of its blank loneliness; no wonder if he grudged parting with this gentle loving little niece of his, who had come so strangely to him, a blessing in his life, at the time when all such things seemed far from him, when the days, and weeks, and months went by slowly, wearily, bringing with them nothing new, no joy or sun-

shine, when the brightness had all gone out of his life, and he lived altogether alone in his big house and wide lands; no wonder then that John Haller lived his new life altogether for his pretty niece, planning and hoping for her, laying by money yearly, so that when the time came he might not send her away empty-handed. No wonder if in so living he began to think less of that old sorrow which had fallen on his life, to think of it only as a dream, a past thing, a misfortune, which it became his duty to bear bravely, not murmuring. But he was not forgetting. Little things, little trivial occurrences would bring the dream up fresh and clear into his mind. A word, a look, the sound of Ethel's voice singing softly to him in the evenings, at the organ in the solemn old library; some song, some air that was familiar to him, would make his heart to swell, and his life to seem again all dark and lonely.

That niece of his had ways and manners which reminded him of some past things; she had a way of looking up at him with those big violet eyes, a beseeching way, and her voice had a sweet ring in it, her footsteps had a lightness and buoyancy, her hand was soft and caressing, and all these things reminded Mr. Haller strangely of some one else, and bound him closer still to this little girl.

Ethel had confided her love-story to this grave quiet uncle of hers; but there still lay a great load on her heart; her little romance had a tone of sadness in it; at times there came a despair over her. This new story of hers was such a hopeless one; she was a very sensible girl about many things; she was able to reason with herself, and at times there came a great despair over her, a feeling of hopelessness, it was all such a chance—so mere a chance.

Victor Darrell was gone two weeks—two long summer weeks, how the days had crept by, wearing themselves away so slowly, and Ethel had heard no news of him; no letter, not even one of those cold friend's letters of which he had spoken—none came. Eagerly Ethel had seized the post-bag for many mornings; but no, there came no letter, and the hope grew weaker and frailer. The old doubt, the doubt of his love, which had

made her determine so short a time ago to steel her heart against him, came uppermost in her mind, and this very odd little girl she began once again to make strange plans for the future. Thoughts of a great forgetfulness of all the past, and dreams of a new, different life—a loveless, aimless life—came before her. If this lover of hers should prove inconstant, then Ethel, spirited Ethel, told herself many times that she would be so brave, so proud of spirit, that he should never know of the great battle which she had fought with herself.

"I will always be true to him while he is true to me," so she told herself. "But if he proves false to me, then I will put the thoughts of him far, far from me, as being unworthy."

In a sad uncertainty, Ethel thought of her lover day after day, and sometimes all alone in her little room she would read and re-read that passage in her diary, that 29th of August, which she had pronounced to be the happiest day of all her life; and then big salt tears would come swelling up in her eyes, and this queer, inconsistent young lady would say, over and over again, "I will always be true to him—always—always."

And Ethel saw Henry Darrell often now; she sought his company more. Some forlorn hope that she might so hear news of Victor made her brighten up at sight of him, made her look for his coming with a strange anxiety. Little scraps of news she heard in this way. Henry in his careless way would let drop a few words about his cousin, and then with his dark eyes fixed on Ethel's face, he would strive to read something there; but it was only the dropping of eyelids, the faint flush of red into soft cheeks, that was all. And Henry determined that with Ethel this love had not gone deeply. He determined with himself that it might easily be undermined; when he saw the anxiety to hear his news, when he saw that Miss Ethel watched for him only to hear those scraps of news, then there rose the old jealousy again in his heart, his vanity was hurt; and more than ever he planned with himself that in this thing he would be even with his cousin.

This niece of John Haller's was a

very attractive girl. Different from other girls in almost every way, with strange theories all her own, odd ideas and fancies; but very pleasant and chatty too, with a great deal of information — knowledge gleaned from her odd readings and old books, smatterings of all sorts of things, ancient and modern. And Henry Darrell, the *blazé* man of the world, who had seen so much of life, who was so weary of the conventionalities of life, began to feel a strange pleasure in talking with this queer little girl, who was so different from all other girls, so original and fanciful.

I do not say that Henry Darrell was beginning to fall in love with this pretty niece of John Haller's; he was not a man capable of falling desperately in love with any woman. He was too selfish; but in those long monotonous summer days, when there was so little to do, when the house at Darrell was so lonely, Henry had fallen into a way of wandering up to the grange-house, and spending his afternoons there with Ethel, sitting with her in the garden, telling her long stories of his past life; of the excitement and pleasure of it all; the foreign life in strange places, in faraway, sunny countries; of mountains and lakes and passes; of operas and gaming tables and balls; and all these things were new to Ethel. She would sit on her garden-seat working, with Fairy asleep in the sun, keeping guard close by, and that dark-faced, agreeable gentleman stretched at her feet on the soft mossy grass, telling stories. He was a very agreeable man, this Henry Darrell; he had a way of making a story out of a very little thing, and Ethel liked listening.

When Henry Darrell had made that vow to himself only two weeks ago, to be even with his cousin in this thing, there had been something else pushing him on to make the vow. He had known the fuzzy-haired large-eyed little lady long before Victor

had ever seen her; he had walked with her and talked to her many times when Victor was away hunting or shooting, amusing himself with other men. And in those days Henry had flirted with the eccentric young lady, talking to her, puzzling her sometimes, drawing her out, and amusing himself with her odd ideas; but now that she had so far fallen away from him, now that he knew that Victor loved her, and that she preferred Victor to him, all at once Mr. Darrell began to feel indignant. His pride was hurt—that evil pride which had so often led him astray in his life—and he determined that sooner or later he would be even with his cousin. Up at Darrell Henry was more the master than his father. Sir Hugh was a weak man, changeable, and always riding some new hobby; and Mr. Darrell was a vain, domineering man, and consequently took the upper-hand of his father. He allowed Sir Hugh to ride all his hobbies in peace; he only looked on, smiling to himself. Sir Hugh had made a lake at the foot of the lawn—a picturesque lake, which cost him much money and wasted several good fields, and Mr. Darrell never complained. He allowed his father to ride this hobby, determining within himself that when his day came—when the extravagant old baronet was gone—that pretty lake should be drained, and the land filled up. He now saw Sir Hugh deep in his new farming business, and he only shook his head and wondered what the next piece of folly would be. He heard Sir Hugh rave of his young shorthorns. He made an expedition with him to the farmyard, and came back thinking this new mania a better one than any of the others, and hoping that it would last longer; but in all the great things Henry was the master-hand—he ruled at Darrell. He held the reins, and didn't allow Sir Hugh to run away with his wild projects.

THE FIRESIDE STORIES OF HUNGARY.

OF the peculiar qualities of the Hungarian stories we have already treated in the number of the *UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE* for August last. The reader will remark in the stories about to be introduced as well as those already translated, an unlimited freedom from trammels imposed by the ordinary laws of nature, and the possession of supernatural powers by both good and bad characters, united to disagreeable restraints to which we can see no reason why they should be subject, the narrators being very liberal in conferring the most unlimited privileges on wizards, witches, the representatives of the great objects in creation, and their occult qualities.

The tales in this paper as well as those in the August one are from "Hungarian Stories" by Saal: Vienna, 1822; and the collection of Johann Grafen Maylath: Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1837.

EISEN-LACZI.

"There were once a king and queen who had three sons and three daughters. The youngest of the sons, whose name was Eisen (Iron) Laczi, was very self-willed. One day as he was coming from school he pushed up against a poor woman's basket of eggs and spilled them on the ground. She looked at him, and said very angrily, 'For this piece of mischief the next wish you ever make shall be granted,' and she and her basket vanished. As the prince approached the house his three sisters were standing in the court-yard. The eldest wore a robe adorned with the sun; the second, one with the moon; the third, one with the stars. These were their every-day clothes; on feast-days they wore much finer ones.

"They challenged him to a game at ball, and played so skilfully that he was beaten, and lost his temper. Flying into a passion he cried out, 'I wish the earth would open and swallow you all!' No sooner said than done. The princesses disappeared the same moment, and the

whole court was thrown into terror and grief.

"After a time the eldest son asked his father's leave to seek his sisters; he got it, and set out, but did not return. The second set out after a time, but he staid away also.

"By this time Eisen Laczi had grown up. One day he kneeled down before his father, and said; 'Father, I am the cause of your sorrowful losses. Let me go forth in search of my brothers and sisters. If I cannot recover them I shall never come in your presence again. The king was pleased at his strong will, and gave his consent.

"The prince travelled a whole day, and at last came to a wood where he met a poor woman, who begged him to put her bundle of sticks on her back. He had become kind and gentle since the disappearance of his sisters, and was ready enough to lift up the bundle, and lay it on the poor old woman's shoulders. She looked well pleased, and said; 'Prince, I know what you are travelling for, and I will put you in the right track.'

"She stamped, and the ground opened, and a chest appeared at the prince's feet. 'Lie down in the chest,' said she, 'and you will soon find yourself at the castle where the Sun-princess is confined. He did as he was desired, and down sunk the chest. Rapid and deep it went, and when it stopped he found himself in face of a silver castle. But before the castle ran a fierce flowing river, and the bridge which crossed it was all made of sharp knives that kept moving backwards and forwards.

"'How shall I get across?' said the prince to himself. 'Oh, don't trouble yourself about that,' said the chest. 'Lie down in me again; I shall take you into the castle, but you must get out of it without my help.' 'Be it so,' said he getting inside. The lid closed, and away it went under the water, and into the castle. 'Thank you kindly,' said he, 'and tell your mistress how grateful I am for her assistance.' The chest vanished, and on he went from one hall to another till he met his sister. 'Oh, dear

brother, what brings you here?' said she. 'I am come to deliver you,' said he. 'Alas! I am in the power of the seven-headed dragon.' 'I will fight him,' said the prince; 'show me to the armour-room.'

"She brought him to that chamber, and while he was choosing his arms and armour, he spied a phial with the word DRAGON-STRENGTH written on it. He took it, and drained it to the bottom, and the same moment a loud crash was heard. 'It is the seven-headed dragon,' said the princess; 'he is coming home. He flings his *buzogany* (war-club) before him when he is ten miles away, and when it strikes the castle the door opens.' Just as she spoke the dragon was before them. 'Man, what do you want here?' said he very angry. 'I want to fight with you,' said he. 'I must first see if you are worthy of the honour,' said the dragon.

"He made a sign to the princess, and she went and brought a stone loaf and a wooden knife. The dragon cut off a piece with the knife, and then handed it to the prince. He cut off another, and the dragon was astonished. 'I see you are worthy to fight with me,' said he.

"They went on an iron floor and fought. The prince seized the dragon, and dashed him down, and he sunk to his knee in the iron floor. But he sprung up, seized the prince, and sunk him up to his hips in the floor. He recovered himself, arose, and this time he dashed the dragon into the floor as deep as his neck. Then he drew his brand, and struck off the seven heads.

"'You have freed me from the dragon, dear brother,' said the princess, 'but how shall we get over the bridge?' 'Don't be troubled about that,' said he, pulling up the body, and stripping off the hide. This he laid on the bridge, and as sharply and fiercely as the knives cut, the hide held out, and the brother and sister got across. There they were met by the aged woman. She took the princess by the arm, and said, 'I shall take you home to your father. You, Prince Laczi, find out my brother the smith, and he will help you farther.'

"So he went on till he came to a smithy, which was all steel, and the

smith was steel also. 'My sister,' said he, 'told me you would want my help. You are iron, but that is not enough for your next fight; you must be steel. So, by his art he made the prince as hard as steel. Then he went on courageously towards the golden castle, which was shimmering a far way off. When he came near, he saw that it stood on webbed feet, and was escaping from him; but with one hand he held a foot fast, and with the other he broke open the door, and walked in.

"There he met the nine-headed dragon, who said to him: 'You are a stout fellow; I will fight with you. Be you an iron-wheel, and I a paper-wheel. We shall run at one another from the tops of two hills.' 'No,' said Laczi. 'Be you the iron-wheel, I will be the paper-wheel.' They ran down the hill-sides at one another, met with a shock in the hollow, and the iron wheel had a nail broken, and this the prince knew was one of his heads.

"Then said the dragon, 'Let us fight as two flames. Be you a red flame and I a blue flame.' 'No,' said Laczi; 'I will be the blue flame and you the red.' So it was, and they rushed at one another. Just then a cormorant flew past, and the red flame cried: 'Cormorant, cormorant! let a drop of water fall on the blue flame and I shall give you one of my heads.' 'No,' said the blue flame, 'but let a drop fall on the red flame, and I shall give you his nine heads.' The cormorant did so. He let a drop fall on the red flame, and it hissed, and was extinguished. So the prince took his sister with the moon-robe, and brought her to the smith, and asked him to take her to her father, and he himself went on in search of his youngest sister and his brothers.

"He went on and on till he came to a hayrick all on fire, and he heard a serpent inside calling out, 'Help, help! or I shall be burned!' The prince ran over, and took her out. 'I am very thankful to you,' said she. 'I am the serpent-king's daughter. Come with me to his castle, and he will reward you for my rescue. But do not take what he offers you. Choose the leanest horse, the most rusty sword, and the worst shirt, the longest unwashed, in the house, and you won't be sorry.'

"When they reached the castle the serpent-king was right glad to see his daughter safe, and offered the prince gold and silver, precious stones, and all magic secrets. But the prince would take none of them. 'If you wish to reward me,' said he, 'give me the most shabby-looking horse in your stables, the rustiest sword in your armoury, and the worst shirt in your house.' The serpent-king was silent for a moment: then said he, 'I see my daughter has been instructing you.' 'You have done well,' said she; 'the horse is a *Tatos* (Magic horse)', the sword cuts down every enemy so long as it is not cleaned from rust, and the shirt is impenetrable so long as it remains unwashed. These three gifts will help you to finish your task.'

"So he went on till he came to the castle of the twelve-headed dragon. His sister with the starry robe cried when she saw him, and said, 'What brings you here to be lost as your brothers and I myself are?' They are hanging in the chimney, and I am obliged to make the fire to smoke them.' 'Never fear,' said he; 'my sword will free you from your thralldom.' 'Ah!' said she, 'strength is of no avail. The wife of the twelve-headed dragon is a sorceress, and she has cast such a spell that we are for ever lost if any one fights her husband for our sake. You must ransom us from him.' 'That I will do,' said he. Just then the dragon and his wife came into the castle in great state. When they were alighting out of their carriage, thus said Prince Laczi, 'My Lord, allow me to ransom the two princes and the princess with the starry robe.' The dragon's wife answered, 'Thou art Prince Laczi. Give us the rusty sword which hangs at thy side, and the old shirt which is upon thee.' 'These are things of the highest value, but my sister and brothers are of more.' So he ungirt his sword, and took off his shirt, and handed them to the dragon. 'O thou fool!' said he, 'to part with such precious things: now must you die.' 'If I must, I can't help it,' said the prince; 'but first let me bid farewell to my horse.'

"He granted this request, and the

prince went to the stall, and told all to the scrubby steed. 'The dragon was a fool,' said he, 'for not demanding me along with the rest. Ask him, as a last favour, to put you on my back when you are dead. The dragon complied, and after cutting the prince in a hundred pieces, he put all the fragments in a bag, and tied it on the shabby horse.'

"The serpent-king heard a great clatter far away. 'Some misfortune has happened to Prince Laczi,' said he to his daughter. 'Tatos is neighing in rage.' He went and kindled a fire in the court, and soon Tatos was rushing into it, and swallowing it up. This cooled him somewhat, and he then groaned out, 'I bring my master all hacked in pieces.' That was all he said. The serpent-king then sent his serpents on every side to gather healing herbs, and then he put all the pieces together, each in its own place. The serpents soon returned with the herbs; the king put them all in a cauldron, and boiled them, and washed the remains of the prince with the broth. He came to life, stood up, and was more beautiful and strong than he was before. His right shoulder had fallen out during the rapid flight of Tatos; so the serpent-king filled its place with one of gold and ivory.

"Away went the prince again to free his sister and brothers. When he came near the dragon's castle he changed himself into a horse, and sprung over the court-yard wall. The dragon's wife felt that a magic power was along with the beast, and she cried, 'Dear husband, if you don't roast the liver of that horse for me, I shall die.' He called his attendants to kill the steed, but while they were preparing to do his bidding, the princess with the starry robe came over to him. 'Dear horse,' said she, 'you feel for my misfortunes. It is a pity you should die.' 'If you grieve for me,' said he, 'catch the first two drops of my blood when I get my death-wound, and throw them into the dragon's garden.'

"This she did, and the first thing the dragon's wife saw there in the morning from her chamber-window, was a beautiful apple-tree with golden

*See the tale of *Enchantress Helen* in our August number.

fruit on it. She knew there was magic power about it, and said to her husband. 'If you don't give me my breakfast off the cooked wood of that tree I shall die.' So he sent his servants, to cut it down, but before they were ready, the princess with the starry robe was standing by it, and the same words passed between them as before. 'Throw,' said the tree, 'the first two chips that fall from the cut into the dragon's pond,' and the princess did so.

"Next morning the first thing the dragon's wife saw when she looked out of her window, was a lovely gold fish in the pond. 'Husband,' said she, 'if you don't give me my breakfast off that gold fish, I shall die.' 'You must get it,' said he. So as he had no fishing tackle, and was a good swimmer, he prepared to plunge in. But first he took off his sword, as it might be in his way, and then his shirt, as a drop of water would make it lose its virtue, and then he went in head foremost. The same moment out jumped the gold fish on the bank, shook itself, and there the frightened dragon saw Laczi standing before him; and the shirt was on him, and the sword in his hand before the dragon could get out of the pond.

"The witch, seeing what had happened, mounted her broom-stick, and rode away through the air, and the dragon begged the prince to tie him on his steed when he was dead, thinking that like Laczi himself, that would bring him to life again. The prince swept off all his heads at one blow, and tied his body on his horse. Away went the beast, and never returned to disturb prince or princess.

"So Laczi took his brothers out of the chimney, and the princess with the starry robe, and he set forth to the palace of the serpent-king, taking their brothers' bodies with them all hard and swarthy. When they entered the court-yard, they were met by the king and a young maiden as beautiful as the dawn. 'This is my daughter,' said the serpent-king, 'and if you and she consent, you may be married within a week.' He restored the princes by the broth of his magic herbs to life, and vigour, and beauty, and a great wedding was soon held. The brothers and sister soon returned and rejoiced their family,—but Laczi remained in his father-in-law's court,

and he and his bride loved one another till their death."

PENGO.

There were three princes, brothers, who went to seek their fortunes because they were left very poor at their father's death. After some hours' travelling they began to think about their lodging for the night. 'I shall shoot an arrow,' said the eldest, 'and we will sleep where it lights.' So they followed its course for a day and a night. At last it fell, and the eldest said to his brothers, 'Lie down and sleep; I shall watch and keep the fire burning.' They did so.

"At midnight a dreadful-looking wild boar came up. He had two golden tusks, and he and the prince had a severe fight. At last he was overcome, and the prince tore out the tusks, and put them in his satchel. At daybreak they set out again, and after some hours' travelling, said the second eldest, 'I shall fix on our next sleeping-place.' He discharged an arrow, and for three days and three nights they were obliged to follow it before they got a sleep.

"When the arrow fell, the second brother said, 'To-night I shall have my turn. You two may take your rest.' So they did, and at midnight down swept a frightful-looking vulture with two silver feathers on his head, and a dreadful combat took place. At last the prince killed the bird, plucked out the two feathers, and put them in his satchel.

They set out again at dawn, and when they had travelled some time, said Pengo (the youngest prince). 'It is my turn to select the next sleeping-place.' He let fly his arrow, and it held on for seven days and seven nights before it cut the grass. 'Now,' said the eldest, while they were making the fire, 'It's your turn, Pengo, to watch, but you are the youngest and weakest, and I shall take your place.' 'No,' said Pengo, 'I consider myself a man and a knight, and will take my turn.' So the other two fell asleep, and he watched.

About midnight he heard a very doleful song, and it so affected him that he walked off towards the point from which it came. There he found a small gold fish, and it was from it the sad melody was coming. 'What

ails you?' said Pengo. 'Ah,' said the creature, 'the river there beyond lately overflowed its banks. I swam out over the banks, and did not get back soon enough, and when this little pool dries I must die.' 'Not so,' said the prince; 'I will take you back to the river.' 'Good youth,' said the fish, 'take one of my scales, and whenever you are in need, breathe on it and I shall be at your side.'

Away swam the fish, and back went the prince to the sleeping-place; but when he reached it he found the fire extinguished. "Now," said he to himself, 'My brothers will think I fell asleep. He climbed into a tree, and saw a light at a great distance, and then came down and travelled towards it. As he was hastening along Midnight met him and saluted him. 'Be pleased to stay here,' said Pengo, 'till I fetch fire from that light.' 'Ho, ho, ho!' said Midnight; 'I shall have come and gone seven times before you come back.' 'You won't wait,' said Pengo; then I must force you.' So he took him and tied him to a tree, and went on. Morning Dawn soon met him and saluted him. 'My fire has gone out,' said Pengo. 'Wait here if you please till I bring some from that far-off light.' 'Ho, ho, ho!' said Morning Dawn, 'I shall have come and gone seven times before you return.' 'You won't wait,' said Pengo; 'then I'll make you wait.' So he fastened her to a tree, and went on. He travelled and travelled, and at last he came near the fire. Twelve giants stood round it. He bent his bow and shot a large burning brand out of the fire; but then he thought to himself, 'This will look as if I wished to steal it.' So he went up and asked leave to carry away a coal. They looked at him in surprise, for they knew what he had just done. 'You shall have a coal and welcome, if you are able to turn that spit.' There was an ox roasting on it, but Pengo turned it with one finger. 'Now give me the coal,' said he. 'To be sure, but first shoot us that cock which you see watching on the wall of that castle on the cliff.' Pengo shot, and down fell the bird, and great was the delight of the giants.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Pengo. 'It means,' said they,

'that we all serve a magician who is only a span in height. He is besieging that castle, for the king who has three the most beautiful daughters in the world, will not have him for a son-in-law.' 'Does he want to marry the three?' 'Oh, no; he wishes for the youngest only. The eldest he will give to his second son, the boar with the gold tusks; the second daughter is to be the wife of his eldest, the vulture with the two silver feathers.' 'Oh, ho!' said Pengo to himself; 'the princesses must do without husbands; my brothers have killed them.' But he didn't speak aloud. The giants went on, 'We would have sacked the castle long ago, for the garrison sleep a great deal, but that cock would always wake them up. Well, now he is dead. You come along with us. There is a crevice in the wall which you can pass through, and open the door to us, and then the castle is ours. Quick, for our master's aunt, the big serpent, is watching at the other side of the castle. If she gets in before us we'll be disgraced.'

"As they went Pengo heard them whispering, 'When we get in we will kill this fellow not to lose the honour ourselves.' 'Oh, very well!' said Pengo to himself. He got in through the opening, and after a little he cried out, 'I can't open the door, but I shall pull you in one by one.' So one giant put in his head, and it was no sooner in than it was cut off by Pengo, who then pulled in the body. The next giant he served the same way, and the next, and so on till all were killed.

"Then he went through the chambers of the castle, and he found the three princesses each sitting in a separate chamber. The first had a whole unlighted candle and a half consumed one before her; the second had a kerchief round her neck, the third had a ring on her finger. He lighted the long candle before the first, and took away the half one; he took the kerchief from the second, and the ring from the third. When he came into the king's chamber, he saw the magician's aunt, the big serpent, getting over the wall. She was as thick as a pine tree, but he took a fork from the table, and fastened her to the wall. He cut off

her forked tongue, put it in his satchel, and went back to his brothers.

"He took a brand from the giants' fire, and when he came up with Morning Dawn he unbound her. 'It is time,' said she; 'for seven nights and seven days darkness has been on the earth since I was bound.' Then he loosed Midnight. 'What are my brothers doing?' 'They are fast asleep.' So he came to where they were, and lighted the fire; day dawned, and away they went.

"They travelled and travelled till they came to an inn where any wayfarer might eat and drink as much as he pleased, and pay nothing. He also might stay as long as he pleased, but when he was going away he should tell his own history or relate some story. The inn-keeper was the besieged king, and his daughters acted as barmaids, and they expected to hear who was their deliverer by making travellers tell their histories. Pengo made no secret of the history of himself and his brothers.

"He had not half told his story when the king made a sign to his eldest daughter, and out she went. The eldest brother laid on the table the two golden tusks, the second the two silver feathers, and Pengo the half burned candle, the kerchief, the ring, and the serpent's tongue. Just then four golden chariots, each with six horses, drove into the yard. In the first the king drove away, and in the other three the princes and princesses, the eldest with the eldest, the second with the second, and the youngest princess with Pengo. In the king's castle they held high state, and the three marriages were celebrated on the same day.

"After some time the princes began to think about returning to their own kingdom. So their father-in-law gave them gold and silver in plenty, and a regiment of soldiers to each, and they set out.

"The eldest couple were in the first chariot, and as they drove along they saw a man only a span in length, but with a beard seven ells long, and he lying in the mud. 'Help me out of the mud, my prince,' said he; but the prince took no notice, and on went the chariot. When the second couple came up the little man cried out again, 'Help me out of the mud, my prince.'

But he answered, 'If you do not be silent I'll sink you deeper,' and he drove on. At last Pengo and his bride drove up. 'Help me out of the mud, my prince,' said the small man; and Pengo alighted and took up the little creature. But the moment he was free he sprung into the chariot, and he and the young bride vanished in a moment. Pengo stopped, put his regiment in mourning, sent them back to his father-in-law, and set forward in search of his lost bride.

"He wandered on an entire day, till at last he came to the river where the gold fish lived. He called, and lo, it came to the bank. 'Where is my bride?' said Pengo. 'That I know not,' said the fish; 'but beyond that hill lives a wise man who can answer you all questions except three.' Pengo came into the presence of the wise man, but before he could tell what he wanted the other spoke. 'I know what you seek. You shall obtain your bride, but first you must give me help. I have been already sitting a hundred years on this rock, and must remain so till my lost bride and her wedding ring is recovered.' 'And where are they?' said Pengo. 'That is one of the three questions which I am unable to answer,' said the wise man.

"Pengo went back to the fish, and asked him where was the bride of the wise man. 'She is in the castle of adamant,' said he. 'You will have great trouble to rescue her, and if you fail, it is all over with you. However, put me in a large bottle of water, and I shall counsel and help you in your troubles.'

"Pengo did as the fish bade, and came to the adamant castle. 'Eat nothing here,' said the fish, 'but what is white in colour, and speak not at all.' They went in. The walls were black, and black bread and black wine were on the table. Pengo did not touch them. When he lay down at night, black spirits came and cudgelled him, but he did not say a word. Next morning the walls were red, everything was red, and red bread and red wine were placed on the table. He neither ate nor drank anything, however. When night came, and he was lying down, red spirits came and whacked (*walkten*) him; still he never opened his mouth.

"Next morning the walls were white,

the furniture white; and white bread and white wine were on the table. Pengo ate and drank freely, and at night white spirits came to his bedside and sang the sweetest songs, but he made no sign of the pleasure they gave him. Next morning the gold fish said to him, 'You have stood the trial well. Go now to the stable where you will find four black fillies. One is the bride of the wise man, the others are the brides of the wolf-king, the eagle-king, and the raven-king. The witch to whom this castle belongs secures brides to be her coursers whenever she can, and when she obtains a new one she drowns the eldest of her stock. You will see herself in the shape of a gadfly lighting on them one after another, and tormenting them. Catch or strike her if you can, and her power will be at an end.'

"He found her flying about from one to the other, tormenting them. He held on striking at her till at last she was touched, and fell down in the appearance of an old hag, and the steeds appeared in their own shapes of beautiful young women. While he and they were quitting the stable, the witch gave a great cry, and sprang into the lake.

"Pengo brought the young women into the presence of the wise man, who was much rejoiced, and was going to rise, but found he could not. 'Where is the wedding-ring?' said he. 'Alas!' said his bride, 'the witch snatched it from me the day she forced me away. I know not what she has done with it.' The wise man thought for a while, and then said, 'It is either in the air or in the water.' Just as he spoke up came the wolf-king, the eagle-king, and the raven-king, and great was their joy on meeting with their brides. 'It is not in the air,' said the eagle-king and the raven-king, 'or we would have knowledge of it.' 'Perhaps it is in the sea,' said the gold fish. He called all the fishes together, but no one had seen the ring. 'Are all here?' said he. 'All,' said a voice, 'but the limping pike.' 'Let us wait for the pike,' said the gold fish. After a while came the lame fellow. 'What has kept you so long?' said the gold fish. 'I was at the ale-house drinking the value of a ring which I lately

found.' 'Begone and bring me that ring, or you're a dead jack.'

"He went away grumbling, and came back with it in some time. Scarcely was it in the hand of the wise man when his strength returned. Up he stood, and pressed his bride to his heart. Then said he to Pengo, 'Your bride is in the ninety-ninth island of the sea. Go thither, and if she loves you still, she will tell you where the strength of her keeper lies. What you are to do further I know not, for it is one of the three things hidden from me.' So the gold fish called the whale, Pengo got on his back, and away they went swimming.

"When they came to the ninety-ninth island, his bride met him on the strand and hung about his neck. 'Have you come at last to free me, dear husband?' said she. 'Certainly,' said he; 'but first you must tell me where the strength of the span-long man lies.' 'That I cannot,' said she. 'He is now taking his after-dinner nap at the sixty-sixth island, as he does every day. When he returns I shall endeavour to find out his secret. Go and remain hid till morning, and then come back.' He did so.

"The man of the span's length soon returned from the sixty-sixth island, and the princess thus spoke to him: 'You are always telling me you love me much, but how can I believe you, for you give me no proof of it.' 'What proof do you want?' said he. 'I wish you to let me know where your strength is hidden.' 'That is easily done. It lies in that log at the door.' 'Oh, then,' said the princess, 'it must not be left about so carelessly. Bring it here till I put it in the chest.' The little man laughed. 'I have deceived you,' said he. 'My strength lies in that besom.' She immediately took the besom and put it in the chest, but the span-long man laughed again. 'I have deceived you again,' said he. 'It lies in this oven-fork.' She took the fork, and wrapped it up in three or four folds of linen, and laid it along with the rest.

"'I see now,' said he, 'that you love me dearly, and I shall tell you the truth. My strength is not in the log, nor in the besom, nor in the oven-fork, but in the wood. A golden stream flows there, and when I sleep, a golden hart comes to drink at that

stream. If that hart should be killed, a lamb would issue from him, and if he escaped I would be still strong. If the lamb be slain, a duck would fly out of him, and if it got safe off my strength would still be preserved. If the duck perishes, a cockchafer would spring out of its mouth. When it dies my strength dies with it.

"Next day when Span's Length went to sleep in the sixty-sixth isle, the princess told Pengo what she had heard, and away he went into the wood. The first thing he met was a wolf, and just as he was going to let fly at him he cried out, 'Don't shoot. The wolf-king sent me here to help you.' A little farther on an eagle began to fly round and round over his head. When Pengo had the arrow-head on the string he stopped his hand with the same words, putting the eagle-king for the wolf-king. A raven then met him and the same thing took place.*

"At last he came to the bank of the golden river, and hid himself in a thicket, and it was not long till the golden hart came and looked carefully round him. As all was still he plunged into the river and began to enjoy his bath. Pengo bent his bow and shot him dead, but as he fell a golden lamb issued from him, and began to run away. The wolf was waiting for this; he sprung after the lamb seized him and began to tear him. Then a wild duck rushed out of the lamb's mouth, and flew upwards. The eagle who had been waiting in the clouds, darted down, caught the duck and killed it in a moment, but not till the cockchafer was free out of its mouth and away. But the raven made a dart through the air, and brought it unhurt in his bill to Pengo, who wrapped it in his handkerchief. He came to the magician's house, and told his princess that he had now the life and strength of her gaoler in his hand, and she kindled a fire in the oven.

"When the little man woke on the sixty-sixth island, he flung his war-club to his house as he was wont to do, and then sprung to the seventieth island. Pengo lifted the club, and

flung it back to him, and at the same time gave a slight squeeze to the cockchafer. Span's Length felt at the moment that some of his strength was gone, but he hoped to be able to free the cockchafer, and recover it. He had not strength to throw back the club, so he put it on his shoulder, and came back step by step.

"When he met Pengo he spoke friendly to him, offered to give him all his treasures, release the princess, and make a treaty of friendship and alliance with him. But Pengo knew his villanous heart, and that if he agreed, the magician would keep no terms when he recovered his strength. So he answered, 'You are a false-hearted wretch, who has repaid good by evil. You must die,' and having said so he threw the cockchafer into the oven. It was burned up in a moment, and in the same instant the evil sorcerer crumbled to dust.

"Pengo conducted his bride to her father's court, and great joy did their coming spread around. There was soon a great festival, and there came to it the wise man and his wife, the wolf-king and his wife, the eagle-king and his wife, the raven-king and his wife, and I am not able to describe the joy and happiness of everyone, and the last time I heard about them they were as happy as ever they were."

THE GLASS MATCHET.

"There once lived a count and countess who tenderly loved one another, and the only thing that troubled them was that they had no child. However twelve years after their marriage a son was born, but his mother died next day. With her last breath she told her husband that if the child's feet ever touched the earth he would come under the power of a wicked sorceress.

"Great care was taken by his nurses about him till he became three or four years old, and then a curious chair was made for him in which he could guide himself round lawns and gardens, and at ten years of age he was ordered by the doctors to ride. In this exercise he was always attended by

* The reader will excuse the absence of the two repetitions in the self-same words. It is more however than the fireside hearers would do.

his servants, and little by little all appeared to forget what awaited him if his foot touched earth.

"One day when he was a good distance from the house, he saw before him a river with reeds growing thick on its bank. He made his horse spring over it, and just as his feet touched the other bank, a frightened hare darted out, and away with him. The prince set spurs to his horse, and was just up with him when the girth broke. The saddle turned, the prince came to the ground, and vanished from his followers' sight the same instant.

"They sought for him in great confusion on every side, but all in vain, and at last were obliged to return with the dismal news to the Count. He guessed it was the work of the wicked sorceress, but in the middle of his great grief he never gave up the hope of recovering his son some day or other.

"The moment the Count touched the earth he felt himself in the grasp of the sorceress who immediately conveyed him to her castle which stood in mid-sea. Before it a bridge of clouds rose and stretched away till it met land with woods, and hills, and valleys.

"When they arrived, the sorceress told him he was to begin his business at once, and to expect the severest punishment if he did not strictly perform it. She gave him a glass hatchet, and bade him cross that bridge of clouds, and have every tree in the forest on the other side cut down before night. Above all she charged him on no account to speak to the black maiden that was sometimes seen in that wood.

"With a sorrowful heart the Count commenced to cross the cloud-bridge which seemed to sink under his feet at every step. At last he got into the wood, but the first stroke he gave on the trunk of a tree, the axe flew into a thousand pieces. Now he was in a state of the deepest misery, and wandered here and there, and gave himself up for lost. At last he felt tired out and anxious for a little rest. He lay down, and hardly did he touch the ground till he was fast asleep.

"Something disturbed him after a while and when he awoke he saw a black girl standing before him. She greeted him kindly, and asked, was he obliged to obey the sorceress who owned the wood? He made a sign

that it was so. She then told him that she was also in the sorceress's power, and should remain black until a young person would pity her and aid her to cross the river that lay beyond the wood where they would be safe, as the witch's power did not extend to any living thing beyond it.

"He was glad to hear her words, and promised if she would assist him to perform his task, he would assist her. She then told him the sorceress was her own mother, who would put her to death if she would find out that she had given him the least help.

"After making him promise again that he would reveal nothing to her mother, she gave him a drink which put him in a sweet sleep. Great was his surprise when he woke, to find the glass axe whole and sound at his feet, and every tree in the wood lying level on the ground.

"He returned across the cloud-bridge, and greatly astonished the hag by showing her the sound axe, and telling her that the wood was cut down. She questioned him if he had seen or spoken to the black maiden, but he held out firmly that he had not. So she gave him a piece of bread and a cup of water for his supper, and put him in a small damp closet to sleep.

"At dawn of day she aroused him, gave him the glass hatchet, and bade him have all the trees cut into small billets, and piled up before sunset. If not he might prepare himself for dreadful punishment, which would likewise await him if he spoke to the black maid.

"This day's task was no lighter than yesterday's, but he crossed the bridge with a stouter heart to encounter it, for he had confidence in the assistance of the black maiden. She met him as soon as the bridge was behind him, greeted him kindly, asked him what he had to do, gave him a drink which put him asleep, and when he awoke there was the wood all chopped in billets and piled up.

"The hag was again much surprised to see the hatchet whole, and hear that the logs and branches were piled up, and she cross-examined him whether he had seen the black girl, or got any help from her. He kept silence or denied that he had seen her, and the sorceress was obliged to be satisfied.

"The third day's task was the hard-

eat of all for he was to erect a building on the shore, and every part of it was to be of gold, silver or precious stones, and he was to find all these things by himself. He set out over the bridge with great hope, and on the shore he found all sorts of tools,—axes, hammers, spades, &c., but not the smallest bit of silver or gold, or appearance of a precious stone.

"He was becoming uneasy enough till he caught sight of the black maiden standing partly behind a rock, and beckoning to him. She was concealing herself there from the sight of her mother. He went over and begged her help. This time the sorceress was on the watch from her window. When the Count went over to the rock she caught a glimpse of her daughter and himself in conversation, and let such a scream out of her, that sea, and rocks, and all echoed it, and with her clothes and her hair streaming back in the wind, she got on the bridge, and began to course over it like an arrow.

"The Count gave himself up for lost, but the black maid bade him follow her with all the speed he could muster. So while he thought the hag was just behind him the girl after pronouncing a charm, flung back a small bit of rock, and there before the hag was a gleaming palace whose intricate openings and passages gave her much delay before she could get out on the other side.

"The maid was rousing the Count to still greater speed in order to reach the river on whose farther banks they would be safe from the evil power of her mother, but before they had got over half the way he was terribly dismayed by hearing the loud cursing of the witch and the rustling of her clothes as she was sweeping after them. With every breath he drew he dreaded to feel her hand on his neck, but the maiden stopped, pronounced a magic word, and she became a lake, and the Count was a drake swimming over it.

"Then the angry witch uttered charms to bring thunder and hail down on the runaway, but she could not disturb the water. Then she muttered more charms, and a mountain of sand rose at her feet to dry the lake, but it only pushed the water on. She then flung a shower of golden nuts round the drake thinking to

allure him to eat one of them, but he only tossed them about with his bill, flew along the water backwards and forwards; dived here and there, and mocked the witch in a hundred ways.

"She got so furious and annoyed at seeing her own frightful face reflected in the lake that she determined to try another trick. She went back and hid behind a rock, and the moment the black maid resumed her own shape, and restored the count his own, and both were hastening to the edge of the river, she was after them again with the speed of the wild deer. When she thought she was near enough she was about to cast a dagger at them, but before her rose a chapel, and a monk was standing in the narrow doorway.

"In rage she flung the dagger at him, but had the grief to see it fall at her feet broken in pieces. Her wrath increased, and she uttered a spell to make the earth open, and swallow the building, and then stamped three times with her foot. She saw the earth gape, and heard thunder underground, and hoped that fugitives and chapel and all would soon be swallowed up. But on a sudden all vanished, and she was surrounded by a thick dark wood and the bellowings of buffaloes and bulls, and the howlings of bears and wolves were heard at hand.

"While she was striving to get out through the close dark wood, the black maiden put, the young Count to a severe proof for her deliverance. She instructed him what to do, gave him a bow and sheaf of arrows, and vanished. Immediately a furious boar came rushing on him, but he shot an arrow into his brain and down he fell. Out of his jaws leaped a hare, and ran away like the wind, but another arrow stopped his flight. Up in the air rose a dove from the hare's body, and she flew round and round over the young man's head. This was the severest task of all, but he remembered the black maiden's charge, and let fly another arrow. Down she came fluttering, and when he went to take her up he found only an egg. Just then a lammergeier (vulture) was seen darting down on him from the clouds. He waited till the frightful bird came near, and then flung the egg into its

mouth. The bird vanished on the moment, and the fairest young girl in the world was by the young Count's side.

"But the river was yet to be crossed and the terrible witch had just cleared the wood and was racing towards them. He took the maiden on his shoulder and rapidly swam to the other side. The witch attempted to follow, but her magic power ceased at the nigher bank. The waves boiled round her and she perished miserably beneath them.

"The Count and the beautiful damsel went forward to his father's house, and spread joy in and about it for days and days. The bride had well earned the happiness she now enjoyed with her bridegroom and the grateful old Count, and never was a bride or wife more beloved by her husband."

If any hard-headed, captious, and intelligent reader lift his hands and exclaim, "How in the name of everything absurd, could such a series of impossibilities as is here tied up together, ever entertain a company of people of ordinary intellect?" let him figure to himself an assemblage of children and uninstructed people, sitting supinely round a wide hearth and determined to enjoy heat and relaxation as long as possible. Their minds in this state are disposed to receive in the most welcome and uncritical fashion everything how wild or wonderful soever. Their bodies are at ease, and the only mental action agreeable for the time is the reception of and consent to every wonder with which the narrator chooses to fill their imaginative faculties. The annoyance felt at the conclusion of a short story is not small. All minds were up to that time in the lazy enjoyment of James Thomson, when the delicious peaches were descending into his mouth and melting down his throat without giving him a shadow of trouble. The story-expecting audience, when the tale was ended, and another had not commenced, were in the same plight as our lazy poet, obliged to migrate to another part of his paradise, and perhaps to raise his hands to the boughs in order to continue his enjoyment. Examination into improbabilities or the absence of causation

would induce trouble and mental fatigue, which taking the inherent comforts of the position into account would be intolerable.

The stories with which the Hungarian shepherds, and hunters, and soldiers entertain each other at their watch-fires, afford most striking example of kicking hills out of the way, and yet stumbling over twigs. We evidently possess only the degraded remains of the original inventions, which were, in all likelihood, skilfully constructed. The narrator probably adjusted the power proper to each demon, witch, or sorcerer, and established consistency among their actions and in the general framework of the tale. But the stories in time lost these good properties to a great degree, and the listeners were obliged to content themselves with a succession of wild, and wonderful, and often ill-connected exploits. In these Hungarian fireside narratives we find powerful sorcerers, and witches, and shadowy though powerful influences; such as moon-kings, and serpent-kings, and wolf-kings, a sort of pantheistic divinities, potential in the highest degree in some cases, and as impotent as a withered leaf in others. Connected with this defect is a frequent absence of motive, and a want of apparent connexion and proportion between cause and effect.

If it be true that the fireside lore still existing is but a corrupt modification of the history and mythology of prehistoric races, it may be reasonably inferred that when original revelation ceased to be rightly understood or even remembered, it was succeeded by varieties of pantheism or Manichæism. For in all the old fictions that have received no modifications from Christian treatment, we find no trace of belief in an all-powerful superintending Providence. All supernatural powers, except the good genii, consist of malevolent beings, whose sway over mere mortal men and women is great, and would be exerted for their woe, only for the still greater might possessed by their well-disposed rivals, who frequently have a hard struggle before they can defeat the efforts of those baleful influences.

Some happy and peculiarly fitted genius may arise some day to bring the large number of Aryan household stories within moderate limits, by

confining the same succession of incidents to one tale. The same, or perhaps another still more gifted individual, may be able to refer every prevailing sentiment, or opinion, or fact in any of these expurgated and reformed narratives to a corresponding feature in the mythology of our early races. The household tales are the bequest of ante-historic times, we know nothing of the corrupt theology of these same really dark ages. However, fragments obtained of what was believed and practised in the earliest extant records, will enable the great

coming man to build up the mythical system of every people, as our Cuviers, our Owens, and their brothers find it only child's play to produce the interior structure, and outward seeming of defunct races of bird, beast, or reptile, from the contemplation of a thigh bone, or a well-preserved shoulder-blade. Meantime, in our own humble way, we have endeavoured, and will endeavour to furnish our future benefactor of his race with materials for his work,—a truly great one if it be ever achieved.

WORDS OF LOVE.

Ah love ! how I remember it—
 'Twas on a summer night ;
 The roses, and the velvet lawn,
 Under the moon's pale light,
 The lights from windows streaming,
 The words and laughter gay,
 All like the music in a dream,
 So faint and far away.

You stood beneath the jessamine,
 In the still, holy light—
 A vision of an angel's face
 It seemed to me that night ;
 Blue eyes upon me beaming,
 And hair that softly shone,
 A hand that, like a fluttering bird,
 Lay captive in my own.

Oh love ! how I remember it—
 The words I spoke to you,
 The answer that I read, and read
 In honest eyes of blue.
 I know not why I lingered,
 Or how it came to pass,
 But a flood of joy came o'er me,
 Like the light upon the grass.

Dear love ! how I remember it—
 The hush, and the light's eclipse,
 When I put my arms about your neck,
 And kissed your cheeks and lips.
 Are you fairer now, I wonder,
 Is there light in your angel eyes ;
 Shall I see you, touch you, love you,
 In earth's new paradise ?

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN.

HABITUAL students of *Blackwood's Magazine* have for about two years missed, from its pages, a versatile and brilliant mind, whose sense, penetration, and humour, always genial, and occasionally couched in verse, were tinged with peculiarities of character, and now and then sportively, but very effectually, victimised some of the more grotesque and dangerous of our modern speculators. A Church dignitary, who, from conscientious motives, laboured to place the Bible on a par with Joe Smith's romance—a naturalist who preferred deriving his genealogy from some tadpole of ancient days to tracing it up to Adam and Eve, and would, respectively, move heaven and earth for the propagation of their notable discoveries, were pretty sure to receive their deserts from the pen of the eminent man whose name heads this article.*

If individuals with a determined turn for money speculation, were capable of being persuaded to moderate their wild desires to bring everything within their grasp, the miracle might be wrought by the perusal of the story of the "Glenmutchkin Railway." If the "Selector of Species" slept soundly for a week after the perusal of the Ode in *Blackwood*, May, 1861, he must have been possessed of a peculiar set of nerves.

HIS CLAIMS TO THE TITLE OF POET.

Mr. Theodore Martin, the friend of long standing and the collaborateur of Mr. Aytoun, has left in the conclusion of his biography, a very just and carefully-weighted estimate of the powers of his subject. The reader will be interested and informed by some passages from this agreeable analysis.

"Greater poets than Aytoun, and of the present century, too, are now little read—but they are not, there-

fore, the less great poets. The power which spoke to men's hearts so strongly once remains in their works to speak to them still. So, I believe, will it be with the best of Aytoun's poems. Fashions in poetry may alter, but so long as the themes with which they deal have an interest for his countrymen, his lays will find, as they do now, a wide circle of admirers. His powers as a humorist were, perhaps, greater than as a poet. They have certainly been more widely appreciated. His immediate contemporaries owe him much, for he has contributed largely to that kindly mirth without which the strain and struggle of modern life would be intolerable. Much that is excellent in his humorous writings, may very possibly cease to retain a place in literature from the circumstance that he deals with characters and peculiarities which are in some measure local, and phases of life, and feeling, and literature, which are more or less ephemeral. But much will certainly continue to be read and enjoyed by the sons and grandsons of those for whom it was originally written, and his name will be coupled with those of Wilson, Lockhart, Sidney Smith, Peacock, Jerrold, Mahony, and Hood, as that of a man gifted with humour as genuine and original as theirs, however opinions may vary as to the order of their relative merits."

Instead of wasting ink and paper in arguing that the poetry of Mr. Aytoun possessed fulness, sweetness, strength, perfect rhythm and rhyme, and was distinguished by well-sustained flights into the realms of imagination, Mr. Martin furnishes well-chosen specimens which unmistakably stamp its character. Few endowed with a sense of genuine poetry, could read without delight, such lines as we are about to quote from the Ode on the Marriage of our Prince and Princess:—

* "Memoir of William Edmonstoun Aytoun, D.C.L., Author of 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers,'" &c. By Theodore Martin. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons.

"Pass from the earth, deep shadows of the night;
 Give place and vantage to the rosy dawn;
 For now the sullen Winter takes his flight,
 His dreary robe's withdrawn.
 Coy as a maiden moves the wavering Spring
 With dainty steps across the emerald lawn,
 Her tresses fair with primrose garland plight.
 Hark, how the woods and bursting thickets ring
 With the glad notes of love and welcoming,
 The twitter of delight, the restless call
 Of myriad birds that hold their festival,
 When leaves begin to sprout and flowers to blow.
 'Oh, joyous time,' 'tis thus I hear them sing,
 Each to its mate upon the bourgeoning spray,—
 'Oh, happy time! Winter hath passed away,—
 Cold, rugged Winter, with its storms and snow,
 And all the sadness of the shortened year.
 Be glad, be glad—the pleasant days are near,—
 The days of mirth, and love, and joy supreme,—
 The long-expected day for which we pined.
 Flow on, for ever flow, thou wandering stream,
 Through tangled brakes and thickets, fast entwined
 With the lithe woodbine and the clam-bering rose.
 For thee there is no rest,
 But we shall build our nest,
 In some dim coppice where the violet blows,
 And thou shalt sing to us the live-long night
 When hushed, and still, and folded in delight,
 We pass from waking rapture to repose.' "

Even when caricaturing the spasmodic lays of Alexander Smith and Sidney Dobell, by imitating or slightly overcharging passages in their poetry, he could not prevent himself from breaking out into a burst of real poesy not unworthy of the climes and the personages so lovingly recalled, and so inspiring to every soul imbued with classic recollections:—

" I've leaped into the air,
 And clove my way through ether like a bird.
 That flits beneath the glimpses of the moon,
 Right eastward till I lighted at the foot
 Of holy Helicon, and drank my fill
 At the clear spout of Aganippe's stream.

I've rolled my limbs in ecstasy along
 The self-same turf on which old Homer lay,
 That night he dreamed of Helen and of Troy;
 And I have heard at midnight the sweet strains
 Come quiring from the hill-top where enshrined
 In the rich foliage of a silver cloud,
 The muses sung Apollo into sleep."

Not less filled with the excellence of old song is the sequel, though tinged with the grotesque and extravagant character which befitted the object of the lay.

"Then came the voice of universal Pan,—
 The dread earth-whisper booming in mine ear;—
 'Rise up, Firmilian! rise in might,' it said.
 'Great youth baptized to song, be it thy task,
 Out of the jarring discords of the world
 To recreate stupendous harmonies,
 More grand in diapason than the roll
 Among the mountains of the thunder psalm.
 If any comes
 Between thee and the purpose of thy bent,
 Launch thou the arrow from the string of might
 Right to the bosom of the impious wretch,
 And let it quiver there. Be great in guilt,
 If like Busiris thou can'st rack the heart
 Spare it no pang. So shalt thou be prepared
 To make thy song a tempest, and to shake
 The earth to its foundation—Go thy way!
 I woke and found myself in Badajos.
 But from that day with frantic might I've striven
 To give due utterance to the awful shrieks
 Of him who first imbued his hand in gore—
 To paint the mental spasms that tortured Cain!
 How have I done it? Feebly. What we write
 Must be the reflex of the thing we know;
 For who can limn the morning, if his eyes
 Have never looked upon Aurora's face,
 Or who describe the cadence of the sea
 Whose ears were never open to the waves,
 Or the shrill winding of the Triton's horn?
 What do I know as yet of homicide?
 Nothing. Fool, fool! to lose thy precious time
 In dreaming of what may be, when an act
 Easy to plan, and easier to effect,
 Can teach thee everything . . . It is resolved
 I'll ope the lattice of some mortal cage
 And let the soul go free."

The absence of sunshine in the outward manifestation of devotion among the main body of his countrymen, was very distasteful to our tender-souled poet. His biographer mentions how on a Christmas eve, while affected by sadness for the non-observance of the blessed day which presented to the world its infant Saviour, he gave utterance to the following stanzas :—

“THE SCOTTISH CHRISTMAS.

“In truth it was a solemn show,—
The ancient Scottish Christmas tide,
The holly and the mistletoe,
And other boughs as green beside;
Within the altar and the rail
The offering of the stainless flowers,
And all the grateful heart's avail
For hope and promise such as ours.

“But these have long since passed away
Beneath the cold Genevan ban,
No message brings that sacred day
Of what was done and wrought for man;
A cheerless day, a gloomy time,
Whereon no grateful thanks are given,
Unhallowed by the holy chime
That ought to rise and welcome heaven.

“A frost more chill than winter's sting
Hath fallen upon the northern moor,
And no glad voice does Christmas bring
To stay the labours of the poor.
No anthem in the dead of night
Awakes the shepherd from afar,
Nor can he see the radiant light
That flashes from the promised star.

“Around the girdle of the earth
Where'er the cross hath ta'en its stand,
Arise the tidings of the birth
That made the world one Holy Land,
Save where the faith is cold and faint,
As are the northern rocks and snow,
Where sacred fane and honoured saint
Have vanished with the long ago.”

Having more than once been, ourselves, under the spell flung round her by the gifted lady (Miss Helen Faucit) in whose album the following lines were written we willingly revive it by quotation. Like every true poet Aytoun fully felt what he so eloquently expressed. Mr. Martin says, “I scarcely remember to have seen Aytoun so deeply moved as by the impersonation which was their immediate cause. The trouble of his

mind was more like that of a man who had been an actor in a real tragedy, than of any mere spectator “sitting at a play.” His emotion was too strong for him to trust himself to deal with the sadder aspect of Juliet's story, and so he confined himself to the passionate tenderness of its earlier phases :—

“TO JULIET.

“I have been wandering in enchanted
ground
The slave and subject, lady, of thy
spell,
I heard thy voice and straightway all
around
Became transformed, yet how I could
not tell.

“And then it was I heard the nightingale
Within the dark pomegranate bower
unseen,
Pour out the saddest and the tenderest
wail,
That ever filled with tears a lover's
eyne,
When a low whisper stole upon my ear
With such angelic sweetness in its tone,
That my heart beat as though a saint
were near,
And lost all sense of presence save of one.
For there upon the balcony above,
And whiter than the moonlight round
her shining,
I saw the perfect form of maiden's love
In the rapt fondness of her soul reclining;
And heard her speak in such impassioned
strain,
With so melodious yearning and divine,
That I shall never hear that tale again
From other lips, dear lady, than from
thine.”

A striking instance of the fallible nature of critical prophecy concerning a new book while the literary world is in a feverish state on the subject of its merits and defects, is furnished by the cheering letter sent to Mr. Aytoun by Lord Lytton immediately after reading his “Bothwell.”

“It is very long, indeed,” he writes to Aytoun, 19th August, 1856, “since I have experienced such delight from the *Dic, age tibia*. I congratulate you heartily. A most masculine performance—the verses ring on the anvil as strokes from the hand of an athlete.* The fulness and power of

* Are these Lord Lytton's words? or did the original run thus,—“The verses ring as strokes on the anvil from the hand of an athlete.”

your music are more effective from the variety of sound, obtained, too, without one of the affectations which disfigure contemporaneous song. The stern simplicity of the historical recitals enhances the singular sweetness of the more pathetic portions, and you have kept Bothwell grandly uniform and consistent throughout. You have dealt, indeed, with the history just as I think genuine art should deal with it, and in the same spirit with which Shakespeare took a chronicle, according to his belief in its truth, and then made the hearts of the characters speak out, reconciling act to thought and emotion. Believe me, it is altogether a great work."

Aytoun's biographer and long-attached friend had not the same ardent confidence in the success of the poem as the Author of "The Caxtons."

"At the end of 1855 Aytoun sent me the proof-sheets of the first book of his 'Bothwell.' I felt strongly that in the choice of such a subject, and in dealing with it in the form of a monologue, he had put himself into fetters, which would gall him deeper and deeper as he advanced, and I told him so with unreserved frankness. How kindly he took my criticism the following letter will show," &c., &c.

Still he persevered, notwithstanding the difficulties entailed by the framework of the piece, and encountered such vexations as his biographer has detailed.

"As 'Bothwell' advanced, Aytoun felt more and more the insuperable difficulties of the form of monologue into which he had cast it. Even had his hero been a man of ideal virtue instead of the coarse, ruthless, unscrupulous ruffian he was, no power of genius could have sustained the interest of his readers, or blinded them to a constantly recurring sense of improbability in a long poem framed on such a principle. Men do not talk soliloquies. We endure them on the stage solely from the necessity of the case, and the greatest dramatists use them most sparingly. But a lengthened monologue taxes our poetical faith too severely, especially when it professes to deal with complex incidents and a multiplicity of characters. The passionate man in such a tale as that of Bothwell's, was not the man to narrate its incidents,

or to draw the men with whom he worked, or to whom he was opposed. He was sure to fall here and there out of his part.

"Besides all this, Bothwell was not a hero about whom it was possible to feel any concern. Whatever gloss was to be put on his character, the main fact was not to be got over, that he was a thoroughly selfish, worthless villain, bloody, bold, and resolute, and the last man to feel or talk as men feel and talk who are to engage our sympathies in verse. It was, therefore, clearly impossible to keep faith with history, and at the same time to be in harmony with poetic art. Bothwell, as a character in a drama, would have given splendid scope for poetic handling; Bothwell in a dungeon telling his own story was a mistake. Aytoun struggled gallantly against these difficulties, but they were too much for him. The result was a poem full of passages of great beauty and picturesque force, but the ultimate verdict of the public has declared it unsatisfactory as a whole."

"The Origin of Species" (*Blackwood*, May, 1861) furnishes a good average specimen of Aytoun's vein of satiric poetry. He had the "Temple of Nature," by Erasmus Darwin, 1803, as well as "The Origin of Species," by Charles Darwin, in his mind's eye when composing his amusing verses. We cannot forbear quoting a few of these, passing over the aspirations and exertions of the monads and their immediate successors.

"Excrecences fast were now trying to shoot;—

Some put out a feeler, some put out a foot,

Some set up a mouth, and some struck down a root,

Which nobody can deny.

"Some wishing to walk, manufactured a limb,

Some rigged out a fin with a purpose to swim,

Some opened an eye, some remained dark and dim,

Which nobody can deny."

Some progress being made by hydras, starfishes, flies, and lobsters exerting their individual energies, we gain ground in creation.

"From reptiles and fishes to birds we ascend,
And quadrupeds next their dimensions extend,
Till we rise up to monkeys and men
where we end,
Which nobody can deny.

"Some creatures are bulky, some creatures are small,
As nature sends food for the few or for all,
And the weakest we know ever go to the wall,
Which nobody can deny.

A deer with a neck that is longer by half
Than the rest of its family's (try not to laugh),
By stretching and stretching becomes a giraffe,
Which nobody can deny.

.

"A very tall pig with a very long nose
Sends forth a proboscis quite down to his toes,
And he then by the name of an elephant goes,
Which nobody can deny.

"The four-footed beast that we now call a whale,
Held his hind legs so close that they grew to a tail,
Which he uses for threshing the sea like a flail,
Which nobody can deny.

"An ape with a pliable thumb and big brain,
When the gift of the gab he had managed to gain,
As a lord of creation established his reign,
Which nobody can deny."

Humiliating as is the idea of claiming descent from the mere monad through flies, lobsters, &c., worse is in store for our descendants if they do not look wisely to their ways.

"But I'm sadly afraid if we do not take care,
A relapse to low life may our prospects impair,
So of beastly propensities let us beware,
Which nobody can deny.

"Their lofty position our children may lose,
And reduced to all-fours, must then narrow their views,
Which would wholly unfit them for filling our shoes,
Which nobody can deny.

"Their vertebrae next might be taken away,
When they'd sink to a shell-fish or spider some day,
Or the pitiful part of a polypus play,
Which nobody can deny.

"Then losing humanity's nature and name,
And descending through varying stages of shame,
They'd return to the monad from which we all came,
Which nobody can deny."

AS PROSE SATIRIST.

Mr. Aytoun was a master of keen satire as well as of genial humour. His sharpest missiles were generally kept in reserve for political and social hypocrites whose professed opinions savoured of Whiggism or Puritanism. Speculatists and jobbers came in for their full share of his frank abhorrence and its unqualified expression. At a time when the railway mania was at its height, came out the "Glenmutchkin Railway," which though not intended to damage any individual project was made by wise thinkers to fit more than one or two of them. How well were the members of the provisional committee baptized!—Sir Pollexfen Tremens of Toddymains, the Mac Cloakie, Augustus Reginald Dunshunner, Mhic Mhac Vich Induibh,* the captain of Mac Alcohol, the Factor for Glentumblers, John Job Jobson, Evan Mac Claw, Habbakuk Grabbie, Portioner in Ramoth Drumclog.

The prospectus of which we present a portion was after the approved pattern of those framed at that memorable period to excite the public pulse to fever speed and heat.

Now Glenmutchkin possessed a distillery, and some years before,

* Most happy in general was the phraseology used by Mr. Aytoun's Highlanders, but there is a solecism in the wording of this name which should be *Mac Mhic or Vich* &c. *Induibh*, Mhic or Vich being the genitive case.

a fishing village, every Celtic inhabitant of which had been sent off to America by the laird. "The Mac Closkie" was a drunken porter at the corner of Jamaica-street in Glasgow. This being premised we give fragments of the address.

"The necessity of a direct line of railway communication through the fertile and populous district of Glenmutchkin has been long felt. Independently of the surpassing grandeur of its mountain scenery and other considerations of greater importance, GLENMUTCHKIN is known to capitalists as the most important breeding station in the Highlands, and the great emporium from which the southern markets are supplied. It has been calculated by a most eminent authority that every acre in the strath is capable of rearing twenty head of cattle; and as there are not less than two hundred thousand improvable acres immediately contiguous to the proposed line of railway, the number of cattle to be conveyed along the line cannot be less than four millions annually. . . . From this estimate the traffic in sheep and goats, with which the mountains are literally covered, has been carefully excluded.

"The population of Glenmutchkin is extremely dense. Its situation on the west coast has afforded it direct communication with America of which the inhabitants have largely availed themselves. The amount of exportation of live stock [human beings to wit!] from this part of the Highlands to the western Continent has more than once attracted the attention of Parliament. The manufactories are large and comprehensive [one distillery]. The minerals are most abundant, and amongst them may be reckoned quartz, porphyry, felspar, malachite, manganese, and basalt! . . .

"The railway will be twelve miles long, and can be completed within six months after the Act of Parliament is obtained. The gradients are easy, and the curves obtuse. There are no viaducts of any importance, and only four tunnels along the whole length of the line. The shortest of these does not exceed a mile and a half.

"In conclusion, the projectors of this railway beg to state that they have determined as a principle to set

their faces against all SUNDAY travelling whatsoever, and to oppose EVERY bill which may hereafter be brought into Parliament, unless it shall contain a clause to that effect. It is also their intention to take up the cause of the poor and neglected STOKER, for whose accommodation and social, moral, religious, and intellectual improvement a large stock of Evangelical tracts will speedily be required. Tenders of these, in quantities not less than 12,000, may be sent in to the interim secretary. Shares must be applied for within ten days from the present date."

No writer has more amusingly, and, we are assured, more happily than Mr. Aytoun produced on paper the Highlandman's attempts at pure English, especially when his bile is a little stirred. This gift combined with his love of wild sports on heath or loch made his autumn excursions very pleasant in the reading. We must make a few extracts from his account of Rory MacNab's experience among the *sealchs* (seals). Rory dwelt on the banks of the Oikel, which runs into the Firth of Dornoch, and the following character has been given of the tribe to which he belonged. Mr. Aytoun attributed the composition to a highland bard, but we detect the fine Celtic hand that detailed the progress of the Feud between the "Fairshon and the MacTavish."

"Of all the Highland clans,
Mac Nab is most ferocious,
Except the Mac Intyres,
Macraus, and Mackintoshes."

"Rory's circumstances were not remarkably flourishing, but all at once he came out strong in the article of peltry; and a revenue officer searching his house for the products of illicit distillation, was petrified at finding his barrels overflowing with oil. . . . Some who knew that Rory was a capital performer on the bagpipes, opined that he took advantage of the notorious fondness of seals for music, and thus beguiled them to their ruin. . . . Rory preserved his secret, and could not be brought to blab even under the influence of usquebaugh. . . .

"One evening towards dusk some fishermen were returning in their boat from a station near Bonar bridge much incensed at the injury they had

found inflicted on their nets by the seals. 'The tevil is surely in the baistes,' said Angus Mac Bane. 'I will tell you what: you might have putten a stot through the hole that was in my nets, and it is not my beliefement that it was done by any common sealch. Pesides and what is more, I have seen, my own self, something going about that is not canny, and you yourself, Lachlan Mac Tavish, were witness to things whereof you can testify.'

"And that surely I will do," replied the party appealed to, 'for no later than yesterday was two days, I saw down there something that was not a sealch though it was fery hairy. And what do you think it was doing? May I never taste Glenlivet more if the creature was not smoking!'

"And I will tell you morely," said another, 'I would rather take than receive a plow from the baste that has been leaving its marks on the mud these last two weeks; for I saw the marks of toe-nails as plainly as I see this tobacco. But yonder are the sealchs—filthy prutes!'

"And indeed there lay on the bank opposite them a large herd of these animals. One looked enormous in bulk, and was sidling towards a group of females.

"I will make them get out of that in a fery small expenditure of time," said Angus Mac Bane; and he lifted up his voice and shouted, as did his comrades. Down rushed the seals precipitately to the water, as is the custom of these animals—all save the monster, who, to the consternation and terror of the fishermen, reared himself bolt upright upon his tail, shook his clenched flipper at the boat, and spoke thus with a human voice:—

"A plack feeshing and a pad harvest to you, and ill-luck upon your head, and on your firesides, and to all your undertakings, and female relations; you, Angus Mac Bane, son of Dugald Mac Bane, blacksmith at the meikle ferry! And the same to you, Lachlan, who do not know who your own father was, though your mother was Elspat Mac Farlane in Toman-toul! And the like to the rest of you down there, whom I shall descry as soon as I can perceive you. I'll tell you what it is. I will not submit to be molested by such insects, and if I

should catch you again, disturbing the panks, tefil take me if I do not give you some shots from a gun, which will noways pe comfortable for your podies!'

In a letter to T. Smith, scene-painter and tragedian at the Amphitheatre, on the serial of "Silas Spavinitch," which that gentleman was then seeing through the press, Mr. Aytoun was sufficiently severe on writers who indulged in minute, diffuse, and elaborate descriptions of the company, and the general order of things appertaining to cider cellars, judge-and-jury entertainments, and other institutions not personally known to church-going Christians. He did not spare scribblers whose trade and boast was to excite hatred to the civil government of the realm. He had not the good-fortune to witness some exhibitions of this year of grace 1867, but probably his model anti-law-and-order orator has his imitators now, and in future years new ones will be sure to rise.

"Had you ever the pleasure, Smith, of meeting one of these gentlemen among the amenities of private life? I have upon various occasions enjoyed that luxury, and as far as I am capable of judging, the Pericles of the platform appeared to me a coarse-minded, illiterate, and ignorant cockney, with the manners and effrontery of a bagman. Such are the men who affect to regenerate the people, and who are listened to with avidity, because impudence like charity can cover a multitude of defects. And thus they stand like so many sons of Telamon, each secure behind the shelter of his brazen shield."

Mr. Smith appears to belong to the class of writers whose faults and defects are next pointed out, but the peep he cannot forbear taking into the mirror held before him will scarcely make a conversion, though well fitted to effect that desirable object.

"In former times, men devoted to the active pursuit of letters, brought to the task not only high talent, but deep and measured thought, and an accumulated fund of acquirement. They studied long before they wrought, and attempted no subject till they had thoroughly and comprehensively mastered its details. But

we live under a new system. There is no want of talent, but we look in vain for marks of the previous study. Our authors set up for masters before they have learned the rudiments of art, and dispense altogether with reflection. Few men think now before they write. So our modern literature is of the flimsiest description;—vivid sometimes, and not without sparkles of genial humour, but so ill-constructed as to preclude the possibility of its long existence.

"These are the men who make the loudest outcry against the social system, and who appear to be imbued with an intense hatred of the aristocracy, and indeed of every one of our time-honoured institutions. . . . The cardinal virtues are to be found alone in the habitations of the poor. The rich are hard, selfish, griping, and tyrannical; the nobility are either fools, spendthrifts, or debauchees. . . . I do not need to be told of the virtue and industry which grace the poor man's lot, for we all feel and know it, and God forbid that it should be otherwise.

"The fact is that most of these authors know nothing of the society which they affect to describe, but which in truth they grossly libel. Their starting point is usually not a high one, but by dint of some talent,—in certain cases great,—and a vivacity of style joined with a good deal of drollery and power of bizarre description, they gain a portion of public favour, and at last become notables."

Our Mentor next taking for granted that "Silas Spavinitch" was going off by tens of thousands, advises him not to be inordinately puffed up with his success, nor renounce his ordinary acquaintance, nor set his soul on being invited to dinner at the houses of Holland and Devonshire. He gives him a prophetic glance of what would probably take place.

"I think I see you at a ducal table with an immense fellow in livery behind you, utterly bewildered as to how you should behave yourself, and quite as much astonished as Abon Hassan when addressed by the Chief of the Eunuchs as the true Commander of the Faithful. How gladly would you not exchange the *scuffles* and *salmis* for a rump steak and onions in the back parlour of the

Ducrow's Head! Far rather would you be imbibing porter with Widdicombe than drinking Hermitage with His Grace; and oh, horror of horrors! you have capsized something with a French name into the lap of the dowager next you, and your head swims round with a touch of temporary apoplexy as you observe the snigger on the countenance of the opposite lackey, who, menial as he is, considers himself at bottom quite as much of a gentleman and as conspicuous a public character as yourself."

Smith is sure to come to sorrow if he attempts to entertain the Duchess's two lovely daughters with green-room or tavern anecdotes, or follow the hounds with the Duke himself. His philosophic friend therefore advises him still to tolerate his comrades of old times, and continue to relish such domestic amenities as he had hitherto enjoyed in the bosom of his family.

THE MODEL BIOGRAPHER.

Finding a more plentiful leaven of bitterness in those remarks than we can easily reconcile with the genial disposition of their maker, we would help him, if he needed any assistance, in raising and flinging that full vessel of indignation which he discharged on the heads of those pokers into the sayings, and habits, and practices, and foibles of every man of note in order to boil future pots with the rubbish collected. In this respect the moderns are, little to their advantage, contrasted with the ancients. Virgil wrote theses when a schoolboy; he probably betted on horses when connected with Augustus's court; he talked and laughed till morning hours, it may be presumed, with Horace and other agreeable rakes. But the school theses have not been preserved, neither has the betting book, and no one is able to assign time and place to any of the nocturnal exploits alluded to. In the words of our text—

"Through the sensitive delicacy of his executors we have lost the record of his repeated larks with Horace; the pleasant little supper parties celebrated at the villa of that dissipated rogue, Tibullus, have passed from the memory of mankind. We know nothing of the state of his finances, for

they have not thought fit to publish his banking account with the firm of Lollius, Spurana, and Company. Their duty as they fondly believed was fulfilled when they gave to the world the glorious but unfinished '*Æneid*.'"

Many a living man of literary note will sympathise with the amiable subject of this biography in his dread of some unseen and unregarded little *Borzy*, who may be dogging his path, and watching the motions of his lips when he utters the most commonplace remarks.

"Why is it?" he asks, 'that one and all of us are chary of admitting a certain class of Yankees to our social hearth? For this reason that as sure as there are huckleberries in Connecticut, he will take down your whole conversation in black and white, deliberately alter it to suit his private purposes, and Transatlantically retail it as a specimen of your life and opinions. And is it not still a more horrible idea that a "Silas Fixings" may be perpetually watching you in the shape of a pretended friend. . . .

"In these times no man of the least mark or likelihood is safe. The waiter with the bandy legs who hands round the negus-tray at a blue-stocking coterie, is in all probability, a leading contributor to a fifth-rate periodical, and in a few days Mac Tavish will be correcting the proof of an article in which your appearance and conversation are described. Distrust the gentleman in the plush terminations. He too is a penny-a-liner, and keeps a commonplace book in the pantry. Better give up writing at once than live in such a perpetual state of bondage. What amount of present fame can recompense you for being shown up as a noodle or worse to your children's children! Nay recollect this that you are implicating your personal and perhaps most innocent friends. Bob has accompanied you home from an insurance-society dinner where champagne has been rather abundant, and next morning, you, as a bit of fun, write to the president that the watchman has picked up Bob in a state of inebriety from the kennel. The president after the manner of the fogies, duly docquets your note with name and date, and puts it up with a parcel of others, secured by red tape. You die. Your

literary executor writes to the president, and requests all documents that may throw light on your personal history. Preses in deep ecstasy at the idea of seeing his name in print, as the recipient of your epistolary favours, immediately transmits the packet, and Robert is handed down to posterity in the character of a habitual drunkard, although a more abstinent creature never went home to his wife at ten."

Good advice though given in a jesting manner follows. Let every one who attains literary fame write his own memoirs, and the most determined Boswell will not at the great man's death, set up his recollections as a rival to the autobiography.

Let every little literary gossip take the following serious sentences to heart, and not do with his pen after his friend's death, the wrong which he would not have ventured to do with his tongue while he lived.

"If we were to discover that we had so grievously erred as to repose confidence in a person, who, the moment he received a letter penned in a paroxysm of emotion, and revealing a secret of our existence, was capable of exhibiting it to the circle of his acquaintance, of a surety he should never be troubled with any more of our correspondence. Would any man dare to print such documents during the life of the writer? We need not pause for a reply, there can be but one. And why is this? Because these communications bear on their face the stamp of the strictest privacy—because they were addressed to, and meant but for the eye of one human being in the universe—because they betray the emotions of a soul, which asks sympathy from a friend with only less reverence than it implores comfort from its God. Does death then free the friend and confidant from all restraint? If the knowledge that his secret had been divulged, his agonies exposed, his weakness surrendered to the public gaze, could have pained the living man, is nothing due to his memory now that he is laid beneath the turf,—now that his voice can never more be raised to upbraid a violated confidence?

"The confidences of the dead should be as sacred as those of the living.

And here we may observe that there are other parties quite as much to blame as the biographers in question. We allude to the friends of the deceased, who have unscrupulously furnished them with materials. Is it not the fact that in very many cases they have divulged letters which during the writer's lifetime they would have withheld from the nearest and dearest of their kindred? In many such letters there occur observations and reflections upon living characters, not written in malice but such as were never intended to meet the eyes of the parties criticised, and these are forthwith published as racy passages, likely to gratify the appetite of a coarse, vulgar, and inordinate curiosity. . . .

"The biographer seems to consider himself exempt from social secrecy. He shelters himself under the plea that the public are so deeply interested, that they must not be deprived of any memorandum, anecdote, or jotting, told, written, or detailed by the gifted subject of their memoirs. Therefore it is not a prudent thing to be familiar with a man of genius. He may not betray your confidence, but you can hardly trust to the tender mercies of his chronicler."

WHO IS A MINSTREL?

We have had occasion more than once, in discussing the claims of the romantic poetry of the old Celtic bards, to point out its vitality and enduring hold on the sympathies of the generations who succeeded its composers. The ancient bard addressed an audience, including those endowed with cultivated intellect, and those with whom this quality was entirely in subjection to passion and feeling. The composition which could awaken and secure the interest of audiences so constituted, must have been addressed in chief to human feeling and thought in their most extended sense, and such, indeed, was the fact. One necessity which has materially contributed to the enduring popularity of Shakespeare, was that of making his dramas please every

rank, from the Sidneys and Walsinghams, and Cecils, and Devereuxes, sitting on their joint stools within a few feet of the personages of the drama, to the groundlings whose highest enjoyment was a horselaugh at some coarse joke. Even so, Sir Walter Scott wrote such poetic romances as were calculated to delight his neighbour Cuddie Headrigg as well as the living representatives of the Duke and Duchess in "Don Quixote." Mr. Aytoun well illustrated this subject in his lecture on the ballad poetry of Modern Europe.

After alluding to the varied powers of Wordsworth, Wilson, Southey, Keats, and others, he remarked, "To all of these has admiration been accorded, and yet to none of these poets, great and famous as they are, has the name of minstrel been given. And why? Because these poets addressed themselves to audiences not only of cultivated tastes, but of peculiar idiosyncrasies.

"They could each of them charm a circle of greater or of less dimensions; they were magnetic in a high degree, not to all minds, but to minds similarly constituted with their own.* They were masters of a spell not unfelt, perhaps, by all who heard them, but potent only in regard to those to whom they stood in close intellectual affinity. They were potentates of the realms of poetry, . . . but the voice of none of them was acknowledged as paramount throughout the land. . .

"The popularity of Scott must be accounted for on some other principle than the mere superiority of genius or poetical accomplishment. I do not maintain that the genius of Scott was greater than that of some of the men whose names I have enumerated; and in regard to poetical accomplishment, several of them were more consummate artists than he. But then he is the poet of action, the portrayeur of deeds, the vehement narrator of life in its excited and exalted moods. The same impulse which makes us long to be spectators of a battle-field—the same impulse which drew our ancestors in crowds to the tournament or the coronation

* This metaphor may appear incorrect, as bodies in the same state of electricity repel each other.

—attracts us to the poetry of Scott, in which we recognise or think we recognise a vivid representation of the past. He gives us action which we accept as historically true; he utters sentiments, not languid, polished, and refined, but in accordance with the action, which never for a moment flags, and we are hurried on, whether we will or no, by the tide, torrent, and impetuosity of his narrative. Look, for example, at the midnight ride of William of Deloraine from Branhholm to Melrose. . . . All that from first to last is minstrelsy of the very highest order—minstrelsy which is so absorbing that we cannot resist it—minstrelsy which all ranks and ages alike feel, appreciate, and understand.

“Scott is popular because he abstains from anatomy of the passions, because through the whole of his verse you have no metaphysical problems to solve, no intricate intellectual knots to unravel. . . . He was no Frankenstein to fashion monsters beyond the pale of God’s creation. He did not, like Byron, confound the elements of right and wrong by calling into ideal being such melodramatic incongruities as the Conrads, the Laras, and the Giaours—enigmas, or rather chimeras, which, fortunately for us all, have no recognisable types in humanity. He did not, like Wordsworth, select some moonstruck pedler as the proper medium for the utterance of apparently profound meditation. He did not, like Shelley, practise self-anatomy and intreat the public to assist at the vivisection of his palpitating heart. . . . Scott confines himself, in his poetry at least, to characters of a kind intelligible to all, . . . and hence it has been said that they are superficial or commonplace. If by that they mean to say that his characters do not present us with a condensation of all that is great or mean, attractive or repulsive in humanity, I agree with them in point of fact, but I differ widely from them in deduction.

“Why then should Scott be distinctively called the minstrel? Simply for this reason that the recitation of the noblest passages of his poetry will procure in every mixed assembly a more vivid, marked, and general effect than

could be occasioned by the recitation of the writings of any other poet of this century. In fact they are framed for recitation, that is for oral utterance when the mind can accompany the ear without pause or difficulty. . . .

“I am resolute in refusing the title of minstrel to those poets whose works will not stand the test of recitation before a mixed audience. I call no man a writer of good tragedy unless his plays are such as to attract when exhibited on the stage; but for all that, there is much fine poetry in plays which no mixed audience would endure.”

SKETCH OF THE POET’S LIFE.

The subject of our paper was born on the 21st June, 1813. His father, Roger Aytoun, held the position of partner in one of the leading firms of “Writers to the Signet” (in English parlance solicitors or attorneys). He was a Whig of the school of Gibson-Craig, Jeffrey, and Cockburn, but his only son the future poet and prophet of *Blackwood*, as he advanced beyond the mere period of youth became a genuine Tory for which we love not his memory the less. Looking back with a sentiment of regret to the house of Stuart, he was not the less a loyal subject of Her Majesty, in whom he recognised the descendant of Mary of Scotland. “From his mother Aytoun took his bias in literature and politics, his Jacobite sympathies, and his passion for ballad poetry.” This lady’s maiden name was Joanna Keir. “Early left an orphan her youth was spent with her grand-uncle, Mr. Alexander Keith of Gravelstone, to whom she was in the habit of reading works far beyond the range of a young girl’s studies; and having a very retentive memory, her mind was well stored with the treasures, both of poetry and prose. . . . Add to the qualities already named a high chivalrous spirit and a piety which chastened, but never chilled her vivacity and cheerfulness, and it will be seen how fortunate was the son of such a mother, and for how much of what was best in him he must have been indebted to her influence.”

The circumstance of young Aytoun’s nurse-maid being the daughter of a reputed witch, and of course, well

versed in legendary and magic lore, assisted the natural bent of his imagination. She sadly abused her privileges however, and so wrought on the child's nerves with accounts of the *Booman*, that as he himself recorded, "he had nearly become a bauldy (simpleton) for life, from having been surprised on one occasion while surreptitiously investigating the contents of a jam-pot, by the descent of a climbing boy into the nursery, and the terrors of his telegraphic boo!" This lassie of small judgment revealed all the domestic and other economy of kelpies, wraiths, headless ghosts, corpse-candles, &c., to the poor child. Why did not Mrs. Aytoun look about her more carefully in the selection of this earliest schoolmistress? As much of "Puss in Boots," of "Cinderella," of the "White Cat," of "Little Red Riding Hood," and all the other gracious household tales as you please, but let the existence of evil or frightful beings remain long unknown to the child and guard his soul from superstitious terrors.

Aytoun's school-days were more distinguished by harmless frolics and droll escapades than by close attention to classic studies. In later years at the Edinburgh University he took small pleasure in the mechanical exercises of prosody. He said afterwards that he was kept fumbling at the wards of the lock, when he should have been examining the treasures of the chamber. Metaphysics he detested. He made this remark concerning them later in life.

"The science appeared to me an elaborate diabolical invention for mystifying what was clear, and confounding what was intelligible. It muddled the intellect without refining the understanding, and the peculiar jargon in which it was couched seemed to me destructive of the English language."

The young student took some interest in chemistry. In "Norman Sinclair" he told in the most humorous style the various mischiefs and mishaps which attended the study, such as destroying silver spoons by rubbing them with mercury, obtaining this last metal by destroying a barometer, and blacking his hands with as fulminating powder, but nearly blew himself and a comrade into

eternity, by attempting to manufacture hydrogen gas. At a certain point of the process—

"The flame waxed dim, buzzed like an infuriated wasp, descended into the jar and a tremendous explosion followed which dashed both of us to the ground.

"Willie man," said I, recovering myself, striving to sit upright, and extracting a piece of glass from my cheek which bled profusely,—"Willie man, are ye killed?"

"No; I don't think I am," said Willie. "But Lord's sake Norman, bear a hand with the water-jug; fling it over me; fling it over my legs, for the acid has burned through my breeches, and I feel it biting into my flesh."

Sporting excursions into the Highlands and even as far as the Orkneys were incidents in the youth and manhood of our poet. He has left many delightful and picturesque sketches of these pleasant intervals in the ordinary course of existence. Aytoun excited a great sensation at Thurso in one of his youthful expeditions, by donning kilt and sporran. The unwashed natives were confounded at the whiteness of his limbs and the freshness of the outfit. The little boys followed the party out of the town with loud cheers and many manifestations of delight.

Before entering on the serious business of life he spent a season at Aschaffenburg in Bavaria, to perfect himself in German. He has left it on record that he beheld with his own eyes the conjuring book of the original Dr. Faust, who instead of usefully employing his energies among printer's types as is commonly supposed, exercised the profession of a wizard, and was tried therefor in the criminal court of his native place Wittenberg. There he was executed leaving his conjuring book as a legacy to future times. Here are Mr. Aytoun's own words on the subject of the volume.

"I was very desirous of seeing a curiosity, which I believe to be unique in the world; and accordingly, after a good deal of trouble, I obtained a view of Faust's particular volume. It was in an oaken case, secured by a chain and padlock, and contained within a good many boards, covered on each side apparently with parchment. On one side of each board

there was painted with great skill and delicacy, the full-length portrait of a spirit or demon, with his name inscribed below; and some of them were individuals whom I would by no means willingly have invoked. Beneath each picture was drawn the pentagram or cabalistic sign of the spirit, and the extent and limit of his powers. Some could raise tempests, some cause delusions, some discover hidden treasures; and on the reverse of each board were written the spells for summoning them, and the precautions necessary to be taken. The book was most extraordinary even as a work of art; and I can truly say that in turning it over, I felt almost as much astonished as William of Deloraine might have been when he took the volume from the hand of the Scottish wizard. But what struck me more than anything else was an inscription at the end of the volume to this effect. 'I Johann Faust have made this book, which contains the semblances of the spirits which may be evoked, with their signs, and the spells which can compel them. But thou whoever thou art, who shalt open it, beware, for by doing these things I have lost myself, body and soul. Jo. Faustus.' I cannot vouch for the exact accuracy of these words, for I was not allowed to copy anything."

This might appear a bit of curious mystification, but for the circumstance of its forming a portion of one of Mr. Aytoun's public lectures. His biographer, no more than we ourselves, or any of our literary acquaintances have ever heard of the existence of the book of Aschaffenburg. That there was a certain Johann Faust, known to Melancthon, whose practices of the "Arts inhibited" brought him to a miserable end, is now generally acknowledged. Still, if there be such a relic of *Teufelskunst* at Aschaffenburg, why do we not hear of pilgrimages annually undertaken by disciples of Paracelsus and Cornelius Agrippa to that Mecca of the prophet Faust.

From 1835 to 1840, we find our poet learning or doing the business of "Writer to the Signet." In the last named year he was called to the bar, and though poetry has no charm in solicitors' eyes when about to intrust a brief, he got a fair share of employ-

ment on the western circuit. Contributions from his muse appeared in *Blackwood* from time to time, and during the years 1842, 1843, and 1844, he and his biographer jointly and separately produced the delightful Bon Gaultier Ballads in *Tait's* and *Fraser's Magazines*.

The first of Aytoun's heart-stirring ballads written to exalt the fame of Jacobite and Cavalier heroes, appeared in *Blackwood*, April, 1843, under the title of the "Burial March of Dundee." His sympathy with these brave enthusiasts was unaffected and strong, not at all assumed for enhancement of his popularity as a poet.

In 1845, he was appointed to the chair of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the Edinburgh University, and so well did he discharge his pleasant duties, that his students who numbered only 30 in 1846, amounted to 150 in 1864. This appointment added more to his literary reputation than to his account in the bank. In 1852 his appointment as Sheriff of Orkney was decided on, and as long as his powers endured, he made annual progresses to his little kingdom, and enjoyed the healthy recreations of hunting and fishing which they afforded him. In April, 1849, he married Jane Emily, youngest daughter of Professor Wilson. After ten years enjoyment of domestic happiness he was deprived of his gifted and affectionate partner, her decease occurring on 15th April, 1859. On the 7th November, 1861, he lost his mother, who had then completed her ninetieth year. His enjoyment of life may be said to have reached its limit when left a lonely, childless widower. On the 4th of August, 1865, he quitted this troubled scene, dying, as he had lived, a sincere Christian.

If Mr. Aytoun did not attain the very highest rank as a poet or a novelist, it was chiefly owing to the continual claims on his time by his practical avocations, and the occasional character of the greater part of his productions. It seemed as if some strong motive from without was needful to induce his muse to engage in the labour of composition. If the "Iliad" was the composition of one mind, it never would have been constructed had William Blackwood and Sons

lived in Homer's neighbourhood, and secured, as they undoubtedly would, his services as a contributor. It would be difficult to discover poet or romancer who could so cleverly expose the serious faults of Smith, Dobell, and their brothers of the spasmodic school, or open the eyes of the public to so true and vivid a vision of the results of the railway insanity when it was at its height; or choose a more appropriate seat in the pillory of ridicule for the species-selecting philosophers, than the author of the "Feud of the Phairshon." But all these subjects were local or temporary, and necessarily communicated a portion of their nature to the vehicle with which they were invested. This objection cannot be made against "Bothwell;" but the leading idea of its framework was so faulty, as to fetter the finest and most vigorous powers of the poet's imagination.

The man himself was one of the most lovable of poets or romancers. It is not often that the memory of so many charming, brilliant, and even great qualities, as were united in Professor Aytoun, is so early preserved in a narrative so adequate, so amusing, and in all that constitutes good biography, so masterly, as that which his early companion, and distinguished collaborateur, in the renowned columns of *Blackwood*, has consecrated, with a just but most affectionate admiration, to the memory of his friend.

Among many papers written in the same spirit, we are well pleased at lighting on this tribute to his many delightful and amiable qualities by his tenderly attached brother-poet and humorist.

"A more delightful companion at this period (1843 *et circa*), it would be difficult to imagine. Full of health and vigour, and with a flow of spirits which would seem inexhaustible, his society acted like a tonic on men of a more sensitive temperament, and a constitution less robust. . . . With a quaint phrase, an unexpected epithet,

or an apt illustration, he would give a novel aspect to things the most familiar. Out of men or things the most commonplace he would extract materials for pleasantry and heart-easing mirth; and whether his imagination was running riot in a series of grotesque images, or his judgment insinuating its conclusions in a quiet stroke of irony, he was equally happy. . . . His vivid imagination warmed the stream of his conversation with a kind of poetical underglow. . . . He was of too kindly and sympathetic a nature to shine as a wit. Not only was his friend dearer to him than his jest, but he had that fine instinct of pain, which suspends many a flash of humour or of wit that might dazzle many, but must wound one. There was a charm about his talk which it would be hard to define. It was compounded mainly of pleasant exaggeration, playful allusion, unlooked for turns of phrase, and strong mother-wit. It was always the humour of a gentleman, without cynicism and without irreverence. Irresistible while you were under its influence, it rose so entirely out of the occasion, and was so coloured by the mood of the moment—it was so much in short a part of the man, that it would be as impossible to fix it upon paper as to perpetuate the gradations of light and colour,

'When rapt through many a rosy change
The twilight dies into the dark.'

Under this bubbling joyousness of spirit was a well of gentleness and tender heart, of strong feeling and chivalrous enthusiasm, which found its way to the surface on just occasion, and on just occasion only. . . . To women he was always tenderly courteous, and with children he was always happy, and they with him."

For the posthumous fame of Aytoun, no better wish could have been conceived, than the possession of a biographer so affectionate, so discriminating, and so accomplished, as the writer of this delightful volume.

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PRE-HISTORIC OXFORD.

IN these days of historical rationalism we are apt to wander to that extreme where *scepticism* loses its philosophical meaning—a *looking narrowly into and examining matters*—and acquires a meaning peculiarly theological, that of doubting everything not verified. The difference between the religious and the historical sceptic is that the religious sceptic has no consciousness of the necessity of revelation upon the inscrutable matter of religion, and the historical sceptic is inspired with a clear consciousness that history, more especially that of remote ages, is charged with myth and legend.

In the theological use of the term its true meaning is perverted—the word sceptic can only mean a surveyor that is a *looker into things*;* so that through the perverted meaning which this word has acquired theologically from custom, it would not be inapt to say that every inquirer into the Holy Scriptures is a sceptic, yet philosophically he is not. Therefore the scepticism of investigation is laudable, for we are told by Peter that not only did the prophets inquire and search diligently into some things, but even the angels desire to look into them (1 Pet. i. 10 and 12).

But our historical scepticism is apt

to lead us to the extreme, especially as regards what may be called mythical history. To overlook and cast aside the mythical history of a nation is to despise one great phase in the development of humanity as a society, the childhood of humanity, the age of primæval simplicity; in fact, to overlook the very foundation of history and philosophy. It was a grand thought of Heyne, that “*a mythis omnis priscorum hominum cum historia tum philosophia procedit.*”

We therefore propose, first of all, to investigate the mythical history of this great institution, which for three centuries stood in the van of religion and philosophy in England, and which has had a greater influence, and still exerts a greater influence upon the intellectual life of England than any other body or institution on her soil. And although we may not succeed in finding, amid the deluge of her mythology, any rest for the sole of our foot, yet we hope to show that the realities of her history make up for all defects in her claims upon remote antiquity. An institution which has had the greatest share in conducting the English race through the period of its consolidation, through its transition out of the darkness of semi-barbarism into the glorious light of modern

* From *σκοπεῖν*, to look around, to explore, to ponder, to weigh.
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civilisation, may rest satisfied with past and present realities without sorrowing after hopeless myths.

There is also the probability that myths may be founded upon some basis of truth; they may also grow out of exaggerated tradition, and such myths may arise at any period after the events which form their germ had taken place. In fact, in modern history it is difficult to get two narratives by different hands alike. Nay, even in the simplest narration of the facts of an event, especially if it be extraordinary, how difficult it is to obtain a consecutive unexaggerated account, is the experience of every judge and magistrate.

It was a custom amongst ancient historians to commence the history of their respective countries with the creation, obstinately determined to begin at the beginning. They also traced the genealogies of their earlier kings up to the gods, and when they became converted to Christianity, they managed to trace the same genealogies through those of the Bible up to the Creator. The Saxon historians, before conversion, led the genealogies of their kings up to the god Woden. "Hengist and Horsa," we are told, "were the sons of Whitgils. Whitgils was the son of Witta; Witta of Wecta, and Wecta of Woden." So Nennius, who was a British Christian, does the same for the ancient British stock. The Britons, he says, were named after Brutus, a descendant of Æneas, who was also descended from Japhet. The steps of that descent are gradually traced, and then the historian remarks that the first man of the race of Japhet who came to Europe was Alanus, who had three sons, Ysicion, Armenon, and Nego. One of the sons of Ysicion came to Britain; from the others came the Goths, the Vandals, the Lombards, and other races who overran Europe. Then, to complete the genealogy of the British, he returns to the point where Alanus came to Europe, and tells us Alanus was the son of Lethewir, son of Ogomnum, son Thois, son of Boib, son of Simeon, son of Mair, son of Ethac, son of Luothar, son of Eethel, son of Oothz, son of Aborth, son of Ra, son of Ezra, son of Israu, son of Barth, son of Jonas, son of Jabath, son of Japhet, son of Noah, son of Lamech, son of Methu-

saleh, son of Enoch, son of Jareth, son of Mahalaleel, son of Cainan, son of Enos, son of Seth, son of Adam, who was the son of the living God.

It is from this ingenious genealogist, Nennius, we first hear of that old legend of a Greek settlement in England under Brutus, the descendant of Æneas, Anchisea, Tros, &c., and from him even down to the time of Milton, that Greek settlement has been the foundation-stone of British history. Is there any atom of truth in it? We fear not; the period goes back too far beyond the pale of profane history, though there is a confirmation of the extreme antiquity of the British Isles to be found in Greek and Latin writers of all periods. Before the time when Cæsar wrote his Commentaries there is mention, more or less extensive, made in ten Greek authors, and as many Latin.

In the Argonautics of Orpheus, the date of which cannot be ascertained, though it is probably one of the earliest pieces of the Greek anthology, Ireland is frequently mentioned.

The other Greek writers are: Herodotus, 484 B.C., in lib. iii. 115, 116; Aristotle, 384 B.C., *De Mundo*, cap. 3 and 12; Pytheas of Marseilles, 300 B.C.; Eratosthenes of Cyrene, 275 B.C.; Hipparchus of Nicæa, 150 B.C.; the fragments of these writers alluding to Britain are to be found in Strabo; Polybius, 206 B.C., in his *History*, lib. iii., c. 57, sec. 15; and Diodorus Siculus, 90 B.C., *Biblioth. Hist.* lib. i., c. 4, lib. iii., c. 38, lib. v., 21, 22, 32, 38.

The Latin writers are: Lucretius, 97 B.C., *De Rerum Natura*, lib. vi., 1103 v.; Cicero, 106 to 43 B.C., in lib. ii., *Epis. xv. ad Quintum Fratrem*, *Ep. xvi. ad eund.*, lib. iii., *Ep. i. ad eund.* lib. iv., *Epis. xvii. ad Atticum*, and in several other epistles; Catullus, 88 to 46 B.C., *Carmen*, xi., 1-16, *Carm. xxix.*, in *Cæsarem Carmen*, xxv. v. 32; Virgil, 70 to 19 B.C., *Eclog. i.*, v. 65, *Georg. lib. iii.*, 22; Horace, 65 B.C. to 8 A.D., frequent mention in the *Odes*; Epodion. *ad. vii.*, *Carm. lib. i. ode 21*, 35, lib. iii. ode 5, lib. iv. ode 14.

The first phase of the pre-historic history of Oxford, is the adoption of this myth of a Greek settlement, and therefore we read in her old historians that when Brutus landed there were in his army twelve learned Greeks, who, after the country had been subdued, settled upon a spot

which they considered convenient for study, which they called Greeklade, from the fact, as Leland says, that these men taught the Greek tongue. There was also another settlement at a little distance called Latinlade, and these two comprised the school—the mythical germ out of which was to come the reality of Oxford University. They then removed to a more convenient spot called Bellesitum or Bellosite, which has been adopted as the site of the modern town.

We need scarcely add that there is not the slightest real historical foundation for this myth, but it is a creation of a much later period, although both Leland and Wood have accepted it. It has been developed probably out of the fact that all through antiquity we have evidence of the existence of schools organized somewhat on the plan of the modern university, and the fact of Cæsar having described the schools of the Druids. These two factors of the mythical history of Oxford we will briefly examine.

Perhaps the first mention we have of a society of youths under subjection to a body of teachers, is that which occurs in the Bible of the schools of the prophets, where young men were instructed—a system which sprung up in the time of Samuel as an antidote to the neglect of education by the priests. Of such kind were those schools at Bethel, Gilgal, Najoth or Ramah, Jericho, and Jerusalem; they were also subject to inspection, for we read that they were visited for that purpose by Samuel, Elijah, and Elisha.

The most ancient Greek philosophers adopted this plan. The Pythagorean order of discipline was, perhaps, the most like that of a modern university.

The youngest scholars (the novices) studied the elements of things, and when they were fitted were admitted to the schools in which they were to listen, but on no account to ask a question or to speak. For two years they remained under this discipline, and were called ἀκουστικοί "hearers." Then they were advanced a step, allowed to ask questions and to take notes from the lectures they heard; these were called μαθηματικοί, being

engaged also on higher studies. After a certain period they were still further advanced to the study of the principles of nature, and were then called φυσικοί.

Plato, Aristotle, and other philosophers had similar schools. Can it then be possible that in the remotest period of history such institutions existed in Britain? This brings us to the testimony of Cæsar, which we will briefly recapitulate. He describes minutely the schools of the Druids in Gaul, but he adds emphatically that the *system of education originated in Britain*.

In the whole of Gaul, he informs us there were but two races of any repute, and the mass of the people were in the position of slaves. One of these two races was the Druids, who were occupied principally with sacred matters, with public and private sacrifices.

But gathered around these were numbers of youths for the purpose of education. For twenty years these youths were engaged in committing to memory a great number of verses. They thought it not legal to commit this learning to writing, but in other matters, when they had occasion to write, they used the *Greek character*. They also disputed concerning the stars and their motions, the magnitude of the earth, upon nature, and the power of the immortal gods.*

Out of these two facts—the faint probability of a communication of the aborigines of Britain with the Greeks, and this testimony of Cæsar to the existence of Druidical schools—probably arose the mythical Greek settlement at Oxford.

We have not yet come within the pale of reliable history, though we advance to the time of Alfred.

Some years before the birth of Alfred we have clear evidence of the existence of a flourishing school at York.

After the death of Bede, Egbert was appointed to the bishopric of that city.† He was related to Ceolwulph, the king of Northumbria, who was well known to Bede. In his youth, according to the customs of the times, he was sent to Rome, and, during his episcopacy, he was diligent in the work of education, and

* Cæsar, De Bell. Gall., vi., c. 12.

† Saxon Chron. Godwin de Presul.

revived the school at York.* Alcuin was a native of this city, as we learn from one of his own letters—"Vos fragiles infantie meae annos materno fovistis affectu."† Egbert gave him the entire supervision of his school, and, in his last moments, bequeathed to him the care of his library.

The fame of Alcuin spread abroad; students flocked to him from all quarters, until an incident occurred which altered his career for the remainder of his life, and deprived England of her noblest son.

He had been sent to Rome to seek the pall for Eanbald, the successor of Egbert, and, on passing through Parma, he met Charlemagne, who entertained him nobly, and perceiving his valuable capabilities, tempted him to remain at his court.

The brilliant prospect of an emperor's friendship was too much for Alcuin's patriotism, and after obtaining the unwilling consent of his sovereign and Bishop Eanbald, he forsook his native country and settled with Charlemagne.

He was, in the highest sense of the term, a schoolmaster—the prince of schoolmasters—and his first work in his new position was to direct the mind of Charlemagne towards the foundation of schools.

Traces of the existence of a school attached to the palace are to be found through the history of the first race of kings,‡ so that the establishing by Charlemagne, through the agency of Alcuin, of the school at the palace, which was called the *Ecole Palatine*, was more a revival than an original foundation; but it ultimately became the renowned University of Paris, and we may still boast that to a native of this island France owes her first education.§

From the letters of Alcuin we find a delineation of the course of study pursued in this school. The whole system had a religious tendency. They taught grammar, we are told,

for the purpose of the better understanding the Scriptures; music, that they might improve their chanting and rhetoric; and dialectics in order that they might the better enter into the spirit of the ancient fathers, and like them, successfully combat heresy.

"Thus," says Alcuin, who takes none of the credit to himself, "did Charlemagne create a new Athens superior to the ancient city, insomuch as the doctrine of Jesus Christ is superior to that of Plato."

Charlemagne rewarded his friend with several gifts of monastic foundations, and, as a yearning to visit his native land came over Alcuin, he granted him permission to go on a visit. For three years he managed to delay his return to France, and his imperial master became so importunate that he was compelled to tear himself away from his beloved home, and return to what was nothing more than a splendid exile, for he could never after gain permission of the jealous emperor to leave France. He was ultimately made Abbot of St. Martin de Tours, to which he crept when the shadows of the last night were coming in upon him, where he once more established a school, and where, after completing the labour of his life by correcting and completely copying an exemplar of the Old and New Testaments, he went to his reward in the year 804.

We cannot be too proud of this distinguished Englishman. During his life he was the light of the court of Charlemagne, consulted by the Emperor, his family, and nobles, and he was the prototype of the long race of English schoolmasters of Asser, of Ascham, and of Arnold.

During the 15th century there lived at Guy's Cliff, near Warwick, an old priest, John Rous; he was chantry-priest at a small chapel founded by Guy, Earl of Warwick, and from his retired habits this eccentric old man was called the

* The school was founded by King Sigebert.

† *Epis. ad Fratres Eborac.*, in *Acta Sanct. Ord. Ben.*, iv., 163.

‡ *Hist. Liter. de la France*, iii., 424.

§ Crevier, in his "*Histoire de l'Université de Paris*," generously acknowledges the debt—"Celui de tous les savans étrangers dont la gloire est venue à nous est le celebre Alcuin que Charlemagne comme nous l'avons observé prit lui-même pour maître et qu'il établit chef et modérateur de l'Ecole de son Palais. C'est cette Ecole que nous devons considerer avec le plus d'attention puisque c'est à elle que l'Université de Paris rapporte son origine."—*Lib. i.*, p. 26.

Hermit of Guy's Cliff. He, however, devoted his time to historical and genealogical literature, and produced many decorated manuscripts, though Dugdale could only find of them a chronicle of the kings of England and a roll of the earls of Warwick.

One of his productions which has come down to us is a most valuable specimen of mediæval art; it is a life of Richard Beauchamp, fourteenth Earl of Warwick, who died in 1439. The life written by Rous was decorated with fifty-three large square drawings, drawn with the pen, in a style called tricking, or drawing in trick. This manuscript is preserved in the British Museum (Cotton MSS., Julius IV.), and is most valuable, not only as a specimen of art, but as a source of information as to custom and costume of the period. Strutt has reproduced the illustrations in his "Manners and Customs" (vol. ii., plates vii. to lix.). These pictures illustrate the career of the Earl from his christening to his death-bed, including the principal incidents of his life, his marriage, his departure to the wars and on missions, and the ceremony of receiving the benediction on such occasions, his return home, the scenes of his domestic life and public career, and lastly his death-bed, with the ceremony of extreme unction. From the first and last scenes we glean a confirmation of two facts, that children of that period were baptized by dipping the whole body into the font, and that it was the custom to lie in bed totally naked. In the baptism scene the bishop is in the act of dipping the child totally naked, and in the death-bed scene the Earl is quite naked in bed, it is also confirmed by the scene of his birth, where it may be easily perceived that the mother is naked.

But we must appeal to his other work, the history of the kings of England. In his records about Alfred he gives a glowing account of his doings at Oxford, where he revived the schools and organized a university, with rules that we are quite sure were not in vogue there until centuries after Alfred's death. Whence this old antiquary got his information we cannot tell, but he asserts that when the Pelagian heresy

broke out Pope Gregory sent an interdict, through which all the schools, especially those at Oxford, were broken up, and, according to Leland, who enlarges upon this matter, were dispersed among the monasteries. This desertion of Oxford, Rous says, lasted until the time of Alfred, when certain learned men settled there again, and procured students to come to them, whom they taught according to the rules and distinctions to which we have alluded.

Unfortunately, we have no historical proof in any way that Alfred ever did anything in Oxford, and the evidence of a poor obscure recluse, writing 600 years after the event, must go for nothing, being unsupported by any ancient testimony.

But the old historians Leland, Wood, Twyne, and Camden, have fought bravely for this Alfredian revival of Oxford, which, if it could only be established, would put the antiquity of the university on an equality with that of Paris, and some to this end have resorted to very questionable practices, out of love to Alma Mater.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth the great controversy broke out afresh between the two universities, Oxford and Cambridge, as to the question of antiquity. It arose from the following circumstance:—

Her Majesty had visited Cambridge, and during one of the feasts an orator in a Latin speech declared that their foundation was of far greater antiquity than that of the sister university. This aroused the Oxford men, and the controversy raged for many years with unabated zeal. Both struggled for superiority of age, and even ventured to go so far back as the Deluge.

Twyne, the author of the antiquities of Oxford, suddenly brought out an edition of the life of St. Germain, said to be written by Constantius of Lyons, in which a very impressive and triumphant passage occurred concerning the state of Oxford in the days of the orthodox saint—"Erat in illis Apostolorum instar autoritas per conscientiam doctrina per literas, virtutes ex meritis; accedebat præterea tantis autoribus assertio veritatis itaque regionis illius Universitas in eorum sententiam prompta transierat."

Wood, who with all his faults and

blind adoration of antiquity is very fair and candid, saw through this spurious passage, and declared it to be false. He set to work and discovered an ancient MS. copy of the same life in the Bodleian Library, and found upon comparison that there was no trace of such a word as "*illius*" after "*regionis*," but that the passage was merely "*itaque regionis universitas in eorum*," &c.—that is, simply, "that the generality of the people of the country were ready to receive his doctrine" (*not the university*).

We may perceive from this what zeal was manifested by the antiquarians of the times when they could take such a mean advantage of words as to change the simple phrase "*universitas regionis*" into a vastly different thing, "*Illius regionis Universitas*."

Camden, then Clarenceux King at Arms, however, was not to be outdone by Twyne, and in the year 1603 that well-known antiquary brought out an edition of a manuscript life of Alfred, by Asser, which he had discovered, transcribed, and caused to be printed at Frankfort. In this celebrated MS. there occurred a full account under the year 886 of the state of Oxford at that time, and this discovery was announced in the full assurance that it would utterly annihilate the heroes of Cambridge. It stated that at that time Grimbald had settled at Oxford by the invitation of Alfred, and had introduced new practices; that he had quarrelled with the old masters who were residing there, and who had objected to his reforms and changes. The controversy lasted three years, the masters having formally refused to submit themselves to Grimbald and his rules, but it dwindled from that time, and once more broke out with increased vigour, when, in reply to an intimation from Grimbald, Alfred himself visited Oxford.

The opponents of Grimbald represented to the king that they could prove from ancient records, that although the university had lost prestige through the disturbed state of the country in early times, yet it had existed for centuries, and been celebrated as a place of sound learning; that such men as Gildas Nennius, Melkin Kentigern, and

others, were educated, and had been readers there, and then it states that Alfred, after patiently hearing both sides, endeavoured to persuade them to come to some agreement, and a sort of compromise was arranged, but as Grimbald was dissatisfied and disappointed, because Alfred did not decide in his favour, that great man retired in disgust to the monastery at Winchester, of which he was abbot, and bid farewell to the world.

Such a clear assertion as this, made in the ninth century, of the great antiquity of Oxford even then, and in a manuscript purporting to be so ancient, was a crowning victory for the Oxford party in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

But Brian Twyne, a great Oxford antiquarian, had a suspicion of this passage, and proposed an interview with Camden upon the subject. We shall give the substance of that interview, as it is recorded by Wood, who transcribed it from a paper in Twyne's handwriting, being a verbal account of what had passed between him and Camden. Wood thought it of sufficient importance to get this copy attested before a public notary; Camden was then Clarenceux King of Arms, and in the document Twyne states that "upon the 18th February, 1622, repairing to Mr. Clarenceux his lodgings at Dr. Heather's house in Westminster, after some conference with him of divers matters, at length I was bold to make mention of his edition of Asserius *Meno-*vensis, and of a certain passage in that history, pointing at the great antiquity of our university of Oxford, which because it is not found extant, now either in any copy by itself, or in any manuscript or printed edition before, therefore I told him it grew to be reputed *παρεμβεβλημενον* and suspected, and that it was desired by many personages, that he would be pleased now in his lifetime, to yield to the world some better satisfaction therein; to which he answered that peradventure he had done so already, and it might be he would do it more fully hereafter. "For your part," he said, "I do not take you to be one of those of whom you speak, having already approved that passage by your own pen, and upon whose judgment in this point I dare rely, as soon as upon theirs; although touching the

place itself which is questioned, the matter is not great whether it be in or out, for the case is clear enough for Oxford antiquity (as you well know) without that place."

This indistinct reply did not satisfy Twyne, who boldly asked him if he had inserted it himself, upon any authority or not, and he replied still evasively, "I caused the whole history of Asserius, to be transcribed out of a manuscript copy, which I had then in my hand, wherein that place was extant, but it seemed that the copy was not very ancient," and when Twyne asked him how old he thought the manuscript, he replied that he "took it to be written in *King Richard the second his time*!"

This explanation is anything but clear or satisfactory. The MS. was not produced; Camden does not positively deny that he interpolated the passage, but simply states that he found it there, and had it copied. The evidence is against him. Nothing of the kind can be found in any other manuscript of Asser's work. In the edition published long before, by Archbishop Parker, (in 1574), the oldest extant, there is no trace of such a passage, so that we cannot help coming to the conclusion, that as the old monks used to add miracles to their biographies of the saints, "*ad majorem fidei gloriam*," so this worthy antiquary and enthusiast Oxonian must have interpolated that splendid passage into the original MS. and thus found it there, from a similar motive *ad majorem Oxoniæ gloriam*.

The other legend of the Alfredian myth, is the connexion of St. Neot with the University of Oxford. There are several manuscripts of the life of the saint in the Cottonian collection, and one in Saxon, but Dr. Pauli remarks that the earliest date which can be allowed to their handwriting, is the 10th century; just the period when the legends about Alfred sprang up, and were bandied from lip to lip, amongst the people.*

As might be supposed, Rous is very circumstantial in his account of this matter. According to him, it

was St. Neot who instigated Alfred to restore Oxford, and the result of that influence was that the king erected three halls, one for grammarians, another for arts, and the third for theologians. He says the first was in the High street, towards the east gate of the city, in which were twenty-six grammarians, and it was called *Parva Aula Universitatis*, because it was for the inferior sciences, and that in Rous' time it bore the same name. The second was towards the north wall of the city, in the street called School-street. In it were twenty-six logicians or philosophers, and it was called *Aula minor Universitatis*.

The third was contiguous to the first on the west side, and was called *Aula Magna Universitatis*, where Alfred ordained that twenty-six theologians should apply themselves to the reading Holy Writ, and for whom he appointed a sufficient allowance. Several other halls were established by the inhabitants and people in the neighbourhood.†

Even Wood‡ places no confidence in these statements of a man who writes in the fourteenth century so circumstantially of events of the ninth, without telling us what were his authorities. He declares that in all his researches he found nothing to corroborate a single item, and we are therefore driven to the only safe conclusion that there is no sound historical proof of there being anything like an organized university at Oxford in the time of Alfred. Schools of some sort there probably were, because we find that in Doomsday Book there is an entry made concerning "hospices or halls at Oxford, 42 of which were given by the Conqueror to one Robert Doily." "*Robertus Doili, lit. in Oxon, xlii. domos. hosp. tam infra murum quam extra et ex his reddunt gildam et galbam. Alia neutrum reddunt; pro paupertate non possunt.*" The ordinary houses were too poor; these hospices were in all probability endowed school-houses. Also the coming of Vacarius, the foreigner, in the year 1149, to establish lectures in civil law, proves that

* King Alfred und seine Stelle in der Geschichte Englands, p. 209.

† Rous de Regibus Angliæ. Cotton MSS. Vesp. A. xii.

‡ Wood, Hist. and Antiq., vol. i., p. 24.

there must at that time have been some more advanced form of education at Oxford; that these schools must have developed themselves into something like a university, and become sufficiently well known to attract attention, though we cannot trace the steps of the development.

There is also a continual mention of Oxford throughout history, from the period of Alfred down to the time of the coming of Vacarius, which we shall hereafter adopt as the starting-point of the real history of Oxford; nor are legends wanting, built up in after ages from spurious documents and from fancied allusions.

Perhaps the first of any consequence after the Alfredian revival was the impression which spread abroad that Ingulphus had been educated there. The passage upon which it is built occurs in a chronicle which was probably concocted in the fifteenth century by the monks of Croyland, to make the claims of their monastery good against the monks of Spalding. It is composed of fragments which may have been written by the real Ingulphus, who was abbot in the time of William the Conqueror; but it is so full of anachronisms and palpable interpolations that it can in no way be accepted as historical evidence. Thus writes the pseudo Ingulphus about Oxford:—

"Now I, Ingulph, a humble servant of St. Guthlac and of his monastery at Croyland, a native of England, and a son of parents who were citizens of the most beautiful city of London, being in my tender years destined for the pursuits of literature, was sent to study first at Westminster and afterwards at Oxford. After I had made progress beyond most of my fellows in *mastering Aristotle*, I also thoroughly studied the first and second Rhetoric of Tully."

This is spoken of under the year 1061, and if Ingulph heard Aristotle

read at Oxford that year, he heard what had not been heard elsewhere throughout all Christendom.

The whole chronicle is so interspersed with errors such as no contemporary writer could make of the events of his own time, that it must be entirely abandoned as evidence for Oxford. The most enthusiastic admirer of her glories could not digest such a statement now as Wood digested that Ingulphus, in the year 1051, made progress in Aristotle at Oxford.*

We will mention a few of these anachronisms. In the history of the period of Alfred and Edward the Elder, there is clear evidence that it can be no more than a mere transcription of William of Malmesbury's account of the same kings; and with events of his own time the pseudo Ingulphus is no better; he speaks of Count Rudolph under 1062 as the husband of Goda, when he was her son; and his accounts of the abbots of Croyland near his own time are wrong.† He also speaks of visiting the Emperor Alexis at Constantinople in a pilgrimage he accompanied in 1064; but Alexis did not ascend the throne till 1081. There can be no doubt that this chronicle was compiled in the fifteenth century, when most of the charters contained in it were for the first time drawn up to win the King over to the side of the children of St. Guthlac at Croyland, against the bold monks of Spalding, and that the statement of Aristotle being read at Oxford in the eleventh century was the incautious falsehood of the forger who wrote of things past as they were in his own time.

After this we have nothing reliable about Oxford, except a besieging of the city by William I., on his way to the North, and a burning of it in the early part of the reign of Stephen, when the Empress Maude was sheltered there.

* Wood says, "Methinks this is so familiarly spoken, that to an impartial person Oxford cannot otherwise but seem to be an usual place for students to retire to, to obtain academical learning, not only in this king's reign, but long before. The original of Ingulph's History is reported to be at this time reserved as a choice monument at Croyland, in Lincolnshire, which, if there, the University of Oxford would do well to employ some notary public to take an account of the book itself, as also this passage, which makes so much for the renown of Oxford in this king's reign, that so all manner of scruple might be taken away, and no ground left for envy itself to quarrel. Hist. and Antiq., vol. i., 125.

† See Lappenberg Geschichte von England, vol. I., pp. lxiii. and lxiv., Einleitung.

One great name has also been claimed for Oxford, whose career extends from 1120 to 1180, and passes the line of demarcation between the uncertainty and certainty of history by about thirty years. That name is John of Salisbury, one of the shining lights of the twelfth century. By birth he was an Englishman, but like many Englishmen of the Anglo-Norman period, he passed the greatest portion of his life in France, and died a French bishop. The whole matter of his connexion with Oxford rests upon a mention by him of Vacarius, who introduced the study of civil law at that place, as "*our Vacarius*," and some passages in his works which have been wrested into evidence as to his knowledge of civil law from listening to Vacarius at Oxford; that study not having been adopted in France, where John was educated, till the year 1196—sixteen years after his death. The quotations in his work, the *Polycraticus*, are mere mentions of the novels of Justinian; and the name of Justinian, which may have been known to a scholar like John of Salisbury, from other sources; certainly the mere quotation of Justinian's works cannot avail as a proof that he heard civil law read at Oxford, unless we can find any record of such a thing.

In his work, "*The Metalogicus*," he gives a very interesting and detailed account of his studies, of the schools where he worked, and the masters under whom he sat. The passage runs—"When I was a very young man, I went to study in France the second year after the death of that lion in the cause of justice, Henry, King of England (1135). There I sought out that famous and palatine peripatetic philosopher (Abelard), who, at that time, presided at Mont St. Geneviève, and was a subject of admiration to all men. At his feet I received the first rudiments of this art (rhetoric), and showed the utmost avidity to pick up and store away in my mind all that fell from his lips. When, however, much to my regret, Abelard left us, I attended Master Alberic, a most obstinate dialectician and unflinching assailant of the Nominal sect. Two

years I staid at Mont St. Geneviève, under the tuition of Alberic and Master Robert de Melun, if I may so term him, not from the place of his birth, but by the surname which he gained by his successful conduct of schools."

He then gives us an account of the habits and style of teaching of these masters, and thus continues the thread of history—"With these teachers I remained two years, and became well versed in all their subjects. I then attended the grammarian, William de Conches, for the space of three years, and read much at intervals. After this, I became a follower of Richard l'Eveque. With him I renewed all I had learned from the others, besides certain things which I now learned, for the first time, relating to the Quadrivium, in which I had acquired some information from the German Hardewin. I also again studied rhetoric, which I had before learned superficially, with some other studies from Master Theodoric, without understanding what I read. I then formed a close intimacy with Master Adam, a man of most acute understanding, who gave his principal attention to Aristotle. Though he was not my tutor, yet he taught me many things. I was at last rescued from this poverty by my friends, who recommended me to undertake the office of tutor. I did so, and on my return after three years, finding Master Gilbert,* I studied logic and divinity with him; but he was speedily removed from us, and in his place we had Robert de Poule, a man amiable alike for his rectitude and his attainments. Then came Simon de Poissy, who was a faithful reader, but an obtuse disputator. These two were my teachers in theology only. In this manner twelve years passed away, when I determined to revisit my old companions, whom I still found engaged in logic at Mont St. Geneviève."

But in this account there is no mention made of Oxford, and, in fact, the notion that he ever went there rests upon nothing more than an assertion in a chronicle of one Thomas Wyke, a Canon of Osney, and upon

* Gilbert de la Porrée, who quitted Paris 1142, and was succeeded by Robert de Poule.

the continuator of Bede, that the teacher, Robert de Poule, mentioned by John of Salisbury, who succeeded Gilbert, at Paris, came to Oxford from Exeter, a thing almost impossible, and indeed Wood is not very clear about the name, for he is called both Poule, Pullis, and Pulleyn. From Paris, John of Salisbury went to the Abbey of Montier la Celle, where he became clerk in the service of Abbot Peter (Petrus Cellensis). After staying about three years, he returned to England, and entered the household of Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, after whose death he remained with his successor, Thomas à Becket, in whose cause he was so zealous a defender that, after the martyrdom of the bishop, he was amongst the first exiled. Then he was made Bishop of Chartres, where he spent the remainder of his days, about four years, and died on the 25th October, 1180.

But we find nowhere any mention of his connexion with Oxford, nor of his having ever studied there; a thing he would be sure to have dwelt upon in the account of his education. We must abandon that notion which we have said rests upon the slender foundation of two obscure chroniclers, and is not alluded to by John himself, and we revert to the advent of Vacarius, whose intimacy with John of Salisbury can easily be accounted for when we trace the introduction of Vacarius himself to England.

For a long time there had been a fierce dispute raging between Archbishop Theobald and Henry, Bishop of Winchester, who was the King's brother, and the Pope's Legate in England. Theobald had intrigued to procure the removal of Henry from the office of Legate and to secure his own appointment. Out of this arose great discord and dissensions, continued lawsuits and appeals, which brought about legal processes hitherto unknown in England. Theobald had already been twice in Italy—once when he went to Pope Celestine II., after being made Archbishop, to seek the pall, and the second time during the contentions between himself and the Bishop of Winchester in 1142.

Through these journeys he must have become acquainted with the Jurists, who were then flourishing in many of the towns in Italy, and observed the powerful influence they exerted upon all disputed questions of importance. Actuated by a desire to introduce this system of civil or Roman law into England, he procured several MSS. of that law, and induced Vacarius to come with him to establish a similar school to those of his own country. Now, if we recollect that John of Salisbury was an inmate in the household of this Archbishop Theobald at that time, we can understand how he might become acquainted with him, and speak of him as "*Our Vacarius*" without having attended his lectures at Oxford.

This Vacarius, thus fortuitously introduced to England, was by birth a Lombard, but some curious mistakes have been made as to his identity. Selden speaks of him as Roger Vacarius, following a chronicle called "*Chronica Normanniæ*."* The entry runs thus, under the year 1148, "*Becharius VI., Abbas Beci cui successit Rogerius Magister Vacarius.*" The proper punctuation clearly should be "*cui successit Rogerius. Magister Vacarius,*" &c., if the "*Magister*" applied to the Rogerius as the Christian name of Vacarius, it would have been written "*Magister Rogerius Vacarius,*" and the sentence then goes on, "*Magister Vacarius gente Lombardus vir bonestus et juris peritus cum leges Romanas anno ab incarnatione Domini 1149 in Anglia discipulos doceret et multi tam divites quam pauperes ad eum causa discendi confluerent.*" Bechardus, the sixth Abbot of Bec, to whom succeeded Roger. Master Vacarius, a Lombard, an upright man, and learned in the law in the year of Our Lord 1149, taught the Roman law to his disciples in England when many, both rich and poor, flocked to him to learn.

Abbot Roger and Vacarius are two distinct persons. Roger was a Frenchman, born at Bailleul, as may be seen in the "*Gallia Christiana*"; and Vacarius was a Lombard; but through this mistake of Selden, we read frequently that the first person who in-

* *Hist. Normanniæ Script. Duchesne, Paris, 1619.*

† Vol. II., p. 230.

roduced civil law into England was *Roger Vacarius, Abbot of the Monastery of Bec*, whereas Roger was only a Prior of Bec at the time when Vacarius came to England with Archbishop Theobald.

It has also been suggested that, as it was through ecclesiastical dissensions he was brought to England, it must have been the canon and not the civil law that he introduced; but there can be no question that it was really what was called the Roman law, or what we call civil law—that is, the Roman law adapted to the wants of the age. Canon law had long been used upon certain occasions in England. Up to the twelfth century the *Codex Canonum*, with the capitularies of Charlemagne and the decrees of the Popes, from Siricius 398 to Anastasius 1154, formed the chief part of the canon law. The first effort to collect them into a body was made by Ivo of Chartres, who, in 1104, collected the decrees made by the popes and cardinals, which body was completed by Gratian, and published in 1140, only nine years before Vacarius came to England. This body, which was received by the Roman Church, was never regularly adopted in England, but a national canon law was developed out of her own councils, as in another place we shall endeavour to show.

Canon law was developed out of the Roman civil law, but at the time of Vacarius there was no regular body of canon law recognised in England: what he introduced at Oxford was the peculiar study of Roman law, which flourished at Bologna and other cities in Italy.

We can safely take this advent of Vacarius, and the establishment of lectures on civil law, as the starting-point of the history of Oxford. This will bring her nearly upon a level in antiquity with Paris and Bologna.

During the twelfth century, however, there were three great flourishing universities in Europe: Paris for theology; Bologna for civil law; and Salerno for medicine; and from the middle of the twelfth century to the middle of the thirteenth, all the principal universities in Europe sprung up, probably from the germ being carried

into the different countries by native students, who had been sent to the three great sources of study already mentioned—for they admitted foreigners; and one of the oldest academic arrangements we know of is that of a division of the university into nations. Bologna was the rallying ground for Italians, Spaniards, and French, and Paris for England and Holland. From this continual influx of foreigners, and not unfrequently from emigration through internal dissensions, came the establishment of universities in their native cities.

In the year 1222 we find that *Padua* was founded by a body of students who deserted Bologna, on account of some dispute. There is evidence that law was taught at *Pisa* before 1213 in a cloister, but the first mention of an organized school there is at the beginning of the 14th century. The University of *Vicenza* was founded in 1204, also by a number of teachers and scholars from Bologna*. At *Vercelli* there was an early foundation, for in the year 1228 came deputies from Vercelli to Padua and made contract with the heads of the university of that city concerning an establishment of their own.

At *Arezzo* there was a school of law in the beginning of the 13th century, where Roffredus taught in the year 1215, also at *Ferrara*. At *Rome* a school of law was founded by Innocent IV. in the middle of the 13th century. In the year 1224 a school of science was founded at *Naples* by Frederick II., and at *Toulouse*, in 1233, a school was founded by a Papal Bull, in order to combat and subdue the Albigenses. There was a school of law at *Perugia* in 1276, and we have a clear record of an organized university existing at Orleans in 1236, for Matthew Paris gives the following account of a terrible Gown and Town row which occurred there during that year, from which we may conclude that it must have been of a considerable extent, and, therefore, of considerable standing. Matthew Paris records that—"About the time of Pentecost, 1236, a lamentable dissension broke out at Orleans between the scholars and the citizens, as not unfrequently

* Savigny Geschichte des Römischen Rechts im Mittelalter, iii., 307.

the case, concerning a woman. The dissension increased to such an extent that many of the scholars, the sons of men of good birth and illustrious descent, were killed by the citizens. Amongst these were the nephews of the Comte de Marche, Comte de Champagne, the Comte de Bretagne, and many others, some of whom were drowned in the river, others who had escaped to caverns and brigands, by lying hid, managed to escape death. When the bishop heard what had happened he left the town, excommunicated the malefactors, and placed the city under an Interdict. But when the great people heard of the slaughter of their sons and nephews, they marched upon the city and slew the inhabitants without any discrimination. Others, too, on their return from the market, incumbered with their burdens, were fallen upon by the wayside and cut up by the sword. So things went on until the King interfered and arranged a compromise between all parties."

The next point to be considered is what was the course of discipline and study pursued at these early universities.

We shall first sketch the plan of organization and discipline at Bologna and Paris, because all other universities followed one or the other of these two systems. It may be safely accepted that Oxford, in its early career followed the plan of Paris, and this is almost elevated into a certainty when we find that even subsequently all her arrangements were modelled upon the plan and after the example of that university.*

The government of the early universities was of two kinds, democratic and aristocratic. Bologna was a democratic body; the students had a voice in the government, as they formed a part of the corporation. Paris was an aristocratic form; the students were entirely under subjection to the government of the professors. The former mode, which was adopted by Spain, Germany, and other institutions in France, gave the name to these foundations of *Universitates Scholarum*†, whilst those who

adopted the latter in Germany and England were called *Universitates Magistorum*.

At Bologna, then, the discipline was as follows:—There were four corporations, two legal (Roman and canon law) medical, philosophical, and theological. There was a class of people attached to the University called "*Suppositi Universitati*," composed of pawnbrokers, circulating library keepers, tradesmen, and students' servants, who were all under the jurisdiction of the university, and subject to its court. The rector was chosen annually; he was to be at least twenty-five years of age, a law scholar of the corporation of five years' standing, unmarried, not a monk. To this rector the students swore obedience upon his election, and he was elected by all the nations, nationality being settled by birth.

The nations were divided into two classes, the *Citra-montani* and the *Ultra-montani*, the former containing seventeen, and latter eighteen nations, amongst whom were the English. The Senate (*Consilarii*) was composed of deputies from the different nations. The *Syndicus* was annually chosen from the scholars, and represented the university in all courts. The *Notarius* was similarly chosen, but from the notaries of the city. The *Massarius*, or Banker, from the city bankers. Two *Bedels* were chosen yearly, and *Taxors* were chosen at the earliest period to regulate the letting of lodgings, the university reserving the right to discommen any offending housekeeper. The academical degrees, Doctor, Magister and Dominus were in use as early as the middle of the 12th century, towards the end of which the terms *Doctores Decretorum*, and in the 13th, "*Doctores Medicinæ, grammaticæ, logicæ, philosophiæ et aliarum artium*," and also *notariæ*, came into vogue.‡ The doctors had the full privilege of teaching in public.

A student of civil law was required to study eight years, of canon law six; having taken the oath of his study, he was presented by two doctors to the archdeacon to be ex-

* See Grote's letters, published under direction of the Master of the Rolls, *passim*.

† Savigny *Gesch. des Rom. Rechts*, iii., 21, 55.

‡ Sarti I. 421, 434, 463, 501, 504, 511.

amined. There were, in fact, two examinations, private and public—the examen and the conventus. For the examen the candidate had to work up two texts from either law. The president examined him, and then after he had read his treatises the other doctors could examine him. If satisfactory, he was passed as a licentiate.

The next step was the doctorate; this was conferred in the cathedral by the senate. For this honour he had to make a speech, read a lecture on law, and dispute with the scholars. The archbishop then proclaimed him a doctor. The book, the ring, the doctor's hat, were then delivered to him, and he was assigned a chair. Baccalaureus was not a degree, but such students were so termed who had obtained from the archdeacon after five years' study the privilege of teaching (*venia docendi*). Doctors who read were said to hold *lecturæ*, or "regere in schola." The lectures began on the 19th October, and continued till the 7th September, when the long vacation began. There was a vacation of eleven days at Christmas and fourteen at Easter, making ninety days in the year, and no lectures were delivered on Thursday. The time of lecture was the morning, to conclude before nine; the afternoon to commence from one to four, according to the season. These lectures up to the 14th century were given at the houses of the doctors; then lecture-rooms sprung up. The regular professors were paid by the city, but the most popular were called *Honorarii*, who were selected to lecture by the students and paid by subscription.*

In the Paris University we find great similarities to that at Bologna, with the one marked exception of the oligarchical government. In the earliest times, like Bologna, the Paris University was divided into four nations—the French, English, Picardian, and Norman; these also had sub-provinces. With the French were included as provinces, Spain, Italy, and the East. With England,

Holland, Hungary, Poland, and the northern nations; they were first called English, and afterwards, in the 15th century, Dutch. With the third nation, the Picardians, were the Netherlands; but when the Mendicants reached Paris in the middle of the 13th they effected a change in the organization of the university, as we shall see they did also at Oxford.

A struggle ensued between the old residents and the new comers which led to the doctors of theology parting from the university and founding a special college for themselves. Their example was followed by the canonists and the medicals, so that from that time the university consisted of seven parts; the three faculties, theology, law, and medicine, and the four nations. The faculties were directed by deans and the nations by procurators. The four nations were, in fact, the old university, and thenceforth bore the name of "the university," and they still kept up the rectorate and the jurisdiction.† In a later time a new change took place. The four nations were gradually regarded and treated as a fourth faculty, that of arts, still, however, keeping the exclusive right of the rectorate. Each faculty had a separate lecture-hall for its peculiar teaching, and a separate church—for instance, the canonists went to the Church of St. John de Latran, where they not only assisted at God's service, but held their installations.

The colleges, which were more numerous at Paris than in Italy, were originally intended merely for the sustenance of poor scholars, who were to live in them subject to a certain inspection, but gradually, as students flocked in, they became, instead of foundations for the poor persons, establishments for the rich, so that nearly the whole university was composed of colleges; and in the 15th century those few who lived out of them, being exceptions to the general practice, received the name of *Martinets*.‡

The chief dignitary in the univer-

* See for more detailed particulars a Summary of the Roman Civil Law, by Patrick Colquhoun.

† Savigny *Gesch. des Rom. Rechts*, iii., cap. 21.

‡ Crevier *Hist. Un. Par.*, iv., p. 250.

sity was the rector, which dignity was from the very earliest period, that is, of the arts' foundation of the university, retained by the four nations* as their own peculiar right. The doctors of the three faculties could never become rectors nor take any part in their election; the dignity and the election were reserved to the masters of the arts. So jealously was this right preserved that even if the rector during his time of office should take the degree of doctor in either of the other three faculties, he was compelled to resign his rectorship. Originally the election was managed by the presidents of the four nations (the procurators), but from 1280 it was done by four special electors nominated to this business. In order to be an elector the candidate must be thirty years of age, but this limit was not applied to the rector. In the olden times the election was held every four or six weeks, but from 1279 every three months. The rector was to be an upright man, but not necessarily in orders.†

It was at Paris that the title of doctor was first used, about the year 1150. Before that time, the latter half of the eleventh century, two distinguished men, William of Champeaux, and his still better known pupil, Abelard, had raised the dignity and extended the fame of the university; but a greater man was yet to come, who was destined to give to the Paris university its prominent position as the chief seat of the Theology of Europe. Peter Lombard, in the middle of the tenth century, with his remarkable work, the *Book of Sentences*; he had previously studied in Bologna, but had come to Paris for the purpose of studying theology. He lectured for many years at the university, and his work when it appeared became the sole handbook of theology for the rest of the age, nay, all through the mediæval period it was quoted as an overpowering authority. It was read in the uni-

versity, commented on and studied in private by the scholars with so much zeal that it gave rise to a new name, and those who devoted their time to the master of the sentences were called *Sententarii*.

Theology having now become the marked peculiarity of Paris, the title of doctor first sprung up and was soon after adopted at Bologna, the alma mater of Peter.

The first statute passed to regulate the discipline was that of Robert de Courcon, in 1215—it is the oldest extant. It treats only of Arts and Theology, though at that time there were faculties both in law and medicine, but they appear not to have been of sufficient importance, as they are not alluded to once in this statute: ten years afterwards they had their day.

The statute lays down the conditions to be fulfilled by those who would teach in arts, and the books to be read in the schools, as well as those interdicted. The first article commands‡ "That no one may read in arts at Paris before the age of twenty-one, nor until he has studied six years under the masters. He must engage to read at least for two years unless there should be any urgent reason for his discontinuing; such reason to be investigated and decided publicly by the examiners. His reputation must be without blemish, and he must pass a preliminary examination, according to the rule laid down by the bishop and dean of Troyes, delegated by the Holy See, and which has been approved and confirmed by Peter the bishop, and John the chancellor of Paris."

The books ordered to be read were Aristotle's *Ethics*, the fourth book of the *Topics*, Priscian, and the abridgment and other works not known now on philosophy, rhetoric, mathematics, and grammar.

The books interdicted were the physics and metaphysics of Aristotle, with all their abridgments; the writings of David de Dinant, of

* It appears that in the early stages the universities were art schools, so that when at Paris the theologians, law students, and medicals separated from the general body; the remainder received the title of arts, and became a faculty, not as a new thing, but as their peculiar designation as representatives of the study in vogue before the other faculties were introduced. Being the oldest faculty, they retained the dignity of the rectorate by right of seniority.

† Bulaus Hist. Univ. Par., vol. iv., p. 292. Paris, 1665.

‡ Crevier, lib. i., 298.

Maurice Espagnol, and the heretic Amauri.

For reading in theology the age was extended to thirty-five and eight years of study, a rigid examination, and a character without blemish.

We find more distinct arrangements concerning theology, after the settlement of the Frères Predicateurs who crowded to Paris soon after the foundation of their order. The bachelor was nominated by the general of the order in the chapter. He commenced his career by explaining the matter of the sentences in the school of some doctor for the term of one year; at the end of this term the prior of the convent and the doctors presented this bachelor to the chancellor of Paris, and declared on oath that the candidate, to the best of their knowledge, was worthy of obtaining a licence or permission to teach as a doctor. After a public examination and other formalities, the bachelor was received as a doctor and continued for another year to explain the Book of Sentences in his own school (for each doctor had his particular school).

In the third year of his doctorate he was allowed the assistance of a bachelor, who in turn explained the Sentences, and whom he presented at the end of the year to the chancellor to obtain a licence.*

One rule appears to be emphatic, that it was always necessary before graduating in theology to have first passed through the arts.

We have dwelt at some length upon the mode of arrangement and study of these two most prominent universities, in order that we may be able to test the truth of what information we can find as to the condition of Oxford at that time.

The first degree taken in arts was bachelor, the next magister, then,

after law and divinity were established, the masters were called doctors, and the reason why the title doctor of arts fell into disuse, Wood suggests, very probably, was the fact that when divinity, law, and medicine came into vogue, honours and wealth were bestowed upon the doctors of these faculties, "whereas arts went a-begging."†

However that may be, arts always took precedence at Oxford; no business could be done neither in congregation nor in convocation if the faculty of arts were absent, and the formal disputations of the theologians could not be held, unless disputations in arts had been first held. The consent of the faculty of arts also was necessary in all cases. Wood has recognized this as being quite in keeping with what we know of Paris, for he adds, "as the University of Paris so that of Oxford had its basis or foundation in arts, and what things were laid upon that basis were law and physics." He then gives the following course of study, as found by him in old manuscripts, in the libraries of Magdalen and Merton colleges.

Liber Metaphysicorum for one year by numbering the festival days.

Liber Ethicorum for four months, numbering the festival days.

Geometria for one week, excepting the festival days.

Algorismus, } eight days each, except festivals.
Sphæra, }
Compositus, }

Arithmetica Boetii‡ for three weeks, except festivals.

Priscanus magni voluminis vel Liber Politicorum vel x libri de Animalibus connumerando libros de motu et progressu animalium, for six weeks, excepting festivals.

Priscanus de Constructionibus partium, for one term of the year.

* For further information as to discipline, &c., see Fleury, Hist. Ecc., tom. xvii., Cinquieme Discours. Paris, 1751.

† Wood, Hist. and Antiq., vol. i., 56.

‡ The authentic works of Boethius, that is, the philosophical works—the theological being probably the work of some mediæval writer anxious to prove Boethius a Christian—are nothing more than Latinized Aristotelianism. Some of his best papers are reminiscences of Aristotle. In one place he says, "The appetite for good has been proved to be in all men. Every man wants good—wishes to get it. The bad man is frustrated in his aim by misunderstanding what it is, or by inclinations which draw him aside from it." This is nothing more than an echo of that grand thought of Aristotle—"The difference between the good and the bad man is, that the good man sees the truth in every case, since he is, as it were, the rule and measure of it—ὡς ἀπὸ κανὼν καὶ μέτρον ὢν. Arist. Ethics, iii., cap. 4.

Liber Culi et Mundi: one term.

Liber Methereorum: one term.

Quartus Liber Topicorum Boetii.

The scholar had also to read two books on logic, one of the old and another of the new logic, or else one of the new and one of the books "*De Naturalibus*," viz.: four books *De Cœlo et Mundo*, or three books *De Animalibus*, or four books *Methereorum*, or two books *De Generatione et Corruptione*, or the book *De Sensu et Sensato*, with the books *De Memoria*, *De Reminiscentia*, and *De Somno et Vigilia*, or the book *De Motu Animalium*, with two smaller books *De Animalibus*. In addition to this he had to undergo two *vivâ-voce* examinations, and to dispute four times in the disputations of the masters, and to read publicly in the schools one book of Aristotle.

If the bachelor wished to proceed to the degree of master (*magister*), he had to go round the schools and dispute. This was the case also with Paris, as we have already shown; and at Oxford as at Paris the bachelor, when he had disputed in the schools and was qualified for a mastership, was presented to the chancellor, who gave him the badges with great solemnity, and admitted him with a kiss on the cheek. The following words were pronounced:—"En tibi insignia honoris tui, en librum, en cucullum, en pileum, en denique amoris mei pignus osculum, in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti." An address was then delivered, and after vespers a disputation was held, the subject of which was announced beforehand in the old times in verse.* We quote one from Wood, said to have been put to Robert of Gloucester:—

"Utrum potentiarum Imperatrix
Celsa morum gubernatrix
Vis libera rationalis
Sit laureata dignitate
Electionis conciliatæ
Ut Domina principalis."

Then when the disputation was finished three questions were put to the new master, "Under whom would he begin, where, and when?"

In the middle of the thirteenth century, when the title of doctor was introduced from Paris, the university

had fallen into a little apostasy in conferring the title of master on people not efficient in arts. To remedy this a decree was passed in 1224 which enacted that no one should proceed in divinity unless he had ruled in arts, either there or in some other university, and also had read one book of the Canon of the Bible or of the Sentences, or Ecclesiastical History, and preached before the university. It was then made absolutely necessary for all doctors of divinity to first pass in arts. This, however, was not necessary for law and medicine—a clear indication that scholastic theology was usurping the place of philosophy and law.

During the thirteenth century there were great feastings and revellings when the degrees were conferred both as bachelors and doctors. Many instances are on record of the splendour and profusion of these feasts. One famous instance is preserved in the chronicle of St. Peter's monastery at Gloucester, and cited by Wood, of a monk of that convent proceeding in divinity, in the year 1298, when there were present—John de Gainga, the abbot, the prior, the monks, obedientiaries, and clerk of the abbey, with many noble men and their esquires, to the number of one hundred, who marched into Oxford on horseback. There were also present—the abbots of Westminster, Reading, Abingdon, Evesham, and Malmesbury, with many priors and monks. They all contributed to the feast, as well as many other abbots, bishops, and priors, who were not able to be present. Then, again, in the year 1301, three years after, when he took his doctor's degree, there was another great entertainment. The townspeople also in cases where the candidate was a man of great birth, or popular with them, used to send in their contributions of meats and drinks to the feast.

The dress of the scholar was evidently fashioned upon that of the Benedictine monks, who wore a black gown, with a cowl. Wood says that when degrees became frequent, in the reigns of Richard I. and John, other fashions were invented for the sake of distinction, and not only

* Wood, *Hist. and Antiq.*, vol. I., p. 61.

were the degrees distinguished, but the faculties also. Although there was a distinction between doctors of arts, theology, law, and medicine, yet, in solemn assemblies and processions the fashion of their dress was uniform, with only a difference in colour. The doctors of theology wore a scarlet gown with wide sleeves; not a light red as later, but red mixed with purple or blue, faced with certain beast's skins. Over that they wore a sort of half gown with sleeves, closed in front, and over all a hood lined with the same matter as the facing of the gown. The robe for a doctor of law or medicine, was the same as that for divinity, with this distinction, that the facings and lining were of a different colour. The habits of the arts were black, faced and lined with furs or minever. The gowns of bachelors of arts, law, and medicine were of various colours, russet, tawny, blue, &c., with wide sleeves, but not faced; the hood was of the same colour as the gown, not being lined, but simply edged with coney or lamb-skin.

When law and scholastic divinity entered the university the doctors of these faculties wore round caps, but the more ancient form was the square cap somewhat steepled. They continued to wear them until some years before the Reformation, when the doctors of divinity adopted the square form.*

We shall conclude this paper by a short summary. We have felt our way through the misty, cloudy regions

of the pre-historic world, and found no safe footing there. We have encountered Brutus and his Greek settlers. We have searched in vain for the localities of Greeklade, Latinlade, and Bellesitum, for Alfred's revival, for Rector Grimbald, the discontented; for the intercessor, St. Neot; for the very early students, Melkin, Nennius, Gildas; for Ingulphus making progress in Aristotle at Oxford, in the eleventh century, but we find them not. With one exception, these personages were all realities, and are historical; but as regards their connexion with any pre-historic University of Oxford, we must content ourselves with contemplating them as members of a *Geister-Welt* of fiction.

We leave the subject for the present at the first clear historical starting point, when upon the irregular system of philosophical study (arts), which may have existed at Oxford for some time before the twelfth century, was built up the faculty of civil law introductory to the after and more prominent faculty of divinity. Henceforth there is no uncertainty in her history, no fables, but a stern strong reality; a reality of vital influence exerted upon all the great momenta of national history and culture, upon civil and canon law, upon philosophy and theology, upon the literature and life of England during the transition period between the night of the dark ages and the dawn of modern civilization.

* For fuller particulars see Wood's *Hist. and Antiq.*, vol I., 68-74.

JOHN HALLER'S NIECE.

BY RUSSELL GRAY.

CHAPTER XVI.

LOVE-LETTERS.

EVERY morning regularly, Mr. Darrell's servant brought him the post-bag to be unlocked. Henry liked domineering in little ways, and he often kept the household waiting a long time for their letters, while he read his paper and finished his breakfast. All the letters for the Grange came also to Darrell in a separate little bag to themselves, and Mr. Haller kept the key of this bag. Now many men would have objected to this custom, would have preferred having their letters brought to them by a separate post-boy half an hour earlier in the morning; but Mr. Haller seldom got letters of importance, and being a man of peace, he didn't care to quarrel with Sir Hugh Darrell over so slight a thing. He was a sensitive man himself, and he understood the feeling which made Sir Hugh cling on to all the old customs regarding the Dower-house. It was a custom which had been in the days when John Haller's house was a Dower-house, and Sir Hugh clung on to those old customs; he had the letters conveyed to the Grange, as of old. They were all left at Darrell, and Sir Hugh would say to the servants sometimes, "That bag is for the Dower-house, let it be sent at once." He clung on to that title of "Dower-house," he wouldn't give it up. Now, Henry Darrell was very curious, very jealous too, and having no honourable feelings to prevent his gratifying his curiosity, it had led him often into acts of which an honest man would have been ashamed. From the day that Victor left Darrell, a fear had haunted Mr. Darrell. He didn't want a correspondence to be kept up between his handsome cousin and Miss Haller, for many reasons; and in his study Henry held the little Grange post-bag in his hand. He tried many times to the lock, and at last found it open it. All this had hap-

pened more than a week ago. There had come a letter directed to Miss Ethel Haller, of the Grange, and Henry had recognised the big bold straggling handwriting, and he took the letter and held it long in his hand thinking. There came a great desire over him to break the seal and read all that Victor had to say to that pretty niece of John Haller's, but he put the temptation away from him, he only smiled down darkly on the big envelope, and then he tore the letter. He never paused, he tore it into tiny atoms, and then chucked them out of the window. He watched the little squares of white paper floating away in the sunlight. They fluttered down into the long leaves and grass in a neglected garden, and Mr. Darrell stood in the window watching them. "The fool," he said, "but I will cure him of his folly."

He felt no kind of remorse; he didn't repent of his evil deed; he didn't feel any of the shame which a man ought to have felt had he done such a thing in a hasty moment. He sorted the letters, and the post-bag went away to the farmhouse, and Ethel looked vainly for a letter which was not there; and then she began to doubt her lover, because he had broken a promise to her. All this had happened more than a week ago, and no other letter had come.

On a bright September morning there came one other letter, and this one also Mr. Darrell kept back from Ethel, but he had not read it. It was a reproachful letter, but he only tore it into little pieces like the other, and cast it to the winds. In that post-bag there lay also a letter for Henry Darrell, esq., of Darrell-house—a closely-written foreign letter, in delicate hand. Mr. Darrell smiled his dark, sarcastic smile over this letter also. "Not forgotten me yet, little mignon," he said, leaning back in his comfortable chair, and perusing his

long letter. "You are very true to me, delightfully-faithful little chérie." He spoke softly, with that faint smile still on his face, but there was a bitterness in his voice. "You are tired waiting, mignon; you are beginning to grow anxious about me, *c'est ça*." He folded up the letter while he spoke, and rose from his chair. He crossed the room, and stood in the window. Almost unconsciously his eyes wandered away to the peaceful old farmhouse standing among the trees. He looked long into the pleasant sunlight which lay on the bright fields and groups of trees, and flashed on the red bricks of the Grange, and then his gaze dropped on the neglected garden-beds below, on the waste of faded flowers, on Victor's torn love-letters, scattered in little snow-flakes over the grass and gravel; and he said, "I can never reach her but through waste and desolation, and shipwrecked love; but I think I may reach her in the end."

There were cruel thoughts in his mind while he spoke, that ruin and sorrow were things over which he had made up his mind to pass. There was no pity; no still small voice speaking to him and saying, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." He was looking away into a waste of years; he was thinking of his revenge, which had grown so sweet to him. He was thinking of his wounded pride, and he determined that through the waste and desolation he would reach that pretty indifferent niece of John Haller's. He would make her love him; he would shipwreck the love of others, so that this great thing might be accomplished.

When Henry Darrell had so resolved he turned away from the window, he sat down in his arm-chair once again, and once again he perused the foreign letter; and I think while he read that passionate love-letter he almost forgot things present; he was away in a dream, under sunny southern skies, by a blue lake, and he was speaking such words of love as never now came from his heart. He was living over again a young, ardent time, when to live was to love; and there was the shadow of regret in his dark face. "Poor little mignon, I used you very badly, I am afraid;" and then he folded up the letter once

again, he leant over the table, and pulled a little travelling-desk towards him.

Mr. Darrell was not a romantic man; he had none of the softness of nature which such men have; he was cold-hearted and selfish, he had never loved as some men do, with their whole soul and strength. His love had been a passion, hot and impetuous while it lasted, but well nigh forgotten now, and he was ashamed of it all. He drew the little desk near to him and unlocked it. He was not a romantic man, but there is a sanctity about a first love, there is a sacredness about the tokens, the letters, and little things connected with it, which few cannot feel. Those things come to light like the relics of the dead. There is a holiness about them, the fragrance of the memory of what they once were to us that never leaves them. And although Mr. Darrell was a thoroughly unromantic gentleman, still it was with a feeling very nearly akin to regret that he opened this little leather desk, and looked over the treasures in it. A few letters, the conventional faded yellow letters, all tied together; a lock of hair, a miniature face in a case—a dark face, with big eyes—dark, foreign eyes, full lips, curved and full of life; a beautiful woman's face, rich in colour. He looked long on the picture. The smile was gone out of his face; it was stern and solemn, and almost fierce. "What a fool I was," he said bitterly. "What fools we both were, I the worst," and he looked long upon the picture—long and thoughtfully, but there was no tenderness or softness in his face. There was pain, and sullen anger, for this was some of the ruin and waste over which he must pass before he could stand in the light of his new life—a new, honest life spent with Ethel; and then he replaced the picture; he shut and locked his desk.

In those days Mr. Darrell lived very much to himself at Darrell. There were no visitors there, the house was lonely and triste; he made no companion of his father; he had a quiet contempt for the weak old man, and a still greater contempt for his manufacturing stepmother, and the days hung heavy on his hands. He was not a sporting man either,

he could not live among his horses, and dogs, and guns as some men can, he only dabbled very slightly in such things, occasionally taking a day's hunting, or half a day's shooting. Country life was strange to him; and yet here he was moping away his days in this triste old place of his father's. And Why? Mr. Darrell had lived a fast life both in London and on the Continent; he had come of a gambling, dissipated stock; he had been brought up differently from other young gentlemen. Left to himself, with no guiding hand to lead him in the way he should go, or curb his overruling passions; no one to watch over him lovingly and influence his life, it was hard on him. It is hard to judge such men in the same scale as those whose lives have been so blessed. And yet we do. We forget how much is owing to the gentleness and atmosphere of love, which is in some children's lives and not in others. He had always lived for himself; never for others. His money had been spent on himself, on his own amusements and extravagances, and he was hard up now. He had come to hide his head and fallen fortunes from his friends—those fast gentlemen friends who had helped him to spend and waste, and who would be so ready to drop him now that all that was over.

At dinner time Mr. Darrell met both Sir Hugh and my lady. Lady Darrell in her rich silks and diamond rings and ornaments, with her pale, sad face, seen through a forest of flowers and hot-house plants, seldom speaking, eating little, brooding always over her disappointments; and Sir Hugh eating, and talking at the same time, describing new machines, and making a whole world of farming plans. All this Henry endured at dinner time, and the half hour after dinner with his father, and some choice claret and apples. Sometimes Henry used to sacrifice himself even more. He used to spend another half hour in the drawingroom, graciously listening to Lady Darrell's music, sitting near her, looking upon her—on her faded, insipid face—and wondering "what the deuce!" Sir Hugh could ever have seen in this insignificant cotton-spinning lady. But even this toleration was pleasing to my lady. She didn't know of

those thoughts which were in her stepson's mind, she only knew that he listened very patiently to her long pieces of music, and she was satisfied—she was even pleased.

Lady Darrell got on better now with her stepson: she had grown accustomed to his lazy, conceited ways; she didn't fear him as she used to fear him, when she had been a stranger at Darrell. She knew him and understood him now, but she had no love for him as she had for Victor.

Henry sat listening to my lady's music, on the same low window-seat upon which Victor used to sit often. The sun had sunk behind the hills; the evening was closing in, and there was dusk in the faded drawingroom at Darrell. Lady Darrell had been singing—she had a sweet voice, rather weak, but she had been well taught, and she had been singing Gounod's serenade; it suited her, the little thrilling runs and ripples, she executed them well. And Henry had been listening, not with any of the boyish enthusiasm with which Victor used to listen, breathlessly, as to a song of angels, crying at the end, "O thank you, Aunt Mary, it's so jolly!" and that word "jolly," with Victor meant everything beautiful and pleasant. "I am sure there will be music like that in heaven." And then Lady Darrell, with her sad face smiling, would say, "I am sure there will be music in heaven, it is quite Scriptural to suppose so, but much finer, grander music, I think, Victor." And then Victor would plead for one other song, and he would sit listening, almost spell-bound, with that reverent feeling of awe and wonder with which we have some of us listened to the grand old anthems in great cathedral choirs, songs of angels, sweet and, oh! how sad!

There was none of that enthusiasm in Henry while he listened. She had a pretty silvery voice, well trained; but he had heard scores of voices, scores of glorious thrilling, spirit-stirring voices, and he only listened patiently. There was nothing harsh or unpleasant, no flat notes, or loud squalling. He had heard many worse singers, too, in his day, and he didn't object to my lady's minstrelsy.

When the serenade was over he said, "Thank you; very pretty in-

deed ;" and my lady was quite satisfied. And then, almost abruptly, he asked, "Can you play the organ at all?"

And Lady Darrell answered,

"Yes; a little. I used to play it often."

"They have a very nice little organ up at the Dower-house. I am sure Miss Haller would be delighted to let you practise on it any time."

Henry spoke carelessly, but Lady Darrell flushed a little; she remembered Victor's story; she felt her fear coming before her again, and she said,

"I would like to know Miss Haller very much, if you think your father would approve."

She was a very meek lady, she had grown so accustomed to bow her head to all her husband's little fancies. Her spirit was broken; she had no will of her own.

"My father can have no objection,"

Henry answered. "She is a perfect lady. I will speak to Sir Hugh myself. You must be so lonely here all by yourself. Mr. Haller's niece would be a very nice companion for you, she is so cheery and pleasant."

And Lady Darrell murmured, "Thank you, Henry, it is very kind of you to think of me."

The poor overlooked, subdued lady, she felt grateful: it was the first time that her stepson had shown any consideration for her, and she was very, very grateful to him. But still before her came a vision of Victor, and the remembrance of his love story, and her heart grew heavy and full of pity. Poor, weak lady, she felt that she was being led away into a new plot; that her hands were being fettered; and that henceforth she would be powerless to help him in his difficulty.

CHAPTER XVII.

POOR VICTOR!

"THERE is something in infinite space," says Cowper, "a world that does not roll within the precincts of mercy."

There is the sunny side of life, and there is the dark shadowed side; there is the light, the gladness, the joy; and then, beyond these things, the anguish, the bitterness, the agony, where mercy and pity is not felt: where God's providence seems estranged. How incomprehensible it seems; how inconsistent with the judgment of that God who is love. But such things are, and we cannot reconcile them. "And the angel that was sent unto me said, 'Thinkest thou to comprehend the way of the Most High?'"

Ethel Haller still stood on the sunny side, still felt the warmth and pleasantness of life, and the world seemed fair and good; that other world, which does not roll within the precincts of mercy, had not as yet opened to receive her. A sorrow had stolen into her heart, a shadow was beginning to fall over her life; but there was not that anguish that eats and gnaws at the root of life's flowers; there was not the bitterness and despair where mercy comes not, where the spirit of comfort holds itself aloof.

A whole long autumn month had worn itself away, the corn had ripened, and been cut down, the flowers were fading and casting their fallen leaves over the lawn-grass and pebbly walks at the Grange garden; there were tints of yellow brown upon the leaves of trees, and Ethel had never heard news of her lover. A long month and she had got no letter!

When a man, carried away by his own selfishness and vanity—a man strong of purpose, indefatigable in his efforts, once lays himself out to plot and plan, so that some pet scheme of his may be accomplished, he seldom fails. Henry Darrell was not an honest man, he did not walk in the light, as his cousin did, he was a coward about many things, and he was ruled altogether by his vanity. When he began this scheme of stepping in between Victor and his love, he had not foreseen the hundred small ways in which he would have to deceive; but once fairly launched on his way, he would not turn back.

This new project was an evil one—a wicked, cruel one; but he never paused, he never let himself think, he went on linking one little deceit to another, until he had woven such a web, such a maze of tangled cords,

that his whole life was fraught with a great dishonesty and falseness.

Many of Victor's love-letters lay torn and scattered in that neglected little garden at Darrell; anxious, reproachful letters, to which he got no answer. And he wrote to his aunt and said—"Do you ever see Ethel Haller? Tell me news of her." And Lady Darrell—timid Lady Darrell—standing in a great perplexity, and difficulty, began to think that Victor was very foolish in so cherishing his love; and she answered him—"I see Miss Haller often, Henry introduced her to me; she seems a very merry, pleasant girl; but indeed, Victor, I think you are foolish to think of her now." That was all; but poor Victor, away in his tiny barrack-room, grew very sad and desponding.

"It is because I am so poor," he thought as he sat there with his head bent over his aunt's letter, and his kindly young face shadowed over with a sadness. "They all throw cold water upon my hope, I am such an unlucky fellow." And alone in his barrack-room Victor thought of many things. He had been thinking lately that after all that hope of his was but a very slight one, he had so little of the world's good things to offer Ethel; he was poor, with no prospects, with little wealth, but great love; such great, tender love that, while he sat there thinking of that pretty, gentle girl, he almost made up his mind to see her no more, to write to her no more, to let her be free to make other plans for her life. All this Victor thought, and it was of *her* he thought always—of *her* good, *her* welfare; he never thought of the cruelty of such kindness. Day after day he had looked for an answer to any one of his letters; but no answer came, and this young hero of mine was of rather a desponding nature; he had not what Goldsmith calls "a knack at hoping." He was proud too, he disliked everything false; and there had been a doubt in his mind lately regarding that same little lady from whom he had parted one month ago in the meadow field below John Haller's farm. "If she loves me, why doesn't she write to me, why doesn't she answer any one of my many letters?" And this Victor Darrell asked himself, and then his

handsome sunny face flushed, his eyes grew bright and angry, and he thought over the passage in his aunt's letter: "She seems a very merry, pleasant girl, but indeed, Victor, I think you are foolish to think of her now." Had Lady Darrell meant to warn him? He thought she had. Had Ethel forgotten him? If she had—if one little month was sufficient to enable her to get over her liking, then—then Victor told himself haughtily her love was a very light one, unworthy of his thoughts. He would live and forget her; other men had been unfortunate in their lives, he must learn to live and forget her. But even while he so thought his heart was telling him that such a thing was impossible, that for him the whole world would be changed and darkened when that time came. He was a proud man—proud with that honest pride which stands alone in its nobleness—capable of being wounded and hurt, but incapable of doing anything dark or underhand. He did not want to have anyone pry after her, or watch her; he would hold aloof, trusting her still, believing in her still, until her falseness came before him unmistakably; and then he would renounce her for ever!

He was proud, but he still believed in his love, and he wrote her yet one other letter; and he said—"Ethel, if you still love me, write me one little line, and it is enough for me. If I do not hear from you, I shall conclude that you are changed towards me, and I shall never again see you."

And this letter went also to Darrell; and Henry held it in his hand, and tore it, as he had torn those other letters, and Victor never got that little line which was to tell him that Ethel still loved him, as well as on the past summer day when they had parted sadly in the field near the wood.

Many times while Victor waited very patiently for an answer to his letter, did he read and re-read that passage in his aunt's letter; and every time he read it, new fears came before him, and he began to see new meanings in the words, and he thought of other words which she had spoken to him many weeks ago at Darrell, on the day when he had told her all his love, sitting near her, listening to her music. And Victor

waited a whole long week for an answer to his letter ; and when none came—when many posts had past, and none came—then he said—“ I will never write to her again.” And he went about his duties, mixing with other men, walking and talking in a dream, bewildered by his misfortune, an altered man. Proud, honest, Victor ! I think he was wrong-

ing that tender-hearted girl, who kept watching and waiting for news of him ; like Mariana, in her moated grange, from morning to night, from night to morning—

“ She only said, ‘ My life is dreary ;
He cometh not,’ she said ;
She said, ‘ I am aweary, aweary—
I would that I were dead.’ ”

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOOKING ONWARD.

SIR HUGH DARRELL was a very changeable, fickle man, he took likes and dislikes, and was never consistent ; he was weak and vacillating, never knowing his own mind. Now it came to pass that when Sir Hugh took up with his new farming project he was brought into contact with many of the county gentlemen-farmers, and, among them, with John Haller, the man who owned the Dower-house and the meadow field, and many other fields lying near to Darrell.

This John Haller was a manly, gentlemanlike fellow, and old Sir Hugh took a fancy to him. He respected his superior knowledge about country matters ; he liked his honest, quiet way of speaking always what he thought. Sir Hugh was a gentleman to the back-bone—an honourable man ; he was weak and foolish, vain of his birth and good blood, but there was something simple about him. He was generous and rather reckless ; changeable and fickle ; wanting in strength of will or purpose ; but he was a gentleman in all his thoughts and ideas—an upright man. And these things weighed much with John Haller, who was clear-sighted and sensitive, and understood the mistaken pride of Sir Hugh, which made him grow testy when the old house among the trees was called “ The Grange.” John Haller understood and forgave that little piece of vanity. He humoured it, and called his farmhouse “ The Dower-house ” always in speaking to Sir Hugh.

Sir Hugh Darrell had taken a wonderful fancy to this quiet gentleman-farmer. He sought his company, and quoted his opinions, and imitated him in his farming plans.

It was one of the old gentleman's hobbies, this new friendship with the owner of the Grange.

“ I like him, because there is nothing pretending about him,” Sir Hugh said to his son one day, as they walked together up the shady avenue at Darrell, in the direction of the house.

“ He is a gentleman,” Henry answered—“ a gentleman by birth, and he has every right to hold himself as such.”

“ He is a rich man, too,” Sir Hugh continued, meditatively, looking on before him down the avenue, over the shine and shade and shadowy branches. “ A rich gentleman, and perhaps that is why he is so humble ; pride follows poor gentlemen like a curse.” Sir Hugh spoke bitterly, for he knew how that pride clung to him in his altered circumstances, and how much it added to his troubles.

“ Such pride becomes ridiculous,” Henry said quietly. There was an amused look in his face, he knew so well what was in Sir Hugh's mind ; he knew of all the little ambitious schemes which his father cherished, and in which that pride was always so mixed and mingled.

“ I suppose it does,” Sir Hugh answered, briefly. He didn't care to argue such points with his son, who always got the better of him in them. Sir Hugh disliked his son's sneering way of laughing at the family troubles, and debts, and losses. Mr. Darrell was wont to ridicule the little faults of his ancestors ; their follies and wickedness were all topics upon which he was well up, and, half in bitterness, half amused, Henry was wont to recur to these things on the slightest provocation, and joke

very irreverently over his forefathers' backslidings. Now all these things were sacred to Sir Hugh. Those old dead and gone *roués* and gamblers had all been gentlemen. Their vices had all savoured of a certain dash and recklessness which had a spirit in it, of which the weak old man was secretly proud. If that Sir Henry Darrell, who had lain mouldering in the family mausoleum at Darrell since the year seventeen hundred and something, and whose flirtations and potations, and other follies, tradition handed down as more enormous than those of any other of the buried Sir Henrys, and Sir Hughes, and Sir Johns,—if his vices had been tremendous, they had only been the evils which gentlemen were wont to indulge in in those days. He had been in a way called on to get drunk, and bet, and flirt, and mortgage the estate. All that had been required of him, in those dissipated times, and that same Sir Henry, over whose head was traced the "*Hic jacet*" and the usual declarations of regret by his successor, slept in the glory of his crimes, quite a hero, from his extensive and various wickednesses, in the present foolish old baronet's imagination. In his mind there was a dash and splendour about that mouldering old *roué*, who had had his fling of wickedness for upwards of half a century, and who had made his exit with flying colours, being shot in a duel, in his sixty-second year, by a jealous theatrical Monsieur somebody or another, who took it into his head that the wicked old baronet, who had a *penchant* for actresses in general, was too polite to "*sa femme*."

The vices of those bygone gentlemen were things over which the present baronet often pondered, feeling a kind of secret pride in it all.

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones,"

laments some old moralizer. The evil is too often remembered, and quoted, when the good is all forgotten. But, then, is not the evil generally the greater part?

They walked on together in the direction of the house. "John Haller is a gentleman, and his niece is a perfect lady," Sir Hugh said again. "She is pretty and agreeable, she sings well, and looks like a lady always;

but you know all that better than I do."

Now Sir Hugh, with another of his pet schemes in view—that hope of once more seeing the Dower-house, and all Mr. Haller's fields, attached to Darrell, as they used to be—had a vision in his mind.

"I've known Miss Haller some time," Henry answered, "and I quite agree with you; she is a thorough lady in every way." He spoke almost enthusiastically. He had a real admiration of that little lady living in the farmhouse, she was so original and clever, so spirited, too—so unlike all other girls.

The avenue at Darrell was not a long one. While Henry spoke, he and his father emerged from under the arching trees and stood before the house—a big square stone house, with many windows—a lonely half-empty house, lifeless and triste, with the shadow of neglect hanging over it. And Sir Hugh passed on, past the big-pillared doorway, past the curtained library windows, by a clump of rhododendron trees, on to the stone terrace, outside the drawing-room windows.

And here the old man paused. That was his favourite view—a Turneresque scene, full of life and colour; a rich sky, flooded with a golden sunset; great wastes of summer fields; rich clusters of trees; far-away purple mountains; and, added to all this, the picturesque patch of hill land where stood John Haller's farmhouse. And here it was that, led by his hope, old Sir Hugh would stand, day after day, and evening after evening, on bright summer days, on still pleasant evenings, when the land lay beneath him like a map in the sunset, when the fields were silent, and the noise of plough or threshing-machine was still, and again, on cold winter days, when the snow lay thick and white over wood and field and house-roof; he had looked upon it all so often, he had grown to know every shade and light in it, even as we grow to know the lights and shadows in a beloved face, and he envied it; he coveted the fair waste of land more than all the wealth of many lands, it was so familiar to him. It lay tempting him day by day; and latterly something had spoken in his heart, saying, "Put away pride, and it is

all yours ; forget the glory of a great name, and titles ; cast aside all your other schemes, and plans, and, lo ! it is all yours for ever !" That voice had spoken often to Sir Hugh latterly : his mind had been full of a great scheme. But when his son spoke those words of praise, saying that John Haller's niece was a perfect lady, then it was that Sir Hugh's hope grew very high indeed, and he said, standing there—

"I would like, before I am dead and gone, to see all that land safe again to you and to your children, Henry."

And Henry made answer, and said—

"There is but one way in which all that can be accomplished, sir—I must marry John Haller's niece."

While he spoke, Mr. Darrell's pale face wore a smile ; he had divined his father's secret.

"If she is a lady, there is no reason why you should not marry her," Sir Hugh answered. He was a little nervous ; his face flushed while he spoke, he stood so near his hope now.

"I will think of it, sir," Henry said ; and there had been no more between them then. Mr. Darrell had not spoken indifferently when he told his father that he would think over this new plan ; but he had none of

that wild ambition which led the elder man this way and that so often astray. He stood alone on the wide terrace, when his father left him, still looking away over the fields ; in a strange dream of peaceful life, of quiet days, of love and Ethel Haller ; and while he so thought he forgot his cousin ; he forgot all Victor's torn love-letters which lay scattered in the little western garden. He forgot his own old life, and the love which that time had held for him ; he remembered no more the sunny southern skies, the blue lake, the twilight hours, the passionate words, the vows of love. He forgot all those bygone things ; he was away in a new land of castles and dreams, in an Arcadia of green English fields and twilights ; and while he looked towards John Haller's farm he murmured, "It shall all be mine—all—all !"

And this vow he breathed to no listener but the summer air, to the tiny twittering birds, and in the end how was it with him ? Came there a time when the memory of that vow was but a pain to him, when lands, and houses, and wealth were all as nothing, and Sir Hugh's hope lay shattered and broken—the wreck of a bad man's love ?

CHAPTER XIX.

"SIR VAN WINKLE."

"ALL that's good in nature ought to be communicable," says Shirley. Everyone has it in their power to influence others for either good or evil, so much hangs upon example. A good man can almost always lead others to good ; and an evil man can lead others to evil. Such is the power of example and precept. John Haller was an essentially good man—wise with that "wisdom which works through patience ;" long-suffering, full of faith ; a brave-hearted, honest man, who never lost heart, one of those good, wise servants to whom the great Master of all things says, "Well done"—all his talents were put out to such good account. He had suffered much in his time. He had seen trials and trouble, and his life had been embittered by a great

sorrow, but under none of these things had his brave spirit sunk. "It is the will of the Lord, and His mercy endureth for ever ;" and for all the blessings of his life, which now were many, John Haller was very thankful. "Before honour is humility," and John Haller's proud spirit was humble always before his God.

In being brought constantly in contact with such a man, it stands to reason that his natural goodness must gradually communicate itself. There was so little evil, so few faults in the man, his life was so pure and blameless ; and Ethel Haller, with this good example ever before her, had learnt much of his brave, honest qualities ; but this little heroine of mine had faults—faults which in no way belonged to that good, steady uncle

of hers. She was passionate, and rather wilful; she was intensely proud, with that pride which is ever at war with charity; she was over sensitive, but that was not a fault, I think—such sensitiveness is a misfortune; it is a perpetual pain, a wound which is always bleeding, it makes us chary of telling our little sorrows and griefs; it makes us too ready always to look out for insults and slights; it makes us think badly of all the world; but there are some natures so intensely impregnated with this over-sensitiveness that life becomes a never-ending sorrow to them. But with many faults, this heroine of mine combined many good parts also. She was very true and loyal in her affection; she looked always for the good and not the ill; she was tender-hearted, too, and very gentle; a little hasty sometimes; a little hot-headed and rash, but ready always to confess her faults; very generous. The good weighed heavier than the evil, I think, in her nature. The pride and passionateness are faults which time and trial and sorrow alone can cure. Long hours of bitterness and heart-breaking will bend the pride, but not break it. The steps of some stealthy sorrow creeping along, filling every niche and corner in her heart, will steal away the passion, leaving only the tenderness and resignation—the good parts, which shall not pass away; but all that is yet to come. The metal has not yet passed through the furnace; it is still in its rough, natural state, with the stone and mud hiding half its brilliancy.

In her favourite window-seat in the old library at the Grange, Miss Haller sat reading, or rather trying to read. Wide open stood the tall lattice window, a green plot of lawn-grass sloped gently under the window, and was divided only by a narrow pebbly walk from the bright lawn which curved away down a hill, and made a foreground for a pretty quaint view of the far-away little town of Nante, with its slender church-spire rising up against a blue sky, pointing a steady finger to the many white clouds and fields of blue; the crop of mushroom houses, shining white in the sunlight; and beyond, the tall mountains, with many shadows over them, fields and valleys, and the in-

distinct group of the Rectory chimneys peeping up from among the trees; into the room came the fresh autumn air, the sound of the rustling and sighing of the trees, the "caw, caw, caw" of the distant rooks, while Ethel sat reading. A volume of Washington Irving lay in her lap—"The Sketch-book"—and she had been reading the story of "Rip Van Winkle;" credulous little soul, she almost believed such stories—she liked their quaint startling change of scene and act; she was thinking to herself a little sadly, that like "Rip" she would like to take a deep draught of the enchanted beverage which had thrown him into his mysterious slumber of a score of years; she would like to sleep away all the coming, uncertain time, of which she had been thinking so sadly latterly. She lost herself in a dream then; she grew identified with the sleeper; she began to think of how the dear old Grange would be in its decay and ruin. In spirit she visited the dilapidated farmyard, the altered fields, the changed places; and then she imagined herself standing all alone among the ruins of the Grange, vainly calling on John Haller, who could not answer her, because he was not. Back out of her dream Ethel came, then; she smiled a little smile, out on the fair peaceful view outside; "No, Rip, I think it is better to live on with all one's senses of joy, or sorrow—to bear things bravely, hoping for the best," and so speaking, Miss Haller shut her book. Little Fairy, curled into a ball, dozing, lay also on the window-seat; his brown eyes were turned inquiringly on his mistress while she spoke. Ethel looked on him, speaking still—"Yes, little Fairy, I shouldn't like to come to life again so, and find everything changed, and myself forgotten," and she stooped down and stroked Fairy's smooth head. "You wouldn't know me either, my faithful Fairy, would you?" Fairy only gazed on with his soft brown eyes, with a dumb entreaty in them; but he licked the soft white hand, which was stroking his paw now; he was so fond of his mistress—they were such companions. "And so I think I will not go rambling off into the mountains in search of Mr. Rip Van Winkle's friend. I will bide

my time patiently, little Fairy, and when I do fall asleep, I hope it will be a very sound one, to which there shall come but one great awakening."

Miss Ethel felt sad this morning; she had her little troubles and uncertainties to bear all alone, for John Haller was away all day among his fields and farmyard; his mind was brought into a lower level; he was always thinking of his pigs, and cows, and hayricks; he wouldn't have understood such romance. So Ethel thought then; but she didn't know her soft-hearted uncle, in those days. She didn't give him credit for all the genuine true feeling which was to be found in him. Ethel still sat by the window, with her book closed, in her lap, and Fairy's little soft paw pressed in her hand—when Mr. Haller came and stood by the window, looking in upon her.

"I want you to come out with me, little puss," he said. "I want to show you something new in the stables."

Ethel's face brightened as she stood up, and faced her uncle—brightened as it always did at sight of him, and she said joyfully—

"Oh, yes, Uncle John, I should like to go, it's an age since we have had a walk together."

"Get your hat, darling," John Haller said, seating himself on the grass to wait; and Ethel ran out of the room, with Fairy scampering after, tumbling over her dress, and getting entangled in the folds. And in a minute more she stood beside her uncle outside in the sunlight.

"Ready?" he said, and then they walked off together to the stables, Fairy still in attendance. Mr. Haller had a surprise in store for his niece, a little scheme of his; he was always thinking of her, and devising some new plan to give her pleasure.

"It's such an age since we took a walk together, Uncle John," and Miss Ethel clung fondly to his arm, tripping along in the pleasant sunlight, forgetful of her troubles and dreams—forgetful of "Rip Van Winkle," and all his strange adventures—feeling so happy; so happy, although she had heard neither tale or tidings of that good-looking young dragoon of whom she was still, oh, so fond! But these kind of dreamy

people, who grow morbid and despairing at times, have their reactions of temperament, and grow light-hearted and happy all at once, give their tempers a holiday, cast all their troubles behind them, forget them for a space, and have a period of merry-making, only to return again in their solitude to their dreams, and visions, and terrors. Little romantic Ethel made such journeys from her land of tumble-down Spanish castles, and good-looking golden-haired young officers; for those castles were only castles in the air, and such handsome young gentlemen were only what her old story-books and songs had told her long ago—a race of deceivers and story-tellers. All this my heroine was beginning to find out for herself. But, oh, she found it hard to forget her golden-haired young deceiver; she could not help herself remembering a farewell in a meadow-field, a tall, manly figure striding away over bright grass, a good-bye waved to her over a wooden gate; and then—the saddest moment of all her life—when she had sunk down among the grass and wild sorrel-leaves, crying, as if her heart would break, because her lover was gone from her! Such thoughts would come often into her mind, but to-day she put them all away from her, there were long hours, long lonely hours when John Haller would be away at his farming, and then she could think of her trouble, then she could brood over it, and make herself miserable, and roam away to the meadow-field and stand in the long grass, by the stile, and think and dream, and despair; but not now.

"My little puss is such a book-worm," John Haller said gaily; "she likes her old folios and quartos better than anything else in the world, I think. How you and gentle old Charles Lamb would have fraternized, Ethel; how you would have compared notes, and vied with each other in your book-worship."

John Haller in his evening readings to his niece had gleaned a kind of wayward knowledge of such old-world authors and their ways; the gentle Charles Lamb and his old books; poor pleasant Goldsmith, his life of poverty, and obscurity, and occa-

sional merry-making; Mr. Pepys' history of himself, of his new clothes and wigs, and dinner parties; and Walpole's pleasant letters, gossiping and moralizing alternately. Mr. Haller had become quite learned in such book-lore, and he was proud of his knowledge. Ethel laughed a gentle loving laugh, she pressed the rough tweed arm with her hand.

"I should never ask for better company, Uncle John, my books all through the day, and our pleasant chats together of evenings."

"Poor little puss!" he said gently. "I sometimes think she must be very lonely all by herself, day after day."

He spoke a little sadly, with his kind eyes bent upon the gravel, and that grave saddened look which his face wore sometimes.

"It's a pity she has no friends."

"I couldn't make friends with everyone; I'm very odd in that way, Uncle John. I don't care for other girls; I don't understand them; they are all different from me. I am a black sheep among them always."

So spoke this lonely little niece of John Haller's—this odd girl, who lived such a lonely life, who was so companionless.

"You are none the worse of that, darling," John Haller answered her, and then they walked into the stable-yard together. Big brick walls, snug stables, a wide coach-house, in which there stood but one smart tax-cart—no carriages, for John Haller, although a well-to-do farming gentleman, had no taste for show of any kind. And, although there were many horses standing side by side in those snug stables, still they were mostly big, strong, farming horses, kept for the plough and cart. He was a simple man, this Mr. Haller of the Grange, not ambitious for himself; he was saving, and laying by much money for his pretty niece. His ambitious plans were for her; he would like to see her set above other women, a great lady in some

future time. He was so proud of her.

"And now for my surprise," he said. "Jones, here is Miss Ethel, show her all the new things here!"

And Ethel smiled again, and nodded her head, and said, "How are you, Jones?" and a jolly-faced old man touched his hat, and thanked her beaming.

And Mr. Haller said, "We will go to the coach-house first." And then they crossed the paved court, and Jones opened wide doors, and John Haller led Ethel towards a pretty little basket-carriage—a new carriage; and he said, "And this is for Ethel!"

"Oh, Uncle John, such a beauty!" And impulsive Ethel threw her two arms about her uncle's neck, and hugged him in the most demonstrative manner. "Oh, Uncle John, you are so good to me!" But John Haller only laughed a little pleased laugh, and then he led his niece away to the stables. He showed her a plump little Shetland pony "heatin' is 'cad hoff," as Mr. Jones declared, a beautiful long-tailed, curly-maned pony; and he said, "And this is for Ethel too!"

Of course Mr. Haller was hugged again by the demonstrative young lady; of course the pony was trotted out, and inspected, and fondled, until Fairy, becoming quite jealous at his mistress's delight over this new rival, began to bark, and then to whine, and then to tug at Miss Ethel's dress; he was such a spoilt pet, was Fairy.

"How good you are to me, Uncle John," Ethel said as they walked home again, away from the stables. "You spoil me, I am afraid." And John Haller kissed his niece, and said, "Ah, darling, what would my life be to me without you?"

And Ethel, walking beside him, thought him the kindest, most generous man in all the world.

CHAPTER XX.

A CROQUET PARTY.

READER, you must not think this heroine of mine a heartless girl, because she sometimes forgot her love, and

the pain which that love now was to her. It must be a very great sorrow and heartbreak which causes people

to lose their interest in life ; to grow careless of the sunshine and pleasant peaceful days, and, above all, of the kindly home affections, of which we all have a share. But Ethel's trouble was one which the proud girl struggled hard against. She had long ago told herself that that lover of hers was unworthy of her love ; that he was faithless and dishonest ; and she had been striving very hard to put the thought of him far from her lately. She had heard his name mentioned once or twice by Henry, now it was, Victor had leave from his soldiering duties, and was away somewhere amusing himself ; and again she heard of him in some pleasant country house enjoying himself, and Ethel grew to doubt him more and more, and, in the end, she determined to forget him—to forget all their pleasant walks and talks together—to cast all those past things behind her—to begin a new life.

And all the time poor Victor looking out daily into a dull barrack square, growingsad and weary, was a changed man : so sped the days and weeks.

Lady Darrell had taken a wonderful fancy to that pretty niece of John Haller's. Ethel's winning, attractive manners had won my lady's heart, and she grew very fond of Miss Haller's society.

At breakfast, at the Grange, there had come a little note from Lady Darrell, asking Miss Haller over to the stone house. Lady Darrell was to have a *matinée* on the following day. Sir Hugh had suggested this piece of gaiety to his wife ; and I think Mr. Darrell had previously suggested it to his father. And so it was settled that there was to be a great morning party at Darrell. Tea and croquet, and new bonnets, light dresses, powdered footmen, and the honour of touching her ladyship's glove. All this came home to the souls of the humble Nante ladies who received the printed "At home." Major Townsend and his daughter. How Milly opened her mild blue eyes, and screwed up her lips as if to whistle, while before her came a vision of a soiled tulle bonnet which had done Sunday service all the summer. How could she ever stand in the presence of my Lady Darrell in her limpness and faded finery ? She didn't know how little my lady cared

for such things now ; how tired she had grown of silks and velvets, of purple and fine linen.

And Miss Bell, too, got a card, but then she had a new French silk, fresh from Paris ; and Miss Bell had money, and could buy a new bonnet, too, if hers was tossed. And Milly sighed, and wondered whether a certain pale-faced clergyman cared for such things.

Now, in that note to Miss Haller, Lady Darrell begged the little lady to come over early to Darrell on the following day, and stay and dine and sleep, "for I shall be so lonely." My lady wrote, "Sir Hugh goes away in the evening up to town." So lonely ! Ethel didn't know how little, how very little it mattered to Lady Darrell whether her husband was at home or not ; but she sighed and said, "What a bore, I don't want to go at all."

"Why not ?" Mr. Haller asked, looking at his niece in surprise.

"I don't care for *matinées*, or parties, and I don't want to stop at Darrell."

Ethel had crossed the room, she was standing in the window looking out.

"Why, darling, I think it would be a pleasant change for you, and Lady Darrell is very kind."

"I know she is," Ethel answered from the window ; "but I don't care to go." She felt averse to this piece of gaiety ; there was a feeling that somehow she was being drawn into some intimacy which was distasteful to her ; she was beginning to distrust herself ; she knew that Henry would be there, and she didn't want to see him too often. Of late there had been an idea in her mind that Mr. Darrell was beginning to like her company better than anyone else's, and that there was a hope in him—a hope which Ethel thinking of told herself, "And all that never could be." And so she was averse to going to Darrell.

"I think you could not well refuse," Mr. Haller said again. "I think Lady Darrell would think it rude."

"Yes ; I suppose so," Ethel said. "I suppose I must go."

And early in the day Miss Haller drove over to Darrell in her new basket-carriage, and it was Henry who helped her to alight. Henry, all attention, and so pleased to see her. "So good of you to come," he

said : "Lady Darrell will be so pleased." And then Ethel passed in.

Lady Darrell's *matinée* was a success. The big drawingrooms looked less faded and lonely with the pleasant happy faces in them, and the long tea-table, rich with plate and cakes and teapots, and the terrace—the lonely terrace-walk, where the rain fell plash! plash! plash! in the winter time, and where Sir Hugh took his after-dinner stroll, on summer evenings, all by himself—the wide terrace, with its balustrade of stone, into which Lady Darrell looked day after day—it was all alive with gay dresses and pleasant smiling faces; and the green slope, and lawn below, was all studded over with tiny hoops, and the click, click, of the mallets, and the ring of gay laughing voices, came sounding up. Other tea-tables were here also—snowy cloths under wide-spreading trees. It was all very gay and pretty, Henry stood at the top of the terrace steps, with Ethel Haller, looking down upon the croquet-players below. Mr. Darrell was paying great attention to Mr. Haller's niece. He had kept near her all the day, walking with her among the trees and on the terrace, following her into the drawingroom. And Lady Darrell, on duty in her big drawingroom, saw all this. Through the open windows she could watch her stepson and that pretty sunny-haired little girl in the muslin dress and coquettish hat. She was a very pretty girl, Lady Darrell thought, watching her, seeing her smile, seeing her look up with those odd violet eyes from under a becoming little hat—a very very pretty girl, and she thought of some one who thought so, too, and she sighed, and wished that handsome Victor Darrell was not away in his barrack. Ethel was pleased and amused with all she saw. She smiled often, and took an interest in everything, "not like a girl in love," Henry thought, and somehow the thought made him feel strangely happy.

"What a great gun our little rector is among the ladies," Henry said, standing with Ethel looking down over the stone balustrade on a game of croquet, in which the pale-faced, near-sighted rector was malleting away, surrounded by ladies. Poor timid Miss Milly Townsend, in her

limp bonnet, and big, showy Miss Bell, in her Paris silk; two of the Miss Joneses, fresh, plump, giggling girls, who lived a long way off, and who had come lumbering over from the other side of the mountains, with their mamma, in a flushed excitement at the honour done them by my Lady Darrell deigning to send them one of her "At homes." Ethel laughed. "He looks horribly bullied, poor little man: I'm sure he's wishing himself well out of Miss Bell's clutches; she'll knock him down with a mallet I'm quite certain, if he misses." And Miss Haller looked on enjoying the Rector's blunders. He was so hopelessly near-sighted, the poor little man! he mistook old Mrs. Major Tully's foot for a ball, and played at it, and by a fluke hit it, sending the gouty and enraged Mrs. Tully fuming from the field. What a swoop Miss Bell made upon him, hurrying him away, sweeping half a dozen balls along with her, with her train.

Ethel enjoyed that little *tableau vivant* beyond measure, and Henry laughed too.

"He's put his foot in it at last, or rather Mrs. Tully's foot," he said.

And then they turned away. Miss Haller had become resigned to her fate; she didn't try to run away from this agreeable gentleman; she was beginning to understand him; he didn't puzzle her as he used to; he was very agreeable and entertaining, with a quiet, dry humour in him, which was new to her. Why couldn't she fall in love with him? Why couldn't she bring herself to think of being his wife without saying that "all that never could be." There was nothing revolting in him; on the contrary, he was handsome and gentlemanlike, a rich man, who would one day be a baronet, and own all this goodly old place of Darrell. It was unfortunate, but Ethel could not fall in love with all this. It is impossible for anyone to be in love with two people at once, and Miss Haller still loved her golden-haired, faithless dragon—loved him with all the strength and fervour of her nature, and this was why she couldn't bring herself to think of Henry as a lover. There was a still small voice speaking ever in her heart, and saying, "He is not false to me: it is some mistake." But the voice grew still soon enough,

that hope left her, too, before the day was over.

"Miss Haller, I want to introduce you to some one. Will you come with me into the house?"

Lady Darrell's hand was on Ethel's arm, and Ethel said, "Oh, yes, Lady Darrell," and smiled, and left Henry by himself, and followed.

"You knew Victor so well," Lady Darrell said, as they crossed the terrace together, "and I want to introduce one of his brother officers to you. May I, dear?"

"Oh, yes," Ethel said so softly. There came a mist before her eyes as she followed Lady Darrell into the drawingroom.

"Captain Stanley, Miss Haller," and a tall gentleman, bent a rather bald head, and smiled a red good-humoured smile, and a little earnest-faced lady bowed; and two big violet eyes went up to the jolly face with a beseeching look; and Captain Stanley thought Miss Haller "a stunner, by Jove."

"Captain Stanley is a great friend of Victor's," Lady Darrell said innocently. "I dare say he has some news of him. We have heard nothing of Victor for such ages," she said, turning to the captain.

Captain Stanley smiled, his light eyes twinkled. "Well," he said, speaking more to Ethel, "he is very well, I think, and awfully busy just now. These parades and drills keep us hard worked, you see, Miss Haller."

Ethel tried to smile a ghastly little smile. Well and busy! she thought. I think she would have almost liked then to hear that he was ill, but she only said rather vacantly, "Oh! I suppose so," and Captain Stanley thought this pretty young lady took very little interest in his handsome friend.

"He's going to be married, too," he said, a little abruptly. "Going to be married," after a pause. He wasn't looking at Miss Haller. He was busy getting a cup of tea, and so he didn't see the indifferent girl's face, pale to the lips. He didn't see two clasped hands half held out to him. He went on quite unconsciously, putting sugar and cream into the tea; "and I'm afraid he idles his time writing love-letters, and watching the post—ha, ha!"

The tea was ready now, and the captain turned to Ethel. The pretty,

earnest face was pale still—pale as marble, but no clasped hands were held out to meet him; no wild eyes went up to his face in mute entreaty. The careless little lady whispered, "Thank you," and took the tea, and then sank down on a sofa, under shadow of the window-curtain. The good-humoured captain sat down beside her. She was rather dull, this young lady, but she was very pretty; and so Captain Stanley, who was a judge of beauty, and an admirer of everything pretty, sat very patiently, allowing her to drink her tea in silence.

"Going to be married!" The room, the faces, the voices, everything grew faint and far off. Her hero, her blue-eyed, golden-haired young lover going to be married! Ethel didn't drink her tea; she sat mute, motionless, terrified—a little face, marble-white and strangely frightened-looking; people saw as they passed by, and some turned to look again, a pale girl's face with some great despair set upon it. Captain Stanley began to think her "deuced dull, by Jupiter" for she hadn't opened her lips for nearly a quarter of an hour now, and then only to say, "Oh," to one of his good things! and "Oh," again to "one of the best things he ever said in his life." She must be a fool! He was thinking of slipping away, of going somewhere where his jokes and good things would be appreciated, when that most eccentric young lady spoke suddenly—

"Who is Mr. Darrell going to be married to?"

"Well, really I forget now. I forget, upon my word."

"And you're sure it's true?"

"Oh, quite. He told me himself."

Going to be married! Oh, wicked, perjured, faithless Victor! The pretty, silent girl sitting beside Captain Stanley on the sofa; she bent her pale face; she pinched her fingers to keep back the bitter, passionate tears which came swelling up in her eyes. So ended her romance; adieu now to all the dreams and hopes; farewell to all the tumble-down Spanish castles; the story was ended—ended, like all the old, old stories of which the world is so tired; the story of misplaced love, of false hope, of lost, lost happiness!

CHAPTER XXI.

VERY UNFORTUNATE.

"INDEED, indeed, Uncle John, I am quite well. It will do me good to go. I shall be all the better of the change."

John Haller looked long and wistfully into his darling's face. She had not been herself ever since that croquet party at Darrell, three weeks ago. She had heard bad news there—news which had robbed her days of their lightness, and nights of their sleep; and John Haller knew all this, and he said—

"If you do go to Darrell, darling, you must promise me one thing, that you will not think of past things."

Mr. Haller was standing with his niece at the door of the Grange, under the porch of hanging jessamine, and he was looking down upon her anxiously.

"I cannot promise not to think, uncle; people cannot help thinking," and Ethel smiled up at the grave face bending over her, a sad smile, and John Haller—good, tender-hearted John Haller—he took the little face in his two hands, and held it before him.

"My little puss," he said, "I am afraid you are not happy."

"No, no, Uncle John, you mustn't say that. I am very foolish, very ungrateful, that is all. I ought to be the happiest girl in the world."

"So you will, darling; so, please God, you will. You will begin your life over again now, forgetting all those past things."

But Ethel flushed up then.

"I know what you mean, Uncle John, but that can never be. I may live to grow careless of that time, but I can never forget it."

And John Haller did not try to argue any longer then.

Ethel was going to stay three days at Darrell, three autumn days with Sir Hugh and Lady Darrell and Henry. For three long weeks she had been living her old lonely life at the Grange, and the time had gone very slowly with her; over her life there had stolen a shadow; her books and garden, the farmyard, and all her old amusements and occupations were dull to her now. She didn't care for them; she didn't care

for anything; she was a very miserable little girl in those days, brooding over her sorrow, trying to conquer it, trying with her will and soul and strength to live it down; this heroine of mine was a proud girl, she wouldn't break her heart for an unworthy cause. She had a strong brave spirit, and she determined to conquer her trouble, and forget it. She avoided all the fields and woods and pleasant lanes where she had strayed with Victor. She had never since stood in the meadow-field below the hill; she avoided all those familiar places.

"I will go to Darrell," she said to herself, when Lady Darrell asked her over for a few days; "I will go." She wanted to banish her thoughts, and she determined that there she could do that best.

"I am going to Darrell for a few days, Sally," Miss Ethel said, coming into the housekeeper's room, where old Sally Bird sat knitting by the window; "I am going to-day, old Sally."

Ethel had come over to the window, and she sat down on a low seat while she spoke. It was a clear September day, fresh, but not cold, and the window lay open, the rose leaves rustled near. "I'm glad to hear you say so, Miss Ethel, darling; it's well you should have company sometimes, and you get good company there."

Ethel didn't answer, she was looking out over the fields towards Darrell, the stone house shone white in the sunlight, "and sure he'll be there," old Sally said; but Ethel spoke quickly, "Who?" she asked, "who do you mean?"

"Why, the young master, Mr. Henry, who else should I mean?"

And Ethel said, "oh, yes, he will be there, of course," but in such a spiritless voice, as much as to say, "but what is he to me?" so careless.

"Ay, he that's so fond of you, too."

"Sally, you mustn't say that," and Ethel was looking full upon the old woman with her large eyes, her passionate shadowed eyes.

"And why shouldn't I say it," Mrs. Bird continued fearlessly, "when you

know it yourself? it's a fine place, a house, an' he's a good steady man, an' there's not many o' them in the world, I can tell you."

And then Ethel said, almost sadly, "I believe not, Sally;" and then she fell a thinking, looking towards the stone house.

"An' if you knew what's good for you, you'd marry him, my darling," old Sally said, knitting quietly.

"Well, Sally, it's 'manners' to wait till you're asked, you know, and it's time enough to be thinking of marrying just yet; I'm in no hurry."

"Ay, ay, quite right; marry in haste and repent at leisure; think well, my darling, it's no light matter," and then the subject dropped.

Ethel sat a long time with old Sally in that snug room, chatting of other things, and then she went away to her own tiny room, to make some preparations for her little journey to Darrell. She busied herself about her room, putting by some things, taking out others; for Miss Haller was an independent little lady, she had no maid, she didn't want one; and while she so moved about, settling and arranging her things, old Sally's words were ringing ever in her ears, "If you knew what's good for you you'd marry him."

Reader, will you think very harshly of this heroine of mine, if I tell you that those words of Sally's were but the echo of thoughts which had been once or twice in Miss Haller's mind lately; will you call her a very cold-hearted, fickle young lady, if I tell you that lately she had begun to realize to herself that Henry Darrell was a lover of hers, that she might any day be mistress of Darrell, if she chose; and with these thoughts she began to tell herself that such a thing might come to pass; it was not an impossibility now, as it had been a short time ago, she wanted to forget something, she thought that were she to accept Henry for her husband, then that forgetfulness would come to her as a matter of course. She would lay herself out to make him a good wife, to be true to him; affection would then grow up in her heart—homely affection—it would then become her duty to forget that passage in her life when she had been so foolish. Kneeling beside him the clergyman would pronounce an in-

cantation, a spell would fall upon her, she would find that stream of Lethe then, and drink a long deep draught of the kind Nepenthe, and forget her love.

Poor foolish little soul; all this had been in her mind many times, and she was beginning to think that, after all, it was all for the best, that the discovery of her lover's falseness had come to her so soon. She thought of John Haller and the long years during which his love had so grown and enlarged that it had come to cling to every thought in his heart, to mingle in every plan for his life, to be the one goal towards which his hopes had been ever pressing in the years of toil and labour which were gone. She thought of the deep lasting root which that love had held in his life, and she almost thanked God that hers had not been such a long patient one. But oh! my poor brave-hearted heroine, think of the truth, which the poet sings,

"That a sorrow's crown of sorrow, is remembering happier things."

But all this was a long way off as yet. There only lay the bare cold sketch of a story which one day might be taken up, and filled in, and written in the book of life.

The story of a very unfortunate little girl, whose course of true love had not run smoothly. The old, old story told over again; that was all nothing new, nothing strange; only a story of love, a very trite subject.

Now Ethel Haller had no cause to be so planning a new life. She had a peaceful happy home, a kind, good guardian, a hundred little indulgences which other girls have not, and her life hitherto had been a fair, flowery one. But all that was changed; it could never again be so for her; and thinking of her wrongs, Ethel's pride grew strong within her, and she longed to show that false lover of hers how little she cared for his love, how unworthy she thought him, and this pride it was that led Ethel astray, and made her act rashly.

Poor ill-used Victor! what a great tragedy was springing out of his honest, injured love. How little he ever dreamt of all the evils which were beginning to grow up around him. "I shall see her soon," he said to himself often and often. "I will

get leave at the end of the month, and run over to Darrell." And with this hope he was living on from day to day. He, too, was proud, but he wasn't led astray by his pride, he still thought in his heart of hearts that there was some mistake. Perhaps that quiet, plodding uncle of hers had turned refractory, and refused to allow his niece to correspond with a penniless young dragoon; perhaps Ethel herself had thought it better not, she was so wise, and sensible; so unlike other girls. A hundred of such excuses poor injured Victor made to himself, saying always, "I shall see her soon."

Mr. Victor Darrell's love story had come to be known in the regiment. A confused story told in different ways. With some it was a tale that Mr. Darrell had formed an attachment with some "maiden of low degree," a kitchenmaid or a farmer's daughter. And there were objections naturally raised by his aristocratic relations. Others again said that Victor had been so unfortunate

as to fall in love with a married lady, and hadn't quite made up his mind to run away with her yet. This accounted for his low spirits and morbid fits of liking solitude. But to a certain Captain Stanley, bald-headed, good-humoured, kindly brother officer, the disconsolate Victor had made a clean breast, telling him a long, dreamy story of hope, which the good-natured captain listened very patiently, but half understanding it all, and only clearly catching Victor's last few words, "and I hope some time to be married to her, Stanley. I am determined to live for that, and I don't care who knows it."

And this was how Captain Stanley, in his brusque way, had spoken to Ethel, telling her that Darrell "was going to be married!"—a very unfortunate blunder on the part of the captain. It was a string of misfortunes—little trivial things linking themselves together, and forming a whole long chain. Everything going wrong, everything misunderstood.

CHAPTER XXII.

GOD'S ACRE.

THAT little church, with its tall, slim, Gothic spire, pointing up from among the trees, was the parish church of Nante; and the Sunday bell was sending its sober music across the fields; the village church-goers were trudging along the green lanes, in the direction of the church.

Major Townsend and his two daughters; the Major in his blue frock coat, with his bristly gray hair and moustache, and pompous thoughtful face. Mary, prim and slender, neat in all her appointments, white collar and cuffs, and scanty hair—a demure little old maid; and Milly, the benevolent, plump, soft-hearted, *passée* Dulcinea of all the meek rector's dreams. They were trudging along together.

This country church, surrounded by a neighbourhood thickly stocked with good old English gentry, held in its vaults and beneath its narrow isles, the bones and dust of many past-and-gone generations of noble families. Within on the walls, and beneath the stained glass windows, were marble

and stone tablets, lengthy inscriptions, emblazoned lamentations—such memorials as the rich raise above their kindred dust. And without, in the quiet churchyard, under shadow of yew trees, sheltered by the long green grass, lay many nameless graves. Here might Gray have composed his *Elegy* undisturbed; here might he have found his moral, among the countless mounds of earth, where slept the village souls of many centuries. There lay a holy calm all round; a hush among the fields and lanes on this Sabbath day. No rattling of carts along the stony roads, and cracking of whips, the song of the reapers, the clacking of the flail—all sounds of labour were still, only the solemn monotonous clang of the bell, filled the still air with sound.

The rector is in the vestry-room, busy with his toilet. The old gray-headed sexton is pottering about the cushions, and books of prayer in the reading-desk; and the congregation is beginning to assemble

gradually. Rich and poor, the fine ladies rustling along the aisles in their purple and fine linen, and the poor men and women sitting afar off on their wooden benches. Another century and those aristocratic heads will be lying shorn of their decorations and finery, rotting in the dust. Goodly stone tablets will be raised above them, storied monuments, and their dust will be mingling with the peasant dust, which lies under the nameless graves and grass mounds in the churchyard.

"Imperious Cæsar dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
Oh, that that dust that kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw."

The old moral, the old-world judgment and doctrine of decay and passing fashion; as man brought nothing with him into the world, so surely shall he carry nothing out of it.

Big square pews, red-cushioned, high-walled, after the manner of all old-fashioned country churches, with brass plates and coats of arms on the doors; in one of these square select pews sat my Lady Darrell and her step-son, and pretty Miss Haller of the Grange. Sir Hugh was away on some expedition fraught with fat cattle, far away in Wales somewhere, buying up a stock of sheep; and so my lady was obliged to say her prayers without the usual accompaniment of Sir Hugh's suppressed snores.

Close under a stone tomb of a crusading knight and his lady, lying on their backs with their marble hands folded meekly on their marble breasts, sat the old Major and his daughters; in another red-cushioned pew, under the reading-desk, sat large Miss Bell, with a whole pile of gilt-edged prayer books and hymn books, and markers with red crosses on them; and beneath a long picture window of saints and martyrs, Mrs. Major Tully, resplendent in an embroidered Indian shawl, and bonnet with a kitchen-garden on the top, her mild hen-pecked little husband beside her. Mrs. Tully spoke the responses always louder than anybody else, and sang the hymns too in a wild contralto, and altogether was a very leading feature in this country church.

There, too, sat John Haller, the farmer, all alone to-day in his square pew; a quiet gentlemanlike man, with a rather sad face and kind honest eyes, a man well known among the labouring classes—a gentleman who was not above standing to speak with hard-working poor men—who was not above going among them in their humble homes, mixing in their home interests, planning with them, giving them a helping hand often, and knowing them as friends in their daily life.

There sits fat opulent Mr. Tirer and his buxom spouse; he has his quiver full of arrows, so full that he vies with a certain traditional old lady who lived in a shoe; but neither he or his wife seem to labour under their cares in the same way as that storied lady who was so blessed in her old age did. Mr. Tirer had a big house, and a big fortune which came flowing to him from far away cotton mills, somewhere near Manchester; such a big fortune that some people thought that he might create a peerage out of his cotton some of these days. All this was far off as yet; but in the meantime cotton-spinning Joshua Tirer contented himself with a struggling gentility, a fine house, a fine family, London footmen, a French cook, a new crest, and many thousands of pounds per annum. Rosy-faced, vulgar, fat Mrs. Tirer—she too was thoroughly contented with her prosperous lot, and I think she rather shrank from the prospect of a title; it would have weighed upon her "with the burthen of an honour unto which she was not born." Whether she would have grown faint, and even fainter, and finally fainted out of the world altogether with sheer fatigue, like Tennyson's poor humble Lady of Burleigh, I cannot say; but I think a title would have oppressed her, and sat heavily upon her. She was quite content to know that her husband was a rich man, that her two eldest boys were at Eton, that her eldest daughter was married too, and supporting an honourable young swell in the Horse Guards, blue, and that her nine remaining darlings had plenty to eat and drink, fine clothes to wear, and in fact lived in clover. There were no lines of care on her brow, it was smooth and shining, and

her life was all a holiday. Miss Haller played the organ in this country church, and the bell had just ceased to ring; the church door was shut, the vestry door creaked on its hinges, and Mrs. Tully cleared her voice preparatory to speaking the first response. Milly Townsend, under shadow of the Crusader, was watching furtively for the first flutter of a white robe at the vestry door. The door opened, Miss Haller smote upon the organ, and like Jacob's dream of angels, came the vision of the pale-faced, pink-eyed, demure little rector, and his gaunt, bony curate, gliding out, flitting by, the rustle of the surplice, the flood of light through stained glass windows, the glory of heaven falling on him, the rustle of angel wings around him as he moves by; so thought the deluded, worshipping little lady, sitting over against that marble tomb.

Ethel Haller, pretty sunny-haired, violet-eyed Ethel, sat by the organ playing the psalms and hymns; and from his seat in the red-cushioned pew belonging to Darrell, Henry could see her. Was it the spell of her beauty? which after all was but simple girls' grace, compared with the brilliancy of other beauty upon which he had looked often. Was it her pleasant cheery manner, her smiles, and quick replies, which had ensnared him? What were such things to him? Nothing new. No; I think it was the light of some new better life which lay before him like a dream; a life removed from all the gaiety, and dissipation, and evil excitement of which he was weary; a new life, a quiet domestic life, with the light of a new good influence in it. And he had begun to think often of all this lately. Such thoughts will sometimes come into idle men's minds; such dreams; and oh, let them weigh them well, let them, steadfastly purposing to give up all evil things, weigh, and judge them well, for it is surely a good honest influence that makes them long for such earthly peace, for the sunshine and love, of which there is so much, so very much in the world.

Mr. Darrell was not much in love; I think he was not restless, or unhappy; he hadn't lost his appetite, or capacity of sleeping well of nights, and I believe no man really in love enjoys a

peaceful life. He was not desperate in love then; but he was beginning to have an affection for the sunny-haired little lady who sat playing the organ in the church, a very strong affection; he was looking forward to the blessings which she could bestow on him; he was thinking always of a new life. And in those thoughts, revenge was all forgotten. There sprang up a great desire in his heart to live honestly and righteously. He felt a strange repugnance to his old life, with its sins and follies; he was thinking of better things; that small voice which speaks sometimes in our hearts, saying, "What shall I do to be saved?" had spoken to him. He was anxious to mend his ways; he wanted to live a new life. And that new life lay now in Ethel's hands to make or mar. Little foolish Ethel, with her quaint ideas, her warm heart, and strong affections; how easy a task that reforming and remodelling would be to her. Love can work wonders, earnest, patient love, but she had none to give him. She had loved once, and that love would last her whole life; she was deceiving herself when she thought that she was forgetting past things; she was deceiving herself terribly when she thought that a little time would now suffice to make her forget her love altogether. Not all her braveheartedness, not all her strength of will and pride could suffice to kill that love: it was living still, living as strongly as ever; and yet the brave little soul, she was determined to live it down.

It was unfortunate that she could not fall in love with this eligible gentleman who would one day be a baronet; so Ethel thought, but it was a misfortune against which she could not struggle. That day on coming out of church Mr. Darrell took a turn with John Haller, round the church, under the yew trees, among the graves; and he told him something there which made Mr. Haller's face flush with pride, and he said very bluntly, "You have my good wishes indeed, Mr. Darrell."

And Henry said—

"Then you think I have a chance!"

And then John Haller said smiling, rather sadly—

"I don't pretend to understand much about such things, Mr. Darrell; there was something—some—some

attachment, but I cannot say, I don't know how that may be."

Over Henry's dark face there came a shadow; there rose a fear in his heart, and he said—

"I think I know what you mean; but I thought all that was over now."

"I trust it is," John Haller answered gravely. There had been pride in his heart when the heir of Darrell spoke, saying, that he wanted to wed the pleasant smiling little girl who was the light of his life; his hopes, his ambition for her had all been so high; but when Henry said, "I thought all that was over," something had stirred the proud spirit in John Haller; he had felt an almost contempt for that pale-

faced gentleman who was willing to stoop so low to obtain his desire, regardless of Ethel's love. Would *he* so have humbled himself? God forbid! Would *he* so have taken any woman to his heart? Oh! God forbid. "Love is love for evermore," was Mr. Haller's maxim; no second love would have sufficed him, even had he felt sure that there was such a thing. To woo, and win, in such a contemptuous way, was something quite new to this honest gentleman; but he only said, "I trust it is."

And Mr. Darrell walked home with his mind made up. He would propose for Ethel Haller before her visit to Darrell was ended.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FREDDY'S FLOWERS.

ON that Sunday afternoon Ethel said to Lady Darrell—

"I think, if you do not mind, Lady Darrell, I will just get my hat and run over to a cottage in the Glen. I pay a visit there every Sunday."

It was a chill, muddy day—little misty showers of rain had been falling, and the roads and lanes were all sloppy and damp; and my lady, looking out into the dull terrace, said,

"Arn't you afraid of cold, dear?"

But Ethel smiled. "I am used to all kinds of weather," she said. "I never stop at home for a little rain."

And then, my lady, looking with surprise at the slight, delicate figure, said, smiling, "You are a wonderful girl, Ethel."

And Ethel laughed, and answered, "I believe I am, indeed, Lady Darrell."

And then she ran up the stairs, and hurried for her walking expedition. She changed her smart silk gown; she put on her every-day hat—the hat with the blue veil, in which Victor remembered her so well, and then she stole out of her room and down the stairs like a thief. She didn't want to be caught and way-laid on her walk. She wanted to go all by herself; out into the avenue; it was a chill autumn day; the ground was damp; the pebbles on the walk were all shining and wet, as Ethel hurried along. This Sunday visit

to a tiny, solitary cottage in the Glen was a pleasure to Ethel. Once a week regularly she stole away there, sometimes with a book, sometimes with a little basket of fruit, or fresh-cut flowers, for her visit was to a sick room. She had no basket to-day, however, only two little books and as she went along she gathered some wild flowers and fern-leaves, and made a little bouquet of them.

The rain had stopped; faint gleams of sunlight stole through the trees, and glittered on the wet grass and leaves and shining stones, as Ethel went along. The chill air had grown milder. It was like an April day. She had made up a nosegay of field flowers, wood-anemones, blue bells, meadow-sweet, little blue forget-me-nots, and delicate fern leaves; a bunch of bee-blossom, some fox-bells, and briar-roses, and clusters of fairy-flax.

She turned into a narrow by-path off the avenue—a shingly, stony path which wound on past Sir Hugh's new lake at the foot of the lawn. Long water-grass and sedges, duckweed and rushes grew there; and on the water, and among the weeds, little water-hens and wild-ducks moved about. The lake had once been a pet scheme of Sir Hugh's, and white boats lay moored in a boat-house, but they were never used now. Egyptian swans, Canada geese, and other birds Sir Hugh had pur-

chased and put on his lake, and they were all there still, but he didn't care for them now. Those young short-horns had put their noses out of joint, and fickle Sir Hugh had well-nigh forgotten these old pets. As Ethel passed by a big black swan came gliding over the water towards her, expecting the bit of biscuit or bread which visitors used to throw, but Ethel passed on, and the poor swan had to sail away again disappointed.

On still Miss Haller walked through the woods under the trees, and out on to the narrow mountain road, down the road, by thick hedge-rows and field-gates, past a mill-stream and a ruined mill, a big gaunt ruin, with gaping windows and a moss-grown bell-tower, on still into the valley.

A tiny cottage, an humble home, overgrown with jessamine and honeysuckles, with a cheery little garden, sweet with basil, and mint, and myrtle trees; a sequestered, lonely little house far among the trees. Ethel opened the garden gate and walked up the gravel walk among the flowers. She knocked gently on the wooden door, and a voice answered, "Come in"—a feeble child's voice—and then Ethel entered, as the angel entered, filling the house with sudden light, for as she stood in the doorway a pale, careworn little face lost its look of pain; a light came over it, a look of peace, as the angel entered.

"Ah, Miss Ethel, how good of you to come!"

And Ethel stood in a snug, cheery room, with whitewashed walls and diamond-paned windows; an humble cottage room, with a turf fire burning in it, and in a big chair, supported with cushions, a little feeble invalid boy sat all alone.

Ethel went over and stood beside him.

"All alone, Freddy?" she asked, taking the boy's slender hand. "Are they all out?"

"Yes, miss, everyone."

The blue eyes of the child were gazing up at the pretty, gentle face of his visitor.

"I thought maybe you wouldn't come to-day, miss."

"Why?" Ethel asked—she had drawn a chair over near to him, where he sat in the window.

"Mother told me this morning how you was up at the house stopping, and I thought you'd be walking or driving, or something; but you're very good to me, Miss Ethel."

He was a little pale-faced, golden-haired boy—a gentle, weakly child, one of those frail fair flowers which the reaper comes to fetch away longingly from the cold harsh world; and Ethel said—

"And how are you to-day, Freddy?"

"Tired, always tired," the boy said. He was looking out into the sunny little garden, and he sighed.

Ethel laid the wild flowers all in a heap on his lap, and she said—

"There, Freddy; it's an age since I brought you any flowers, and now I want to see whether you remember them all."

They were wild flowers, wood and field and roadside flowers, and the little pale-faced boy had never been in either woods or fields; the basil and mint and twiny jessamine in the cottage garden were the only flowers which were familiar to him. His young life had been spent in sickness and pain and weakness; he knew not the blessings of life and strength.

"I think I do," he said—a look of interest came into his face; his eyes brightened. "I think I remember all you told me, Miss Ethel, about the banks which are made of moss, where these grow, these ferns."

And Ethel nodded her head and smiled, and said, "Quite right."

"And these, these blue ones, are the forget-me-nots? they grow in quiet places, trying to hide themselves. I remember them, too."

And one by one he sorted and explained them all. He drew pictures of those green, woody places—pictures which Ethel had drawn for him; and Miss Haller, sitting close to him, watched his little thin fingers handling the flowers tenderly, lovingly, knowing no difference between them and the bright, gaudy garden-flowers, the tulips and roses, and variegated geraniums, which she brought him sometimes.

"Good boy," she said, smiling, when he had told them all. "You have a fine memory, Freddy. I dare say you will be a great man sometime or another."

Sometime! The boy's intelligent eyes turned on her once again. She

was speaking in parables to him, telling him fairy-tales. *He* a great man! He didn't know what she meant. "Doctor said last time he came here that I would never do any good, Miss Ethel. Miss Ethel, was he wrong?"

"I hope so, Freddy."

Freddy still looked into her face, but he couldn't understand her.

"I have been trying to be good," he whispered, very softly. His fingers were still busy with the wild-flowers. "I didn't cry once since Sunday, and mother is quieter with me."

"That's right, Freddy. Everyone loves good children, and Jesus bids them come to Him, you know."

"I know He does," the boy answered again.

He knew many words which had been spoken by the Saviour: Ethel Haller had read often to him the blessed promises, explaining them all, telling him always to be patient, and good, and that a new body would be given him—a body free from pain and weakness and sorrow—a new body—a new life. She taught him all the mercy, for she showed him all the sin: how "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

This poor weakly child had a hundred little sorrows and trials to bear. He was a burthen and a trouble, and he knew all this. To the rich such things are nothing, it is only the presence of a pale face, the few hours in the day devoted to a sick room, the burthen is not felt; but to the poor such things come a curse. Here was a widow, a struggling poor woman, with five children, and the eldest a cripple, a helpless boy, who would never be strong, or able to earn his bread, who must go to the poorhouse when his mother died; and this trial came heavily. She was a woman embittered by adversity. Her husband had died suddenly, leaving her to support a family of young children; and this poor woman, who had not the blessed patient spirit which takes up its cross uncomplaining, was always grumbling.

This child's life was a sorrow and a weight to him: he was weary of the constant grumbling and scolding; he felt the great difference between his life and other children's lives; he saw little rosy faces peeping in at the door and window; he heard

little feet pattering over the boards; he heard young voices calling and laughing outside in the garden, and then the comparison grew stronger. He wondered, and puzzled over his weakness; he pined, and grew restless, and no soft hand came then to smooth his pillow or stroke his hands; no gentle voice spoke to him, speaking soothing things. Rough, hard-working people came and went, talking loudly; children's voices, laughing and singing, came to him in his solitude, and now and then the door opened to admit of his mother, who looked in upon him to chide him if he called. And then to his solitude came one who never scolded or frowned—one who had soft, gentle hands, and a soothing voice—one who spoke strange things to him, telling him that a little while and he would suffer no more pain or sorrow—and this was Ethel. She sat with him, and told him stories, and amused him, and read to him good books, and no one interfered with her. The toiling widow, who kept an infant school, and worked hard, never objected, and so there had grown up this new interest for Ethel. She loved the little dying boy; she dreaded to think of a time when she might come no more to the cottage in the Glen, when, should she wish to be near him, she must go and sit in the quiet churchyard among the nameless graves.

Ethel sat a long time in the cottage on that Sunday afternoon. She didn't preach sermons to her little friend all the time, she only read to him what she had heard in the church herself that morning, and a hymn which begins—

"There is a happy land
Far, far away."

And she read him a portion of that story of the golden city with the jasper gates, a place of light and sunshine; and Freddy said—

"Is that city somewhere over yonder, Miss Ethel?"

And he pointed away towards the west, where the sun was setting in a flood of golden light.

"Perhaps it is, Freddy;" and dreamy Ethel, too, looked into the light, the boy had given her a new idea; and then she went on reading, and when she had done she shut the book, and she still sat by his

chair. She talked to him pleasantly, telling him stories, fairy-tales, and that new story of "Rip Van Winkle," stroking his hair, holding his little hands. He had long golden hair, soft, silky curls, and she said—

"How bright your hair is, Freddy, it shines like gold in the sunlight."

And he answered, looking down and taking a curl in his hand, "Is it like real gold, Miss Ethel?"

"It is far prettier than gold," Ethel said, and she stooped down and kissed the sunny head.

The boy smiled, pleased, as he held the bright hair in his fingers, looking away towards his golden city, comparing it; and then Ethel put the books away; and when the evening was coming on, when the sun was sinking, and the air was still, she bid him good-bye.

"Next Sunday, Freddy," she said, gaily, as she turned to him from the door; "and mind and be a good boy all the week."

And then he watched her passing away through the garden, by the sweet-smelling flowers, and away

down the road towards the golden city; and the solitary little boy sat thinking, perhaps this beautiful young lady who came to him, bringing with her such store of pleasant words, perhaps she was sent to him by the angels from that city, to bring those messages of peace to him. All this he thought, sitting lonely; and then he began counting on his fingers the days and nights, the week to come before he could again see his beloved visitor—one, two, three, oh! so many days and nights. But she would come, he knew she would, whether the day was wet or fine, she never disappointed him. And Ethel hurried home along the roads, into the woods by the lake, and under the avenue trees, and Lady Darrell received her into the drawingroom, where was hot tea, and Henry waiting impatiently, and Ethel went in and chatted and drank tea, and laughed, and for a whole afternoon forgot that love-story of hers, forgot golden-haired Victor, and his words of love, forgot to be unhappy and broken-hearted.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Was ever woman, in such humour, wooed!
Was ever woman, in such humour, won?"

THAT evening a certain Captain Stanley dined at Darrell. He was staying with some friends at Nante; but my lady liked to be civil to Victor's friends when she could, and so the Captain was asked to Darrell.

Sir Hugh was away in Wales, and there was only my lady, and Mr. Darrell, and Miss Haller to entertain the guest. Captain Stanley was a chatty gentleman, a little noisy sometimes, with a loud voice and laugh, lots of sporting stories, anecdotes about the fellows, as he called them, so and so of "ours," and so on—but a hearty genial man, who enjoyed his dinner, and liked society. And he sat opposite Ethel at dinner.

Now Miss Haller regarded that noisy gentleman with interest. He was a link, a medium between her and her false lover; he probably knew a great deal concerning that faithless young officer. And the demure little lady was listening breathlessly to all his stories. "Oh,

he's flourishing," the Captain said of Victor, in answer to some inquiry of my lady's. "He's in his element now, lots of hunting."

"He's a good horseman, I believe!" my lady said again.

"The hardest man to ride I ever saw; he'll put a horse at a stone wall as soon as look, a magnificent seat too."

Ethel sat listening; she daren't ask a question; she daren't raise her eyes from her plate. She felt like a culprit.

"Have you good hunting in that part of the world?" Mr. Darrell asked interruptingly.

"First-rate; oh, it's a capital place, jolly quarters, fishing, and shooting, and hunting, and lots of dinners and parties; and the prettiest girls in Ireland. And the captain gave a loud haw! haw! and looked across at the demure little lady at the opposite side of the table.

"All that kind of thing will suit

Victor." Mr. Darrell said, laughing, too; but he didn't look at Ethel, he went on with his dinner.

"I don't think Victor cares for pretty girls at all, Henry."

My lady ventured timidly, she couldn't bear to hear him so spoken of before Ethel.

"Oh, of course not," Mr. Darrell sneered; and Captain Stanley, smiling still, said—

"Every fellow gets bowled over some time or another, Lady Darrell; I'm afraid our young friend's caught at last."

My lady's pale face flushed—she sat straight up in her chair—she was just going to speak hasty words, but her eyes fell upon her step-son's face. He was looking sternly at her, and the timid lady grew frightened. She drew back again into her shell, and only murmured, "oh, indeed;" and then she glanced at Ethel.

No change in the pretty demure face. All this had been no news to Ethel, she had known it before. And Lady Darrell, looking on her, thought that Victor's love was quite hopeless now.

"Victor is really and truly going to be married," Mr. Darrell said. And somehow he couldn't help himself—he had to look full upon Miss Haller while he spoke.

"Oh, indeed!" and two frank violet eyes were turned on him, no change in the gentle face. Surely John Haller must have been mistaken when he said that there had been some attachment; but if there ever had been, it was all over now.

"Yes, going to be married," Mr. Darrell repeated, "that is, if he doesn't change his mind before the happy day comes off. But Mr. Victor is rather fickle, I'm afraid, he's been in love a score of times already to my certain knowledge. I don't believe he'll ever make up his mind to sacrifice himself completely. I shall be vastly amused if he does."

Victor fickle! Victor in love a score of times! Had she been dreaming? was she mad, that she should love such a man? But the dream was over now, quite over; so completely over that Miss Haller determined then that, whether he married, or remained single, henceforth he should be nothing to her.

That evening in the drawingroom Miss Haller played and sang at my lady's grand piano sacred music, "Resignation," and Ruth's sweet words—

"Entreat me not to leave thee."

And Henry sat listening, sitting on the same window-seat where Victor used to sit, listening to Lady Darrell's music.

This niece of John Haller's was gay and cheerful to-night. She was one of those people whose tempers are so inconsistent, so changeable, with a great sorrow and bitterness lying at her heart. She yet smiled and sang, and talked gaily to Henry. She was so proud, she couldn't bear that anyone should know of her trouble.

"Entreat me not to leave thee,
Nor to return from following after thee;
For where thou goest, I will go,
And where thou lodgest, I will lodge;
Thy people shall be my people, and thy
God my God."

"And that is perfect love," Mr. Darrell said, sitting near to John Haller's niece, and speaking softly.

My lady was chatting to Captain Stanley by the fire. They were alone those two. What was it that made Ethel's heart stand still within her? what was it that, while Henry spoke, made her hear the cawing of rooks, and smell the scent of new mown hay, and feel the touch of long wet grass about her feet. She was looking straight before her on the music, with fixed eyes and a kind of despair in her face, she wouldn't help him, or draw him on, it should all come, of itself—her fate. And over the notes her hands were straying.

"Perfect love," he said, "which changes not," and pride sent the hot blood rippling up into Ethel's face; she was angry with herself for having so wandered back to past times. And she said, "I don't believe in such love at all."

"I do," he answered quietly.

"Why?" Ethel asked. She was beginning to think that after all she had been mistaken.

"Because it is so that I love you, Ethel." And the voice that spoke was scarcely a whisper. "Ethel, will you marry me; will you be my wife?"

So suddenly, so soon! and bend-

ing low over the music, not looking at him, she answered—

"I will." That was all.

"Darling, you have made me so happy;" and I think he was happy, on this the threshold of a new life.

There were no soft words spoken. So sealing of vows with burning kisses—such things were impossible, for my lady sat chatting to Captain Stanley by the fire.

Oh, how thankful Ethel was that it was so. She didn't want that passionate lovers' kiss, the memory of which was so strangely sweet to her, ever to be kissed away by other lips. She didn't want to be asked any questions which might have been hard to answer. She had said "yes" to Henry Darrell's offer of marriage, but she could not have said "yes" had he questioned her love. But he was satisfied.

And then Miss Haller left the piano. She left her lover sitting all alone in the window-seat. She stole out of the room, out into the quiet hall—out still into the avenue.

Mr. Darrell was a little startled. She was certainly a very odd girl. This fiancée of his, very impulsive and strange, he didn't understand her. She was frightened, perhaps a little nervous, that was all. She was probably crying, as most girls do on such occasions, up stairs by this time, with her door locked. He would send Lady Darrell to her by-and-by. All this Mr. Darrell thought. And when my lady asked—

"Where is Ethel gone to?"

He answered promptly; "she has a headache; she's gone to fetch some eau-de-Cologne." And then he went and sat by the fire and talked with my lady and his guest, and felt very easy in his mind, and happy.

And in the meantime that very odd little girl, Ethel Haller, she stood outside in the moonlight on the lonely terrace, all alone. She wasn't crying, she wasn't even unhappy, she was dazed, stunned; and yet she wasn't happy either. It was a chance, a way of escape, a mode of forgetting; she had accepted a new life—a quiet country life, where peace and resignation would all come to her in time. She didn't repent having accepted

Henry; she only felt more lonely, more perfectly alone now than before.

Out on the terrace, a chill autumn night, a clear moonlight night; Ethel's dress was thin and slight, but she forgot this; she stood looking into the night. The moonlight lay on the fields and woods, and distant Grange house; below her lay the meadow field, the wooden gate and stile, and all at once came the desire over her to steal away into the night, to glide away like some poor lonely spirit, to visit the place near the wooden gate where Victor had held her in his arms and kissed her lips. Like some lone wandering spirit, to visit that place which had been so sacred to her; to stand by the stile near the wood, to feel the wet grass about her feet, and to think of him as he had been on the summer day long gone, when she had seen him pass away from her for ever! To stand and think of him so, to sink down among the grass and wild sorrel leaves, and cry as she had cried on that day, because he was gone from her; but she checked her thoughts, her pride came to help her; she leant on the stone balustrade, she clasped her two hands together, she looked up to the quiet sky, and prayed for strength.

"I have bound myself to him now," she said. "God give me strength to be true to my promise; he is a good honest man, he is worthy to be loved and honoured. God put it into my heart to love him; God give me strength to forget all past things."

And this was Ethel's prayer. She prayed very earnestly that such strength might come to her in time, for she had none of it now.

And then one look over the fields, such a look as broken-hearted Ondine may have cast in her farewell to the sunny earth, where her dream of love had been given to her; a look from shipwrecked eyes, a long farewell.

And she turned away; she did then seek her room, and lock her door, and fall upon her bed in the usual conventional way, and cry and sob as if her heart would break.

And all because she was going to be a fine lady, and drive in carriages, and wear diamonds, and live in clover for the rest of her life.

CHAPTER XXV.

TWO PICTURES.

AND so Henry Darrell was to marry Ethel Haller: he had kept his vow, he had stopped at nothing that lay between him and his desire; that waste and ruin and shipwrecked love, of which he had thought some weeks ago, had all dissolved itself into a very slight thing, little accidents, small trivial occurrences had brought it about easily enough, and fate seemed to smile on his prospects.

He sat late into the night in his study, with the door locked. It was all settled now, he had told Lady Darrell, and received her meek congratulations, "I hope you will be happy, Henry, your father will be pleased, I know he was hoping for this."

My lady spoke so standing in the corridor with her bedroom candlestick in her hand, a long dim corridor, which ran the length of the house, and was hung round with many pictures, old portraits, and choice oil paintings—a dark ghostly place; and then Henry said, "You have been very good to me, you have helped me so much, I shall never forget your kindness."

And then this gallant gentleman, this man of compliments and pretty speeches, bends and kissed my lady's pale cheek.

It was a wonderful honour, an honour which sent the warm blood rushing to her face, which brought the tears up to her eyes, and made her feel strangely unhappy; the solemn picture faces seemed to frown upon her, a voice seemed calling to her "Lost! lost!" and the voice was Victor's. She bent her eyes on the ground, she hurried along that dim corridor, and she felt like a traitress as the memory of Henry's grateful kiss came back to her.

Mr. Darrell sat very late into the night after this, in his private study; he locked the door, and then he sat thinking for a very long time, by the fire; he thought of many things, both past and present, and while he looked behind him into the dead years, there rose up a shadow troubling him. He frowned; he bit his lips, and muttered "fool! fool!" but

still the shadow haunted him. He went over and carried the little leather desk, and laid it on the table and unlocked it, and one by one the treasures were spread over the table, and he turned them over and examined them, and looked upon them one after the other, and there was anger and bitterness in his heart while he looked; there was no tenderness. The package of letters he opened and read them, and shook his head, and murmured, "fool! fool!" again; and then he tossed the bundle into the fire. He watched them while they blazed and burnt, and still while they crumbled away into ashes, and yet beside him stood the shadow; and then the lock of dark wavy hair; he threw it, too, among the burning coals; a wild flash, a light starting suddenly, that was all, and then he turned from the fire, but he couldn't drive the shadow from his presence.

And he held a little miniature before him, a face framed in, a dark passionate face, and the shadow grew and hung over him, and fell upon the picture, and seemed to menace him. He looked with a frown upon his face, "Good God, what a fool I was." But he didn't break the picture, he held it still before him, looking, gazing, dreaming, with a kind of awe; the feeling of fear with which men look upon dead faces, when there is no sorrow in their hearts; he turned it round, there was an inscription on the back, three letters, a date, the name of a distant Italian town, that was all; but he didn't destroy the picture, he laid it back again in the desk, and locked it in; and then he sat and wrote two letters, one to a certain Monsieur Gabriel Le Roi, a sporting French gentleman, of whom he had heard nothing for a whole year, and that letter went to Paris, and a certain Madame le Roi opened it, and smiled over it, and threw it into the fire, *parceque son mari n'était plus*; and the bereaved Madame didn't think it necessary to answer the letter; she didn't care to renew her acquaintance with any of her old friends, she was going to marry a certain old

French count, who owned a chateau, and was a *bon parti*, and she was thinking of becoming a new person altogether. So she slipped a pink cheque for £100, which was in that English letter, into her pocket; the £100 would not come amiss for her *trousseau*, and the letter was burnt, for Madame le Roi didn't quite understand it.

And the other letter also bore a foreign name and address, but it did not go to Paris; it went far into sunny Italy, into a little town lying under one of Italy's stately mountains, in a quiet valley. With that letter Mr. Darrell was trying to put away the past from him, he linked it to the burnt letters, and lock of hair; he tried to put his shadow away, with a strong firm hand.

And one read that letter, one to whom a word, a look, from *him*, was as a treasured thing, to be remembered for ever. One who loved so blindly, so passionately, that to obey in all things had become a maxim. To wait, to wait, and wait! for who knows how long, had seemed so easy until now; and now what had all her love brought to her? only the despair, the wreck, the bitterness, the death, which such love must ever bring. She had been so true to him, so changeless, waiting ever for a time to come, when all the world might know of her love, and respect it. And all at once there went that letter, which told her that all that was impossible, that she must put the thoughts of such things far from her, and be content to know that her life must wear itself away, without the hope which it had held before. Such things had now become impossible; a bold, stern, commanding letter; telling nothing, hinting at nothing of the reasons, only speaking a law; but she read beyond, she read treachery and dishonesty, and fiercely this passionate woman determined that unto death she would follow him, knowing no other object, acknowledging no other hope, living only for her love.

"Good God! what a fool I was." This man who was struggling to get into the light kept telling himself; this man to whom the memory of boyish days brought only pain. He had fettered and bound himself so heavily, he found it so hard to shake off the consequences of his folly; a

shadow would cleave to him, darkening his life; the memory of a rash act dogged his footsteps. He had lived hitherto knowing and feeling that although he had done foolishly, he had not done wrongly, but standing now as the affianced husband of another woman, he stood like a guilty man, laden with a heavy sin. He had bound himself to a new life, he had determined to be true to the light which that new life was bringing him; and yet in so thinking, in so acting he was wronging Ethel Haller so deeply, so treacherously, that, bad selfish man as he was, he almost shuddered to think of her. With that old love of his, had come nothing but heart-burning and misery, the burthen of a heavy secret; the love was over long ago, like a feverish dream, but the burthen still lay upon him, and he couldn't shake it off.

And this was the man whom romantic Ethel Haller had called an honest man, this was the man whom she had prayed God she might learn to love. Oh! sorrow heaped upon sorrow, was nothing ever to go well with this poor little heroine of mine! was she always to find deceit and falseness, where she had looked only for truth? But she is unconscious as yet, she is up stairs in her room now, praying still for that strength which is so long in coming.

Was Mr. Darrell happy on this first night of his engagement to Ethel? No, I don't think he was. It is hard for anyone to be happy with a great uncertainty and suspense always before them. This man had achieved a great victory, he had compassed a thing which had once seemed an almost impossibility, he had stopped at nothing, using deceit and fraud as weapons, and now he stood triumphant, victorious, but not happy; beyond all this there still lay a waste and desert to be traversed. He could not with his will put away all the past from him, as some men can, he had no power to banish some things from his life. When the night was very far spent, when the house was all quiet, and a great hush reigned in the passages and big lonely rooms, Mr. Darrell took his candle, and left his study, and walked out into the corridor.

A long dim place this corridor was at Darrell, running the length of the

whole house on the ground-floor, carpeted, hung with pictures, old family portraits, those bygone Sir Hughs and Sir Henrys, with powdered heads and ruffles; and others, older still, with the curls and costume of Charles's time. And there were portraits there by Sir Peter Lely of beautiful women, of the Lady Darrells who had mated with those grim stately baronets. These were all fair women, handsome aristocratic faces. Mr. Darrell stood at the end of the corridor looking down it; there was a tall painted window at the far end, through which the moonlight streamed upon floor and wall and ancient pictures, in a wide flood of light; those stately faces, those fair women's faces seemed to frown upon him, their great eyes followed him, they seemed as though they watched him as he walked by. There hung a Guido's Cenci face, with such agonized eyes, such a pleading look, such bright hair, something thrilled him as he looked upon it. He was familiar with the picture, as he was with all the others, looking on them perhaps once in a whole year, his eye had grown accustomed to them, he passed them daily in this dim corridor. But there was something to-night in that Cenci face which rivetted his gaze. Through the painted window the moonlight fell on the picture, and he seemed to be looking on a familiar living face. There was the pretty oval, the low forehead, from which auburn hair swept in great waves, and curls; there were the big speaking violet eyes—

Ethel's eyes—the red lips, the slender throat, and over all the shadow of some great despair. Round the picture were hung black velvet curtains, which only set off the painting, and made it more striking.

He had never seen the likeness before; daily he had looked upon Ethel's pretty face, a face among a hundred faces, so new, so full of expression, but he never thought of comparing it to this Guido, this agonized, despairing face. But now the thought came to him vividly, he had seen that look, the eyes which seemed to look beyond things present. Was it the look which Ethel's face had worn in the evening when she sat by the piano, looking straight before her on to the music; while she listened to his words, "and that is perfect love."

Henry Darrell stood thinking of it all, how odd she was, how hard to understand; how cold in some things, and how true as he knew she was; and he looked on the picture, and he took hold of the velvet curtains and drew them over it. He didn't want to see her so, he didn't want to see despair or sorrow on the pretty sensitive face, he didn't want to think of her so. And then he turned away, he continued his way through the corridor, under many picture faces, not noticing them. Thinking still, walking on like a man in a dream, seeing that Cenci face still, although he had drawn the black curtains over it, and turned his back upon it.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Beise le miroir infidèle
Qui vous cache la vérité."

READER, can you forgive this proud little heroine of mine for so far getting over her old love and so easily falling in with a new one? I don't wish to uphold her as a model heroine. When I began to write the story of her life I questioned with myself whether, after all, it would not be better to let it lie untold, there was so much that was faulty and imperfect in it; and then I reasoned with myself, and argued that I was going to tell a story to men and women, to imperfect, erring mortals, the story of a woman's life, with

all its little interests, and hopes, its world of goods and ills, and I felt that to such readers this story would come as nothing new, only the old tale of life.

Ethel Haller had not accepted Henry Darrell in that self-sacrificing spirit in which novel heroines now-a-days persist in making themselves unhappy and uncomfortable. This niece of Mr. Haller's had been brought up and educated in a very strange way; she had had no mother to "watch o'er her childhood;" from

the beginning she had stood alone, that is to say, lonely for the want of the sympathy and companionship which women always look to other women for; she had no sister to talk with and associate with and quarrel with occasionally; she had never known the blessings of such sweet companionship; she had ever lived a lonely life, a spoilt, wilful child; she had come to live in that old Grange house many years ago, a passionate, hot-tempered little girl. But John Haller had studied her; he had laid himself out to curb the wilful child and tame her nature, not by blows, or hard words, or strict discipline, but with gentleness and love, speaking quietly to her, showing her the faults, making her acknowledge them—and this she was ever ready to do, ever ready to put her arms about his neck and say, "I am sorry, Uncle John; I know I was in the wrong." Such things can only be accomplished through love, for had John Haller illused the passionate little girl the chances are her proud spirit would have made her draw in more to herself; there would have been none of that impulsive frankness, the natural honesty of her nature would have been curbed; but he dealt tenderly with her always—it was his maxim with women. The roughness and bluntness were for men; for women soft words, and kindness, protection, and the obedience and trust would come of themselves. This was John Haller's maxim—a good one in its way, but very lenient; he was scarcely firm enough; he gave in now and then; a pale face, reproachful eyes, and above all, tears, unmanned him; he was too tender-hearted. And so Ethel had grown up, natural, unaffected, soft-hearted, and yet still a little wayward, still lacking that patience and gentleness under trial which Mr. Haller had. She was impulsive, rather hasty, and very proud; and I think it was this same pride which made her answer "Yes" to Henry Darrell's offer of marriage. She was not a girl lightly to fall in love with any man; she had loved once, and that love would last her life; she couldn't fall in love again; and I think it was the very knowledge that she still cherished that love, that made her determine to put it away from her forcibly, it was

such a worthless object—so poor and slight.

It is only patient people who can go on hoping always, and Ethel was not patient, and so her pride and passionateness led her astray—the two evils of her nature. I feel that I am making an apology for her, but I cannot help myself; I know that I am speaking to men and women, and they will understand those faults; they come by nature to some people—they are born with them—and it is only by trial and sorrow that they are sometimes laid low and humbled.

She had accepted Henry Darrell, hoping that in this way she might be enabled to forget the past. It was wrong of her, it was very, very wrong of her to deal so with the love of a man whom she thought to be an honest man, to marry him simply to gratify her pride, simply in a fit of anger and bitterness, because another man had proved false to her, and she wished to show that she didn't care. It was wrong; and yet I ask you, men and women, to forgive her, to remember how difficult it is to act always rightly, to remember what a strange, lonely life this little heroine of mine led, how fanciful she was, how full of queer romantic ideas, how very, very lonely.

Ethel woke next morning with a load on her heart. It was a bright, joyous morning; the air was all fresh with the breath of lately-fallen showers; the grass and leaves were sparkling with rain-drops; the birds were all chirping and singing in the trees and bushes; over the fields the light of an autumn sunrise shone warmly; it was a bright, cheery morning, and John Haller would be expecting his niece home; he would stay away from the farmyard; he would sit outside in the sun's light waiting for her, listening for the sound of her phaeton-wheels on the avenue, longing to see her—and she knew all this, and she determined to go home.

When Ethel went downstairs, Mr. Darrell was not yet down; she met my lady in the corridor, and Lady Darrell went to meet her; she took her in her arms and kissed her.

"Ethel, dear, I am so happy," she said, and the gentle lady's eyes filled up with tears.

Ethel didn't speak; she stood

there with Lady Darrell's arms round her, looking down on the carpet.

"Of course, you will stay here longer now, dear," Lady Darrell continued, leading her favourite down the corridor. "You won't think of going home now?"

But Ethel answered quietly,

"I promised to be home this morning, Lady Darrell; I think I must go. Uncle John will be expecting me; he would be disappointed."

Lady Darrell looked at her little companion with surprise in her mild face.

"But what will Henry say?" she asked.

She had always been brought up to think that an affianced husband had full authority to order his fiancée's goings out and comings in; *she* had been very obedient to all Sir Hugh's little wishes in the days when he was wooing her.

"I hope he won't mind much; but I think I must go."

Ethel spoke quietly, but firmly; she had fully made up her mind to go; she was longing to be at home in the dear old Grange house; she dreaded Mr. Darrell's wooing.

"Sir Hugh will be home to-night," my lady ventured once again.

"I shall come over some time to-morrow, and see Sir Hugh," Miss Haller answered. But she dreaded her lover's interference.

The gong began to sound, and there was a silence.

The colour came flushing into Ethel's face when Mr. Darrell came into the room; she half rose from her chair as he walked over towards her. A fear came over her, for there was no one in the diningroom but Lady Darrell, and she held out her hand; for a moment Henry seemed irresolute, then he took the little hand and held it; he wasn't ashamed; he wasn't a man given to blushing, or looking foolish, but somehow he was rather taken aback, it was a rebuff, ever so slight, but still he felt it; he was annoyed, and he didn't speak, as he took his place at the table.

"Ethel is talking of going home, Henry," my lady said, as she began to busy herself with her tea-making.

"Going home!" and Mr. Darrell's dark eyes sought the Cenci face inquiringly. "I think Ethel has for-

gotten that she may be forbidden to go home now."

Mr. Darrell was smiling, while he helped himself to sugar. "She's a captive now. Mr. Haller must come here himself to release her."

He had called her Ethel: he had smiled upon her with such an air of ownership, the Cenci face was troubled.

"No, no," she said, "I must go to-day."

"Indeed you shan't."

So stoutly said, she was beginning to feel like a prisoner indeed, but she smiled.

"Uncle John will be expecting me."

"We can send a message."

"No, no, indeed I will go."

Mr. Darrell didn't say any more then, but his dark face looked gloomy. All this was very odd, very unaccountable, and he didn't speak any more to his fiancée.

When breakfast was over, he accompanied the ladies into the drawingroom. There was an awkwardness in this lovemaking, it was forced and unnatural; he stood close to Ethel, he even laid his hand on hers, when it rested on the table, and she didn't withdraw it, but there was no nestling nearer, no fond linking, it was a little passive hand, and then he said—

"Will you take a turn with me, Ethel, on the terrace?"

Miss Haller looked at her watch, "ten o'clock," she said, "and the pony-carriage will be here at half-past."

"Are you really going, then?"

"Really and truly," and Ethel laughed. She was no hypocrite, she couldn't pretend to be in love with this dark-faced gentleman, but she felt that she was treating him oddly, ungraciously, and so she made an effort—"But we can take a stroll for the half-hour, if you like, I have nothing to do."

It was rather a cavalier way of treating an affianced husband; but Mr. Darrell knew this young lady, he thought her cold and careless, but she was a change from those warm foreign ladies with whom he had mingled so much; she was shy, too, he thought, but that would wear off in time.

Out into the terrace they went, my

lady could see them walking up and down in the sunlight past the windows, and they were talking. They had stopped, standing still together by the stone balustrade; Mr. Darrell was looking on the soft face, and he said—

"Ethel, do you love me?"

It was a very natural question, considering his relations to that pretty girl, but she paused a long time before answering. She did not love him, and she was not going to pretend that she did, and when she spoke her voice was gentle, had more softness in it than he had ever heard before.

"No, Henry, I am afraid I do not."

He didn't speak for a few minutes; he didn't ask her why she had promised to be his wife; he was not a passionate man, he was not going to upbraid her, or plead to her, he only said very quietly, "Do you think you will ever learn to love me, Ethel?"

"I will try."

There was the same softness in her voice, and big tears were stealing into her eyes.

"It will all come in time," Mr. Darrell said, "when we know each other better."

And Ethel whispered, "I think it will." She had prayed so passionately that such love might come into her heart, the tears were falling now down on her hands, on the stone flat. There was a great despair filling all her heart—she felt that she had been rash and cruel, she had behaved very wickedly in accepting Henry Darrell.

But he wasn't a sensitive man—his vanity was hurt, that was all, but he didn't feel any sorrow. He was

selfish, and selfish people never love strongly: had he been a proud man, he would never have spoken those last words, he would have held himself so injured. But he was not proud in such ways; he had not the *amour propre* which makes men sensitive about such things: he was vain, so vain that he found it very hard to realize that here was a young country lady, a girl who had seen little or nothing of the world, who lived like Miranda in a sort of desert, seeing no one; and yet, when he invaded her solitude, when he saw fit to cast favourable eyes upon her, she proved that her heart was made of much more impenetrable stuff than Miss Miranda's. She didn't fall in love with this Ferdinand, whom Dame Fortune had thrown in her way, but then Ethel had had other persons besides gray-bearded Prospero, and the monster Caliban, from whom to derive her beau ideal of what a man should be: she had very distinct ideas on this subject.

Now Mr. Darrell, being so intensely vain, was fully persuaded that it only required a little time. "When she knows me," he kept telling himself, "she won't be able to help falling in love with me." These were his own thoughts; but he was hurt, too: he couldn't deny that she was very hard to gain, very cold—strangely unlike any of the other women with whom he had been brought into contact. And this piqued him: he wouldn't give her up—"I will make her like me!" And knowing his own strength of purpose, he did not despair of that liking coming at no very remote period.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE NOBLER PART.

My lady sat in her long drawing-room, in her big easy chair, with her many-coloured wools all spread around her; and ever and anon she looked out on the sunlit terrace, on those two lovers standing by the close railing, lights and shadows, far-off mountains, and big trees waving near, a flood of golden light, a man's dark, eager face, a girl's soft, saddened one, a picture-scene. This which my lady looked upon, and in

her mind's eye, there was another picture.

A cold, bare barrack-room, such as dwell in fond romantic women's minds, bleak prison-walls, and a sunny-haired, blue-eyed young hero, in an indistinct uniform. It might be militia, dragoons, or even deputy-lieutenant, for my lady was not well up in war harness; and then, the tender-hearted melancholy soul, her

picture grew hazy and indistinct, for the tears that were filling her eyes to overflowing, and falling down upon her coloured wools. The phaeton from the Grange is at the door in another minute, and Ethel comes in to say good-bye. The Cenci face is pale to-day. There is some of that look in the wild eyes which Guido has painted. Why does my lady drop her needles and wools all in a heap on the carpet and take the slender girlish form to her heart, and cry as she has never cried since the day when her good fat manufacturing mother handed her over to Sir Hugh, bidding him "be a good husband to her"—her wedding-day, when she had left a very happy, luxurious home for a life all cold as winter.

They were alone ; Mr. Darrell was waiting outside on the stone steps, and Lady Darrell whispers, "God bless you, Ethel," through her tears. Altogether this new step in Ethel's life seems to be a sad one.

And Ethel says never a word ; she cannot cry ; she only kisses the warm, tender face ; she has found a woman's sympathy at last. And then she hurries away, out into the corridor, past the picture faces—past that Guido with the strange agony in it, out to the stone steps.

Mr. Darrell is there to help her in ; he is all attention—a very model Romeo—so tender, so devoted. He tucks the deer-skin well round her, and then a little dog-skin hand comes out to bid him good-bye. The same frank hand, the violet eyes, look earnestly upon him for a moment. There is almost remorse in that look. "I shall see you to-morrow," he says, and then a shake to the reins. Jones jumps up to his place, the little Shetland bounds forward. "Good-bye !" and Mr. Darrell is left standing alone on his wide steps.

Down the avenue, under the lime and chestnut trees, past that little by-path which winds past the lake. Miss Haller is driving the Shetland so hard that old Jones thinks it his duty to keep drawing into the back of her head, "Steady ! miss—steady !"

Past the moss banks where grew Freddy's ferns and flowers, along pleasant roads, by many hedge-rows and clumps of trees, and little shiny cottages. Ethel was well known in many of those cottage homes, but she

drove by to-day not stopping ; little children bobbed their curtsied greetings to her—rosy-faced school children, with their bundles of books and home-made bread, trudging along the lanes. Miss Haller nodded to these little tramps, and smiled on some of them, but she didn't stoop to chat with them. She was in no humour for talking to-day ; her heart was heavy and cold within her. She drove by and through the village, past Major Townsend's snug cottage, with its grass plot and flower-beds, and bush-rose-trees, on down the village street ; by the rows of red brick Doll-houses, and tiny spick and span shops. Mrs. Jones the draper peeped through her forest of laces and ribbons and new autumn fashions, to see who was driving through the high street at such an unfashionable hour of the day, and then bobbed back again, with an "Oh, Miss Haller, o' the Grange !" and then a whispered confidence across the counter to some favoured customer ; "An' they do say here," and more whispering, the gist of which was, that Miss Haller "may marry the Laird if she will." Mrs. Jones always knew everybody's affairs much better than they knew them themselves ; but she never originated a story—there was always some one behind the scenes insinuated by "An' I was told for a truth ;" and again, "an' they do say," and so forth. She was the village oracle, as good at a story as half a dozen Tam o' Shanter's, or as many gossiping crones. She required no village tree to inspire her, a yard measure, a roll of flannel, or a box of tapes and spools, stood her in good stead. Miss Haller drove by unconscious of the interest which garrulous Mrs. Jones was throwing over her, drove on through the village, and up the hill in the direction of the farm-house. Up this hill she let the reins hang on the pony's neck ; she leant back and said to Jones—

"Did the master go to the farm this morning, Jones ?"

"No, miss ; master's waiting for you. I think he did half expect like, that you might ha' been thinking o' coming home last night, for he waited on down be the meadow, looking towards the 'ouse very lonely like."

Ethel said nothing. Lonely ! Were there coming days when he would be lonelier still ? She hoped not. They

were at the gate now, and she drove in. A short winding avenue, shaded in with trees—a pebbly little avenue, with grass banks sloping from it. A minute more and Miss Haller drove up to the farm-house. There stood big roughly-clad John Haller, with his wide-awake hat pulled over his eyes, and a short pipe in his mouth, for the broken-hearted man did smoke sometimes, like other men, under the porch, under bright leaves. What a world of love flooded Ethel's heart as she looked upon him—this good, honest man, whose whole life was such a blameless one; so true, so tender to her.

John Haller was one of those men whose lives glide on "like rivers," unruffled. He had that spotless reputation without which, Shakespeare tells us, men are but "gilden loam, or painted clay." His was a face without a date. There was the light of youth, the shadow of care. It was a face with a story in it, but the story was not an evil one—it was one which had chastened and softened the man, leaving him patient and resigned.

He smiled so gladly as Ethel drove up; he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and put it in his pocket, as he went forward to meet her. The sound of the carriage-wheels over the gravel had roused Fairy from his doze in the sun, and he was jumping and barking round the basket-carriage. Happy welcome! so much love! Surely, if in some things Ethel's life had been unfortunate, there was still much of what was good and pleasant in it.

The Shetland is standing nodding his head, and Ethel is hiding her face against her uncle's tweed breast.

"So glad to see my little puss back again," he is saying, and he looks glad, too; his pleasant, sunburnt face is smiling down upon her, and then Miss Ethel, my beauty, it has been other welcomes, for it is a rare thing for Miss Haller to leave her home.

Old Sally has her cozy smile, and words of love, too.

"My sunbeam back again?" she cried, in her cheery old voice; "why, Miss Ethel, my beauty, it has been lonesome night an' day, since you went."

Mrs. Bird is holding John Haller's niece by both of her hands, looking with such proud fond eyes upon her.

Ethel has forgotten all her troubles now, she is smiling her own sunny smile, which lights up her whole young face, and puts a sparkle in her brave eyes. This home of hers, although at times a lonely one, is a happier home to her than any other the whole wide world could afford.

"I am so glad to be home again," she says, and then the smile fades away out of her face, the violet eyes fill with tears, she is easily melted in these days, those idle tears come often to her eyes, she knows not why. And then Ethel left old Sally, and hurried away to her own little room.

Now, Miss Haller was soft-hearted, and very sensitive; her nature was so true, and all this welcoming, this little world of love and admiration which lived in this her home, sunk deep into her heart, awakened all the good feelings there, stirred up the old fond recollections of days for ever past and gone when she had been but a child, with the joys and little sorrows of a child. She was a woman now, "with the heart and hopes of a woman."

Did she sink upon her bed and sob and cry? no; did she stand at the window in the sunlight, and soliloquize? no; did she feel utterly miserable, and despairing, because now she could never, never marry a certain golden-haired dragon whom she still loved above all others? no; certainly not. Then she must have been a very cold-hearted young lady, I hear my reader critics cry. Not so, oh! men and women; not so indeed. She stood a brave-hearted, spirited little lady, who would not give way in this hour of tribulation; who would not acknowledge, even to herself, how greatly she still loved that blue-eyed young deceiver who had proved false to her in far lands. He was worthless, unworthy of such love, her story books all recorded the falseness and dishonesty of men. It was nothing strange to her. No voice spoke to her saying—

"O closed about by narrowing nunnery walls,
What knowest thou of the world and all its lights
And shadows, all the wealth and all the woe!"

She had lived in a world of her own, among storied people, thinking as they thought, and those storied heroes

and heroines, had all very strange romantic ideas. The gallants who rode away leaving lovelorn maidens to mourn their loss, were all such worthless shallow persons. The maids who pined, and wept, and wasted their years in vain regrets, were all such contemptible young women, so spiritless! her heroines stood out prominent, the brave women of Chaucer's true romance, these, and the proud Roman dames, were all her heroines. She admired them, she

looked up to them, there was nothing contemptible in a love which could hide itself, and kill itself, and be forgotten, and these were the thoughts in Ethel's mind. She remembered her promise to her affianced husband, "I will try to love you," and she didn't repent of having so spoken; and yet it was not of her fiancé that she thought, it was of some one else for whom she said, "I have a corner in my heart that's sorry yet for thee."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE RECTOR IN THE LION'S DEN.

THAT snug parsonage house, with its crowd of tall chimneys, its trees, and rookery, its old-fashioned gardens; was a lonely triste place. There were rooms, and rows of rooms, and still the little Rector who only occupied two or three of the cheeriest of these, felt like Marianna in her moated grange, he saw the sun rise and set; heard phantom footsteps and voices sounding in lonely places, saw the shadows fall upon the wall and floor, and was lonely, even unto death.

Many rooks caved in the surrounding trees, the lowing of cows sounded in the evening time, and the owl's shrill cry at night. There was a desolateness and mighty loneliness all about. The young Rector had felt this loneliness growing upon him more and more latterly, for in his dreams sometimes he would people the rooms with many faces, lights, and voices, and the pattering of children's feet over the boards, the ring of piano notes, and a voice singing "Love thee, dearest," in the twilight.

If the Rector thought more of such things, than of his sermon, and the conversion of a stiff-necked generation, it wasn't his fault, poor little man, for he was only a mortal after all. Every Sunday, regularly, he called many erring men "brethren," and prayed with them to be forgiven trespasses which with him were very few; a few worldly thoughts, a slight hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt, dreams of a far-off bishopric, of a palace, and good living, such thoughts would intrude themselves; but to do him justice, even in these dreams, Milly's humble presence was

not forgotten, she it was who gave them half their charm.

On that Monday evening the Rev. Mr. Gray sauntered off in the direction of the village, with what intentions I know not, perhaps on parish business, it might be to see old Mrs. Ambrose, who was deaf and blind, and who never was the wiser of his visits; perhaps it was to call at the schools, and see what new knowledge the little village Adams had gained during the last week; he was not going to a tea-party, for he had on his thick boots, and his hair was not brushed into dogs' ears, as on such great occasions. Going out to tea, with the Rector was a great event: his toilet on such occasions was a wonderfully elaborate business; he oiled and perfumed and brushed, and tugged at his ill-made coats to make them lie smoothly on his plump little figure. Since the days when poor ungainly Goldsmith struggled to make himself beautiful before his "Jessamy Bride," I am sure no other man had taken the same pains to decorate his funny figure. Mr. Gray did not get his coats from Pool, or any other great man, and consequently they would wrinkle on his round shoulders. But to-night he was not going to a tea-drinking, at least no premeditated tea-party, but who knows old Major Townsend might meet him wandering about the village and carry him perforce to the cottage to tea, for the Major was a very hospitable old man, and such things had happened before. And so the Rector did change his coat, and made a few mild improvements, and then he sauntered off

through the fields. A bright autumn evening, below in the valley lay the village, blue curls of smoke went sailing away towards the sky from many chimneys, a fog hung on the mountains, but such mists never fell in the valley—below was sunshine and clear pure air. The Rector roamed on slowly, thinking perhaps of his sermon, which weekly lay on his mind like a nightmare, for he was not an eloquent man, he had not the command of either words or ideas, and for six days he laboured regularly to produce on the seventh only one of those mysterious yarns which left one with the idea that the pink-faced little man had had some great idea in his mind which he could not put into words, which puzzled himself and startled some of the congregational wiseheads, such as Tom Holland the doctor, who would flush and mutter "by Jove!" quite angrily, and say afterwards that it was a shame and a scandal to see a fellow like that filling such a position.

Perhaps he was thinking of deaf Mrs. Ambrose, wondering whether, through the medium of her speaking-trumpet, he might be ultimately enabled to reach her understanding, and speak exhortations to her at last. Who knows; people's thoughts are the only things which really and truly belong to them, which no one can take from them or share with them, and so the Rector went dreaming along.

He wandered by the club, it was dusk, and the gas was lit in the billiardroom; the blinds were up, and the Rector outside, peering into this paradise, which was shut to him, could see the faces of the assembled gentlemen there. There was that noisy vulgar Bell, the agent, the only man in the whole world whom the meek clergyman well-nigh hated. Mr. Bell was just now playing a game of pyramids with Major Tully, who had for once evaded his vigilant spouse, and who was a new man in consequence, who was laying on his half-crowns very freely, and even smoking a cheeroot. Mr. Bell looks flushed, and seems to be talking loudly, symptoms that he is in his cups, not a very unfrequent occurrence at this hour of the evening; he has rapped out a few curses within the last few minutes, which made the Rector

shiver where he stood by the railings looking in. Mr. Bell is a *mauvais sujet*, I am afraid—a lost sheep, in fact.

There is young Tom Holland, one of the village doctors, who gets himself sent for to the club on "urgent pressing business," and then sighs and laments that he "never gets a quiet minute," and so passes away, leaving the whole room with the impression that he is a great practitioner, the leading physician in the town.

Tom is standing with his whole mind in the game, for he has been betting sixpennies recklessly with the dissipated Bell. There is lazy, good-for-nothing Captain Bowler, the militia adjutant, who infests the billiard-room from morning to night, to the utter desertion of a pretty wife and houseful of babies; but he never bets for fear of losing, and only plays when he is safe to win; he smokes anybody's tobacco, and grows boozey towards the close of the evening on everybody's shandygaff; he is another *mauvais sujet*, and over him the Rector sighs, too, for he is deaf to all exhortation.

But all these persons are comparatively uninteresting to our Rector. He is a little shocked to see Major Tully playing pyramids and smoking: he had always lived under the delusion that the major was a godly man; he sits every Sunday beside his big wife repeating the responses attentively, listening to any length of sermon, with his face drawn into such a religious contortion. The Rector is a little shocked, but not surprised, for hypocrisy is the clergyman's *bête noir*, following him everywhere.

But it was another feeling than regret over this castaway that held the Rector clinging to the club railings. Old Major Townsend, in one of the arm-chairs, in the corner of the room, was talking with Captain Bowler vehemently: he was fighting over again the battle of Waterloo, showing how he would have acted in the great Duke's place: he would have won the battle in a very different way. The Rector's eyes were following all his movements; his heart stood still with expectation when the old gentleman stood up for a moment and shouldered his walking-stick (for he had no crutch), "and showed how fields were won." But

the Major sat down again—he was evidently going to make a night of it. The disappointed clergyman looked at his watch, it was nine o'clock. The bang of the club door, a great slap on his plump shoulders roused him, his *bête noir* the flushed, billiard-playing Bell, was standing beside him.

"Hullo, Rector, playing Paul Pry, eh?"

The little Rector staggered to his feet, so to speak, for the large agent's friendly salutation had well-nigh upset him.

"Certainly not, Mr. Bell," he said, with pink dignity. "I take no interest in such things. I happened to be passing, and seeing some faces I thought I knew, I paused to make certain."

"Haw! haw!" laughed the noisy agent. "Adam taking a peep over his shoulder back into Paradise, eh? Come now, Rector, have you no recollection of ever having handled a cue yourself, a long time ago perhaps?"

"Mr. Bell, I—ah—I am not accustomed to—"

"Oh no, of course not, all that's forgotten now; but, on your honour, Rector, have you never had a brandy and soda, or winked at a pretty girl, eh? Come, now, try and remember: you're not so old but you can remember twenty-five years ago."

Mr. Bell was always facetious, but to-night he was positively insolent, the plump Rector thought. He was not quite himself either, and he reeked of stale tobacco. Altogether the little Christian was disgusted; he took a step back; he drew himself up; he grew pinker still while he spoke.

"Mr. Bell—sir, I think you can hardly think what you are saying. I think, sir, you cannot realize the enormity—the—the heavy charge—a clergyman—and—and altogether, sir, I think I will wish you good evening."

"No, hang it; that is why the d——. Oh! beg pardon; never mind, I don't mean it—no. I say, Rector, confound it, don't go; I want to speak to you, 'pon my word I do, and stay, I swear, I think you one of the best fellows going."

This confused apology was wrung from the agent, by a vision of his gaunt domineering sister. He took the little man by the arm—

"You know I do, Gray."

The Rector was so far a true Christian, that he always accepted an apology.

"I try to do my duty," he said, in a quiet tone. "If my actions are mistaken, I cannot help it. Everyone has their trials."

"Of course they have, lots."

Mr. Bell pronounced this last word "lotsh" to-night, and he repeated it several times.

"And I shay, Gray, come along with me and have a cup-o'-she."

The Rector translated this last part into an invitation to partake of a cup of tea; but he answered, more in sorrow than in anger,—

"Thank you, no, Mr. Bell. I—"

"Come, now, no excuses, shir; I'll take none, and I shay you musht come—'pon my life you musht."

The night air was beginning to tell on Mr. Bell's articulation; it was becoming even more mysterious, and a great pity for the lonely sister of this lost sheep came into the kindly clergyman's heart. Perhaps she was waiting lonely for the coming home of the prodigal. Should he do a kind act and bear him back to her? Yes, he thought he would. One more glance into the gas-lit room; all there just the same. The click of the balls, the noisy voices, the fragrance of tobacco, and the Major still fighting the Battle of Waterloo. He sighed—

"Well, thank you, I will go."

And then he walked off with his charge down the street. The shop windows were all closed; many tiny bedroom windows had lights in them, for this little valley town was a very primitive place. And then they paused before the corner house. There were lights streaming from the drawingroom windows; soft strains of music stole out over the geranium pots and empty mignonette boxes; the lonely watcher was evidently trying to drive away dull care with "Oh, would I were a bird." The Rector opened his eyes; certain rumours concerning the land agent's menage came before him, and he almost repented having undertaken this mission.

Mr. Bell was making violent plunges with a latch-key at the letter-box, after each of which ineffectual plunge he muttered a suppressed "Sham it!" which pieces of blasphemy made the

sorrowful Rector repent even more of his weakness.

"Will you allow me?" he said, gently taking the key and opening the door: and then they passed into the house.

The agent was well off, and his house was a comfortable one; pleasant carpets; soft, airy curtains; dainty covers, and an air of snugness in the drawingroom. Miss Bell ceased to desire to become a bird as the door opened to admit her brother and the Rector. She rose, a tall woman with a rather high nose, and bright dark eyes. Miss Bell had been handsome, and she still possessed that air of confidence and ease which handsome women always have. She received the Rector graciously smiling upon him, although it was more than a month now since he had stood in her chintz-covered drawingroom. She was glad to see him coming back, as it were, to his allegiance, and she was a little annoyed to think that he had heard that "Would I were a bird"—such a worldly ballad! But never mind. She will make it up by-and-by, by giving him the "*Te Deum*," and half a dozen hymns. An odour of stale tobacco has crept into the room with the entrance of the two gentlemen, and there are little wrinkles round Miss Bell's nose as if she smelt the tobacco; little wrinkles on her forehead, too, as if she didn't like it; but as the Rector is present she only says—

"Would you mind raising the window a little, Howard?"

Howard drives blindly for the window, upsetting on his way a work-table, the contents of which lie in ruins on the floor. Red patches come into Miss Bell's cheek bones; her eyes sparkle strangely; but as the Rector is there she only says—

"I think you had better sit down, Howard. Never mind the window, thank you."

The Rector thinks this patient lady quite a martyr; but Howard, who reads an ominous tale in the pointedly polite tone, obeys, and slinks into an arm-chair.

There is an awkward pause, which I think the lady might have relieved; but she knows the Rector understands

her painful position. He is pitying her, and she is silent.

There is a tea equipage on a little round table, and Miss Bell has glided over towards it.

"Sit over here, Mr. Gray, near me; it is such an age since we have had a talk together, and I have so many things to ask you."

It is quite domestic; two little cups and saucers, for the agent never takes tea; two little silver spoons, and the Rector's pink face opposite, when a voice says suddenly—

"What the d—'s all this?"

Mr. Bell has been reading the paper in his arm-chair. Miss Bell pales; she is quite accustomed to her brother's language, but to-night she is shocked.

"Howard, I'm pained to hear you speak so. Oh, Howard, where do you expect to go to?"

"I'm afraid we'll *all* go to some very hot place if we don't look out; but that's not the question. Who the deuce would ever have thought— Well, no matter."

Miss Bell was curious. On any other occasion she would have demanded an explanation, perhaps even snatched the newspaper, but the Rector's presence restrains her. She only throws a look full of love and sorrow at the large figure in the arm-chair, and the tender-hearted Rector is beginning to think her quite an angel in forgiveness.

He walks home that night in the moonlight; he is thinking of two women, both angels; he is in a sad perplexity. There is the coarse agent's "Good night, old fellow," ringing in his ear; he positively hates that big man.

"Would she? Oh, would she?" the Rector is asking himself incredulously. He is away in a new dream.

But when he stands in his solitary house, when he feels once more the intense loneliness, he is penitent; for he has in dreams so often peopled those lonely rooms with faces; he has so often listened to the jingle of a harpsichord, and a voice singing, "Love thee, dearest," that those things have now become parts of his life, living, real blessings, and he cannot put them away from him.

THE PENNS AND THE PENNINGTONS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

To keep up or rouse a spirit of patriotism among reasonably indifferent nationalists, skilful writers and orators record in books or present to assemblies the unselfish and splendid deeds and sacrifices of dead heroes. A spirit of piety and Christian zeal is strengthened by the perusal of the lives of the early Apostles, and confessors, and martyrs. If the gifted authoress of the book mentioned below,* felt in her soul that a relaxation in fervour and discipline is perceptible among the living generation of her people, she could not have adopted a more wise or effective means than she has done, to renew the "first love" and keep the line of demarcation between "Friends" and other professing Christians sharply defined.

There is a persuasive eloquence, a womanly grace, and a fervent zeal evident all through the volume, well calculated to kindle or re-kindle an earnest spirit among the more indifferent of her society, but with this we have no direct concern. We take the book and examine it on the score of its literary merits or defects. We find in it well delineated phases of life, and pictures of society in the seventeenth century, and characteristics of the opposing politics of that troubled time. Furthermore, we meet with many scenes of domestic attachment and happiness, many traits of manly endurance and courage, many quiet manifestations of womanly amiableness, constancy, charity, and loving services rendered to their rougher relatives, while courageously suffering the rough treatment awarded to principles obnoxious to the ruling powers of the day. The words of our authoress will be more to the purpose here than any observations of our own.

THE OBJECT OF THE WORK.

"This work originated in the belief that a volume depicting the religious and domestic life of Isaac Pennington, of William

Penn, and of Thomas Ellwood, would be especially useful at the present time. . . . They differed materially from one another in natural character, but in each may be seen the distinguishing marks of the followers of the Lord Jesus, carried into their varied spheres of operation. . . . And in their wives we have a beautiful exemplification of Christian matrons, aiding and cheering their husbands amid trials and persecutions, and rejoicing in their faithfulness notwithstanding the frowns of the world. Tender-hearted and womanly, yet active and enduring, they show us what such women can do in filling the blanks at home occasioned by their husbands' unavoidable absence.

"These eminent Friends unitedly stand forth as noble examples of the conduct and principles which graced the earlier days of Quakerism, in the church, in the family, and in the general community."

THE EARLY LIFE OF MRS. PENNINGTON.

The father of Isaac Pennington was Lord Mayor of London, in 1642, having been elected Member of Parliament for that city two years previously. He was one of the Commissioners of the High Court, which sat on the trial of Charles I. Isaac became the second husband of Lady Springett, whose first husband, Sir William, was as determined a foe to the unfortunate king, and to all works of art in which scriptural or church characters or incidents were portrayed, as the bitterest Roundhead could desire. The mother of this *Merciful Strickland* was a most estimable lady. Lady Springett, her daughter-in-law, left the following account of her.

"She lived a virtuous life, constant in morning and evening prayer by herself, and often with her children, causing them to repeat to her what they remembered of sermons they had heard, and of Scriptures. I lived in the house with her from nine years of age till after I was married to her son; and after he died, she came and lived with me and died at my house. In all which time I never, as I remember, heard her say an improper word, or saw her do an evil action. She spent her time very ingeniously, and in a bountiful manner be-

* The Penns and Penningtons of the Seventeenth Century, in their domestic and religious life, illustrated by original family letters. Also incidental notices of their friend Thomas Ellwood, with some of his unpublished verses. By Maria Webb, author of the "Fells of Swarthmoor Hall and their friends." London: F. B. Kitto.

stowed great part of her jointure yearly upon the poor, in providing physic and surgery. She had a yearly jointure of about twelve score pounds, and with it she kept a brace of horses, a man, and a maid. She boarded with her only brother, Sir Edward Partridge. She kept several poor women constantly employed simpling for her in the summer, and in the winter preparing such things as she had use for in physic and surgery, and for eyes, she having eminent judgment in all three, and admirable success, which made her famous, and sought to (*sic*) out of several counties by the greatest persons as well as the low ones. . . . (Here several surprising cures are recorded.)

"In the villages about her lodged several patients, that had come there some hundreds of miles to be under her care, and sometimes would remain there away from their homes for a quarter of a year at a time. She has sometimes had twenty persons of a morning, men, women, and children, to attend to. I have heard her say she spent half her revenue in making the medicines she needed for these cures."

HER SECOND MARRIAGE AND CHOICE OF RELIGION.

Lady Springett, who thus writes of her mother-in-law, was left a widow at twenty years of age. Soon after the death of her husband she gave birth to a daughter, whom she named Gulielma Maria, after her father and mother, and who ultimately became the cherished wife of William Penn. Her mother-in-law, the "Lady Bountiful," just mentioned, lived with her till her death, four years after the birth of little Guli. The young widow seems to have suffered much mental disquietude on the choice of a settled rule of Christian faith and practice. To escape from the torment of thinking and studying without being able to see her way, she occasionally entered into society, and

lived as they live, whose maxim is to enjoy the transient amenities of this life without allowing themselves to be frightened by the prospect of a future state.

Isaac Pennington, to whom the doctrine of election and reprobation as then understood, afforded no more comfort than they did to Lady Springett, met her in society. They were mutually pleased with each other, and a happy union was the result; not, however, with regard to religious peace, for that did not come till later. The marriage took place in 1654, when she was thirty years of age, and her husband eight years older. Four years later they took possession of the Grange, in the parish of St. Peter's, Chalfont, Buckinghamshire. How they were induced to adopt the doctrines and practice of the Society of Friends, Mrs. Pennington has thus left on record:—

"Whilst I was in this (unsettled) state I heard of a new people called Quakers, but I resolved not to inquire after them nor the principles they held. For a year or more after I had heard of them in the North, I heard nothing of their ways except that they used *thee* and *thou* to everyone,* and I saw a book written about plain language, by George Fox, which I remember I thought very ridiculous; so gave no attention to the people or the book except it were to scoff at them and it. Though I thus despised this people, I had sometimes a desire to attend one of their meetings, if I could go unknown, and hear them pray."

The wished-for opportunity came about in this wise:—

"One day as my husband and I were walking in a park, a man that for a little time had frequented the Quakers' meetings, saw us as he rode by, in our gay, vain apparel. He spoke to us about our pride, at

* At all times people have affected to address their superiors in a different manner from their mode towards their equals. The familiar *thee* and *thou* have for a long time been replaced by the plural *you* in England and France, as if Jacques Bonhomme or John Smith would imply that his lord or other superior addressed, was equivalent to many such as himself. The German peasant, bent on further refining the sentiment, applies to the Herr Graff with whom he is so fortunate as to be allowed to converse, the term *they* (*sie*) instead of *you* (*ih*) as if to make the social distance between the two then in presence still wider. This system (French and German) also prevails in the intercourse of people not on familiar terms with each other, the *tu*, *toi*, *tu*, and *dich*, being reserved for intimate communication. The preference shown by the Friends for *thou* and *thee* arose from a desire to set all members of society on a social level. Why we use these familiar terms in addressing the Creator is not easily explained, unless we adopt the principle insisted on by the soldier when reproved for using the name of his commander without any epithet of respect attached to it,—“I didn't say ‘Mr. Wolff’ no more than I would say ‘Mr. Cæsar’ or ‘Mr. Alexander.’”

which I scoffed, saying, 'He a public preacher indeed—preaching on the highway!' He turned back again, saying he had a love for my husband, seeing grace in his looks. He drew nigh to the pales, and spoke of the light and grace of God that had appeared to all men. My husband and he having engaged in discourse, the man of the house coming up, invited the stranger in. He was but young, and perceiving my husband was too able for him in the fleshly wisdom, said he would bring a man next day who would better answer all his questions and objections, who, as I afterwards understood, was George Fox."

He did return, bringing along with him Thomas Curtis and William Simpson, George Fox being unable to attend. These men's arguments do not seem to have been advanced with much effect, but one quotation from our Saviour's words took fast hold on Mrs. Pennington's attention. "The doctrine is not mine but His that sent me. If any man do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." She adds:—"Immediately it rose in my mind, 'If I would for certain know whether or not it was truth, which these people upheld, I must do what I knew to be the Lord's will.'"

A Christian not belonging to the Society of Friends might here naturally ask—"How could one in the unsettled state of religious feeling which then swayed Mrs. Pennington, know what was the Lord's will, or how was she to set about doing it?" Of course, her earnest-minded biographer would allege that her heart being well disposed to do what was pleasing in God's sight, the Holy Spirit would not fail to impart inward knowledge. There is much in this proposition which people of different shades of Christian belief will grant at once, though disagreeing as to degree and the *modus operandi*.

During a reasonably long period in which she experienced severe mental conflicts, she did not attend Friends' meetings. But at length her resolution was taken, and thus she relates the result:—

"I then received strength to attend the meetings of this despised people, which I had never intended to meddle with. I found they were truly of the Lord, and my heart owned them and honoured them. I then longed to be one of them, and

mind not the cost nor the pain, but judged it would be well worth my utmost cost and pains to witness in myself such a change as I saw in them—such power over the evil of human nature. I had heard it objected to them that they could work no miracles, but I said they did work great miracles, in that they produced such changes, turning them that were in the world and in the fellowship of it from worldly things."

When the slight value set on human life during the civil wars in which this lady's first husband took a determined part is taken into account, along with the deadly hatred and contempt cherished against the loyalists by the Puritan leaders, it is not very wonderful that a gentlemanly lady should find a charm in the society of a people, who, though possessed of moral courage in the highest degree, would have nothing to do with blood-shedding, even in self-defence.

YOUTH OF THOMAS ELLWOOD.

About this time (1658, four years after the marriage), Thomas Ellwood, of whom we shall hear more anon, renewed his acquaintance with the Penningtons, then consisting, besides the elders, of Gulielma, now fifteen years of age, and three children born of the second marriage. The Ellwoods lived at Crowell, in Oxfordshire. Hearing that the Penningtons had come to reside at Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, within fifteen miles of them, Thomas and his father paid them a visit, and were not a little taken aback by their reception. This is the junior's account:—

"So great a change from a free, *debonair*, and courtly sort of behaviour, which we formerly had found them in, to so strict a gravity as they now received us with, did not a little amuse and disappoint our expectation of such a pleasant visit as we used to have, and had now promised ourselves."

The presence of some others prevented the seeking of any explanation, and young Thomas did not improve the situation by seeking his former playmate in the garden.

"I found her gathering flowers, attended by her maid, who was also a Quaker. But when I addressed myself to her after my accustomed manner, . . . though she treated me with a courteous mien, yet, young as she was, the gravity of her look and behaviour struck such an awe over me, that

I was not so much master of myself as to pursue any further converse with her. Wherefore asking pardon for my boldness in intruding into her private walks, I withdrew, not without some disorder of mind.

"We stayed dinner, which was very handsome, and lacked nothing to recommend it but the want of mirth and pleasant discourse, which we could neither enjoy with them, nor by reason of them with one another amongst ourselves, the weightiness that was on their spirits and countenances keeping down the lightness that would have been up in us. . . . We returned, not greatly satisfied with our journey, nor knowing particularly what to find fault with."

Another visit was paid, however, after some time, and some life was stirred up. Edward Burrough and James Nayler were present. After supper the servants, who were also Friends, were called in, and all sat for a while in silence. Then Edward Burrough began to speak, and his discourse soon "touched the copyhold" of the elder Ellwood, as his son expressed it, meaning, we suppose, that he probed some interior sores. He spoke on the universal free grace of God to all mankind. "To this," as the narrator tells, "he opposed the Calvinistic doctrine of particular and personal predestination, in defence of which indefensible notion, he found himself more at a loss than he expected. . . . James Nayler looked like a plain, simple countryman, having the appearance of a husbandman or shepherd. As my father was not able to maintain the argument on his side, so neither did they seem to drive it to an extremity on their side; but treating him in a soft and gentle manner, did, after a while, let fall the discourse, and then we withdrew to our respective chambers."

THE RESCUEES.

We next find Isaac Pennington making earnest efforts to bring his father over to his own notions of what he should do to be saved. The old gentleman did not give way, and the correspondence seems to have terminated about the time when some of those who had borne a part in bringing about the death of the late king were doomed to death, and others to imprisonment for life. Six of those who had signed the king's death-warrant, and four officials, suf-

fered death. Mr. Pennington, senior, not having handled the fatal pen, was merely deprived of his property, and imprisoned.

It was a doubtful mercy to spare the lives of some, and resign them to the treatment they received in the tower at the hands of the governor, Sir John Robinson. Alderman Pennington had once been the governor of that building, and now it came to his turn to be "kept in miserable bondage under that inhuman, bloody gaoler, the lieutenant of the tower, who stifled some of them to death for want of air; and when they had not one penny but what was given them to support their families (all their estates being confiscated), exacted from them rates for bare unfurnished prison-rooms, of some, forty pounds for one miserable chamber; of others, double, besides unjust fees, to raise which, their poor wives were often obliged to engage their jointures, or make other miserable shifts. And yet this rogue had all this time three pounds a week for every one of them."—(Lucy Hutchinson's memoirs of her husband.)

Part of Alderman Pennington's property was consigned to King Charles's natural son, the Duke of Grafton, from whom the Bond-street of Dublin inherits its name. The warrant to Sir John Robinson to deliver the corpse of Isaac Pennington to his relatives, bears date December 19, 1661. A silver cup belonging to him, marked with the Tower stamp and the initials I. P., is now in the possession of Edward Pennington, esq., Philadelphia. It bears the date 1642, the same year in which he was elected Lord Mayor of London.

SOME OF THOMAS ELLWOOD'S EXPERIENCES.

Thomas Ellwood, who enjoyed such intimate relations with the Penningtons, was the son of an estated gentleman residing at Crowell, in Buckinghamshire, and one who, when young, was ready to draw his blade in a quarrel. It was probably a great trial to his spirit to be obliged to omit the ordinary terms of respect used by the well-bred people of the world to each other, and to lay aside all adornments in dress, but he submitted to the sacrifice. He thus describes one of his ordinary mortifica-

tions, on occasion of appearing among his former fellow-students at Oxford :—

“A knot of my old acquaintances espying me, came to me. . . . When they were come up to me they all saluted me after the usual manner, putting off their hats and bowing, saying to me, ‘Your humble servant, sir,’ expecting, no doubt, in return, the same from me. But when they saw me stand still, not moving my cap nor bowing my knee in a way of congée to them, they were amazed, and looked first upon one another, then upon me, and then upon one another again for a while, without a word speaking. At length the surgeon, a brisk young man who stood nearest to me, clapping his hand in a familiar way upon my shoulder, and smiling on me, said, ‘What! Tom a Quaker!’ To which I readily and cheerfully answered, ‘Yes, a Quaker;’ and as the words passed out of my mouth I felt joy springing in my heart, for I rejoiced that I had not been drawn out by them into any compliance, and that I had strength and boldness to confess myself to be one of that despised people.”

Thomas Ellwood suffered, as also did his father, while he remained at home after formally joining the society, as he persisted in keeping on his hat in the old gentleman’s presence. Hats and caps were taken from him in succession, so was pocket money, so were buttons, buckles, &c., when made of the precious metals. So when Mr. and Mrs. Pennington paid a visit, and seeing the uncomfortable state of things, asked leave to bring the young gentleman home with them for some weeks, they found on entering the carriage that their guest was hatless. The father, somewhat chagrined at the sight, whispered his daughter, but while she was on quest, he bade good-bye to his visitors, to avoid the indignity of seeing his son covered in his presence on the young lady’s return.

The following amusing incident is characteristic of the social and political condition of the country just before the Restoration, and of the low state of Thomas Ellwood’s finances. The Puritans regarded our Sunday exactly as the Jews of ancient days did their Sabbath. The Friends con-

sidered it as a day set apart for devotion, and rest from servile work, but not in the strict fashion still prevalent in Scotland.

Young Mr. Ellwood rode on a Sunday morning from Reading, in order to be present at a religious meeting at Mr. Pennington’s. At Maidenhead he was brought before the warden, to answer the offence of riding abroad on the Sabbath. The warden being on the point of going to church, bade the constable take the culprit to an inn till his return, when he would have time to examine him.

“The naming of an inn put me in mind that such public-houses were places of expense, and I knew I had no money to defray it. Wherefore I said to the warden, ‘Before thou sendest* me to an inn, which may occasion some expense, I think it needful to acquaint thee that I have no money.’ At that the warden stared, and turning quickly upon me, said, ‘How, no money! How can that be? You do not look like a man that has no money.’ ‘However I look,’ said I, ‘I tell thee the truth, that I have no money, and I tell it to forewarn thee, that thou mayest not bring any charge upon the town.’ ‘I wonder,’ said he, ‘what art you have that you can travel without money. You can do more, I assure you, than I can.’

“I making no answer, he went on: ‘Well, well, but if you have no money you have a good horse under you, and we can distraint him for the charge.’ ‘But,’ said I, ‘the horse is not mine.’ ‘No; but you have a good coat on your back, and I hope that is your own.’ ‘But it is not,’ said I, ‘for I borrowed both the horse and the great coat.’ With that the warden, holding up his hands, smiling, said, ‘Bless me! I never met with such a man as you are before. What! were you set out by the pariah?’ Then turning to the constable, he said, ‘Have him to the Greyhound, and bid the people be civil to him.’”

So to the Greyhound was Thomas taken, and civilly-treated, and even asked by the landlord to dine with himself at free cost. But our man of zeal and courage did not find himself free to accept the invitation.

In duetime he was civilly conducted by two constables to the presence of the warden, who repeated his former

* An acquaintance of ours, who has found in sundry members of the society genuine friends in more than one sense of the word, delights in listening to their correct phraseology, but still more delights in correcting a careless individual when caught uttering such solecisms as “Thee knows,” “Thee sends.”

questions, and received answers the same in import as before.

"Then he told me the penalty I had incurred, which was either to pay so much money, or lie so many hours in the stocks; and asked me which I would choose. I said, 'I shall not choose either, and I have already told thee I have no money, though if I had money I could not so far acknowledge myself an offender as to pay any; but as to lying in the stocks, I am in thy power to do unto me what it shall please the Lord to suffer thee.'"

A nice little "configuration" arising on the religious aspect of the thing, the warden's wrath was excited by the younger constable confirming Thomas's assertion that the Christian sabbath was observed on the first day of the week, whereas the Jewish sabbath fell on the seventh. . . . However the man in bonds was dismissed without fine or imprisonment, the men in office having done their spiriting gently. Heartily and kindly was the welcome which awaited him at Chalfont.

In alluding to the visit he was then making at the Grange he says, "Great was the love, and manifold the kindness which I received from my worthy friends, Isaac and Mary Pennington, while I abode in their family. They were indeed as affectionate parents and tender nurses to me in that time of my religious childhood. For beside their weighty and seasonable counsels and exemplary conversation, they furnished me with the means to go to the other meetings of Friends in that country when the meeting was not at their own house. But that I might not on the one hand bear too much on my friends, nor on the other hand forget the house of thralldom, after I had stayed with them some six or seven weeks, from the time called *Easter* to that of *Whitsuntide*, I took my leave of them and returned home."

FRIENDS IN CAPTIVITY.

Charles's wise ministers being alarmed by the rebellious freaks of the "Fifth Monarchy Men" (Millenarians), forbade all meetings for religious purposes to be held, except in the ordinary Protestant churches and chapels. This was not done so much through a spirit of intolerance as a desire to prevent opportunities for plotting against the government. As the Friends would not take the oaths of

allegiance and supremacy no more than any other oath, and would persist in holding meetings for worship, forty of them, including Isaac Pennington and Thomas Ellwood, were put in confinement in Oxford and Aylesbury gaols, Ellwood being a prisoner at large in the house of the marshal. Of course they encouraged each other heartily, and all took comfort in suffering for conscience' sake. From among the tender letters written by affectionate and high principled husbands to their wives, we select the conclusion of one of Isaac Pennington's.

"My dear heart, my dear and tender love is to thee. I know thou dost believe that it is most just that the Lord should dispose of me, and will not desire me unless He please in the freedom of conscience that I return to thee. I am thine very much, and desire to be thine even more, according to the pureness and largeness of my love in the inner man. When the Lord pleaseth our innocence shall be cleared, and that which is now our reproach, be our beauty and honour in the sight of all the world.

"My dear love to Gull (Gulielma), to A. H., and to all Friends in the family, and to my dear little ones."

The judges who had to do with Isaac Pennington, would readily have given him his liberty on his simple note of hand, that he would not plot nor aid plotters against government, for they were convinced of the man's sincerity, but they could not depart from their orders to require bonds and securities. These his religious principles would not permit him to produce. However, some compromise was made, chiefly on the government side, and he and his friends were set at liberty early in 1661.

ELLWOOD READS LATIN WITH MILTON.

We soon afterwards find Thomas Ellwood discharging the very agreeable office of reader to Milton. The books were in the Latin language, in which the young gentleman wished to exercise himself, having allowed his early acquired knowledge to rust.

"I went, therefore, and took a lodging as near to his house, which was then in Jewin-street, as conveniently as I could. From thenceforward I went every day in the afternoon, except the first day of the week, and sitting by him in his dining-room, read to him in such books in the Latin tongue as he pleased to hear me read.

"At my first reading to him, observing that I used the English pronunciation, he told me that if I would not only read and understand Latin authors, but be able to converse with foreigners either at home or abroad, I must learn the foreign pronunciation. To this consenting, he instructed me how to sound the vowels, so different from the common pronunciation used by the English who *Anglicise* their Latin."

Mr. Ellwood having in part forgot his Latin, and the new style of pronunciation making matters more difficult, the great poet zealously came to his aid.

"Perceiving with what earnest desire I pursued learning, he gave me not only all the encouragement but all the help he could. For having a curious ear, he discerned by my tone when I understood what I read, and when I did not, he would accordingly stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me. Thus went I on for about six weeks' time, reading to him in the afternoons, and exercising myself with my own books in my chamber in the forenoons."

But the climate of London not agreeing with the amiable student, he was obliged to go to the country. On his recovery he returned, and was kindly received by his master in languages, who appears to have entertained a great esteem for him. The studies were proceeding with success, when a new descent was made on the meeting-houses of his inoffensive co-religionists, and all that could be secured were lodged in prison.

BRIDEWELL AND NEWGATE.

The place in which our young student was confined, was the old palace of Bridewell, so called from a holy well in the neighbourhood, dedicated to St. Bridget. He being the first to enter, was shown across the yard to the foot of a flight of stairs, and directed to ascend as high as he could. Passing a fair chapel on the first floor, he ascended to the second, and entered the Court-room. Passing through it he found himself in an apartment hung round with black, and having for sole furniture a whipping-post in the centre of the floor. Thus their honours, the judges, could not only pass sentence on culprits, but

ascertain from their outcries in the next room that it was carried into effect. The prospect here being none of the cheeriest, Thomas passed through a door in its farthest side, and rejoiced in the exchange.

"This let me into one of the fairest rooms that, as far as I remember, I was ever in, and no wonder; for though it was now put to this mean use, this house had been for many ages the Royal Palace of the Kings of England* until Cardinal Wolsey built Whitehall, and presented it as a peace offering to King Henry VIII., who till then had held his court here, and this room was called the King's Dining-room. In length it was three score feet, and had breadth proportionable. . . . The floor was covered with rushes."

Most of the prisons being filled on that day, each from the nearest meeting-houses, the mothers, sisters, and wives of the poor men had no small labour and sorrow, searching out their relatives and bringing them food; for it was beneath the notices of the High Mightinesses that presided over these institutions to keep the breath in the bodies of their captive households. The providential foresight of the Friends obviated some of the otherwise dire results of this system. Good-hearted matrons took charge of the prisons, and saw that the poorer sort of captives were not allowed to starve. Anne Travers and Anne Merrick, excellent women, whose names we delight to keep fresh in the memory of our contemporaries, presided over Bridewell. Let the rest be told by the new inmate.

"They, as soon as they understood there were Friends brought into that prison, provided some hot victuals, meat, and broth—for the weather was cold—ordering their servants to bring these things, with bread, cheese, and beer, came themselves also, and having placed all on a table, gave notice to us that it was provided for those who had not others to provide for them, or were not able to provide for themselves; and there was no deficiency amongst us of a competent number of such guests."

Our student's worldly wealth at this time consisted of temperance, but his conscience would not permit him to take his place at the table, "though

* Bridewell was built for the reception of Charles V., in 1522. It was given by Edward VI., in 1553, to the Corporation of London, to be converted into a workhouse.

the sight and smell of the hot food was sufficiently enticing." His stock of tenpence, as he considered the matter, disqualified him from a seat, which he accordingly left to be occupied by the lord of twopence, or, perhaps, no penny at all. The work of demolition did not require much time, for, as the narrator remarked, "there were hands enough at it to make light work of it."

In the evening the company were informed that there was within the walls a chandler's shop, where bread, beer, butter, cheese, eggs, and bacon were to be had for ready money. Our friend, dreading to make a large incision in his small stock, requested the agent to bring him a penny loaf. The order was executed by the production of two halfpenny loaves, which answered the purpose still better, one being consumed at supper and the other reserved for next morning's wants. There was no provision for comfortable slumber. Rushes were on the floor, but these were sorry substitutes for pallet and mattress. Some who feared not for the morrow sent for a pound of candles, and these being lighted and distributed, the poor men kept walking backwards and forwards to keep up animal heat, well or ill.

Worn out by fatigue, our narrator at last gathered some rushes, spread them under a table, and keeping on his hat, and resting his head on the lower framework, he lay down, and slept, till awakened up by the cold. He then arose, walked about, was joined by others, and the circulation being restored, they sought slumber again, which was again attended by the dismal feel of cold.

Next day, those provided with friends and families, were accommodated with beds, which were decently arranged along the walls. Our poor Friend was obliged to abide by his rushy couch for four nights. At the end of that time, one who had been furnished with a hammock, being liberated, resigned it to Ellwood, who thenceforward slept like the son of a king, much better, in all probability.

Before the memorable tenpence was expended, relief came. A brother of Isaac Pennington's, who had escaped the raid, hearing of his friend's incarceration, visited him, and dis-

covering by some well devised queries the state of his pocket, pressed twenty shillings on him. This was soon followed by the advent of forty shillings sent from the kind hands of Mrs. Isaac Pennington, and by a third accession of twenty shillings from the still unreconciled Mr. Ellwood senior.

"Without defrauding any of the instruments of the acknowledgments due unto them, mine eye looked over and beyond them to my Heavenly Father, whom (*sic*) I saw was the author thereof, and with thankful heart I returned praises and thanksgivings unto Him. And this goodness of the Lord to me I thus record to the end that all into whose hands this may come may be encouraged to trust in Him, whose mercy is over all his works, and who indeed is a God near at hand to help in the needful time."

Our captive, being now easy on the subject of supplies, was anxious to be usefully employed. He would have joined the tailors, but for want of skill was content to get work from a hosier in Cheapside. "So I employed myself in making night waistcoats of red and yellow flannel for women and children. And with this I entered myself among the tailors, sitting cross-legged as they did, and so spent those hours with innocence and pleasure, which want of business would have made tedious."

After two months' confinement, examinations took place with the usual result. The oaths of allegiance and supremacy being tendered and refused, they were sent back, this time to Newgate. Here the accommodation was so insufficient—the poor creatures being overcrowded, and obliged to lie in tiers over each other, as in passenger ships of the present time, that it was enough to induce a pestilence. A prisoner having died suddenly, passers-by were pressed in to hold an inquest, and one sturdy old citizen, who was stopped much against his will, inflicted no small fright on the prison officials by threatening an exposure of the interior economy of the prison. He probably kept his word, for next day Sir William Turner, one of the sheriffs, bringing the Bridewell porter along with him to Newgate, sent up for all who had been brought thither from that roomy building, spoke kindly to them, regretted their present

uncomfortable state, and gave them leave to return to their former lodgment with their good-natured old keeper.

"The Sheriff bidding us farewell, the porter of Bridewell came, and told us we knew our way to Bridewell without him, and he would trust us. Therefore he would not stay, nor go with us, but left us to take our own time, so that we were in before bedtime. Then went we up again to our friends in Newgate, and gave them an account of what had passed, and having taken a solemn leave of them we made up our packs to be gone.

"We walked two and two abreast, through the Old Bailey, into Fleet-street, and so to Old Bridewell. It being about the middle of the afternoon, and the streets pretty full of people, both the shop-keepers at their doors, and passengers in the way would stop us, and ask us what we were, and whither we were going. When we told them we were prisoners going from one prison to another,—from Newgate to Bridewell,—'What!' said they, 'without a keeper!' 'No,' said we, 'for our word which we have given, is our keeper.' "

Edward Burrough died in Newgate, a victim to the pestilential atmosphere of the place. Shortly after the return to Bridewell, our friend and his brethren were liberated. Mrs. Webb supposes that the King, at the intercession of Margaret Fell (see *Fells of Swarthmoor Hall*) had interposed, and procured their freedom. Early in 1663 all the imprisoned Friends were set at liberty. Some few instances only have occurred in the history of human society similar to the voluntary return of Thomas Ellwood and his comrades to prison. It is nearly inconceivable that such men could have been put in the same category with plotters of rebellion. The inoffensive people were soon again molested, and the King enjoined by his advisers not to interfere again. He remained passive till the visitation of the plague when he insisted that the Friends should be all set at liberty.

When Thomas Ellwood was left to himself again, he would gladly have returned to the author of "Paradise Lost," for further improvement in Latin, but his dear friend Isaac Pennington was in much need of a classic tutor for his children, so through pure gratitude he devoted himself to their improvement, and lived in the family for seven years. We may fancy the brisk state of his spirits the day he left

Bridewell, and walked on the crisp, frosted roads all the way from London to Chalfont, and was received as a child by Isaac and Mary Pennington.

During this term of his teaching, Gulielma now a beautiful, amiable, and accomplished young woman, was sought for in marriage by many in whose opinion her ample dowry did not derogate from her personal attractions and real worth. She behaved civilly and affably enough to all, but would accept none, and many of them suspected the young tutor for having improved his opportunities in rides and walks more than a penniless man like him should in conscience have done. However, he seems to have conducted himself with much prudence and circumspection, and neither to have uttered nor exacted vows nor professions. For our part we should have liked to see this intercourse crowned with marriage, for we can scarcely conceive a young man in Ellwood's position, and a young woman in hers, remaining in mutual indifference. Let us now look after the man whose faithful and affectionate spouse she was to be.

THE YOUTH OF WILLIAM PENN.

William Penn was of the same age with Gulielma, i.e., twenty years of age in 1664. He had been indoctrinated with Quakerism at Oxford, and afterwards expelled for refusing to wear the college cap and gown, and avowing his adopted principles. Admiral Penn, his father, after making unsuccessful trials of flagellation and solitary confinement, sent him to the Continent, where a couple of years spent among very polite but not over-moral society in richly furnished chateaux, sent him back with little of the outer or inner man distinguishing a Friend. His father put him next to study the law, and he doubtlessly would have distinguished himself in the Courts, but the plague broke out in London, and the Admiral suspecting from his seriousness that his thoughts were again converging towards Quakerism, despatched him to the Viceregal Court of the Duke of Ormond in Dublin. During his residence here he accompanied the Duke's son, the Earl of Arran, on a military expedition against Carrickfergus, in

which he exhibited great coolness and courage, and thereby merited the high encomiums of the Duke and his Court. His portrait was taken during his abode in Dublin in the armour which he wore at the siege. We make the following extract with some national self-complacency :—

"The Viceregal Court in Dublin at that period was said to be the purest in Europe, and remarkable for its refinement and mental cultivation. We are told it was to a great extent free from the vulgar excesses that prevailed in the gay, dissipated society of the Court of the Second Charles. Hence it suited Penn's tastes and tendencies to a degree that the latter never could. He therefore remained in Dublin for a considerable time."

Having proceeded after his Dublin season to Shangarry, in the county of Cork, to attend to matters on his father's estate, he happened to be present at a Friends' meeting in the city where Thomas Loe, his Oxford teacher, took his turn to preach. The early impressions and sentiments strongly took possession of him again, and from that night he never wavered in his religious convictions. One of the meetings was disturbed by the constables, and the congregation sent to prison. William would not give bail, and so was confined with the rest. He was soon set free, however, and summoned home. The Admiral, mindful of the failure of corporal severity in the former instance, took matters quietly, especially as the young gentleman still wore the plumed hat, the cloak, the long curls, the rapier, &c., appertaining to the accomplished cavalier of the day. The hat, however, he did not remove in his father's presence. Finding him persistent in his adherence to the faith and practice of the Friends, he at last fairly turned him out of doors. He became a preacher among the body, who joyfully received him, and his mother secretly supplied him with what was sufficient for his wants.

We find him soon afterwards imprisoned for exercising his ministry, and as he could not there hold forth *vivâ voce* to congregations, he addressed them through his writings, "No Cross, no Crown" being one of the ablest of his prison tracts. His enemies putting forth the allegation that he was no believer in the Divinity of the Saviour, he was not long

undeceiving friends and enemies on that head, by expressing his firm belief that Jesus Christ was True God, consubstantial with the Father. These other words of his that follow express the belief of the generality of Christians :—

"I pretend to know no other name by which remission, atonement, and salvation can be obtained but Jesus Christ, the Saviour, who is the power and wisdom of God. As for justification by an imputed righteousness, I still say that whosoever believes in Christ shall have remission and justification, but then it must be such belief, such faith as can no more live without works than a body without a spirit. Wherefore, I assert that true faith comprehends evangelical obedience."

His imprisonment took place in 1669. He was released after eight months' confinement, and soon after sailed from Bristol to Cork, being allowed by his father to resume his care of the Shangarry estate.

ELLWOOD READS "PARADISE LOST" IN MS.

At the time of the great plague, Milton, desirous of leaving London, applied to his friend Thomas Ellwood, who installed him in a farm-house near Chalfont, where he would have paid him many visits but persecution arose in the neighbourhood, chiefly in consequence of the Earl of Bridgewater's taking offence at Isaac Pennington's style of addressing him, as he would neither call him "My lord," nor subscribe himself his "humble servant." Isaac and his friend Thomas were imprisoned. The estate, which though formally confiscated, had been left with the family, was finally withdrawn from their use. Gulielma and her maid paid a visit to a friend at Bath; Mrs. Pennington took a house in Aylesbury, to be near her husband, and the released tutor took lodgings in the neighbourhood. He not having incurred the displeasure of the great man had a shorter confinement. The first use he made of his freedom was to visit the great poet in his country box. On coming away Milton handed him his poem in MS., requested him to look over it, and let him know his opinion. Happy and distinguished Ellwood! Little was he aware of his privileges. He thus coolly discusses the matter :—

"When I came home, and had set myself to read, I found it was that excellent

poem, which is entitled 'Paradise Lost.' After I had, with the best attention, read it through, I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment of the favour he had done me in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him, and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said here much about Paradise Lost, but what hast thou to say about Paradise Found?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse, then broke off that discourse, and fell upon another subject. After the sickness was over, and the city being well cleansed, had become habitable again, he returned thither, and when afterwards I went to wait on him there, which I seldom failed doing whenever my occasions drew me to London, he showed me his second poem, called 'Paradise Regained,' and, in a pleasant tone, said to me, 'This is owing to you; you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.'"

With reference to this portion of Ellwood's narrative, our authoress thus feelingly writes:—

"It is pleasant to hear even this much of Milton in those days of his outward darkness and seclusion, when, abjuring politics, he devoted his thoughts to poetry. But whilst we cordially thank Ellwood for relating these incidents, we would have felt very much more indebted to him if he had told us all that he could have told about the great poet during his retirement at Chalfont, where he is supposed to have remained till the spring of 1666. And we would have been further obliged if he had let us know what the ladies at the Grange thought of the 'Heavenly Epic,' or if he read it to them. The 'pretty box' which Thomas Ellwood took for his 'quondam master,' as he calls Milton, is still standing. Although a plain farm-house it is regarded as the most interesting object in the neighbourhood of Chalfont."

TRIBULATIONS AND WEDDINGS.

A just-minded person can scarcely keep his temper while reading of the persecutions endured by the Penningtons during that dreary time. In spirit, though not in degree, they almost stand a comparison with those practised by Papal Rome. So long is it before that perfect freedom of conscience on which is the basis of every Scriptural Church, can thoroughly assert itself and expell the old leaven, in a country for centuries educated in the discipline and doctrine of Rome. Isaac continued in prison

and might have died there, as he would allow no active steps to be taken. However, some friend outside had him conveyed to London under a writ of "habeas corpus," and there being really no cause against him he was discharged. He could have obtained some redress by bringing an action for false imprisonment against his oppressor, but the necessity of taking oaths stood in the way of redress. Those who refused to pay him just debts, and a relative of Mrs. Pennington's, who wrongly laid claim to one of her estates, succeeded in their nefarious designs, as nothing would induce them to swear. A sixth time was Isaac Pennington imprisoned, at the instance of "a son of Belial," who, finding he had paid a charitable visit to a friend in prison, tendered him the oaths of supremacy and allegiance, and on his simple refusal, laid him in captivity, and there he abode for three months.

The good Thomas Ellwood having decided on making Mary Ellis his wife, gained her and everybody's consent easily enough, and thus was the union happily perfected.

"I continued my visits to my best beloved friend until we were married, which was on the 28th of the eighth month (October, old style, the year beginning in March), 1699. We took each other in a select meeting of the ancient and grave Friends holden in a Friend's house. . . . A very solemn meeting it was, and in a weighty frame of spirit we were, in which we sensibly felt the Lord was with us, and was joining us, the sense whereof remained with us all our lifetime, and was of good service, and very comfortable to us on all occasions."

We find poor Mrs. Pennington suffering considerable mental tribulation while selecting a residence, and still uncertain whether to build or not to build on a certain site, according as she did not feel at liberty to do this or that thing, and was uncertain whether she was obeying the interior spiritual impulse or not. If she was an outside Christian of good intention, she would merely weigh the sensible considerations attending the matter, humbly ask for light, decide on what seemed best, and leave the issue to Providence, like the pious labourer in Mrs. Hannah More's little story, whose mind remained

calm, even when very hungry and suddenly deprived of his dinner by a marauding dog, for—

“To those who love God, let things turn as they would,
He was certain that all worked together for good.”

Thomas Ellwood, gentle soul as he was, found himself obliged to put forth more of his bodily powers than was agreeable, when conducting Miss Gulielma to see her friends, in order to prevent a ruffian among the Duke of York's retainers from lifting her from her palfrey and placing her before him on the pommel of his own saddle. He certainly effected the good work without striking the brute, but if he had, and to some purpose, “we would not enter on our list of friends” the man who would blame him. He could not be induced to lodge a complaint with the future King James, or due punishment would have attended the impudent outrage.

We would gladly go into the details of one remarkable trial, where Penn and his friend, William Meade, were indicted for a riot, the riot entirely consisting in preaching to their congregation in the open space before their meeting-house, as it had been nailed up by the authorities. The jury, for a wonder in the days of Oates and Bedloe, would not bring them in guilty. The recorder repeatedly sent them to reconsider their verdict; they as persistently returned the same, and were in consequence confined to the jury-room for two days and two nights, without food. Still they persisted, and the recorder and lord mayor were obliged to be satisfied with inflicting fines on jurymen and prisoners alike. However, the matter did not end there. An action was brought against mayor and recorder, in which they sustained an inglorious defeat.

The mass of readers outside the Society of Friends are better acquainted with Penn's life after his marriage, his friendship with King James II.,

his settlement of Pennsylvania, and equitable dealings with the Indians, than with the domestic concerns of the Penningtons and Thomas Ellwood, and, therefore, we have dwelt on these latter things.

After reading our extracts and abridgments, our readers will scarcely require any arguments to be convinced of the sterling worth and amiability of the Penningtons and their friend Thomas Ellwood. Our authoress lovingly follows their fortunes to their edifying deaths. The volume in which she records their earnest, troubled lives will remain a monument of her own earnest zeal to perform what she considers her bounden duty in animating the members of her society to walk in the prescribed, strait, and narrow path, without straying to this or to that side. She has been very industrious in collecting and collating her materials, which, in her hands, form a complete history of the rise and enlargement of her society in the seventeenth century. She tells her story in good, plain, terse English, and without once troubling her head to clothe her thoughts in flowery language, or encumber it with ornament. A womanly grace, a quiet earnestness, and a simple, natural, eloquence, pervade the whole composition. The work is a very valuable addition to the historical literature of the Society of Friends. It is in no need of extraneous help to bring it into notice.

Some nicely-executed plates illustrate the volume, the most attractive being the portrait of Gulielma Penn in the formal, but not altogether ungraceful, costume of her people and era, the beauty and grace of the sweet, calm, and benevolent countenance will strike everybody. Tinted paper and antique type are used, in conformity with the taste of the day. Though “London” is on the title-page, and the style of execution worthy of the first London house, we are pleased to find that it has been issued from a Dublin printing office.

SWEET ANNE PAGE.

CHAPTER X.

ON AN ISLAND.

I do not know what drew Raphael Branscombe to Corsica. I am disposed to think it was destiny. When a man does a thing inexplicable not only to the world but to himself, he is perhaps drawn into one of those *currents* of life which seem often to interfere with its main tidal movement. If any one had asked Raphael why he was going to the mysterious island of revenge and of conquest, he certainly could not have told. The idea had only occurred to him when he heard that Emilia had left Venice; but he made up his mind instantly, although he knew that his father was anxiously awaiting him in quite another island, eager to start for some place where he could get rid of that unlucky thousand pounds.

Raphael crossed in a sailing boat from Livorno. The Tuscan channel is sprinkled with lovely islets—spirates of the Italian sea. Passing out of sight of Livorno's crowded harbour, lying at the foot of Monte Nero; passing Meloria, a solitary rock with a shattered tower, by which was fought the sea fight which destroyed the Genoese republic; passing Gorgona and Capraja, where one remembers Dante's execration against Pisa—

"Movasi la Capraja e la Gorgona,
E faccian siepe ad Arno in su la foce,
Sì ch'egli annieghi in te ogni persona,"—

and where one also naturally thinks of anchovies; passing Elba too, where men vainly thought to imprison a Titan; the voyager approaches Bastia. Raphael entered the harbour with its dark amphitheatre of mountains, at eventide. The first words that he heard through the dim light upon the quay were *Ammazzato! ammazzato!* A Corsican had become rather excited in conversation with a friend, and had stabbed him with three strokes of a dagger; *ammazzato con tre colpi di pugnale*. The *birri* were after him; he had fled to the *macchia*. He who once flies to the *macchia*, the wild mountains and forests of Corsica, is a bandit for life.

Raphael was rather amused than

alarmed by this ominous reception. After some trouble he got into a locanda where, by the smoky light of an ill-trimmed oil-lamp, he supped on wheaten bread and cheese of ewe's milk and fiery Corsican wine. He got slight rest that night. In the early morning he strolled down to the beach, and dipped in the divine wave, and feasted his sight with the islets of Capraja and Elba and romance-empurpled Monte Cristo, afar amid the haze. Then, an experienced traveller, he went to the fish-market to look for breakfast; and was recommended to try the murena, the best of all fish, which resembles a serpent of porphyry; and gazed with delight on the innumerable piscaine forms of the Corsican waters. Thence to the fruit market on the Piazza Favaleri, where the peaches, apricots, green almonds, pomegranates, Muscat grapes from Cape Corso, figs, magnificent melons, were crowded in profuse abundance. Beautiful young girls bring them in baskets on their heads, whose abundant tresses are hidden by the picturesque *mandile*, a head-dress older than the Tarquins.

Raphael thoroughly enjoyed all this. He had with him but one book, a favourite comrade of travel, a Tauchnitz *Odyssey*; he redde it by the sea in Corsica, and thought himself in Siberia. Do not fear, reader, that I am going to follow him step by step. Forgetting his eager father, he went to Fabiani, the bookseller, and bought of him Marmocchi's topographic work on Corsica. He climbed the green mountain Cardo, and looked down upon the Mediterranean, whose hue, as Dante said, is *color del oriental zaffiro*, and crushed out as he climbed the odour of those myriad flowers and herbs which caused Napoleon to say at St. Helena, "I should know Corsica with my eyes shut, by its fragrance." Then from Bastia he traversed Cape Corso, and entered the beautiful stalactite cavern of Brando, and rested in Luri's enchanted valley, tasting its wondrous wine, and crossed the Serra to Pino

on the Ligurian Sea, and ascended to the Tower of Seneca, where the Stoic and poetaster expiated his ambitious love by eight years' exile, exclaiming—

"Hic sola hæc duo sunt, exsul et exsilium,"

and returning, sailed the coast to Vesovato, whence Murat, "a great knight and a small intellect," made his last attempt to recover his lost kingdom, and climbed through the chestnut groves and festooned clematis to lofty Oreto (Ὠρετ), where he found no locanda, but frank hospitality. A peasant, in brown smock and Phrygian cap, gave him soup of vegetables, goat's flesh, and peaches, the pretty daughter waiting at table, and wondering at the stranger. After supper he went to the church, standing on the verge of a steep rock, whence there is an incomparable view over chestnut-covered mountains and an island-dotted sea; and there meeting the Curé, enjoyed a delicious glass of wine with him, and a pleasant talk about the two Paolis, Pasquale and Clement, the one statesman and leader, the other soldier and fanatic. Then he returned and chatted to the playful Giulia, a merry maiden of sixteen, who did not know her own age, but knew she looked very pretty in the *falsetta*, and so brought it out and arrayed herself with it for the wanderer's amusement. And the next day, with the peasant as guide, he rode through the chestnut forests of Orezza, where a family can live if they possess six goats and as many chestnut-trees, to Morosaglia, the birthplace of Paoli.

Ferdinand Gregorovius, in his delightful book about this romantic island, says that it contains men of Homer, of Plutarch, and of Goethe. Raphael found some of each among the goatherds of Monte Rotondo, where the wild waters of the milk-white Restonica foam endlessly, and the herdsmen store their cheeses in the very caverns of Polyphemus; on the dizzy steep of Bonifazio, whence you see the canal on Sardinia's northernmost cape, while on the islets below lie half-hewn columns which were meant for mighty houses in the Rome of the Cæsars; above all, at Isola Rossa, whose blood-red island cliffs and gray Pisan towers and phosphorescent sea delighted him. He echoed the poetic traveller

who exclaimed, "Verily, I swear I have reached the magic shore of the Lotos-eaters." As you enter the town there rises a fountain in an open space, where is a bust of Paoli, who built the place under a fire from Genoese gunboats. Children were playing there; one of these, a beautiful boy about eight years old, showed him the way to a little coffee-house. Here a merry young landlady, Chilina Benvenuta, made him an abundant supper of fish and fruit, and gave him pleasant songs to the guitar as he sipped his wine on a marble bench outside, gazing at sunset on the sea.

"By the ghost of Odysseus," he said to himself, "here will I stay awhile, though I eat nothing save murenas and mulberries, and though the head of the house of Branscombe never reach Baden."

He stayed. He sailed on those charmed waters in a boat called the *Fantasia*—a poetic name; he loitered on the three red cliffs, and on the snow-white sands streaked with sanguine coral dust, and along by the little nunnery in a garden by the sea, where dwell the Sisters of the Madonna alle Grazie. And he made the acquaintance of a fine old Corsican, kingly as Alcinous, who dwelt among his olive grounds and vineyards and mulberry gardens in Homeric simplicity, with only a granddaughter as companion. Angelo Montalti made the Englishman wondrously welcome, and gave him *broccio* cake, and trout from the hill-streams, and goat's flesh dressed by his own hands, and fruit from his multitudinous trees, and the fragrant but too fiery wine of his own vineyards, while sweet young Fiordalisa Montalti stood and served the guest in primeval fashion.

Fiordalisa, the lily of Isola Rossa, was slender and shapely, and full of maidenhood's pure simplicity. She looked upon Raphael as Nausicaa on that famous wanderer of the elder world. She would have delighted an Italian painter, with her hair of Apollo's auburn, and her eyes of Athene's colour, and her fluent flexible form. A child; no more; but how beautiful a child! Those bare, round, warm, white arms; those hands, snowy as the delicate *broccio*; that liquid Italian voice, which at eventide rang sweetly in the wild plaintive *voceri*; that dainty rosebud of a

mouth, honey-sweet for the kisses that are to come—Raphael found them only too attractive. And Raphael always coveted the beauty which he saw.

It was an out-door life at Isola Rossa. On the sea-shore or in the sea itself the children of the village played in happy crowds. At night, sometimes outside the little locanda, sometimes in a great green orchard of Angelo Montalti's, full of gray olive and old gnarled mulberry trees—there was idyllic song, sometimes playful, sometimes touched with divine melancholy. The young girls and boys would improvise couplets, as in *Fra Lippo Lippi*—

"Flower o' the broom,
Take away love, and our earth is a tomb."

"Flower o' the quince,
I let Lisa go, and what good's in life since?"

"Flower o' the rose,
If I have been merry, what matter who knows?"

"Flower o' the clove,
All the Latin I construe is *amo* I love."

"Flower o' the thorn,
Joy of the midnight is sorrow at morn!"

Or sometimes—

"Amo un presidente,
Sta in letto senza dente!"

"Amo un cameriere.
Sta in letto senza bere!"

O what a ripple of laughter from gay young lips at each successive distich! Raphael sensitive to all sweet influences, thought he had never known any enjoyment so near perfection. He forgot Venice, and poor beautiful Emilia soon to be tied to her millionaire; he forgot sweet Anne Page, whom he was expected to marry; I regret to say he forgot Devil Branscombe, who used to stalk up and down the cacodorous old pier at Guernsey, and into Redstone's shop, and through the market towards Cadie's for his cigars, swearing in muttered thunder at his recusant son and heir.

"You should buy land, Signor, and settle among us," said the coquettish Chilina one morning, as Raphael sat over his breakfast under a great mulberry tree which shaded the *casa*. And then she sang—

"I love a stranger who
Lingers here with nothing to do."

Raphael smiled at the notion of his buying land, but answered—

"If I were obliged to remain here I should want to be away. I enjoy being here, because I ought to be somewhere else."

Chilina laughed merrily, showing the whitest teeth in the world.

"You are as bad as my husband," she said, "he is always wanting to go to Paris. What is Paris like? Is it much larger than Corsica? Is England in Paris?"

Raphael had often to reply to questions such as these. After giving such explanation as he could, he lit a cigar and started for Montalti's, lazily loitering along the sands, and gazing where birds innumerable haunted the blood-red cliffs.

Angelo Montalti was about seventy, a fine athletic old patriarch, full of spirit. The history of Corsica, the noble career of Paoli, the marvellous triumphs of Napoleon, were his favourite subjects of converse with the stranger. Raphael found him amid his olive and orange trees, with Fiordilisa, fresh as the dewy dawn, by his side. And he also this morning said:

"Why not remain among us, Signor Raffaele? Camillo Saliceti is dead: his house is to be sold—the white house with the green blinds under the great chestnut trees where the little river Ostriconi enters the sea."

"Ah, that would be charming," said the Lily, with delight. "You will stay, will you not?"

"I will stay," he answered, "till I am obliged to go. It must be soon, I fear. And I am happier than I ever was, or shall be again."

"And you fly from happiness?" said Angelo. "Thus all men do, so I cannot wonder at you. But stay while you will, and when you abandon us we shall regret you."

I wish I had the magic pencil of Millais to paint that old gray house with its orchards by the sea, and the aged Angelo, and the beautiful child, and Raphael standing under the golden-fruited and purple-berried leafage. I can see it all: I can hear Fiordilisa's low sweet voice, more musical than the coo of a dove: but, reader, I want you also to see and hear.

"I want to sail this morning in the *Fantasia*," said Raphael. "Will you come, Fiordilisa? Will you come, Angelo?"

"Go you Fiordilisa," said Montalti.
 "I have many things to do."

So away tripped the beautiful girl for her faldetta, and she and Raphael went over the white coral-veined sands to where the lateen-sailed boat had been pushed out by a couple of fishermen, and soon they were outside the ruddy islands, whence the long peninsula of Cape Corso, and the little town, and the three magnificent mountains behind it, Santa Angiola, Santa Susanna, and rugged Feliceto, with villages clinging to their steep sides, made up a glorious landscape. Raphael steered: Fiordilisa trailed her fingers in the sparkling sea, and murmured a low song.

"Sing, Lisa," he said, "so that I may hear you."

"After you, Signor Raffaele," she said. "You first."

So he sang—in that luscious tenor of his—

"Come to the garden, Minna, my sweet!
 Foamless and calm is the violet sea:
 O thy dainty lips and thy finger tips
 Shall be stained with the fruit of the
 mulberry tree.

"Heat of the noontide, Minna, my sweet!
 Chains back the winds from their
 wandering glee:
 But the air is cool as a forest pool
 Under evergreen boughs of the mul-
 berry tree.

"Loop back thy tresses, Minna, my sweet!
 Those rich brown ringlets fluttering
 free;
 And the summer shall flush thee with
 brighter blush
 Than the ruddiest fruit of the mulberry
 tree.

"Summer and Love, O, Minna, my sweet!
 Are angels twain who dwell with thee:
 Lo now they pursue us, and merrily woo us
 Forth to the shade of the mulberry tree."

The song died across the windless wave. The Lily of Isola Rossa looked at the singer with madid eyes and lips half-parted. Raphael, only too skilled in such devil's diagnosis, saw in those moist orbs and tremulous lips the first symptoms of love.

"Now, Fiordilisa, I am going to tack. Then sing." And she sang—

"Why do I love the sea's sweet lustre
 When with him o'er the waves I go?
 Is it because the foam bells cluster?
 Is it because the free winds blow?
 Is it for sunset's beauty? No!

"Why do I love the garden alleys,
 Golden above and green below?
 Why do I love the shadowy valleys
 Cooled by the icy brooklet's flow?
 Is it for shade and sweetness? No!

"Ah, should I love the ocean-furrows
 Purple and green in sunset's glow—
 Ah, should I love the wind's susurrus
 Where on the hills gray olives grow—
 If I were there without him? No!"

Very poorly have I translated the easy simplicity of the fluent Italian. These Corsican maidens have the art of the *Improvisatrice*; their song is spontaneous. How gaily the arch and piquant "No" came with exquisite iteration and reiteration from Fiordilisa's charming lips!

Raphael could resist no longer. He drew the beautiful creature to himself, and kissed her with passionate kisses.

"Will you be my wife, Lisa!" he said.

Fiordilisa sank upon his breast. She was won, this Nausicaa of Corsica. She gave herself to him with utter love, with a child's faith, in the simplicity and purity of her nature. And, as he steered the *Fantasia* shorewards, with the Lily of Isola Rossa lying in his arms and gazing into his dreamy inscrutable eyes, Raphael thought there might be a worse fate than to dwell upon

"Some unsuspected isle in far-off seas" with a creature so divine as Fiordilisa. Love had breathed a soul into her, as into Undine; she was no longer the childish little Corsican village girl, but a maiden of romance, fit bride for the knightliest wooer; and Raphael knew that amid all his many amours, he loved never so truly, never so worthily.

He ran the *Fantasia* ashore. He lifted the little beauty over the shallow water to the sands. They walked together, slowly and lovingly, to old Montalti's. It was a delicious afternoon in that land

"In which it seemed always afternoon."

They entered the gray gateway, and the patriarchal Corsican advanced towards them under the fantastic trees. As he approached, the Lily ran forward and threw her arms around him, and kissed him. Then she ran away; for it was nearly dinner time, and dinner was her care.

"Signor Montalti, I love your granddaughter," said Raphael. Old Angelo looked surprised.

"She is a child," he said.

"How old is she?" asked Raphael.

"She is sixteen. Well, perhaps it is not too young. Her mother married at sixteen. But, will you stay among us, Signor Raffaele?"

"I will stay among you," said Raphael.

"Then I say nothing against it," said Angelo. "She loves you?"

"She does."

"It is well. You are wiser than we, and wealthier, and when I die, you may desire to leave Corsica. But do not sell the old house of the Montaltis."

"Do not fear," answered Raphael. "I belong myself to too old a race not to respect old memories."

Raphael Branscombe, a complete Epicurean, with whom indolence was a passion and energetic action only an occasional impulse, abandoned himself wholly to the delight of love. How pleasantly they dined that day, the two men at table, as usual, and Fiordilisa waiting upon them—an island princess of the primeval time ministering to Nestor and Odysseus! How her fair face flushed as she looked upon her hero—the wanderer she had won!

"Now," said Angelo, putting aside the green wine-flask, whose sole stopper was a vine-leaf, "now will I show you there is wine in Corsica."

The old man descended into a cool crypt and brought thence a stone jar, holding about three quarts—dark red its hue, its form Etruscan. He poured the wine into the great globular goblets, an oily amber liquid with a strange sparkle in its depths.

"It is of the year in which my son Angelo was born—Fiordilisa's father. He would be thirty-five if he lived now."

The Seraph had tasted wine, in his time—in as many places and of as many qualities as most men. But never had there passed his lips anything to equal this old wine of Corsica, which, fiery in its youth, had mellowed into nectarous perfection. They drank to the happiness of the bridal that was to come.

It was fixed early—a month from that day. And, when the day came, a *Trovata* or triumphal arch of

greenery and flowers arose opposite the Casa Montalti. And Fiordilisa, mounted on a snow-white pony, gaily caparisoned, passed under this archway amid a joyous procession to the little town. And girls from the balconies of Isola Rossa strewed flowers and grains of wheat as the bride passed; and guns were fired and the mandoline and cornamusa played as they went to the church. And, after the venerable priest had performed the ceremony, there was a gay festival at Montalti's house; and a baby, in swaddling clothes, with numberless ribbons and flowers, was placed in Fiordilisa's hands; and they sang

"Dio vi dia buona fortuna,
Tre di maschi e femmin' una!"

Raphael, in whom the dramatic faculty was strong, entered into all this with consummate felicity. When the revel was over, and the sweet night of autumn fell with its veiling mist upon Isola Rossa, Angelo Montalti said to his son-in-law,—

"Raffaele, you should have been born a Corsican."

But Fiordilisa—white, slender, fragrant, as the snowy hyacinth—is gone to her chamber, and the silence of sleep falls on Isola Rossa.

Previous to his bridal, Raphael had sent his faithful attendant Louis to England for money, telling him also to go to Guernsey and make the best excuses he could to Ralph Branscombe for his son's delay. Louis was despatched before anything was known in the village of his master's marrying design, and was directed to wait for orders in Paris. For the astute Raphael, without contemplating bigamy or anything of the kind, thought it advisable, at least for the present, to keep his marriage unknown. He did not send any such notice to the *Times* as this:—

"On the 19th of September, at Isola Rossa, Corsica, by the Abbate Malaspina, Raphael, only son of Ralph Branscombe, of Branscombe, to Fiordilisa, granddaughter of Angelo Montalti."

But he actually wrote out such a notice, to see how it looked; and laughed heartily as he thought of the sensation it would cause in society. What would his father say, and his uncle, and Claudia, and Lady Æmilia, and a thousand others who knew

him? And who did not know the Seraph—who, at least, that was anybody? Satan's rude remark to Ithuriel and Zephon was strictly applicable here.

So away went Louis on his master's affairs to England. And, having done his London business, he found his way to Guernsey, and told Devil Branscombe a long story of his own invention about his master's being taken ill in Sardinia, and being so anxious about the delay that he insisted on his valet's leaving him to explain it to his father. Which the old gentleman believing, only swore a little at Raphael's stupidity in going to such out of the way places, and told Louis to make haste back to his master, and intrusted him with the following characteristic note:—

"DEAR RAPHAEL,

"What the devil do you fall ill for, just now? Look alive and get better, and make haste home and marry that little girl. I shall still wait here for you; it's pleasant in the cold weather; and I'll be hanged if you *can* spend anything, for claret and brandy and cigars cost nothing, and there isn't a pretty woman in the place. So I've put a couple of hundreds into this letter, for I'm better off just now than I have been since we cleared out young Ranthorp, who was so spoony on Claudia.

"Louis says I may expect you in a fortnight; so, mind, I expect you.

"R. B."

Louis had thought it best to make such an assertion, in order to keep the old gentleman quiet. Moreover, he knew nothing of his master's intentions, and judged, from being ordered to await him in Paris, that he meant soon to leave Corsica. So the valet, having faithfully fulfilled all his orders, and sent Raphael his letters and remittances, took holiday in Paris, waiting patiently.

And Raphael and Fiordilisa spent their honeymoon at Isola Rossa. The Seraph felt no ennui. He found his child-bride in all things perfect, exquisite. She worshipped him; he had been worshipped before, and by highborn English maidens; but the royal dignity and primeval simplicity of this daughter of romance delighted him far more. Born far beyond the weary world of fashion and flirtation,

the Lily of Isola Rossa was a creature of poetry, poetic, even when she milked the goats, and made the white balls of cheese-curd, and came with bare round arms to serve her grandfather and husband at the table. Ay, a simple mythical Ionian poetry surrounded her, as she came sometimes through the breezy shadows of the orange-orchard with a basket of Hesperian fruit or a red jar of clear water from the fountain upon her sunny head. Raphael would meet her at the portal, and kiss her white brow, and say—

"Now, Lisa, you have done enough work. Let us sail on the bay in the *Fantasia*."

Raphael was popular in the little Corsican town. His remarkable personal beauty, the beauty of the son of Cinyras, was strange and attractive to the artistic perceptions of the townsfolk. He was liberal: for though poor in London, Raphael found himself opulent in Isola Rossa, and liberality was a characteristic of the Branscombes. He made friends of everybody, and went out fishing with the fishermen, and astonished them by the skill with which his rifle brought down the cliff-pigeons, by the daring with which he swam far out to sea. He brought Fiordilisa down on moonlit evenings to join in the merry music outside Chilina's coffee-house. And when the old shoemaker of Calvi came over with his sixteen-stringed *celera*, the same which Gregorovius heard in his wanderings, and improvised a wondrous *serenata* which told how—

"A stranger to Isola Rossa

Has come in a fortunate hour,

And he sees the sweet maid of Montalti

In the shade of the mulberry bower,

And he woos the fair darling whose tresses

All golden fall down in a shower

On her shoulders of rosy white marble—

Our Fiordilisa, the flower"—

then Raphael gladdened the old man's heart with a gift such as a chieftain of the *Odyssey* might have bestowed on Demodocus.

So Raphael was popular in Isola Rossa—and old Angelo Montalti was happy—and sweet Fiordilisa was happy with that transcendent happiness which no pen can describe, but which the girl's heart feels when Eros has entered the warm white nest of her bosom, which heaves to the flutter

of his wings. She drank perilous draughts of the vintage of love. There was no prophetic troubadour to sing to her—

“Ay, quench thy deep thirst, ere the
moment has flown!
But once in the lifetime of mortals ’tis
known—
But once—and old Care, an inflexible
churl,
Will darken the days of the prettiest girl.”

And so the charmed hours flew by joyously, and all was tranquil on that delicious coast. It was an idyl: alas, I am not Theocritus.

Raphael's letters reached him safely; with them, the thoughtful Louis had sent files of papers from London and Paris, and an ample supply of the novels of both cities. Some choice comestibles and liqueurs were also forwarded: for the Epicurean, much as he enjoyed the fish and fruit of Corsica, missed his old luxuries. And a few chaste gems for Fiordilisa, which an æsthetic crony of Raphael's had been requested to choose for him. All these came to Ajaccio by the steamer from Marseille; and Raphael sailed in the *Fantasia* round the coast to fetch them. Wilful Fiordilisa longed to go, but he would not let her; and as they shoved off from the white sands the pretty creature wept at this first parting. The sagacious man of the world knew that to accustom her to partings would be wise.

’Tis myth, doubtless, that Ajaccio was founded by Ajax; but a greater hero than the son of Telamon was born there. Raphael, having received his letters and packages, and written to Louis a letter of three words—“Wait at Paris”—and visited the Casa Buonaparte, and passed one delightful evening on the Place du Diamant, looking on the glorious bay, again started for Isola Rossa. His sole companion was the husband of Chilina, the merry young landlady of the coffee house. Marc Antonio, though a fisherman, had never voyaged as far as Ajaccio before, and thought that Paris could not be grander. The Corsicans are a stay-at-home people, except when they turn banditti. And Fiordilisa and Chilina were waiting on the sands where the saucy *Fantasia*, as good a sea-boat as my old friend Harry Waring's *Secret*, came flashing round

the red tongue of land on the left. As she ran in upon the sands, the eager girl sprang into the shallow water towards Raphael.

“My God!” he said to himself, “how the child loves me!”

They went home to dinner, Marc Antonio bringing up the packages, which Raphael had not opened. And when the pleasant simple meal was over, he said,

“Now, Lisa, you shall see what they have sent me.”

She knelt upon the floor, opening package after package, while old Angelo and Raphael sipped their wine, and Marc Antonio, who had just brought up the last, stood with wondering eyes.

“Books!” she exclaimed. “O what a number! Why you cannot read all these, my Raphael. What are these square boxes? O what hundreds of cigars! And this case—help me to open it, Marc Antonio. Bottles, I declare. Why, have we no wine in Isola Rossa?” she asked, reproachfully.

“That is not wine,” he said, and took out a bottle of Curaçao. “Now, Angelo, let us try this.”

The old gentleman and Marc Antonio, drinkers by habit of a fiery wine, took to the liqueur naturally.

“It is good,” said they both, with simultaneous sententiousness.

“Here is what will suit you better,” said Raphael to Fiordilisa, sprinkling her with the frangipanni of Piege.

“O how sweet!”

And then she found a superb Cashmere shawl, which she threw gracefully over her shoulders; and then Raphael opened the casket of jewellery, and fastened round her beautiful throat a necklace of Orient pearls, almost as white as her skin.

“You will make her vain, Raffaella,” said old Montalti, gravely.

“He has done that already,” she said; “he has loved me.”

A brooch of emerald, the very colour of the Mediterranean; a brilliant set in dead gold, to sparkle on her white finger; a tiny watch, with heavy gold chain, that seemed too massive for her delicate neck: these were some of the beautiful gifts which Raphael lavished upon her in loving profusion. Marc Antonio went home and told his light-hearted little wife of these unprecedented splendours; and Isola Rossa that evening and all

the next day had a most delightful theme for gossip and for marvel.

"The Englishman is a great prince," said Marc Antonio, with an air of profound belief.

"He is a hero, and our friend," said Chilina.

Pleasantly passed the flying hours for Raphael and his beautiful bride. But at last there arrived from Paris more despatches, of various kinds; and, when he had redde them, he said to Fiordilisa,

"My Flower, I must leave you for a while."

"O why, Raffaele?"

"My father is ill at Paris, and wants much to see me. I cannot disobey his desire; you would not wish me to."

"No, Raffaele," she said, though her beautiful bright eyes were dimmed with tears. "You must go. Go soon and soon return."

"My darling, yes. And you must be very happy, for my sake."

"I will try," she replied. "I shall think of nothing but your return. O how I shall watch for the *Nantasia* when Marc Antonio is gone to meet you at Ajaccio!"

So Raphael departed for Ajaccio, and caught the Marseille steamer, and made no pause upon his journey until he reached the Hotel Bristol at Paris. There he arrived late in the evening, and ordered supper, and sent a messenger with a note to Louis's quarters. That prince of valets made his appearance on the instant.

"I am going to England, Louis," he said. "Be ready to start to-morrow morning. I hope you have enjoyed your long holiday."

"Passably, Monsieur," was the reply. "I prefer being in attendance on Monsieur."

"We shall have to cross to Guernsey, Louis," said Raphael. "My father is still there."

"Would not Monsieur prefer to go to St. Malo, and cross by the Jersey steamboat?"

"An excellent idea," said Raphael.

Before he went to bed he wrote a long and loving letter to Fiordilisa.

When it was finished and sealed, he said,

"Poor little rogue! I wonder if I shall ever see her again."

CHAPTER XI.

ANOTHER WOODS

SHORTLY after the chemical lecture, the Rev. Walter Branscombe, having to return to Kingsleat, took his ward with him. Claudia of course accompanied him, and they settled down at the Rectory. This step was in contravention of Mr. Page's will; but the Rector and Mr. Drax were both of opinion, that though Miss Page was directed to reside in the house at Idlechester, it was quite allowable for her occasionally to visit her relations. The suggestion was Claudia's; she recommended Anne's being as much as possible separated from Stephen Langton.

"I thought," said her uncle, indirectly referring to the plot which he had suggested to his brother, "that you might like to see him yourself now and then, Claudia."

"I despise the boy," she said, viciously emphatic: whence the Rector, whose acumen was considerable, at once guessed that she had tried and failed.

Ah, that poor Panther! how she vexed herself, tortured herself, over the affair! To have offered herself—she, whom so many had vainly wooed—to a mere boy, and to be refused! She wept tears of rage in the solitude of her chamber. She vowed to be revenged on Stephen Langton. Whatever happened, he should not marry Anne Page, she was thoroughly determined. But she felt powerless to do him injury, and all her indignation recoiled upon herself, intensifying her punishment.

The Rectory was a very quiet household. The Rector did his duty in his old regular fashion; Winifred was as parochial as ever, and rather more ceremonial; Anne Page continued her studies with her governess; and Claudia conjugated *s'ennuyer*. She was prodigiously bored at Kingsleat. So long as she had a plot to carry out, her life had some interest in it; but the plot had failed, and she was utterly without occupation.

She could not drive tandem to Idlechester, as in the old days when she was left mistress of her father's establishment. She could only go out for decorous airings in the Rector's dignified equipage. She heard not a line from her father; she did not know when to expect Raphael, to come and wed the little heiress. And, indeed, she was a trifle afraid of the Seraph's arrival. He was almost preternaturally acute. She was in mortal dread of his discovering what had occurred between her and Stephen. Altogether, Claudia was anything but happy.

At length however something occurred to render the Panther a little less miserable. It was a fine December day, and the first flakes of a snow storm were descending. Claudia and Winifred sat together in the drawing-room, which looked out upon the steep deserted street of Kingsleat. The Panther was listlessly reading *La Pucelle de Belleville*: and La Saint was writing an interminable letter. At last the former spoke—

"Really, Winifred, the scratching of your pen is very irritating. Who in the world will read a letter of such prodigious length?"

"O, it will be read," answered Winifred.

"Now do tell me to whom you are writing at such unconscionable length. I won't say a word to Uncle Walter."

"My father is quite welcome to know all about it," she replied, indignantly. "As you are so inquisitive, I am writing to Father Remigius. He is my confessor, and when I am at Kingsleat I confess to him by letter."

The Panther burst into a silvery peal of laughter. It was quite a relief in the monotony of Kingsleat to have anything so ridiculous to laugh at.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed, "what a number of sins you must have committed to fill all those sheets! I had no idea you were such a dreadfully wicked girl. Do let me read it, Winny, I am sure it will be more amusing than Paul de Kock, though he is great fun about *caleçons*." "I am ashamed of you, Claudia," said the Saint. "I would not let you see it for the world."

"Well, is there anything about *caleçons* in it?"

At this interesting point of the colloquy the door opened, and a servant announced Sir Arthur Willesden.

"Dear me, Sir Arthur," exclaimed the Panther, rising from her chair to meet him, "how glad I am to see you! You are welcome, in this desert. This is my Cousin Winifred."

Sir Arthur was a fine young fellow, an awful swell, whose brains and morals had all run to whiskers and moustache. He was just Mr. Tennyson's "oiled and curled Assyrian bull." He had been very wild in his time, and had kept racehorses, and other beautiful animals, and had played *écarté* with Devil Branscombe, in that villa by the Thames where the Panther presided at the little suppers, and now he was in the hands of the Hebrews. He had come to Kingsleat entirely to see Claudia, on whom, to use his own elegant English, "he was—aw—spoons, rather," and had been vainly racking his brain all through the journey to invent some ostensible reason for coming. But she was so pleased to see an old acquaintance of the nobler sex that she asked him no questions.

"It's—aw—a dull place this, rather, I fancy," he said.

"Dismally dull," said Claudia, "suicidally dull. Winifred and I were just drawing lots who should drink laudanum first, when you interrupted us; weren't we, Winny?"

The Saint looked aghast.

"It would be shocking—aw—for two such—aw—divine creatures to commit suicide."

"Thank you, Sir Arthur," said the Panther.

"Thank you for Winny too: nobody ever tells her she's divine except her father confessor. Now you're here, you must stay to luncheon, Sir Arthur."

"Very happy—aw," said he. "No particular fun—aw—walking about in this infernal snow. Horrid bad wine at the—aw—Mitre where, I'm stopping."

"You shall have a good glass of wine here," said the Panther, "and then you shall tell me all the news of of the town. Papa and Raphael are both on the Continent, and I hear nothing from anybody."

"Is—aw—the Seraph all right?" he asked.

"O, he's quite seraphic, I expect,"

she answered. "But positively I don't know: I haven't heard from him for an age. I am in some hopes of his coming down here."

"Do you—aw—know his address? I owe him a monkey on the Leger."

"No," she said. "I dare say he'll be very glad of it, for he's always hard up."

"Aw—so am I—so's everybody, I think."

Winifred was rather perplexed by this off-hand confabulation. She didn't know anything about the Leger, and hadn't the least idea what a monkey meant, and had no notion of any cherubim and seraphim except those in the *Te Deum*. I fear the fast young ladies of the day will think her ignorance exaggerated; but I can assure them it is true to the letter.

So Arthur Willesden stayed to luncheon, and to dinner, and astonished the Rector by flooring a couple of bottles of his finest port and being none the worse for it.

"Don't—aw—hunt at Melton for nothing," he remarked. "That's the place to learn to drink port."

The young baronet, though he rode sixteen stone, was a first-flight man in the shires, and never funk'd anything. He was a cool head, like Raphael, but his was the coolness of unconquerable stolidity. The Panther, to keep Anne Page in the background till the Seraph's arrival, had ordained that that young lady should dine at midday, and only appear at dessert: she had also put her back into short frocks and frilled trowsers, very much to her indignation. These alterations had been made on the removal to Kingsleat. Sweet Anne Page was very indignant about it; she thought herself quite a woman, being nearly seventeen, and engaged to be married; but Claudia was resolute, and her will, as we know, was pretty strong. So Anne, who was very fresh and *petite*, really looked about twelve in her infantile costume. When she entered the diningroom, shy and bashful, on the present occasion, Sir Arthur exclaimed,

"Aw—what a pretty little girl! come here, my dear,—aw—and give me a kiss." He was sitting near the door and had actually pulled her on his knee and kissed her before she was aware of his intention. The poor child burst into tears.

"Don't be silly, Anne," said Claudia. "If you cry, you shall be sent to bed."

The Panther could not get at Stephen, but she could persecute his poor little sweetheart for his sake, and she did so mercilessly. If Stephen could have known it, she would have been delighted.

Sir Arthur Willesden stayed at the Mitre for a long time, much to the landlord's satisfaction. He carried on a continuous flirtation with Claudia. He was always lunching or dining at the Rectory; but, as the Rector kept ecclesiastic hours, he used to sup at the Mitre about midnight, and play billiards with whomsoever he encountered. He seldom lost. Raphael, the best amateur in England, had made him pay for his skill in the game; and now the baronet made sad havoc with the fast young fellows of Kingsleat. But then they were delighted to lose money to a baronet—and so distinguished a baronet as Sir Arthur Willesden. Why, his name was in *Bell's Life* every week! Hadn't he won the two thousand with Isosceles, and run second for the Derby? And he actually condescended to win their provincial unaristocratic half-crowns at pool!

Meanwhile, Stephen was melancholy enough in his Idlechester lodgings. The Rector had courteously informed him that he considered Anne Page too young to be regarded as actually engaged to him; that, in fact, her education had been greatly neglected, and it was requisite that she should pass her time in the schoolroom; and that correspondence was not to be thought of. Stephen was of course obliged to acquiesce, and to have faith in his fairy princess. Such faith he had; and it consoled him pretty well; and he pursued his studies after his desultory fashion. It was desperately dull work.

He wanted a *confidante*. Humphrey Morfill was away; and besides, he had always shrunk from talking of his engagement to Humphrey. Stephen had a chivalrous idea of women. Spenser, or Sir Philip Sidney, or the Earl of Surrey could not have put them on a loftier purer pedestal. But Humphrey professed to be a man of the world; he had lax and cynical notions about women; he thought Anne

Page a nice little girl enough, but much too young for any practical purposes. So, had Humphrey been in the cathedral city, Stephen would not have confided in him. And, having no friend in his own family, Stephen was at length driven to tell his difficulties to Jack Winslow, and found in the vivacious barmaid a warm sympathizer. Even she, however, thought Anne very young to be anybody's sweetheart; but she was highly indignant at the Rector's interfering with an arrangement which Mr. Page had sanctioned.

One frosty forenoon Stephen, utterly weary of writing and reading, with which his uncontrollable thoughts perpetually interfered, strolled down to the Half-Moon and solaced himself with a tankard of bitter ale and a cigar. He often met his grandfather there, who would hail him with "Well, Steve!" but deemed him too much a boy for a sustained conversation. But this morning business was slack, and the bar-parlour empty, and the fair barmaid had leisure to gossip.

"I should write to the young lady," she said, "if I were you."

"Mr. Branscombe prohibits it," he replied.

"What right has he or anybody to come between you and Miss Page, when her poor dead father wished her to marry you? I *would* write, I tell you."

"But then," urged Stephen, "they probably examine the letters, and I should get her into trouble."

"Ah, that would be a pity. But I'll tell you what: I'm going over to Kingsleat to see my aunt one day next week. You write a letter, and I'll see if I can't get her to have it so that no one shall know."

This project delighted Stephen, who had the letter ready in good time. Wednesday was market day at Kingsleat, and was the day Miss Winslow chose for her visit. To her honour be it said, that she allowed Stephen's affairs to take precedence of her own. Before visiting her aunt, she took a walk through the crowded High Street, and was rewarded by seeing Anne and her governess returning homewards after a morning stroll. At this moment occurred to Jack what before she had not thought of—that, though she knew Anne by sight, Anne probably did not know her.

This was perplexing. However, she decided to watch for an opportunity.

Kingsleat street is very steep. Very slowly did Anne and the governess walk up it, Jack Winslow following. By-and-by Miss Marsden looked into a bookseller's shop at some new print there exhibited: and Jack, with great promptitude, gave Anne a gentle touch, and showed her the letter. Instinct told her it came from Stephen: she took it, and her hand returned with it to her muff: and the kind-hearted messenger was gone before the governess turned from the window.

But alack, Kingsleat street is narrow as well as steep. By ill fortune, Claudia was descending on the other side, and her keen glance took in the whole transaction. She crossed the street and addressed Miss Marsden.

"If you are not tired," she said, "will you go to old Mason's in East-street, and tell him Winifred can't come to see him to-day? I'll take charge of Anne."

The governess obeyed. Claudia had promised the Saint to call for her on this old-bedridden client of hers, whom she supplied with broth and sermons. The other two walked slowly to the Rectory.

"Come up to my room, dear," said the Panther, in the hall, "I want to speak to you."

Anne followed her cousin, devoid of suspicion, though anxious in the possession of a letter which she eagerly desired to read.

"Sit down, child," said Claudia, "and take off your hat, I have something to say to you."

Anne did as she was bid, putting on a table that stood in the centre of the room her muff with the precious letter in it. Claudia also disrobed; and, having done so, took up the muff, which she held carelessly in her hand. Out fell the letter. Claudia picked it up.

"Why, Anne, my dear," she said to her cousin, who was in a state of consternation, "where did you get this? Who is it from?"

Anne was too thoroughly consternated to reply. Claudia broke the seal.

"O, Claudia, please don't read it!" cried Anne Page, eagerly; "it is only for *me* to read."

"Indeed," said the Panther, coolly,

"You evidently know all about it. I see it is from Stephen Langton, with whom you have been forbidden to correspond."

Claudia read it. It was a good letter, loving yet trustful, eager yet patient, boyish yet manly. The Panther did not love Stephen; but what would she not have given for such a letter from him? O the bitter pain of reading it! O the thirst for revenge it caused in her jealous heart! Having read it, she folded it up, and put it aside.

"O, Claudia, dear," cried Anne, with straining eyes, "you will let me have it now, won't you?"

"Certainly not," she replied. I shall show it to your uncle, and shall then send it back to the writer. It is a most improper letter."

Poor little Anne!

But, after all, was not Claudia most to be pitied? Every word of that loving letter had gone keen to her passionate heart, a barbed arrow, which would not be withdrawn. She was athirst for revenge.

"Sweet is revenge—especially to women"—according to Byron's version of Juvenal.

"I am very much ashamed of you, Anne," she continued, after a pause, "a mere child like you. I could not have believed you were so sly and cunning as to carry on a clandestine correspondence."

Anne was silent. She was too prostrated to defend herself from such a charge, or to plead her father's authority for her engagement to Stephen. I think Claudia's feelings of revenge ought by this time to have been satisfied, but it is a passion insatiable. And, by evil hap, the Panther's eye caught, among the ladylike trifles upon her centre-table, among smelling-flasks and inkstands and gem-cases and *bouquinières*, a small jewelled riding-whip. She took it up.

"Come with me to your own room, Anne," she said. "I shall punish you, and you will go to bed."

Poor little Anne! Have you ever seen a wasp catch flies, reader? Sweet Anne Page was as powerless in the hands of the Panther, as a fly in the clutches of a wasp. I don't think Claudia hurt her very much, but the humiliation was too cruel. What young lady, engaged to be married,

would like to be whipt and sent to bed—even if she deserved it? And really our poor little heroine did not deserve it.

Claudia felt a good deal better on her return to her own room. She put the letter in an envelope and sent it back to Stephen. And she told what had occurred to her Uncle Walter and Winifred, who mildly approved. And when, at dessert that day, Sir Arthur missed "that pretty child," she said,

"O, she has been naughty to-day, Sir Arthur. She has been sent to bed."

It was an ineffable luxury to Claudia to humiliate, to persecute, to subject to mental and physical pain, the girl for whom she had been rejected by Stephen Langton.

About the middle of the month Humphrey Morfill appeared on the scene from Cambridge. As the Rector and Dr. Winter were on good terms—and as Claudia had encouraged Humphrey's visits at Idlechester—it would have been difficult to prevent his having some intercourse with Anne Page. But the Panther had no such intention. She wisely considered that the great thing to be done was to efface from her cousin's mind the memory of Stephen. Humphrey, she thought, was not dangerous; and Humphrey could occupy Anne with a little harmless semi-flirtation till Raphael's much-desired advent. Accordingly, Anne's schoolroom imprisonment was relaxed, and the governess went away to spend her Christmas with her relations—that is, if governesses have relations; and Humphrey Morfill used to look in pretty often at the Rectory, though not quite so often as Sir Arthur.

Humphrey was ambitious and astute. He did not know that any engagement, authorised or unauthorised, existed between Stephen and Anne, although it was clear to him that there was some sort of understanding. But, if he had known of their betrothal, he would have cared little, deeming all things fair in love and war. To this young man, eager above everything to rise in the world, it had occurred that to marry Ann Page would be of immense service to him. He knew that gold has a power of floatation in the ocean of life, akin to that of cork in the actual

ocean. He had conversed much with the little Page at Idlecheater; had done his best to open her mind; and had come to the conclusion that it would not break her heart if she did not marry Stephen. He resolved to carry his operations somewhat farther this Christmas vacation. And, as the Rector was always busy, and Winifred busier, and the governess absent, and the Panther greatly occupied with the Assyrian baronet, Humphrey had ample opportunities.

He was rather astonished the first morning, when the charming child entered in her short frock and frilled *caleçons*. But he did not exhibit his astonishment. Winifred and Claudia and Sir Arthur were all present: he awaited his opportunity. It soon came. The Saint had parochial business, which took her away. The baronet wanted to skate—had heard of a pond half a mile out of town where the ice was capital—would Claudia come? Wouldn't she? The Panther skated superbly; and by good hap, her maid, Margot, remembered where a pair of her skates might be found. Humphrey found himself left alone with sweet Anne Page—which was just what he wanted. They soon became confidential: and by-and-by Humphrey ventured to ask the reason of her infantile costume.

"O, I don't know," said Anne, blushing. "Claudia wants to make me out a baby. I suppose it's because she's not very young herself."

"I have no doubt," said Humphrey, "she would very much like to be as young and as pretty as you are. But you need not care about it. You look a very charming little girl: only you know one fancies you are not too old to be taken on one's knee and kissed."

"Yes,—that horrid Sir Arthur Willesden positively did it one day at dessert. It's just like Claudia, flirting with that man, all because he's a baronet."

"You don't seem very fond of your cousin, Miss Page?" said Morfill.

"Fond of her! If you knew—but oh, I couldn't tell you. I detest her."

"What, isn't she kind to you? No one could be cruel to *you*, surely."

"I don't know what you would call cruel," said the young lady.

"I only know I should very much

like to do to her what she did to me."

"What was it?" asked Humphrey in the kindest tone. "Tell me. Let me try to help you. No one ought to be cruel to *you*."

This sort of thing was successful at last: and Anne with much blushing and hesitation, confided to Humphrey the fact that Claudia had actually boxed her ears; but she would not tell the cause, though he tried very hard to get at it. And he advised her never again to submit to any such indignity, but to ring the bell for the servants, if Claudia threatened her. Which she promised to do, though with a conviction that her courage would fail in the Panther's presence.

"By Jove," said Morfill to himself, as he walked towards the Grammar School, "that is a verdant little party. I don't wonder at her knocking under to Miss Branscombe, though; she's enough to terrify anybody at all weak-minded. I'll tell you what, sir"—he was talking to himself, a habit of his—"I think I'll marry that child. She doesn't care for Stephen. He's too philosophic and poetic for her. She'll marry anybody who'll put her in long frocks and promise not to box her ears. She's a passive, receptive, reflective sort of girl—takes her colouring from the last man that's with her. I'd rather have a girl with a character; but then her money's worth having. If I get it, I can make myself Lord Chancellor. By Jove, I'll marry her."

Humphrey Morfill adhered to the policy which he had marked out for himself. He devoted all his spare time to Anne Page. He won her confidence, and consoled her under her persecutions. Not that she was very much persecuted: Claudia was too fully occupied to trouble herself about her; but she was still treated in the childish fashion, which she disliked. Humphrey was not far wrong in his judgment of her character. Stephen had magnetized her by his imaginative power; but she had just come to an age when the material excitements of the real world attracted her more than Stephen's poetic visions; and Humphrey stimulated her fancy with pictures of London-life, balls and evening parties, the undreamt delights of the Opera

and the theatres. He knew well what he was about. She "drank the milk of paradise"—that paradise of pretty women, society. She thought it would be delightful to escape from the nursery into the wondrous independence of married womanhood. Therefore she listened to Humphrey with much attention. Stephen, she thought, would never take her beyond Idlechester; he said nothing about those gaieties which Humphrey so eloquently described. I am sorry to say that, as a result of all this, Humphrey hit upon an ingenious arrangement whereby Anne and he could correspond upon his return to Cambridge.

Sweet Anne Page is not to be too severely blamed. It was quite a boy-and-girl engagement between her and Stephen. What child of sixteen can be expected to know her own mind? And Stephen was away; she never saw him; she dared not receive a letter from him, for fear of her cousin Claudia. So she listened to Humphrey, who skilfully carried on the campaign, notwithstanding the keenness of Claudia's eyes. But Claudia was busy with her baronet.

In mid-January Humphrey left "his little wife"—as he already styled her, unrebuked, and Miss Marsden and *Magnall's Questions* returned. And Sir Arthur Willesden went to town, leaving the Panther plenty of time to look after Anne. And, when the year had advanced a little further, Claudia one day received a letter in a hand she had not seen for an age. Thus it ran:—

"No. —, Clarges-street.

"DEAR CLAUDIA,—I have just returned to England, after a few days with the old gentleman, who has got the gout, and is delightfully fierce. I've a deal to do in town, and I want a long talk to you about the position of affairs; so come up and let us converse. Start at once, that's a good girl.

"RAPHAEL."

Claudia always obeyed her brother; besides at this period she desired the diversion of a trip to London. So, having received this letter at the breakfast hour, she at once announced that Raphael had returned, and that she was going to London to meet him, and that, no doubt, he would come back with her. Her uncle and cousin

were delighted at the news, and Anne Page opened her ears.

"You will like your Cousin Raphael, Anne," said Claudia, condescendingly. "He likes pretty little girls."

Miss Page by no means admired Miss Branscombe's condescension.

The Panther was to start early the next morning: that night she and Winifred had a talk, part of which Anne Page overheard—for "little pitchers have long ears." This was the part:—

"Look after Anne, Winifred," said the Panther. "She's very sly. You remember when I caught her corresponding with Stephen?"

"You've not found her out in anything since, have you?"

"No," said Claudia, laughing. "I think this little instrument"—Anne could guess what she took up—"gave her a lesson in the subject that she hasn't forgotten yet. But perhaps she will begin playing her tricks again when my back is turned."

"Do you think Raphael will like her well enough to marry her?" asked Winifred.

"I don't see why not," said the Panther. "She's pretty, you must admit, though it's a very babyish prettiness. She'll improve by-and-by. Won't he keep her in order if he does marry her?"

"Perhaps she won't have him," suggested Winifred.

"Pshaw! she'll fall in love with him directly. The dear fellow is irresistible," she said, with a laugh. "Besides, if she was troublesome, I'd make her have him."

This was what Anne Page heard, an interested and terrified eavesdropper. Whence it happened that the mailcoach that took Miss Branscombe townwards, carried also a letter which branched off somewhere to Cambridge.

"DARLING HUMPHREY,—Cousin Claudia is gone to London, and Cousin Raphael is coming back with her, and I am to marry him. I hate him. Nobody can help me but you, Humphrey dear. I am dreadfully frightened, dreadfully.

"Your own little wife,

"ANNE PAGE"

Which epistle, in due course reaching St. John's College, took a certain undergraduate rather aback. "What's

to be done now, sir?" said Humphrey to Morfill in the solitude of his rooms. "I mustn't let this little party slip through my fingers. That Miss Branscombe's so determined, she'd compel the little fool to marry him, and Anne is such a little fool, she'd do it if they threatened to whip her for refusing, and, moreover—from all I heard—Mr. Raphael Branscombe is an experienced and successful prac-

titioner in lovemaking. If he gets down there, you're done, Mr. Morfill, that's obvious. And, as you've got no money, I don't quite see what you're to do. Suppose we have a pipe together, and ruminate?"

The result of his rumination was that he started that very day for Idllechester, and rather astonished Stephen Langton by looking him up in Little College Green.

CHAPTER XII.

AJAX.

RAPHAEL acted on his valet's advice, crossed from St. Malo, and, spending as little time as possible in Jersey, took the mail-steamer for the sister island. And, as he walked up the steps of the pier at Guernsey, one of the first figures that caught his eye was his father's tall and portly form. Ralph Branscombe was enjoying his customary matutine stroll.

"Well, sir," said Raphael, walking up to him, "here I am at last, you sec."

"Ah," responded his father, looking at his son from head to foot, as if to ascertain whether he was really the right person. "Well, I'm not sorry to see you. You don't look as if you'd been quite as ill as that rascal of yours pretended."

"He's a capital liar," said Raphael. "I don't think I have had even a headache since I had the pleasure of seeing you last."

"And may one inquire how you have been amusing yourself?" asked Devil Branscombe.

"I found some rather shy game," he replied. "O, I have been amused, I assure you. But, with your permission, I'll go and have some breakfast: I'm as hungry as a hunter."

Ralph Branscombe took his son to his rooms on the Esplanade. At first he lived at Marshall's Royal Yacht Club Hotel—in those days a pretentious gloomy place, where, with the usual fatuity of hotel-keepers, you were charged six shillings a bottle for wine that you could buy at Green-slade's, just opposite, at eighteen shillings a dozen. When he had de-

cided to wait for his son in this happy island, beyond the reach of temptation and creditors, Ralph Branscombe took apartments. They were kept by an adipose widow with a couple of daughters, one of whom was so excessively handsome that the old gentleman was almost tempted to make love to her.

"And how do you get on in this tranquil island?" asked Raphael, after he had finished his breakfast, skilfully manufacturing a cigarette the while.

"It is slow—confoundedly slow. And the people are the queerest lot you ever saw. They have a tremendously exclusive aristocracy, Tupper and Careys and Brocks and Dobrees, who won't look at the unhappy natives that don't belong to their set. Sixties, they call themselves; can't guess why."

"Got about sixty pounds a year each, perhaps," suggested Raphael.

"But what is the place good for?"

"Well, there's scenery, you know, and sea-bathing. And the fish is capital, and so is the fruit. And claret and cognac and cigars are cheap. And there are some deuced pretty girls."

"These are recommendations," said Raphael, meditatively. "That was a pretty little party who brought in breakfast just now, but she'll be awfully fat at forty. How do you spend your evenings?"

"There's a club," he replied, "and two or three of the members have satisfactory ideas about van-john and loo. I have been teaching them poker, lately."

"You don't dine out, I suppose?"

"The aborigines have not yet reached that stage of civilisation. From what I hear, they invite people to tea."

"Frightful barbarism!" said Raphael. "Well about this marrying scheme of yours—or the Rector's rather. That little Page is a dumpy child, isn't she, just out of the nursery."

"She's pretty," said his father; "Claudia thinks her charming. And four thousand a year is worth having."

"True. I'll go over and see her, and if she's not very bad style, I may marry her. Will Claudia marry that young Langton?"

"She agreed to the arrangement."

"I don't half like it. She's too good for that sort of fellow. However, I'll see all about it when I go down there."

"You'll stay here a day or two, I suppose," said Ralph. "It's a luxury to get some one to talk to."

"Is there nobody here that you know?"

"Most of the English people are getting out of the way of their creditors, and prefer Jersey, which is a free and easy sort of place. By the way, there's a man lately come that you may know, perhaps, young Hudson, he married a sister of Shottesbrooke's."

"By Jove," exclaimed Raphael, "what brings *him* here? Has he got his wife with him?"

"I believe he has. They are lodging up at a place called the New Ground. Do you know much of him?"

"Never spoke to him. I used to know Lady Emilia, slightly."

That evening the Branscombes went down to the club, and very shortly Mr. Hudson was for the first time introduced. A very negative young fellow was Lady Emilia's husband: but gold glorified him—deified him in the eyes of some people. He had a very great belief in himself, and always found plenty of toadies to encourage that belief. His inordinate vanity thrived on the flattery of men who dined with him and borrowed money of him.

There was not any very lively play this evening—some old fogies had settled down to whist; Devil Branscombe despairing of anything faster,

had joined a party. Raphael was smoking patiently. At last Hudson exclaimed—

"Confound it, this is uncommonly slow. Is there a billiard-room anywhere?"

"Upon my life, I don't know," said Raphael, "I only came here to-day, and unless I see some improvement, I think I shall be off again to-morrow."

"Well, there *must* be a billiard-room," said Hudson. "Let's go round to the hotel, and ascertain."

"I have no particular objection," said Raphael. "Are you a good player?"

"Not a *very* bad one, I think," he replied.

They went away together, and succeeded in finding a billiard-room down a steep flight of stone steps, in which St. Peter's Port abounds.

"We'll put a sovereign on the game," said Hudson, "if you like."

"Just as you please," answered Raphael, carelessly.

Hudson was an average player, and the Seraph had not touched a cue for some months. The former went ahead at first: but when he was thirty-seven to Raphael's thirteen, the Seraph made a break, and scored his fifty with perfect ease.

"I must give you odds," he remarked, mildly. This sort of thing didn't suit Hudson, who liked winning. So, after another game, he said—

"Suppose we go up to my rooms, and see if we can get some supper? I dare say my wife finds it rather slow."

"Very well," said the Seraph. "I have met Lady Emilia before now. I used to know the old earl."

"By Jove," observed Hudson, "she'll be delighted to meet an old acquaintance."

"Shouldn't wonder," soliloquized the Seraph.

The New Ground is a rectangular piece of turf, with gravel walks and some tolerable trees. The houses in its vicinity look as if they had been built for barracks. There are two or three occupied as lodging-houses; and in the largest of these, a corner house, Mr. Hudson had taken apartments. From the windows there was a fine view over the sea, a mile

distant. He and Raphael toiled up Smith-street and the Candie Road, and at length reached this elevated part of the suburbs. When they entered the drawingroom there was no one there, although lights were burning.

"Can't be gone to bed yet," said Hudson. "I'll go and fetch her."

"Don't disturb Lady Æmilia on my account," urged Raphael, with great indifference.

Mr. Hudson found his way to his wife's room. I regret to say the lady in question was "in a temper." She had not been many months married; she knew no one in the island; and she had been sitting in solitary weariness while her husband lost his sovereigns at billiards.

Bouverie Hudson was a good deal afraid of his wife. She was a thorough aristocrat; she was divinely beautiful; she was aristocratically indolent. He felt his insignificance in her presence. He was particularly proud of her, feeling that he had purchased one of the finest women in the market—a London Circassian of high price. But he was not particularly fond of a *tête-à-tête* with her.

"I have brought you a visitor, Æmilia," he said.

"Have you? How kind? Some vulgar young islander, I suppose, who wants some supper."

"Why no. He may want some supper, but he's neither vulgar nor young. It's a gentleman you know, slightly."

"Indeed. Well, I hope he is rather more amusing than you are. Tell me who he is, that I may judge whether he is worth the trouble of going down stairs again."

"It is Mr. Raphael Branscombe," said Bouverie.

She did not reply for a moment: the news had been sudden. Then she said, languidly,—

"Ah, he will be a change. Well, go down and question him. I will come presently." This she uttered in her most lazily imperious tone.

But, when her husband had left her, she locked the door, threw herself on her knees at the foot of the bed, and exclaimed—

"O, my God, why have you let this man come here? What have I done to be so tortured? O Raphael, Ra-

phael, how I love you! and yet how I hate you! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

At last she arose and cooled her eyes and forehead, and threw a lace shawl over those white marble shoulders, and descended, looking like a queen; and very calm and steady was the voice in which she said—

"I am glad to see you again, Mr. Branscombe."

Supper was served, and over a good bottle of claret the Seraph and Hudson got on amicably enough.

"By the way," said Raphael, "isn't there an island called Sark one ought to see—a place with cliffs and caverns, and that sort of thing?"

"O yes," said Lady Æmilia. "Suppose we go across to-morrow, if its fine. Your father will join us, I dare say, Mr. Branscombe."

"To-morrow is rather too sharp," said Hudson. "We shall have to take provisions; there's nothing on the island but lobsters and rabbits."

"Very well; suppose we fix it for early the next morning," said Raphael. "My man, Louis, is a capital caterer: he shall look up provisions. We'll inquire about a boat the first thing to-morrow."

Thus it was arranged—the Seraph and Hudson making an appointment to meet in the Market before breakfast; and then he started for the Esplanade, having parted from Æmilia with just one pressure of the hand.

"She's a wonderfully fine woman," thought Raphael to himself, as he smoked his cigar, passing beneath the Bailiff's garden wall; "and she cares about as much as I do for that prig of a Bouverie Hudson, but I must be careful. When those languid creatures get possessed with the devil of love, they are infernally troublesome; and there's Anne Page waiting for me, and poor little Fiordilisa."

I think at that moment the Seraph wished himself back at Isola Rossa again.

Louis was waiting for him. Devil Branscombe had not yet got away from his whist. The Seraph gave his valet some orders about the Sark expedition and dismissed him. Then he sat by the window, watching the moonlight upon the sea and a flood of glistening silver, and reflected on his

position. It was rather an amusing one.

By-and-by—he heard a tap at the door, and said, “Come in!”—entered the widow’s prettiest daughter. She wanted to know what time he would like to breakfast.

“What’s your name, child?” asked the Seraph.

“Ellen, sir.”

“Ah. And pray, Miss Nelly, what time does my respected father generally breakfast?”

“About twelve, sir.”

“Amazing old gentleman! And what time do you breakfast, Nelly?”

“At eight, sir.”

“Good. Then you may bring me up a cup of coffee when you breakfast, and mind you make it strong, that’s a good girl, and mind you bring it yourself, for I know you’ll look so confoundedly fresh and pretty in the morning, you’ll give me an appetite.”

Ellen blushed. She was only nineteen, this little girl, though her fine development caused her to look several years older. There’s a good deal of flirtation in those islands, and she was not wholly ignorant of the art. And the Seraph’s unique beauty of person fascinated her.

“Come here, Nelly,” he said. She approached him, and he gave her what he called a fraternal kiss. “There, good night, little girl. Don’t forget the coffee.”

His father, who had let himself in with a latch-key, had been an amused spectator of this brief scene.

“You get on fast, Raphael,” he remarked. “I fear you don’t improve. Now, Ellen, be off to bed, or I’ll tell your mamma of your naughtiness.”

“The Hudsons and I are going to Sark the day after to-morrow,” said the Seraph. “Will you come? How can we get a boat?”

“I can find you a clipping little cutter-yacht that will just do. I want to see Sark, but certainly shouldn’t have made any great effort in that direction.”

The following day the necessary arrangements were made: and the party was increased by two persons. These were a Mr. and Mrs. Wugk, who, notwithstanding their queer name, were tolerably English. Wugk was a musician of Flemish descent, but born in England—a man of real

genius as a composer, but unutterably lazy. Mrs. Wugk was a native of Guernsey, and one of the most charming of the island beauties. Ralph Branscombe had made Wugk’s acquaintance at the club; and, encountering him in the Market, enlisted him for the trip. He was a capital comrade, knowing the island well—and of course Lady Emilia would be glad of a feminine companion.

So in due time they started, a pleasant party; and were landed in Sark, an island where landing is difficult—so difficult indeed that the Lords of the Admiralty are said to have come there on a tour of inspection, and to have gone away again without discovering where the harbour lay. The legend is not incredible: the tunnel by which you must approach the interior is quite invisible from the sea. I have always fancied that Circe’s mystical island must have been very like Sark. But there were no painters in watercolours in Homer’s days, whereas Sark has been fortunate in an artist of the Channel, Mr. Paul Naffel, who has done upon canvass, for its cliffs and bays, what words can never do. Its caverns are wondrous. The Gouliots are famous for their population of Zoophytes, many very rare; a perfect tapestry of these creatures, blood-red and yellow and olive-green, hides the rugged walls. But the Boutiques are transcendently fine. After scrambling through tortuous passages in half-darkness, it is glorious to come out upon a platform of rock beneath a Titanic portal open to the ocean. Surely the sons of Poseidon dwelt in those colossal halls, and looked forth upon the solitary waste of waters. Does that single white sail in the distance carry Olyseus and his heroic followers across the wine-coloured sea?

Our party stayed longer in the island than they at first intended. The wind changed, so that they could not easily get back to Guernsey—and they thoroughly enjoyed the beautiful loneliness of the place. It is a charming islet for lovers of laziness and scenery—of lobsters and rabbits. Louis exhibited his culinary skill, and produced a marvellous variety of capital dishes from these materials only.

One day they started to see the

Boutiques—all but Devil Branscombe, who had a touch of gout, and was smoking in bed. You go along a broad green terrace above the sea; the steep grassy slope beneath grows steeper as it descends to the brink of the cliff. This is on your right; presently you pass an opening on your left, which gives you a view right *through* the island. A little farther the path narrows and grows steeper; and then you have to descend and reascend in a way which Alpine clubmen would think a trifle, but which perplexes weak nerves. Hudson and Lady Emilia were in advance; then Wugk and his wife; finally Raphael. Suddenly there was a pause.

"I can't stand this," said Hudson. "I'm getting giddy. You'd better turn back, Emilia."

"Indeed I shall do nothing of the kind. I came out to see the caves, and mean to see them. If you are giddy, go back and wait; Mr. Wugk will take care of me, and Mr. Branscombe of Mrs. Wugk."

Hudson acceded to this arrangement: but presently Mrs. Wugk's courage also failed, so Raphael brought her back and left her with Hudson.

"Lady Emilia can't come to much harm now," said the Seraph, "as there will be two of us to take care of her."

The trio made their way through the caverns, standing at last upon a great ocean-threshold, with a gateway of giants above. It was a strangely beautiful way to approach that vast stretch of hyaline. A sail or two, far off—a seamew or two, nearer at hand—no other sign of life. The golden sunlight slept upon an immeasurable waste of blue.

To return was found rather harder work than entry had been. They were getting on very well, however, when Lady Emilia felt faint, and was unable to proceed. After some little discussion, Raphael said—

"You see, she's afraid to go on. We must get a boat round. I'll go and see to it, if you'll stay with Lady Emilia."

"No, no," she said. "Let Mr. Wugk go—he knows the island better—he will be quicker."

And Wugk, seeing no objection to the arrangement, went.

"Well," thought Raphael, "she is determined to have a *tête-à-tête* with me. I deserve a scolding, no doubt, and I suppose she means to give me one."

He found her a comfortable seat of the everlasting granite, and then lighted a cigarette.

"Why did you come here, Raphael?" she asked, after a time.

"Not to see you, child. I had filial duties to perform. Having performed them, I mean to be off."

"I wish you were drowning in that water, Raphael. I should like to watch you sinking, and know that I could save you if I liked."

"And not do it, of course, amiable girl! Tell me now, what harm have I done you?"

"Did not you make me love you? Is that no harm, when you cared nothing for me, when I had to marry another man?"

"Well, you don't seem to have much love for me now; and as that is the case, and as you have a husband with plenty of money, I again say I have done you no harm."

"What, there is no harm in remorse—no harm lying beside a husband I detest—no harm in being a murderess! I *am* a murderess, if longing to do murder makes one. I want to be away from these tempting cliffs. I fear—O I fear I shall push *him* over the brink some day."

"Really, Emilia," he said, calmly, "you are very foolish. You are a perfect child to talk all this nonsense. Hudson seems a very good fellow—try and be comfortable with him."

"Yes, that's it—that's the way you talk. O why couldn't I guess all this before I loved you? You win a woman's love—you win a woman who is your slave, who would die for you, who cares for no other creature in the wide world, and then you crush her and throw her away, caring no more for her than for the end of a cigar. O I know *now*; but why can't girls know in time, before they begin to love men with the beauty of devils and with ten times more cruelty?"

Raphael was taken aback by this torrent of words. He said nothing, but wished the boat would come round; and by good luck, so it did, within five minutes.

"If I kill him it is your doing," she whispered, as they advanced towards the boat.

"Tired of waiting?" shouted Hudson, cheerily. "Catch me going to see caverns again!"

Next day the wind shifted, and they

got back to Guernsey, no murder having as yet been committed. And the day after, Raphael took the mail steamer to Southampton, resolved to leave Lady Emilia to her own devices, and, as we have seen, Claudia heard of him from Clarges-street.

MRS. FRASER, THE BANKER'S WIFE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

MANY is the queer thing goes on in gentlemen's houses, and many's the queer thing we sees. I could tell you a dozen of stories, real downright good ones, too, that happened to me when I lived as nurse and lady's maid in gentlemen's families, and before I married Tom Croker. He was valet, a gentleman's gentleman—and the best of places he always had. He lived higher than I did, for when I first knew'd him he was valet to the Lord Ferdinand Howard, son to the marquis, while I was lady's-maid to Mrs. Fraser, the banker's wife. But if he had the family, we had the money, and glad enough was my Lord Ferdinand to come and stretch his legs under our mahogany—and for the matter of that, so was Croker too, under the kitchen table. Well, as I was saying, we hadn't all the money when I first come to live with Mrs. Fraser; but master's rich uncle died, and we comed in for the splendidest houses in both town and country, and carriages and horses, and the best of everything; but for all that I think that both master and missis too were happier a good bit when they lived in the pretty little cottage at Richmond, and when missis was so pleased when I turned her best black silk and made it look as good as new by washing it in tea. Goodness me! if she hadn't now the beautifullest satins and velvets; and as for turning a silk dress, Mademoiselle Felise would have thought herself insulted if she didn't get missis's dresses almost bran new, and it 'ud make me sick, so it would, to see her aturning up her nose and saying master and missis were *parvenous*—that's what she was always saying, and in my humble judgment missis never looked like herself

with her beautiful hair all twisted and frizzled and cut in short pieces by this nasty French devil. Dear, dear, how long and beautiful and sleeky and soft it'd be when I had the care of it; but now I had nothing more to do with it, although I had no cause for complaint, for nothing could be handsomer than the way missis said—and, indeed, for the matter of that, master too, although he was always stiff and solemnlike. "Hodges," says he, "both your mistress and I have the greatest confidence in you, and we would take it as a kindness if you would undertake the care of Master Harry." And missis, *she* came, and her beautiful eyes were all full of tears. "Hodges," she says, "I couldn't bear to part you, and I will always be quite happy if Master Harry is with you. Don't make me have a nasty London nurse for him." I knew the poor dear was trying not to make me feel her having another maid—and she a furriner, too. That was all the master's doings. He was always after the dirty French ways; and I was half-minded to leave them to themselves; but then my heart swelled at the bare notion of leaving her, and letting the poor darling baby that I had seen born into the hands of one of those nasty, flaunting, dressed-up girls who would leave him to cry his little heart out. So I says, "Very well;" and when I comed to settling down I found myself extremely comfortable; and although, of course, in the matter of perquisites and such like, the nursery can't hold no comparison with such as my lady's own perssunal attendant; still there can be no doubt in the universe but that a head nurse is one of the most principallest persons in the establishment.

I comed to know that more particularly when, later on, we began to go regularly down to our country place, and associate with the county families—the real old stock. We had the beautifullest of nurseries, and Master Harry, he was a perfect picture, the darling; and every one that came a-visiting would come up and see us, and many's the pretty young creature, and with all the money in the world, high-born, and not thinking a bit the better of herself for that, would come tapping at the door, and with her voice like silver bells, say, "Nurse, do let me come in. I want you to tell me what you do to Master Harry. My poor little baby is a weak little creature." I came at last to have quite a name among these nice young creatures, and if high offers of gold could have tempted me to leave my missis, many was the offer I got; for I must say for the quality they knows the value of a good servant when they meets 'em; but my heart-strings were wound in and about my first mistress and my little golden-haired darling Harry. I have known many and many a dear baby since those days, but I never loved a mortal child, and I never could love a mortal child, as I did him. My mistress, too, was such a sweet creature. She was little more than a child when I first comed to her service. She was innocent like, and gentle as a lamb, and if she had a fault it might be that you could twist and twine her round your little finger; but her heart was soft and as tender as a child's, and them that could hurt and wound her must have had black and wicked hearts. Well, I haven't said a word of the master—a fine, princely looking man he was, but mighty stern and shut up in himself. He wasn't the husband I would have given that gentle creature, for he had a sharp way of speaking to her when he was vexed, and a kind of contemptuous manner of putting her down that 'ud made my blood boil if I was his wife, which, thanks be to God, I wasn't. But I think myself a stronger minded lady would have done him better, for there's many a gentleman is all the better for a little henpecking, nagging, as they calls it. And the fact was my missis did not understand the management of such as him, and I comed to see all

this when it was too late to mend matters. Somehow they seem to get further apart, and hit it off worse in the fine houses and at the grand dinners than when we were in the little cottage and used to plan and contrive how to make the leg of mutton last the third day in hash. We servants see a power of things nobody thinks we notice; and I soon saw that there was a something wrong with the mistress. Well, after a bit, we comed down to the country house, and a magnificent place it was, fit for the Prince Royal. Soon there was a talk that master was intending to go into Parliament, and a deputation came up, and all that; we had the house full, and great things going on. I remember the time well, for it was then Croker began courting me. He was down with us along of Lord Frederick, who had great interest in the county, and was on our side—I mean my master's. Croker was a great politician, and was at immense pains to explain it all to me, but my head always got muddled, and I didn't understand a word of it all. Howsomever we were very gay, driving here and there and large dinners and archery meetings, and finally there was to be a grand ball.

Among the visitors in the house there was one pair that never took my fancy, a mother and daughter, they were Lady and Miss Acton, distant cousins of my master's, but queer kind of cousins they must be that never came next or nigh us when we was poor and nobodies, and were so mighty fond and affectionate now we were rich and somebodies. I made as bold to say as much to my mistress one day, but she only smiled in her own sweet way, and said—"It is the way of the world, Hodges, and Lady and Miss Acton are very kind in teaching me a great many things that are quite new to me; they are much more experienced than I am; and your master thinks a great deal of them;" and she turned away with a very weary sigh, and I could see she didn't like these ladies one bit better than I did myself.

Miss Acton was a bold dashing young lady, not over young either, but a fine woman, and with pleasant gay manners that kept the house

lively ; but there was something about her I never could abide. The dash and the boldness seemed to me all put on, and under her seeming frankness there was a deep well of cunning and a keen lookout for her own interest. She hated my dear mistress, as we afterwards knew, like poison, but she kept it well under, and the poor weak thing soon got to know no will but hers. Croker knew her well, and better than he chose to let on too, for, as I afterwards found out, she and Lord Ferdinand were old friends, and had carried on many a queer game together. The old mother was as hasty and wicked an old woman as ever got into a house, with her false hair and her rouge pots, and her old decayed false heart. Well, it was coming on to Christmas, 1845, and Lady Acton and Miss Acton had been with us nigh on three months, and Lord Frederick off and on about the same time. Croker and I had nearly made it up together, and I was thinking it would soon be time for me to be speaking to the missis, but I was loth to say anything about leaving, on account of the dear child who was growing the greatest of darlings. He had always been one, but now he was a perfect angel, and sometimes my heart misgave me that the Almighty would be wanting such a little seraph for the heavenly choir. He was too good for this dirty place below. It had so happened that latterly I had not seen so much of the mistress as I had used to. It had always been her custom to come into the nursery at five o'clock, and have a friendly little chat with me. It was our tea time, and she would say in her own sweet voice, "Give me a cup, Hodges, your tea always tastes so nice;" and then she would sit on a low seat before the fire, with Harry on her knee, telling him fairy tales. It was a pretty sight, those two golden heads, and sometimes, looking at them, a tremble would come over me, they looked, the mother and child, like two angels. The Lord forgive me, it never does to grudge heaven its own. Well, for the last three weeks before the Christmas I am speaking of, the missis came very seldom to the nursery. Sometimes

she would come in with a lot of fine ladies and gentlemen, and they'd have great amusement, having tea in the nursery cups, and petting Master Harry. The mistress seemed to me at these times quite different and changed like—so gay and flushed, and laughing a deal with Lord Frederick, who was always of the party. He was this same Lord Frederick, the very handsomest gentleman I ever laid eyes on, and to all appearance the very nicest. He had the beautifullest eyes, and when he spoke to you and asked you for anything, perhaps it was only a cup of tea, he said it in such a way and looked at you in such a way that you felt you could have given him the whole world. I was a middle-aged woman, and only a servant, but the first time he spoke to me I felt very queer like. Well, he took a world of pains to be civil to me, and he petted Master Harry like anything, and the child was very fond of him, whereas he never could a-bear Miss Acton, for all she played with him and gave him toys and sweets. Children are like dogs, and they have keen instinct for those that are true and good. You may be sure that for all I was pouring out tea and listening apparently very respectful to what Lady Acton and another cross-grained old dowager of quality was saying to me, I had my eye on all that was going on, and I saw Miss Acton give many a queer look on the sly to Lord Frederick ; and one time, when she was handing him a cup of tea, I saw her slip a note into his hand. Now, may the Lord have mercy on my soul, but I never thought any harm of her doing it, but that it was all right, and in the natural order of things, for why shouldn't a young lady that is not married, and not over young try to better herself, and from that moment I set Lord Frederick and Miss Acton down as lovers ; but unfortunately, as luck would have it, I was quite on the wrong scent, and when Miss Acton saw me a-smiling at what I thought a lawful courting, she was clever enough to take advantage of my innocence, and make me a go-between in quite a different matter. Well, my dear, the next day was Sunday, as I remembers well, and about half-past five o'clock I was

sitting rather melancholic-like over the nursery fire, thinking to myself that Croker might have come and fetched me for a walk or something. (Master Harry was down in the drawingroom with the quality), then I hears at the nursery doora slight knocking. Oh, says I to myself, it is Croker, and my heart gave a leap, but, true to my dignity as a woman, I made no sign beyond saying, "Come in," and sat looking into the fire, as if nothing in the world troubled me, when I hears in my ear quite a different queer sort of voice from Croker's, and, turning round with a start, sees Lord Frederick Howard standing beside me. "Mrs. Hodges," he says, as polite as possible, "will you excuse me? I have just come in from a cold, wet walk to afternoon's service, and I thought, Mrs. Hodges, some of the ladies would be here." I fancied I knew quite well what he wanted, and who he was was looking for, so I said quite quietly, "Miss Acton, my lord, is in the drawingroom with my mistress and the other ladies, having tea; but I dare say she will bring back Master Harry, for she said as much when she fetched him away to his mamma." He did not seem to hear what I was saying, for he kept staring into the fire moodily for a long time, and then, all of a sudden he looked up and began asking me all sorts of questions about Harry and how long I had been with my master, and what not. I saw quite well what he was at; he was hoping that Miss Acton would come in, so I humoured the poor young gentleman, though in my heart I thought it a great pity he should waste his love and his grand fortune on such as she; but that was no affair of mine, so I kept on talking about our life at Richmond, and my mistress and Master Harry and the master. He listened quite quietly, and once when I was telling him of all my mistress's goodness, and her many acts of kindness to the well to do, and charity to the poor, he lifted his head, and I could have sworn there were tears in his eyes; but I must have been mistaken, for in a few minutes he yawned and said, in his languid way, "Thank you very much, my good Mrs. Hodges, your conversation has been most interesting, and I really must go now, and not detain you

any longer from your friend, Mr. Croker. Tell him from me I think he has very good taste; and here is a sovereign to buy you a pretty ribbon, Mrs. Hodges; you are a very good woman, and with light laugh he was leaving the room; and then, suddenly, and in a very decided voice, "And Mrs. Hodges, if Miss Acton asks you did I leave a note for her with you, say I have changed my mind." I sat by the fire after he had left, thinking what a nice gentleman he was, and wondering how he had found out about me and Croker, when presently Miss Acton came in with Master Harry. She came in smiling, quite pleasant-like, and the first question she asked was, "Was Lord Frederick here?" "Yes, miss," I said, and then I gave her his message. She looked very angry, and her heavy black brows came together, and made her look like a wicked murderess. She stamped her foot on the ground, and I heard her say, "Weak-hearted fool!" then she hurried away. If she had been any other young lady I would have told her how annoyed her sweetheart had seemed at not finding her, and what a nice soft-spoken young gentleman I thought him; but somehow I didn't feel to like saying anything to please her. In a few minutes she came in again, quite nice and smiling, and sat down by the fire with me, and I don't know how it was, but she got out of me all my conversation with Lord Frederick. After that she sat looking into the fire for a long time, with a queer smile upon her wicked face. Then, suddenly taking both my hands in hers, she said, very quickly—

"Nurse, I think you see how matters are, cunning, cunning Mrs. Hodges, you have found out our secret, but 'set a thief to catch a thief,' and Croker and you will have good friends; eh, nurse?" I felt quite overcome and shamefaced; like that both she and my lord should know so much about our sweethearts; that is, Croker and me, and my own dear missis, not a word in life, but she went on, after giving my hand a tight squeeze, "You see, Hodges, there are a great many obstacles in the way. I can't well explain, but you know yourself, nurse, there is nothing so nice as a little stolen chat now and again, and what

I want you to do, dear Mrs. Hodges, is, if Lord Frederick looks in here of an afternoon you will not mind letting us have the nursery to ourselves for a little half-hour at a time, and I'll manage that Croker will have nothing to do at that time but talk to you." Well, her sweet tongue and palavering ways overpersuaded my better sense, not that I thought any harm, but somehow my heart never warmed to her and her love-making. For many a day after that, when the evenings got duskish, a tap would come at the nursery door and my lord would come in, and then I knew that was a hint for me to go and have my own little talk with Croker, but some days, latterly, I began not to understand Croker. He was not at all like his own self, and so gloomy and morose-like. Well, one night—it was Christmas Eve—we were to have a dance in the servants' hall, he came to be so unpleasant-like, that I took thought to myself that I would make my gentleman scarce of my company, and go and sit in my own room a bit. To get to my bedroom I had to go through the day-nursery, where the lovers were having their talk out by the nursery fire. I tapped gently at the door, and hearing no answer, thought to myself that I would steal gently across the room, and that the pair in their happy talk would never notice me. I crept gently in, but what was my surprise, instead of Lord Frederick and his lady, to see my own sweet mistress sitting by the fire. She had been crying, I could see by her poor tear-swollen eyes, and she looked so like a child in her trouble that my heart felt quite sore-like looking at her, and I should have wished to have taken her up and petted her to sleep, like little Harry, in my arms.

In the little cottage at Richmond it would have been quite different, and I would soon have known what ailed her, but now she was grown such a grand cold lady, I was obliged to keep my distance and to my station as head nurse, and my conscience was sore at not telling her of Croker, so I made a pretence to go about the room tidying up and putting things straight. By-and-by I heard her sobbing, sobbing to herself, and I couldn't abear

it any longer, so I dropped down next her, and "Dear mistress," says I, "tell your own poor faithful Hodges what's vexing of you; sure I'd give my heart's blood for you, and so would Croker; and then I outs with it all, and tells her all about me and Croker, but to my surprise she did not seem to hear me, but she kept crying, crying, and sobs rising in her throat, and I began to get afraid-like, and I bethought myself, to call Miss Acton, but she kept me fast by the dress, and when she could speak she takes a letter from her pocket, "Will you give this," she said, "to Lord Frederick Howard? and oh, Hodges, I am so wretched, and so miserable, oh save me, Hodges, from my wicked self;" and with that she slid down upon the floor at my feet. Just then I heard a rustle and Miss Acton, in her grand evening dress, was beside us, looking down coldly on my mistress, all tumbled and tearful on the floor.

"Are you ill, Grace?" she said, "it's time for you to come and dress; Felise is looking for you;" and there, sure enough, was the nasty smooth-tongued French devil and my mistress, poor dear—she gathered herself up and went away. In a minute or two Miss Acton comes hurrying back, looking here and there under the tables and chairs, and all about for something; at last she says, "Nurse, your mistress dropped a letter here, directed to Lord Frederick, you must have seen it." "Begging your pardon for being so bold, miss," says I, "she dropped no letter, but she gived me one, and that one I'll give to the rightful owner." She flashed her black eyes at me. "You're an impudent woman, Hodges," says she, "and you'll live to repent having crossed my path." "Thanking you kindly, miss," says I, with a low curtshey, "but I think matters is going agin you, and you wan't be my lady after all." It was very forward of me to speak up to a born lady like that, but then I was riled at her impudence. I saw by her that she was at her underhand work. But, mind you, the real wickedness that was in her never came into my head, but I thought to myself she is jealous of the beautiful mistress. Well, beautiful she did look, and no mistake, that Christmas-eve, in the servants' hall, with her splendid lace, and the sparkling jew-

els in her hair, her eyes brighter than the jewels, and her laugh so gay—a vision of beauty, as my Lord Hartigan's valet said to me. He was as nice and civil spoken a gentleman as could be, and had seen a mint of quality, but he told me, "Your missis," says he, "would do honour to a crownet, and it is a mortal shame that the harristocracy go so much agin her." "What do you mean?" says I, firing up, "we have a power of quality here to-night." "Mostly gentlemen, my dear," says he, stroking his mustachios "for you see I knows it; our ladies talked it over, and they decided they wouldn't come, on account of this affair of Lord Frederick's, not that we minds these things much in town, but in the country our ladies is particular." "Well," says I, "that's most outrageous. Though I likes Miss Acton myself, still I thinks Lord Frederick might please himself." On this he bursts out laughing, to nearly choke himself.

"Miss Acton, by the heavenly powers!" says he, "that's good; Miss Acton we knows all about her, my dear, and what kind she is, and I can tell you it did your missis no good conserting with the likes of her." "Then what do *you* mean?" says I, but not one word more would he say, good or bad, but a horrid idea had come into my mind, and I couldn't let it go, I musn't forget that nothing could be kinder than my Lord Frederick was to me, but I could not abear the sight of him now, and I made pretence to go look for Master Harry. The mistress came to me herself with him, and drew me into the passage—her face was all bright with a beautiful colour, and she said hurriedly—"Where's my letter, Hodges; you didn't give it, did you?" I put it into her hand, and then something stronger than myself spoke to that poor, weak misguided, thing. I was no longer a poor ignorant servant, but a Christian soul, trying to call back a lamb to Christ's fold. My missis she turned deadly white, and covered up her face, but when she looked up she had quite a stern hard look, quite different-like from any look of hers. "You forget yourself, Hodges," she said, "and presume strangely on my kindness; leave me and leave my house, not to-morrow, for it is Christmas-day, but as soon as you can."

She went away, and as I watched her going back to the dancingroom I saw Lord Frederick meet her at the door, and they went in together."

Oh, but my heart felt sore. Leave her, leave my own darling child. I didn't mind it just then, but when I took away Master Harry, and put him in his little bed, listening all the while to his baby talk about his mamma and papa, and Feddy, as he always called Lord Frederick, I had a good cry over him, and I began to think that I had been over hasty in listening to gossip. The next morning was Christmas-day, and a beautiful morning, clear and frosty it was; but many's the Christmas mornings I had wakened to in the little cottage, with no bellringers, and no grand doings, but with my heart warm and thankful, and not weighted down as it was now with coming evils. Well, I went down stairs, and the first person I met was Miss Acton, and she said, with a queer laugh—"Oh, Hodges, I am sorry to hear we are going to lose you. What will your mistress do without you?—quite a treasure—the virtuous nurse who lectures on propriety," and with a demoniac laugh she passed on.

I was extremely riled, there is no denying that. Well, in fact my feelins were greatly hurt that the missis should have gone and told that horrid woman. My heart melted to her when I saw her, the missis, in church she looked so white; but it was best I should go, I had staid long enough. After church I was busy enough in the nursery getting my things together, for I determined I would leave in the morning early, when my darling boy came running in to be dressed. He was going out, he said, with his mamma and Feddy and all the company to the pond to look at the skating. When he was dressed in his velvet suit he put his little arms round my neck, and coaxed me to come too. Ah, dear! what wicked pride will do—a demon whispered to me the missis will look cold at you, and Miss Acton will sneer, better stay at home. Oh, if I had but gone! oh, my poor little darling, I put away your little clinging arms and sent you out to destruction. It was a lovely afternoon, and I watched all the gay com-

pany going out from my windows. I saw then how true it was what Lord Hartigan's valet had said—the ladies *were* few, and the gentleman so many, and they all clustering round my mistress, who looked like a queen in her velvet dress and furs, leading Master Harry by the hand, and Lord Frederick walking next her and all his love showing in his eyes. I saw it all plain enough now, but I also saw what gave me a shudder. Last of all came two more, my master and Miss Acton. And her wicked eyes were gleaming, and her finger pointing towards my mistress; the master looking so gloomy and stern, and then she stopped and drew out of her pocket the letter. Yes, I saw it was the very letter my mistress had given me. She gave him this to read, and I saw his face contort, and then she drew him on, and I lost sight of them. I made a great vow then to myself that I would not go away if my mistress would accept my humble apology, but that I would stay and circumvent that wicked woman. I have been often and often glad I made that vow on my two bended knees.

Well, the Christmas afternoon got darker and darker, and I fell to wondering they didn't come back, or that Croker didn't come to look for me. To be sure I had snubbed him pretty strong that ere morning, but then that was no reason he was to neglect me who was so soon to be his wedded wife. Well, I sat by the fire that Christmas-day getting crosser and crosser, and lonelier and lonelier, when suddenly I heard a great noise and a sound of crying and screaming, and a something came over me, and I opened the nursery door, and I trembled so I could hardly stand. Shall I ever forget it? Oh, my little darling, my golden-haired little angel! they had killed my sweet child, while I, his faithful nurse, had slept at her post. They carried him in and laid the poor little body on his bed, his beautiful hair all soaked in the water, and his little limbs all drenched and cold.

He never spoke again, my cherub, but lay like a lovely statue. The great doctor from London arrived in the middle of the night—we had telin-grammed him; but everything had

been done, and he could do no good. They told me that Lord Frederick had done wonders, plunged into the water, and what not; but what was the good of that? They had not minded the darling child, and he had slipped in to his death. We were up all night, and for many and many a night, with my mistress. Poor little bright-haired Harry lay in his lonely grave long before the poor distracted mother came to her right sense; her punishment had been great, and her ravings awful to hear; her constant cry would be, "Give me my child!" The master was like one distracted; he had doated on the child—but that was as nothing to his love for the poor weak creature who, lying there, in her rambling way told all her story. It was easy to see how she had never done more than listen in her foolish vanity to a handsome gentleman, and his sweet sayings, and that wicked fiend, Miss Acton, had thought to make her own market out of the whole thing. It all came out now, and was as clear as mud. Croker had known the game that was playing all along, and often heard Lord Frederick and Miss Acton laughing at the way they had hood-winked old Hodges. I didn't mind one bit being called old Hodges, only I did think Croker need not have laughed quite so much as he did—it was no time for levity; but it also came out in a letter from Lord Frederick himself that Croker had behaved most beautiful, and had discharged his master on the head of the whole thing; and more, as Croker said to me, he couldn't do, for one gentleman is bound in honour to keep the secrets of another gentleman.

We made out, too, Miss Acton's game for Lord Frederick; he wrote the handsomest of letters, and told the whole story out of the face, and how Miss Acton had put him up to everything, thinking she would one day be Mr. Fraser's wife. Oh, it was a horrid business, and a regular conspiracy, to think everything would have gone in the way the wicked woman wished, only for my sweet child's death; and it was beautiful to think that angel saved his own mother from ruin and disgrace.

It was in the middle of the night she came to her senses, and called for

the master; she thought she was dying, and it was moving to hear her begging and praying for forgiveness and pardon, telling him how she had been tempted with false tales of his love being gone away from her, but how she had never, never cared for anyone but him, and had loved him then and always and for ever. Her words sent strength to the loving heart listening to her, and I crept away and had a good cry out by myself. Time takes the sting out of many things, and by degrees it came that we could speak a little of the lost child. By-and-by we had a full nursery, and there was many a golden head among them, but not one like his. Long before that came to pass Croker and I had been quietly married, and being pensioned off handsomely (for, after all, the gentry don't like those about them who knows too much), we set up a shop in the gro-

cery and retail way, but we always went for Christmas to my old mistress. She was a fine handsome woman, and lived down her trouble well, and soon the quality came round her again. There were a power of stories set going by Miss Acton, but my Lord Frederick got his people to take her up, and his wife and she were the greatest of friends, and the last thing I heard of the family was that Lord Frederick's eldest son was to be married to Miss Fraser; but all I know is, that in all my troubles—and they come to the poor and rich all alike—I never had such a sorrow as losing little Harry. There is a little grave in the old churchyard, and that spot is very dear to me, and in the summer time we often take the children there and tell them about him, and they love his memory dearly, and we all know there is an angel praying for us in Heaven.

THE VENICE OF YESTERDAY.

IN the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for November, 1864, were presented several phases of Venetian life ancient and modern. To it we refer such of our readers as take an interest in the old sea-city, and wish to learn more about her ancient works and ways than can be afforded room in this article.

"Venice Preserved," the "Merchant of Venice," "Marino Faliero," and the "Two Foscari" have infused a melancholy interest about the old city into the breast of many a British reader. They have been lamenting the decay of the once powerful state, romantic in its annals as in all its belongings. They have bewailed its subjection to a foreign unsympathising power; and now they expect an improvement in the trade of Venice, an amelioration in the condition of all ranks of its people, a return of the old gaiety, and a revival of the drama. Whether the aspirations of our romantic Britons be fulfilled or not remains to be seen. Meantime they

and we must content ourselves with the work quoted below,* which gives a faithful and well drawn picture of the city and its people during the last days of Austrian rule. Mr. Howells discharged official duties under the foreign power, and abode some years in the city, and thus enjoyed advantages over the mere visitor of a few weeks or a few months.

It is a pity to be obliged to resign our early faith in the benevolent fairies, our trust in the endurance of youthful loves and friendships, and in a smaller way, to find that our sympathy for the noble prisoners whom stern power sent across Lord Byron's "Bridge of Sighs" to dread confinement was all sadly wasted. It seems none of the ancient victims to the displeasure of the dread TEN or the dread THREE ever crossed that famous bridge, which was not built till the end of the sixteenth century. It has since served merely as the passage from the court of justice in

* *Venetian Life.* By Wm. D. Howells. London: N. Trübner and Co.

the ducal palace for house-breakers, cut-purses, and other low-conditioned culprits to their place of detention on the other side of the little canal. The political offenders were kept in the dungeons under the palace, and instead of the damp or icy cachots with slime covered walls, and slippery reptiles creeping over the clammy floor, Mr. Howells found them "not indeed joyously light nor particularly airy, but their occupants could have suffered no extreme physical discomfort, and the thick wooden casing of the interior of the cells evinced at least the intention of the state, to inflict no wanton horrors of cold or damp."

Notwithstanding the vague terror which the traditions concerning the ancient oligarchy must have left in the public mind, and the mild character of the Austrian government, the Venetians of modern days intensely hated the order of things in which they found themselves. So secret committees took care to inscribe revolutionary sentiments on the walls, and when the authorities attempted to revive popular festivities they disturbed them by discharging petards in St. Mark's Place and other promenades. On one occasion at the performance of a solemn Mass and Te Deum in St. Mark's on the emperor's birthday, a petard was exploded in the middle of the congregation at the elevation of the Host!

An interesting addition to our literature will be a well written account of the political and social state of Venice under the monarch of its own choice, written by some thoughtful foreigner resident there for a few years. The content, or discontent of the people, the amelioration of trade, or its reverse, the increase or diminution of the comforts of the middle and lower classes, and their relations with their governors, and all contrasted with their counterparts during the Austrian rule, will form a subject of much interest, and naturally induce the curious reader to examine the political scheme under

which the Ten, or the Three, or the Great Council* kept the people in good order without the aid of a standing army. On this point some curious information was furnished to the English world by the author of "Zeluco" about a hundred years since.

"Many people are surprised that in a government so very jealous of its power as Venice there is no military establishment in the city to support the executive power, and repress strong and popular commotion. . . . An arbitrary prince is fond of a standing army, and loves to be surrounded by his guards, because he being the permanent fountain of honours and promotion, the army will be naturally much attached to him, and become on all occasions the blind instruments of his pleasure. But at Venice there is no permanent visible object to which the army can attach itself. The Doge would not be allowed the command of the garrison if there was one. The three State Inquisitors are continually changing, and before one set could gain the affections of the soldiers, another would be chosen. So that government could not be supported, but much more probably be overturned by a numerous garrison being established in Venice. . . . It would not be difficult for a few rich and powerful nobles to corrupt the garrison, and gain over the commander to any ambitious plan of their own for the destruction of the constitution.

"There is in reality an effective force to suppress any popular commotion at the command of the Senate and the Council of Ten. This force, besides the *Sbirri*, consists of a great number of stout fellows who without any distinguishing dress are kept in the pay of the government, and are at the command of that council. There is also the whole body of the gondoleers, the most hardy and daring of the common Venetians. This body of men are greatly attached to the nobility, from whom they have the most of their employment, and with whom they acquire a certain degree of familiarity by passing great part of their time shut up in boats in their company. Great numbers of these gondoleers are in the service of particular nobles, and there is no doubt that in case of any popular insurrection the whole would take the side of the nobility and senate against the people. In short, they may be considered as a kind of standing militia, ready to rise as soon as the government requires their services.

* The Great Council of 470, by a series of involved scrutinies which would disconcert the factious or bribing powers of Belial himself, elected the small council of Ten. These by other complicated processes elected the Three Inquisitors. As for the Doge—he was a mere figure for a pageant, and possessed no real power.

"Lastly, there is the Grand Council itself,* which, in case of any violent commotion of the citizens and populace, could be armed directly from the small arsenal within the Ducal palace, and would prove a very formidable force against an unarmed multitude; for the laws of Venice forbid, under pain of death, any citizen to carry firearms, a law which is very exactly executed by the State inquisitors."

"It is almost impossible to conceive that all the different powers above mentioned could be engaged to act in favour of one man or a small combination of men without being detected by the vigilance of the inquisitors or the jealousy of those who were not in the conspiracy. If we suppose a majority of the nobles inclinable to any change in the form of the government, they have no occasion to carry on a secret plot. They may come to the Council Chamber, and dictate whatever alterations they think proper."

In the days of the Baron Polnitz, the Boswell of all the Continental princes, and nobles, and cities of his day (first half of 18th century), the descendants of the famous 470 were not a whit better employed than they were in 1866 before the white uniforms vacated Venice. That amiable old gossip thus recorded their mode of life:—

"The Nobles keep their constant circuits here (St. Mark's Piazza) as it were, and never stir from the Place but to Bed, for they pass their whole time in gambling at the Coffee-Houses, or in the Puke-Makers' shops. The number of their Nobles is not limited, and any body for laying down 100,000 ducats may purchase Nobility. These gentlemen compliment each other with the Title of *Excellency*, and 'tis what they all challenge from foreigners. Meantime some of these *Excellencies* go to the Shambles and to the Fish-Market, and carry home their meat or their fish under their Robes; and some are so very poor that they go a begging (in masks however)."

Owing to the large proportion of nobles and the limited bounds of the territory, seldom were the younger brothers of the nobility married. They lived in the paternal palace at free quarters, but the general tone of morality suffered. The *Demi Monde* of Dumas Fils enjoyed great honour and glory in consequence, and Polnitz

thus witnessed the working of the unhappy system:—

"I have seen *Faustina* the famous Singer and *Stringuetta* the noted courtesan come masked upon the square of *St. Mark* leaning on the shoulders of Noblemen, and every Man paying them as much Obeisance as if they had been Ladies of Great Importance. The same day that they appeared on the Square, there happened to be a skirmish between two Women masked, that were Rivals, who as soon as they knew one another, fell out, went to cuffs, tore off each other's masks, and at last knives were drawn, with which they cut one another so deeply, that one of 'em was left dead upon the spot."

The taste for witnessing spectacles or taking active part in them has undergone a great change since the beginning of the reign of our George II., when Baron Polnitz was making and remaking his grand tour. *St. Mark's Day* was one of great festivity and display. After the nine confraternities had conducted the Doge to High Mass and home again, they performed the circuit of the square with images, and rich canopies, whose *polls* (as the Baron's translator spells the word) were of solid silver.

"The Procession is closed by a Man dressed in a Gown of red Damask, carrying a Poll with a moving Wheel at the end of it, which serves to support a gilt Lion surrounded with Laurel Branches and little Standards of divers Colours. The Lion turns round incessantly, and the man who carries it makes him leap and play a hundred gambols. He is surrounded with a Multitude of People, who cry out 'God bless *St. Mark*.' . . . After the Procession is over the Maskers go to see the Doge's Table, who entertains the Ambassadors and Senate at Dinner on a table in Form of a Horse-shoe, which is extravagantly adorned with Kickshaws, and Machines made of Starch, which are here called Triumphs. . . . After dinner all assemble on the Square, and what surprised me, and if I may say it, made me laugh, was to see all the maskers fall on their knees at the sound of the *Angelus*. You would swear every body was in Rapture, yet every thing that goes before and that follows the stroke of the Bell, is not the most devout."

Another ceremony which mightily

* In the early times of the Republic every able-bodied man was an elector; but in 1178 the privilege was confined to 470 individuals chosen by the popular voice from the whole community. The right has remained since that date in the descendants of these men who form with some accidental additions the Venetian nobility.

interested the people, and gave them an excuse for a holiday, was the election of a Doge for the fishermen called *Nicoletti*, from a church of St. Nicholas in their quarter. The elect, attired in red damask somewhat in the style of *Punchinello*, was presented to the Doge, and the two personages made speeches at each other. Though fun was mixed up in the business this sham Doge possessed some real power, decided disputes among his own subjects, and looked to the efficient supply of fish to the city. He enjoyed a decent salary and kept his place for life.

No one needs to be informed of the licence, and the splendour, and the enjoyment of the ancient carnival in Venice; but under the Austrians, according to Mr. Howells, "it was dead, and its shabby wretched ghost was a party of *facchini* (porters), hideously dressed out with masks, and horns, and women's habits, going from shop to shop, droning forth a stupid song, and levying tribute on the shopkeepers."

A like ill-fortune fell on the theatre in the latter days. Few of the houses remained open, and the Venetian ladies would not attend at all. The gentlemen resorted to the pit in order to give a desolate look to the boxes, and Mazzini's friends occasionally let off a bomb for the purpose of creating a sensation.

Very different was the appearance of these places a century and a half earlier though they had nothing but the ordinary framework of plays,—dialogue, and bye-play, and all minor matters being left to the ability of the actors to find and develop as the play proceeded. Of course they had also their darling opera, which did not give much pleasure to the Honourable Joseph Addison on the occasion of his visit in 1699.

"The poetry of them (he remarked) is generally as exquisitely ill as the music is good. The arguments are often taken from some celebrated action of the ancient Greeks or Romans, which sometimes looks ridiculous enough, for who can endure to hear one of the rough old Romans squeaking through the mouth of an eunuch? . . . The opera that was most in vogue during my stay at Venice, was built on the following subject. Cæsar and Scipio are rivals for Cato's daughter. She gives the preference to Cæsar, which is made the occasion of Cato's death. Before he kills him-

self you see him withdrawn into his library, where among his books I observed the titles of *Plutarch* and *Tasso*! After a short soliloquy he strikes himself with the dagger, but being interrupted by one of his friends he stabs him for his pains, and by the violence of the blow unluckily breaks the dagger on one of his ribs. So that he is forced to despatch himself by tearing up his first wound."

What a capital incident for a burlesque! In the opera of *St. Angela*, a wicked king having an evil design on the virtue of a young lady, conveniently (for her) carried in his sash a case knife, which she of course effectively used for her defence.

The Harlequin of Addison's day was a different personage from the dancing, agile performer in our pantomimes. His part "was made up of blunders and absurdities; it was to mistake one name for another; to forget his errands, to stumble against queens, and to run his head against every post that stood in his way. This was all attended with something so comical in the voice and gesture, that no matter how sensible one might be of the folly of the part, he could not help laughing at it."

About the middle of last century and later, there were eight or nine theatres in the city, including the opera-houses, the inhabitants of Venice at the time amounting only to 150,000. The economy of payments was peculiar. You deposited a small sum at the pit-entrance, entered, looked about, and selected your place for the evening. If your choice fell on a pit-seat, you accosted what with some degree of irreverence may be called a pew-opener, and paid her the complement of a pit-seat. She unlocked the seat which till engaged had been fastened to the back of the chair, let it down, and there you were. Behind these seats which were fixed just in rear of the orchestra was an open place the resort of gondoliers and operatives generally, and between the acts, ladies in masks quitted the boxes, and, waited on by their platonic lovers, took turns in this back part of the pit when not crowded. It is to be feared that the mass of the people of Great Britain well need to take lessons in ordinary politeness from the same class on the Continent for another century. They have been our models for several centuries al-

ready. Any of our readers may fancy his sensations, sitting two rows from the orchestra, on finding the back part of the pit filled by the ordinary frequenters of the upper gallery.

Then as now, good acting, and fine music were in request; the poetry and style and language might be as the gods willed. Dr. Moore gives an amusing instance of this phase of theatrical life in Venice about a hundred years since.

"I saw a Duo performed by an old man and a young woman supposed to be his daughter, in such a humorous manner as drew a universal encore from the spectators. The merit of the musical part of the composition, I was told, was but very moderate, and as for the sentiment you shall judge.

"The father informs his daughter in a song that he has found a match for her, who besides being rich and very prudent, and not too young, was over and above a particular friend of his own, and in person and disposition, much such a man as himself. He concludes by telling her that the ceremony will be performed next day. She thanks him in the gayest possible air for his obliging intentions, adding that she should have been glad to have shown implicit obedience to his commands, provided there had been any chance of the man's being to her taste. But as from the account he had given there could be none, she declares she will not marry him next day, and adds with a very long quaver, that were she to live to *eternity* she should continue in the same opinion. The father in a violent rage tells her, that instead of to-morrow the marriage should take place that very day, to which she replies, 'Non;' he rejoins, 'Si;' she, 'Non, non;' he, 'Si, si;' the daughter, 'Non, non, non;' the father, 'Si, si, si;' and so the singing continues for five or six minutes. You perceive there is nothing marvellously witty in this, and for a daughter to be of a different opinion from her father in the choice of a husband is not a very new dramatic incident. Well, I told you the Duo was encored. They immediately performed it a second time, and with more humour than the first. The whole house vociferated for it again, and it was sung a third time, equally pleasant and yet perfectly different from any of the former two.

"I thought the house would have been brought about our ears, so extravagant were the testimonies of approbation.

"The two actors were obliged to appear again, and sing the Duo a fourth time, which they executed in a style so new, so natural, and so exquisitely droll, that the audience now thought there had been something deficient in all their former performances, and that they had only hit on the true comic this last time.

"Some people began to call for it again, but the old man quite exhausted, begged for mercy, on which the point was given up. I never before had any idea that such strong comic powers could have been displayed in the singing of a song."

Some further remarks made by the author of "Zeluco" are as appropriate to London or Dublin 1867, as to Venice 1767.

"There is certainly a much greater proportion of mankind deaf to the delights of music, than blind to the beauties of fine dancing. During the singing and recitative parts of the performance the singers are often allowed to warble for a considerable time without any body's minding them, but the moment the ballet begins, private conversation, though pretty universal before, is immediately at an end, and the eyes of all the spectators are fixed on the stage."

Mr. Howells preferred comedy to opera during his abode in Venice, and has given us a pleasant sketch of his play-going experience.

"It is hardly by any chance that the Italians play ill, and I have seen excellent acting at the Venetian theatres, both in the modern Italian comedy which is very rich and good, and in the older plays of Goldoni, compositions deliciously racy and indescribably delightful, when seen in Venice, where alone their admirable fidelity of drawing and colouring can be perfectly appreciated. The best comedy is usually given to the educated classes at the pretty Teatro Apollo, while a bloodier and louder drama is offered to the populace at Teatro Malibran, where on a Sunday night you may see the life of the Venetian *popolo* in one of its most entertaining and characteristic phases. The weekly *sparings* which have not been laid out for chances in the lottery, are spent for this evening's amusement, and in the vast pit you see, besides the families of comfortable *artizans*, who can evidently afford it, a multitude of the ragged poor, whose presence, even at the low rate of three sous a head, it is hard to account for. It is very peremptory—this audience, in its likes and dislikes, and applauds and hisses with great vehemence. It likes best the sanguinary local spectacular drama. It cheers and cheers again every allusion to Venice, and when the curtain rises on some well known Venetian scene, it has out the scene-painter by name three times, which is all the police permits. The audience wears its hats in the pit, but denies that privilege to the people in the boxes, and raises stormy and wrathful cries of *cappello* till they uncover. Between acts it indulges in water flavoured with aniseed, and even goes to the extent of candied nuts and fruits, which are hawked

about the theatre, and sold for one sou (two soldi), the stick with the tooth-pick on which they are spitted, thrown into the bargain."

For some tastes the Marionettes have an irresistible attraction. Russian princesses and German countesses have been seen attending them; but their patrons and patronesses are the youth of both sexes, who occasionally come there for the chief purpose of holding loving discourse. Mr. Howells fished up from the bottom of a canal, a note addressed to her caro Antonio by his Ninetta, and containing some tender reproaches, and a request that he would meet her next evening at the Marionettes.

The same cause that kept the ladies from the theatre during the late government, drove ladies and gentlemen from the Piazza of St. Mark on the occasions thus mentioned by Mr. Howells.

"Thrice a week in winter and summer the military band plays that exquisite music for which the Austrians are famous. The selections are usually from Italian operas, and the attraction is the hardest of all others for the music-loving Italian to resist. But he does resist it. There are some noble ladies who have not entered the Piazza while the band was playing there, since the fall of the Republic of 1849, and none of good standing for patriotism has attended the concerts since the treaty of Villafranca in '59.

"As a general thing they pass off from the Piazza when the music begins, and walk upon the long quay at the ducal palace; or if they remain on the Piazza they pace up and down under the arcades on either side."

Our American's entry into Venice was quite of a rapturous and sensational character. He had come from Vienna in the depth of winter, and the remembrance of his uncomfortable state in the railway carriage enhanced present enjoyment and anticipation.

"I could at first feel nothing but that beautiful silence, broken only by the star-silvered dip of the oar. On either hand I saw stately palaces rise gray and lofty from the dark waters, holding here and there a lamp against their faces, which brought balconies, and columns, and carved arches into relief, and threw long streams of crimson into the canal. I could see by that uncertain glimmer how fair was all, but not how sad and old; and so, unhaunted by any pang for the decay that afterwards saddened me for the glory of Venice, I glided on. . . .

"At last we passed abruptly out of the grand canal into one of the smaller channels, and from comparative light into a darkness, only remotely affected by some far streaming corner-lamp. But always the pallid stately palaces,—always the dark heaven with its trembling stars above, and the dark water with its trembling stars below. . . . One could not resist a vague feeling of anxiety in these strait and solitary passages, which was part of the strange enjoyment of the time, and which was referable to the novelty, the hush, the darkness, and the piratical appearance and unaccountable pauses of the gondoliers."

Freshly and graphically does our writer give his impressions of early wanderings through the old city.

"My first rambles commonly began with some purpose or destination, and ended in leaving me in the intricacies of the narrowest, crookedest, and most inconsequent little streets in the world, or left me cast away on the waters of some distant canal. Dark and secret little courts lay in wait for my blundering steps. The wide and open squares before the innumerable churches of the city, continually took me prisoner. . . . Every court had its carved well to show me in the noisy keeping of the water-carriers, and the slatternly statuesque gossip of the place. The remote and lonesome canals were pathetic with empty old palaces, peopled by herds of poor that decorated the sculptured balconies with the tatters of epicene linen, and patched the lofty windows with obsolete hats.

"I found the night as full of beauty as the day. . . . Lounging upon the southern parapet of the gardens, I glanced athwart the vague shipping in the basin of St. Mark, and saw all the light from the Piazzetta to the Giudecca making a crescent of flame in the air, and casting deep into the water under them a crimson glory that sank also down and down in my own heart, and illumined all its own memories of beauty and delight."

Alas! all is not poetry and cherished melancholy in Venice. Winters are severe, fire-places not common, stoves less so, and through the cold weather the whole city sniffs!

"If the Pipchin theory of the effect of sniffing on the eternal interests of the soul be true, few people go to heaven from Venice. I sometime wildly wondered if *Desdemona* in her time sniffed, and found little comfort in the reflection that Shylock must have had a cold in his head. There is comparative warmth in the broad open campos before the churches, but the narrow streets are bitter thorough draughts, and fell influenza lies in wait for its prey in all these picturesque seducing little courts of which I have spoken."

We do not intend to sojourn for any length in the great square (*Piazza*, place) of St. Mark, as being the most important and finest portion of the city it is the most be-Murrayed of all. A few sentences of our enthusiastic American we must however quote :—

"St. Mark's-square has a night-time glory indescribable, won from the light of uncountable lamps upon its architectural groups. The superb Imperial Palace, the sculptured, arcaded, and pillared *Procuratie*, the Byzantine magic and splendour of the church,—will it all be there when you come to-morrow night? The unfathomable heaven above seems part of the place, for I think it is never so tenderly blue over any other spot of earth. People come to drink coffee and eat ices in summer before the cafés in St. Mark's-square, and then, what with the promenades in the arcades and the square, the music, the sound of feet and the hum of voices unbroken by the ruder uproar of cities where there are horses and wheels;—the effect is that of a large evening party, and in this aspect the square is like a vast drawing-room."

Readers desirous of a glance at the promenaders,—ladies and gentlemen in this paradise of lime and stone in the days of John Evelyn may find their curiosity gratified by the article in this Magazine already referred to. They will there get a glimpse of the rich costume of the high-born dames, the stuffs and diamonds of each being of the value of an estate, the uncomfortable high-heeled shoes, the petticoat skirts tucked under the arms, and the wide chemise-sleeves fastened up at the shoulders by precious stones under the outer and still wider sleeves. Moreover, the Venice-revering student will behold the mighty throng of Mediterranean merchants, of ambassadors from Genghis Khan, of the men-at-arms in their panoply of inlaid steel, and the plumage of their crests curving down to their hips. For this stirring and busy scene the substitute of late years would be such as is here presented, the scene being Florian's Café under the Arcade.

"They were curious to look at,—these tranquil indolent Italian loafers, and I had an uncommon relish for them. They seldom spoke together, and when they did speak, they burst from silence into tumultuous controversy, and then lapsed again into perfect silence. The elder among them sat with their hands carefully folded on the heads of their sticks, gazing upon the ground, or else buried themselves in the

perusal of the French journals. The younger stood a good deal about the door-ways, and now and then passed a gentle jest with the elegant waiters in black coats and white cravats, who hurried to and fro with the orders, and called them out in strident tones to the accountant at his little table. Sometimes these young idlers made a journey to the room devoted to ladies, and forbidden to smokers, looked long and deliberately in on its loveliness, and then returned to the bosom of their taciturn companions. By chance I found them playing at chess, but very rarely. They were all well-dressed handsome men, with beards carefully cut, brilliant hats and boots, and conspicuously clean linen. I used to wonder who they were, to what order of society they belonged, and whether they had anything to do but lounging at Florian's; but I really know none of these things to this day. Some men in Venice spend their useful lives in this way, and it was the proud reply of a Venetian father when asked of what profession his son was,—"E in Piazza," that was, he bore a cane, wore light gloves, and stared from Florian's windows at the ladies as they went by."

Dreary and miserable is the life of the poor in these deserted Venetian palaces during winter, but that severe season endures only one quarter, and spring, genial spring awakens all to enjoyment, to basking in the sun, and enjoyment of the pleasure of doing nothing.

"The city at all times voiceful, seems to burst into song with the advent of these golden days and silver nights. Bands of young men go singing through the moonlight streets, and the grand canal re-echoes the music of the parties of young girls, as they drift along in the scarcely-moving *barcas*, and sing the glories of the lagoons, and the loves of fishermen and gondoliers.

"The Italian and Venetian makes the whole city his home in pleasant weather. No one remains within doors who can help it, and now the fascinating out-door life begins. . . . Young Venice comes to take the sun at St. Mark's in the arms of its high-breasted nurses—mighty countrywomen, who, in their rich costumes, their dangling chains, and their head-dresses of gold and silver baubles, stride through the square with the high, free-stepping, movement of blood-horses, and look like the women of some elder race of barbaric vigour and splendour, which but for them, had passed away from our puny, dull-clad times.

"Now in the shady little courts the Venetian housewives, who must perforce remain within doors, put out their heads, and gossip from window to window while the pretty water-carriers, drawing water from the wells below, chatter and laugh at their work. Every street down which you

look, is likewise vocal with gossip, and if the picturesque projections of balconies, shutters, and chimneys, of which the vista is full, hide the heads of the gossipers, be sure there is a face looking out of every window for all that, and the social expansive presence is felt there.

"The poor, whose sole luxury the summer is, lavish the spring upon themselves unsparingly. They come forth from their dark dens in crumbling palaces, and dank basements, and live in the sunlight and the welcome air. They work, they eat, they sleep out of doors. Mothers of families sit about their doors, and spin, or walk volubly up and down with other slatternly matrons armed with spindle and distaff."

Each of the churches of the city is provided with an open campo before it, which is the centre of a net-work of narrow streets. This campo, or square, with its dependencies, is a little town in itself, and the stranger whose rooms look on it, requires nerves of pliable iron to stand the distracting cries of all sorts of street sellers.

The Venetians, like most of the people of Southern Europe, are temperate in eating and drinking—a quality for which the clime and the disposition of the people claim equal praise. Eating-houses abound in Venice. They assume odd names, such as the *Steamboat*, the *Savage*, the *Little Horse*, the *Black Hat*, and the *Pictures*. Our American gives only qualified praise to the attendance and accommodation. After some savage thumping on plate, or rattling on goblet, a hurried waiter appears, and dramatically exclaims, "Behold me!" takes the order, shrieks it to the cook, and on producing the mess, cries, more dramatically than before, "Behold it ready!" There is no such thing as invitations to dinners, or profuse expenditure in the entertainment of honoured guests. You and your friend will meet at the Café, languidly converse, and each pay his reckoning. The cookshops abound everywhere but in the Piazza (St. Mark's) and the Merceria, and mock soldi-less wretches, with their stores of frying fish, and cauldrons of ever boiling broth reeking with garlic and onions. In the windows, golden mountains of polenta (Indian meal pudding), plates of crisp minnows, bowls of rice, roast poultry, and appetizing dishes of snails and liver, "invite the passing traveller who can

pay." The out-door feasts on fried eels, polenta, *squassetto* (broth made out of very rough meat), and clotted blood of poultry fried with onions, are enjoyed by the very poor for three soldi (three farthings sterling).

The rain-water which soaks through a sand-bath into the cistern of every campo, is carried away every morning by the stout little peasant girls (*Bigolanti*) of Friuli, and brought to the various dwellings at 2s. a month, and the wood-fuel is brought from the eastern shore of the gulf, and borne from the vessels by retail dealers.

"Our particular woodman was in his way a gifted man. He announced his coming by a superb song or incantation. The purport of this was, that his barque was called the Beautiful Carolina, and that his faggots were fine. But he so dwelt upon the hidden beauties of this idea, and so prolonged their effect upon the mind by artful repetition, and the full, round, and resonant roar with which he closed his triumphal hymn, that the spirit was held in breathless admiration."

There is nothing in "Pictures from Italy" finer than our foreigner's purchase of a load of wood from the captain of a vessel, in which he found himself much more closely fleeced than by the melodious, but drunken, crier just celebrated. There is scarcely any gain (in most cases, a loss) by purchasing in large lots in Venice. The author's housekeeping and domesticity will afford a rich treat to the possessor of the volume.

But for rambles through the churches and the islands, and glances at the various classes of society, and holiday doings, and strictures on the *morality* of the upper classes, and a thousand and one other interesting matters, we send our readers to the pleasant, gossiping, good-natured, and picturesque narrative of Mr. Howells, whose testimony is most trustworthy, as he gave himself full time for intimate acquaintance with his subjects before he committed them to print. His book must continue the standard one on the subject, till we see one by himself or some other happily constituted writer, who, after two or three years' experience of Venetian life, under a native prince, will think proper to give the world his impressions of the famous old sea-city.

SONG.

PART I.

THE sun was shining on the hills,
And gilding the purple heather,
As you and I were strolling, love,
In summer weather.

The birds were singing in the trees,
The lark sung in the sky ;
But, oh ! I heeded not their songs,
As they winged by.

For sweeter than the sweetest song
Of bird upon a tree
Was the music of your voice, love,
As you spoke to me.

Blue was the sunny streamlet,
And blue the summer skies ;
But bluer, oh, a thousand times,
Were your soft eyes.

Sweet is the breath of wildflowers,
With dewdrops newly wet ;
But sweeter was the moment, love,
When our lips met.

Warm is the golden sunlight
On fields that gladly shine ;
But warmer was your true heart,
That beat with mine.

PART II.

The year is growing old, love,
The sun has hid its light ;
My life is growing dark, too,
And turning into night.

The flowers bloom no longer,
The birds have hushed their song,
And the music of the streamlet
No longer flows along.

But sweeter than the sweetest song
Of bird upon a tree
Is the music of your voice, love,
As you speak to me.

Come, love, and sit beside me,
And lay your hand in mine ;
Look full into my heart, love,
With those true eyes of thine.

Is there aught changed within it—
Has it grown strange or cold ;
And is my strong love dying,
Now that the year is old ?

L. C.

THE HOUSEHOLD FICTIONS OF ESTHONIA AND RUSSIA.

ESTHONIA, some of whose folk-lore we are about to produce, is a flat tract, enclosed on the west by the Baltic, and on the north by the Gulf of Finland. About one-third of the country is cultivated for rye and barley; the remaining portion is covered with sand, or marsh, or birch and pine forests. The original inhabitants were relations to the Finns and early dwellers in Hungary. They were brought under the yoke of Denmark toward the end of the twelfth century, and the Teutonic knights acquired the land by purchase in 1346. The Swedes got it into their possession in 1561, but it has been incorporated with Russia since 1710. There seem to be two distinct classes in the country, the descendants of the early dwellers, the Esths, and a medley of Germans, Swedes, and Russians, called Esthlanders. Revel is the central city of these last, Dorpath the nucleus of the representatives of the Aborigines. Their folk-lore is cognate with that of the Finns, as might be expected. A sketch of Wainomoinen's song, as venerable among the Finns as Hesiod's Cosmogony among the ancient Greeks, will be found in our specimens, none of which, to our knowledge, have appeared in any English collection. The metre of *Hiawatha* has been used time out of mind in Finnish poetry. The publication of that fine poem directed attention to this poesy, one of whose peculiarities it possessed. Some Esthonian stories are to be found in *Lehman's Magazine of Foreign Literature*, Berlin 1843. Dr. Fahlmann, of Dorpath, has made a collection from the mouths of the people. There is also a collection of sketches of the customs and folk-lore of the people of Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia published at Leipzig and Dresden, 1841.

TWILIGHT AND DAWN (KOIT UND AMMARIK).

A short period, marked by songs and flowers, viz., that of the shortest

nights, repays the inhabitants of the North for the long hardship of the severe winter. During this holiday of nature in the North, where twilight and dawn take hands, a gray-headed old man related to his grandchildren this legend of "Koit and Ammarik," and I here relate what I heard at that time:—

"Hast thou marked the LIGHT in the halls of the ALL-FATHER? Just now it has gone to rest, and there where it gradually expires, shines the reflection in the sky; and soon a streak of light will show itself towards the east, and by-and-by the whole creation will greet it in its full glory. Knowest thou the hand which conducts the sun, and leads him† to his rest when he has finished his course? Knowest thou the hand which enkindles the extinguished light again, and appoints the luminary to renew his course in the sky?"

All-Father had two dear attendants of different sexes, to whom he awarded eternal youth; and as the light on the first eve of creation had completed its journey, he said to Ammarik, "To thy care, little daughter, I confide the sinking sun. Extinguish it, and guard your precious charge from harm."

And on the next morning, when the sun was to commence his course, said he to Koit, "Thy duty, little son, shall be to kindle the light, and send it forth on its journey."

Faithfully did both discharge their duty, and on no day was light wanting to the arch of heaven. And when in winter it journeyed nearer the rim of the sky (the horizon), it was in the evening earlier extinguished, and later in the morning it began its journey. In spring it wakened up the flowers and the songs, and in summer ripened the fruit with its hot beams. And now only a short rest was granted, and Ammarik reached the extinguished light into the hand of Koit, who immediately renewed its life.

* ALTATER, literally "Oldfather," or "Grandfather," which would jar somewhat with the English context. The *v* in the word has the sound of *f*.

† As the Germans greet the sun as a lady, and the moon as a gentleman, it has been a tribulation to us to run counter to their prejudices in our version.

And now the lovely time was come when flowers were blown, and gave forth sweet odours, and birds and men filled all under Ilmarinen's region* with songs.

Then Twilight and Dawn looked deep into each other's brown eyes; and as she passed the sun over to him, their hands touched, and pressed each other, and their lips met.

But an eye which never sleeps, had marked what quietly occurred in the still time of midnight, and next day All-Father called both to him, and said, "I am pleased with your performance of your duty, and desire to render your existence perfectly happy. So be united, and, henceforth, discharge your duties as man and wife."

But both answered at once, and, as it were, with one voice. "All-Father, disturb not our happiness. Let us remain for ever bridegroom and bride. We have found joy in our espousals, where life is ever young and new."

And All-Father granted their request, and blessed their resolution. Once only in the year, and then for four weeks, do they come together; and when Ammarik lays the sun in the palm of her beloved, then follows a hand pressure and a loving kiss, and Ammarik's cheeks blush rosy red, and the reflection gladdens the heavens, till Koit again kindles the luminary, and the bright orange light spreads over the arch. All-Father ever celebrates their nuptials with the presence of the finest flowers on earth, and the nightingale in Koit's bosom continues to cry to the tarrying Ammarik, "Loitering maiden, loitering maiden, the night's too long!"†

There is much probability that the Mongols, the Magyars, the Finns, and the North American Indians, are branches of one great family. We find in the traditions of these last and of the Finns, much that relates to the cosmogony, as they understand it, and hypotheses for the causes of the great phenomena of nature.

Of the peculiar philosophy and poetry to which these primitive legends testify, we scarcely find a trace in the traditional literature of the Gael or Cymry. Must then the ancient poetical and romantic literature of the great Celtic family, yield the palm to that of the Finns in the far-off, cold north, or that of the Nomadic Indians of the prairies?—a question to which we care not to give a direct answer, confining ourselves to an observation or two. The Celtic peoples were the earliest of all in Europe converted to the Christian faith; and their pagan traditions concerning the creation, the destiny of man, and the economy of exterior nature, faded from the memories of their Christianized children between the fifth and tenth centuries. The Finns have not been Christians more than 500 years, and thus have had scarcely time to lose their heathen lore and philosophy. We all know the small progress Christianity has made as yet among the Indian tribes. Nearly all their legends refer to the early days of the world, the personages being the "Great Spirit" or his agents, or the representatives of the great objects of creation. We find in the legend just related, a curious assemblage of sublime and of common-place imagery.

THE ORIGIN OF THE EMBRACE.

"The All-Father had framed the round earth, and over it hung the blue vault with the twinkling stars, and the light-scattering sun. On the earth grew and bloomed flowers, and animals enjoyed their lives. But they fulfilled not the wishes of the All-Father, and they began to chase and fight with each other.

Then did he collect all living creatures, and thus he spoke to them:—"I have formed you so that each might enjoy his own life, but I find that you have begun to worry and kill each other. I perceive that you need a king to rule you, and keep you under restraint. In the first place you must hollow out for him a river

* Ilmarinen, the god of the cloud land, who presides over the blue vault of heaven. He has a smithy in which he fashions the thunderbolts.

† The original cry runs thus—"Laist tüdruk, laist tüdruk, opik!" *Opik* means nightingale, or night-long.

by which he may descend to the shore. This river's bed must be broad and deep so that all the small creatures may have room in it, and 'Mother River' it shall be called. But the earth shall not be thrown here and there, but heaped into a high hill in one place, where I shall cause a wood to grow, and there shall your king dwell. Ravines and vales shall be left, so that there may be shelter against wind, rain, and sun. Here are you all assembled mighty in number; you all know your duty; quick to work!"

Then was dissolved the meeting, and everyone betook himself to his task. The hare and fox marked out the river's course. On ran the hare, after him went the fox, and his bushy tail marked the line of the stream. The mole threw up the first clod of earth, the badger worked away deep, the wolf scratched and rooted, the bear carried the clay away, and the swallow and other birds gave their help.

When the bed was hollowed out, All-Father came to examine the work. He was well pleased; he praised every labourer, and said, "Mole and bear, you seem to have worked the most diligently of the crowd. Let this dark glossy coat be yours, a robe of honour to yourselves, and a mark of my gratitude. You wolf have wrought well with snout and claws. You shall be endowed with both of a fine dark colour. But where is the crab? He is a diligent fellow, and has many hands. Can he have gone to sleep?"

The crab had indeed crept out of the mud, and was vexed that All-Father had overlooked him. He cried out in a pet; "All-Father, where are your eyes that you have not seen me? They must be behind your head."

"O thou impudent creature!" was the answer. "From this hour your own eyes shall be placed behind."

As the All-Father was finishing his judgment, he saw a coxcomb of a bird hopping from bough to bough, displaying his fine feathers, and singing his careless song.

"Thou fop of a golden thrush!" said he to him, "hast thou nothing to do but trick thyself out?"

"All-Father," said he, "work brings dirt, and I cannot spoil my gold coat, nor blacken my silver-gray hose. What do you think, yourself?"

"Thou coxcomb!" said All-Father, with displeasure in his voice, "your hose henceforth shall be black of colour, and for your punishment, you shall not quench your thirst from the river, but must satisfy it with drops from the leaves. And you shall pipe your song only when other animals creep into shelter, and shiver at the coming storm."

Thus was the river's bed hollowed out. All-Father poured into it the water from his golden bowl, and enlivened it with his breath.

This was the origin of the Embach, which henceforward flowed by the king's building."

Dorpath, the capital of the ancient Esths, and the focus of their old lore, stands on the Embach, which flows into the Gulf of Finland, about 150 miles to the N.E. of Riga. It is the winter residence of the Livonian nobles. The Domberg (Dome Hill) about which we shall hear more in our next Esthonian tale—is tastefully laid out for promenades. An observatory on the site of the former cathedral crowns its summit, and enjoys a good reputation. The university founded by Gustavus Adolphus in 1632, suppressed by Russia in 1656, and re-established by Alexander I. in 1802, bears a respectable rank among the learned institutions of Europe. The chief business of the little city owes its impulse to the presence of the university. The river Embach falls in for a fair share of the honour and glory of the old town, and therefore we are not surprised to find All-Father taking so much interest in it. These old northern divinities seem to have been on a familiar footing with their earthly creatures,—in fact to have more of an earthly element in their own compositions than the deities of Greece or Rome.

WANNEMUNE'S SONG.

"At first, not only men but even beasts enjoyed the gift of speech. Now-a-days there are but a few of the skilful people who understand beasts' language, and hearken to their conversation.

Once on a time, all creatures were invited to one place where they might learn one common language,

and that language was song. Its use was to give pleasure to each other, and to praise the gods. Thither came all beings which had life and breath, and the place was the Domberg (Dome Hill) of Dorpath where a holy grove stood.

And there was heard in the air a soul-stirring and heart-seizing rustle, and the god of song, WANNEMUNE descended. He threw back his abundant flowing hair, shook his robes, stroked his beard, cleared his voice, and took his harp in hand.

First he played a symphony, and then sung the HYMN which affected every one, himself most of all.

Silence reigned in the assembly, and everyone carefully marked the song. The Embach stopped in its course; the wind forgot its haste; the wood, the beasts, and birds listened in dead silence; even the mocking echo itself peeped at the assembly through the trees of the forest.

But all the creatures present did not understand all the song. The trees of the grove remarked the whistling breeze that attended the descent of the god, and when you walk for pleasure in a wood, and hear this breeze, be sure that the Divinity is nigh.

The Embach marked the rustling of his robes, and as often as it rejoices in the spring of its youth, it utters the same frothy whispering sound with its waves. The wind was sensible to the shrill ring of the instrument; some beasts could catch only the creaking of the tuning pegs, others nought but the jangling of the strings.

The song birds learned the symphony, especially the nightingales and larks. The fishes came off worst. They raised their heads as low as their eyes out of the water, but the ears remained covered. They marked the movements of the singer's lips but remained dumb.

Man alone comprehended all, and hence his song sinks as low as the human heart, and soars even to the abodes of the gods.

The ANCIENT sang the greatness of the heavens and the loveliness of the earth, of the beauty of the banks

of the Embach, and of his own magic power, and of the good and evil fortunes of the human race. And so affected was he himself with his lay that he wept hot tears which bathed the very ground at his feet.*

When the song was ended he soared again on high to sing and play to the All-Father; and to some blessed ears it is still granted to catch the melodies as they come weakened from that far far abode.

In order that song may not be entirely forgotten, he sends his messenger (the poet?) from time to time down to the earth.

And he himself will come again when the eye of good fortune once more bends its look on our earth."

Wainomoinen (here Wannemune) is the great personage of the Finnish Epos the *Kalewala*. He corresponds in some respects to the classic Orpheus. The poem just mentioned is a reasonably long one, consisting of thirty-two parts, each of which at an average includes 500 verses. The existence of the poem was unknown out of Finland till its publication by the patriotic and patient archæologist Elias Lönnrot, ofelsingfors, in 1835. It attracted little notice till made the subject of a literary discussion by the University of Dorpath, in 1840. Foreign philologists then began to interest themselves about it, and it was soon translated into Russian, Swedish, and German. It is evidently the production of an ante-Christian poet or poets, and, taking that circumstance and its length into account, it must be reckoned amongst the most curious of the ancient literary relics of Europe. Scholars are divided on the fact of the incidents of the poems being purely allegorical, or ancient historical facts in poetic disguise. *Kalewala* is the ancient name for Finland. The middle and lower classes still cultivate their ancient language and literature, but the gentry patronize the Swedish tongue. The Russian Government encourages the preservation of the native speech, for which it deserves the gratitude of all true archæologists.

* We have not been able to prevail on ourselves to retain in the text the grotesque circumstance of the tears (perspiration) working their way through the singer's six coats and seven shirts!

THE COOKING OF THE LANGUAGES.

"Men had multiplied much on the earth, and their first dwelling-place had become too narrow, so that they had scarcely room to move about freely. The ANCIENT* now willed that they should disperse over the whole earth, and occupy separate dwellings. In order to separate them wider from each other he appointed that they should have different inclinations, different customs, different names, and different languages. So every people were ordered to appear one after another before him at the Blue or Cauldron Hill (near Dorpath) on an appointed day to receive the same manners, the same names, and the same speech.

Water and fire are bitter foes; each is always ready and willing to destroy the other. Everyone knows that if you put water in a vessel over the fire, at first it moves about uneasily, then bubbles and sings more fiercely, and at last does all it can to get over the edge of the pot to come at its enemy. The Ancient had selected this experiment, so that he might thereby impose on each of the assembled peoples peculiar names, peculiar languages, and peculiar manners.

He made his preparation early on the appointed morning, for a great multitude were in expectation of the festival. He got a large fire kindled and set thereon a mighty cauldron filled with a mysterious liquid.

He had not yet finished his preparation when there assembled to the spot a people slender of make, sprightly, and observant.

"Oh, ho!" said he, "I see you were early on foot; that pleases me. But the liquid is not at the boil; how shall I entertain you? Nevertheless I shall not delay. You must be called my First People, and as the liquid is still quiet, you must take my own speech."

These were the Esthonians, and thus have the Esthonian people the honour to be called the first people of the ANCIENT, to speak his speech, and to beaverse to every custom which would be a horror to God and an annoyance to their fellow-creatures. So

they departed home, distinguished from other people by this privilege.

The cauldron did its duty, and every people was served. Who knew all these people gathered together? who named all their names? and who had the ill luck to be so acquainted with all that he would be overpowered by the view of their universal usages, of which each people in its own life only were acquainted with the characters and manifestations? One was distinguished by its sloth, another by its pride, a third by covetousness, a fourth by want of feeling and baseness. But name me one people which does not seek to hide the ground-work of its own character.

Of one late-arriving race I cannot help speaking, who thus attempted to turn away the displeasure of the Ancient for their delay.

It was evening, and HE began to rejoice that the hard labour of the day was come to an end. No people was approaching and he was beginning to extinguish his fire, when a great crowd began to arrive, strange hair and meal on their heads, rich clothing on them, and all the ornaments of the world hanging about them. The Ancient looked displeased at them over his shoulders, and said, "These ornaments have delayed you, but blow away, and rouse the fire!"

The enraged element began at first to fizz and cry "Deutch Peitsch" (Germans, scourges). Then it roared out, "Saksa maksa, Saksa maksa" (Saxons pay, Saxons pay).

"Good," said the Ancient, "We need not hesitate. There you have heard your name, speech and occupation. Depart, and puff and blow yourselves out and above all other peoples."

Thus did the Germans receive their distinctive marks. Again was the fire extinguished, and again approached another crowd. It was summer time, but they wore clothes of skins, high jack boots, and wide belts. They were Russians.

The Ancient was much annoyed by this late arrival, but this people were well fitted to make bows by their broad girdles, and apologised for their delay with low reverences.

* *Der Alts* must not be confounded with All-Father, but some emanation or great agent. Wannemune is also styled DER ALTE.

The fire was again lighted, and the disturbed water began to utter the sounds, "Tschin, Tschai, Tschai." Then it burst into fierce boiling, and roared, "Durak, durak, sukin." "Ah ha!" said the Ancient, "Duraki shall you be called. Your bows, and your boots, and your 'Tschin-tschai-tschis' are enough for me. Be off!" And they took leave, waddling, and bowing, and returning thanks.

Well the Ancient thought that all was over now. He pitched the yet burning brands about, and laid himself down to take his repose. But another family even then presented itself, lazy, dirty, and impudent. A very long journey, and a rough road, was the excuse. "For ragamufins and good-for-nothings, I have no special name, you will not require that I make a new fire for you. However, a name probably will be made out by the overflowing of the liquid. He looked into the vessel, but the froth was in the way. He shoved it to the side with a spoon, and as some fell out on the ground the splash made the sound *Latscht*! "Good!" said the Ancient. "Latschen, Latwischen," shall you be called, and your speech shall be a collection from every other people's."

So the work was done, and the Ancient departed. The cauldron is certainly not to be seen, but the fireplace is, and when the surrounding hills are basking in the sunshine, the Kesselberg (Kettle or Cauldron Hill) even in our days, is wrapped in gray vapour, and still keeps the name of Cauldron, or Blue Hill."

This satirical legend was evidently composed with the object of elevating the character of the Esthonians at the expense of all the surrounding peoples. The composer could not afford to admit any sublime images or ideas into his work, as we see by the servile occupation to which he condemned the "Ancient." He does not attempt to demonstrate the advantages of conferring different characters and languages on the various portions of the great family.

THE ENCHANTED PRINCESS.

"There were once a man and woman who had a dumb son, and the poor boy could learn but very little of what they endeavoured to teach

him. This annoyed the mother so much that she urged her husband to get rid of him. He took him into a wood, and there he endeavoured to leave him, but the lad stuck so close by him that he could not slip away. After a while, they met an old man, who asked the father what he wished to do with his son.

The father explained the matter, and then the old man said, "Give me the youth, and I shall take care of him." "With much pleasure," said the father. So he delivered the child, and both walked away. In a short time, they came to the edge of a lake, into which the old man threw a stick which he found at his feet. The stick became a boat the moment it touched the water. They entered, and it sailed away with them. When they were out well on the water the old man pulled out a crust of bread, and ate some of it, taking a drink from the water of the lake. When he stopped eating, the crust was as large as when he began. He passed it over to the boy, and he ate and drank, and so they were sailing three days on this lake. At last they came to the farther shore, and there, in the face of a rock, was an opening through which they passed into the old man's dwelling.

There he gave the boy a book in a strange language, and taught him to read and understand it in a single day. Next day he gave him a book in another language, and he learned to read and translate it in another day, and the third day the same thing happened. Then the old man took him out, gave him money and bread, and bade him go. He went on and on, but as he could see nothing round him or before him but wood, he returned back to his master. Next day he took him out again, gave him money and bread, and bade him go. He went on farther than on the day before, and was much tired. At last he saw the white towers of a city shining far away, but he met no one, and returned again to the old man.

The third day the old man took him out again, gave him money and bread, and bade him go. He went on with greater heart this time, and at last came to the city. There, on a post outside a church, he read in the three languages he had learned, that a

princess was in the power of the devil, and came with him into the church every night, and that whosoever would rescue her from him should obtain her in marriage, and get half her father's kingdom besides.

When the youth returned, he told the old man what he had seen and read. The next day the master gave him three wax candles and said, "Go into the church." The boy did so. He lighted his three wax candles, placed them on a table, stood behind it, and read from his books.

At night the devil came and filled the church with clamour and uproar. The princess was with him, but the youth saw her not. The evil spirit threatened the boy, and thought to come at him, but he could not pass the burning blessed lights. At day-break he was obliged to quit. The people opened the church-door thinking they would find the youth dead, but the devil had not been able to injure him, because he was innocent and devout.

Next night he set six wax candles on the table, and the devil was twice as furious as he had been before. However, the blessed lights prevented him from coming at the boy. The princess was visible to him this time, and he begged her to come over beside him and pray, but she did not seem to mind him.

The third night he set twelve blessed candles on the table. The devil roared and raged, and seemed one time to be driving the church up into the air, and another time to be sinking it into the earth. He forced himself through the outer candles but got no farther, and this time the princess came to the side of the youth, and knelt and prayed with him. At daybreak the devil was obliged to fly off, and now all his power over the princess was past.

When the people opened the church in the morning and saw the princess safe, their joy was without bounds. Her father received her and her deliverer with the greatest delight, and the marriage was soon celebrated.

When the wedding-feast was over, the bridegroom and bride visited the good magician in his rock-house, and then the father and mother of the new-married man. When they were returning home, they left the old

people as much money as made them comfortable the rest of their lives."

RUSSIAN FIRESIDE STORIES.

We have but little to add to the observations made in the *UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE* of last August, on the folk-lore of the Russians. It is not so varied nor spirited as the German or Hungarian literature of the fireside, but seems told with more earnestness and belief in the narrative. A liberty not so much abused by the story-tellers of other countries, is coolly taken by the Russ-chronicler. He thinks nothing of slaying a whole army by the sword of one champion. Sometimes a youth is quite helpless till he is thirty-three years of age, and then all at once he acquires strength and skill, forges armour for himself, goes forth and slays hundreds unassisted. At other times a child is not born till his parents have waited in vain for scores of years. He makes up, however, for the delay; he grows by hours, not days. Then a knight is not fully qualified to go seek adventures till he is provided with a sympathetic steed of might. The fated animal will discover his future master by the smell, even when separated from him by walls and courts, and when careering with him over the battle-field, he kills nearly as many of the foemen. The horse in the Russian tales exceeds in might the horse of all nations, except the Hungarian *Tatos*, with which powerful animal or demon the readers of our foreign folk-lore are already acquainted. The king and queen, when dismissing their son to seek the "beautiful princess," or to recover his lost brothers, give him the privilege of the four quarters, i.e., to go in any direction he pleases. As with the Danish peasants, the serfs hitherto have had no family names, the heroes of the stories when favoured with any title get that of son of such-a-one. One good quality household stories possess—the paucity of proper names. When the careless reader meets with one, he is pretty sure to be able to attach it to some individual. Very different, and very much worse, is the fate of the modern novel-reader. The prohibited meadows mentioned in some Russian stories are the proper grounds of the kings or nobles, kept entirely free from intrusion by their

dependants. A declaration of war anciently consisted in pitching a tent on the prohibited ground. Of the different Russian collections, the best is that of Anthon Dietrich, and its best German version was published by Jacob Grimm, Leipzig, 1831. The few tales given in this month's Magazine and that of August last, have been taken from that storehouse of the household folk-lore of Russia.

THE STORY OF GORJA THE SHOEMAKER, AND HIS SERVANT, PRITUITSCHKIN.

"In a certain kingdom lived the renowned Mistafor Skurlatowitsch, who had a servant named Gorja, son of Krutschinin.

Mistafor bound him to a skilful master in the shoemaking craft, under the impression that he would become the first and most skilful of all shoemakers. And Gorja worked so earnestly for a few years, that when a trial was made it was found that his sewing was better than his master's.

One day as he was at his work, a poor bare-footed shivering creature asked him for an old pair of shoes to keep the life in him. He gave him a right good pair, and a coat into the bargain, and Prituitschkin, son of Iwan Petrowitsch, went away blessing him.

When his apprenticeship was expired, Mistafor Skurlatowitsch took him into his house, and he worked till he had finished twenty dozen pair, and not a single one fitted his lord. So he gave him such a beating that shoemaker Gorja, son of Krutschinin, almost lost his senses, and lay ten weeks sick out of bare grief.

And when he began to recover, and was gaining strength every day, Prince Mistafor Skurlatowitsch again ordered Gorja, son of Krutschinin, to make him a pair of shoes. When he had some pairs finished he brought them to him, but not one would fit. So prince Mistafor flung the shoes at his head in anger, and drew blood in mugfuls from his face.

But Gorja son of Krutschinin who had a few altins (an altin = three kopecks, a kopeck = $\frac{1}{4}$ d.) of his own, went into a tavern, and cried out, "Oh, that some good spirit would free me from the tyranny of my lord!"

Just as he spoke a strange man stood before him, and said, "Why do you cry out this way, good young man?"

"And how can I be a good young

man?" said shoemaker Gorja. "Here my lord has beaten me to-day as you see, and ten weeks ago he beat me worse."

"And wherefore has he thus treated you so?" Gorja explained, and the stranger went on,—"I am Prituitschkin the beggar whom you once relieved. I know the prince a long time. You must get your freedom and be married to Mistafor's daughter, instead of the prince to whom she is betrothed."

"What!—are you mad?" said Gorja, "to talk such stuff. What you say is impossible."

"Believe me," said the other, "that I am fully able to do all I say."

But the shoemaker was still doubtful, and said, "Talk as you please, I do not believe you."

"Well, I'll convince you I am fully able to keep my word."

He then told him to close his eyes, turn to the sun, throw himself on the ground, and then go back two steps.

When this was done he bade him open his eyes, and surely he was amazed to see himself dressed in rich laced clothes. "Oh!" said he, "you are an enchanter without doubt."

"I have power, and will reward you for your former goodness to me. Here I am to wait on you, and get you married to prince Mistafor's daughter."

"How is that possible?" said he. "Everybody in the family, even to the very house-dog, knows me."

"Don't be afraid. No one shall know you. You shall be taken for Prince Dardawan to whom Princess Dogada is betrothed, and by whom she is beloved."

"Very good indeed, if it so happens," said the shoemaker.

"It will so happen," said the other, and then he bade him shut his eyes and go three steps backwards. When he opened them he saw a strong and beautiful stone castle before him, and was finely astonished. "That is your castle," said Prituitschkin. "Here you shall live and I will be your servant."

So they entered the castle, where bands of music were playing, and many richly liveried servants in attendance, and Gorja sat at a richly furnished table, and ate, and drank, and lived there for some time as the lord of the castle.

About this time Prince Dardawan had to pay a visit to a neighbouring

country, and Prituitchkin took the opportunity of presenting his master to Prince Mistafor. As he was looking out of his palace window, he saw a richly dressed crowd coming, and heard music playing, the music which he often had heard from Dardawan's band. So he rejoiced that he had returned so soon, and sent out his great officers to receive him with due honour.

When Gorja came into the court, he would not allow anyone to touch his steed. He sprang from him, and alighted on the ground, and there stayed the horse. When he met the prince he kissed him, and when they entered the grand apartment he took his seat in the nearest chair.

Then Mistafor went to his daughter's room, and asked her to come and greet her betrothed. But Princess Dogada was clever, and thus she answered: "My noble Herr Father, that is not prince Dardawan, but shoemaker Gorja, son of Krutschinin."

"Speak not so foolishly," said the Prince. "I have looked earnestly at him, and heard his voice."

"Nevertheless," said she, "I am sure it is the shoemaker. When we are at table, place white and black bread before him, and I engage that as he is lowly born, he will choose the black."

And so it fell out. When they were sitting at table, and white and black bread were at Gorja's hand, he took up the black loaf and began to cut it.

Father and daughter remarked this, and Mistafor thus spoke: "My beloved, honoured, and dear son-in-law, why does it please you to cut so much black bread and no white?"

When servant Prituitschkin heard this he became invisible, stood close to his master and whispered him, "Answer thus—My blessed father used always to cut black bread for the poor first at dinner, and instead of salt he would send them a box full of gold."

He made this answer, and bade his servant bring him his little box of gold. He (the servant) had collected a body of poor outside, and Gorja began to distribute the black bread and the gold among them. Then he himself began to eat.

After dinner, said Mistafor to his daughter: "Now you are convinced

that it is Prince Dardawan that is present, and not shoemaker Gorja." "No," said she. "I know it is not the prince; and we will detect him at bed-time, for you know the prince always brings his own bed along with him, and that bed weighs a hundred puds." (A Russian pud is 36 lbs. avoirdupois).

But Prituitschkin had already warned his master about this matter, and when Mistafor, and his daughter, and the nobles, attended the mock prince in his bedchamber, and pointed out a richly adorned bed, he cried out in anger, "Prituitschkin, you rascal, where is my hundred-pud bed?—why is it not ready?" The servant flew out of the room, and was soon back with Prince Dardawan's bed, which he had stolen.

The Princess knew that Dardawan's bedchamber was always lighted by a magic stone. So to detect the new man, she had placed a hundred wax lights all through the chamber; but Gorja, when he was lying down, requested all these to be removed, and ordered his servant to place his stone of light on the table, for he had been forewarned of this, too, by Prituitschkin. This was done. Prituitschkin had stolen Prince Dardawan's stone of light, and now laid it on the table, and it gave more light than the hundred wax candles.

In the middle of the night the princess said to one of her maids, "Go into Prince Dardawan's room, and bring away the stone of light which you will find on the table."

She went, but just as she had her hand on it, Prituitschkin, who was lying near, jumped up and said, "It's a shame for such a handsome girl as you to begin to steal from your future lord. Go back; but I'll keep these by way of pledge." He then took off her cap, her kerchief, and her wrapper.

An hour or two after, Princess Dogada sent another maid to steal the stone, but the servant was on his guard, and kept the same articles by way of pledge, and sent her away.

The Princess was very much disturbed, and about an hour after, she stole into the bedchamber, and took hold of the stone. Over came the servant, and stopped her. "Ah! is it not a strange thing of a princess of your rank to come and steal things out of a bedchamber? I must give you a lesson, and keep pledges." So

he removed her loose vest, her kerchief, and her cap, and sent her away in great shame.

Next morning the servant told Gorja what had happened, and directed him what to do next.

After breakfast Mistafor began to give riddles to his son-in-law, but he said, "I am not used to solve riddles, but to propose them. Here is one. I went to walk in your green meadow and I found three goats, and I took three hides off each; riddle me that."

"It is not possible," said Mistafor. "No goat has three hides."

"It is not only possible but true," said Gorja; and he ordered his servant to bring the three hides of the goats.

Prituitschkin brought the three wrappers, the three night-caps, and the three kerchiefs, and when Mistafor saw the Princess's articles he was very vexed. He turned to her and said, "You insisted that this is not Prince Dardawan, but Gorja, the shoemaker; but shoemaker or prince, you must marry him to-day." The Princess was not a bit unwilling, for she had begun to like him, and the marriage was held. And Prince Dardawan happened to be killed in a fight, and never disturbed them again; and Prituitschkin could not be found anywhere one morning; and Gorja, son of Krutschinin, was as good a son-in-law to Prince Mistafor, as if he never had given him a whipping."

It were to be wished that abstract principles of common honesty and gentlemanly honour had been better illustrated in this tale, but it is to be feared that Russian nobles and serfs were not calculated to read public lectures on the eternal fitness of things at the date of its first telling.

THE STORY OF THE CZAREWITICH LJUBIM, OF THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS HIS WIFE, AND THE WINGED WOLF.

"In a certain country lived Zar Elidar Elidarowitsch (son of Elidar), with his princess, Militissa Ibrahimowna (daughter of Ibrahim), and they had three sons. The eldest was called Uksof Zarewitsch (son of the Czar),* the second Hut (hat) Zarewitsch, the youngest Ljubim Zarewitsch.

These princes grew not by days but hours, and when the oldest was twenty years of age he asked leave of his parents to go in search of the "Beautiful Princess," who was confined in an enchanted castle. They gave him their blessing, and leave to depart to any of the four quarters of the earth.

Long after the departure of his brother, Hut Zarewitsch asked leave to go in quest of him, and Zar Elidar and the Zarina Militissa gave him their blessing, and leave to go to the four quarters of the world. And a long time went by and no news came of either of the young men, and they were given up for lost.

Zar Elidar and Zarina Militissa bitterly lamented the loss of their children; so Zarewitsch Ljubim one day asked leave to go and seek for them. But they refused, saying, "You are too young; you would be lost also. We are old, and when we die, there would be no one to succeed us."

But he held fast to his purpose. "If I am to reign one day, I ought first see and converse with men, and so be fit to rule them. There will be no time once I ascend the throne."

They were rejoiced to hear such wise words from him, and gave him their blessing, and their permission to go to travel. Now when he got leave, he thought of getting a good war-horse under him, and a good suit of battle armour on him, and he thoughtfully went into the city with care on his face.

As he was going on sadly, an old woman met him, and said she, "Why are you so gloomy, dear Zarewitsch Ljubim?" At first he did not mind her, but walked on, but he soon called to mind that old age is wise, and ought to be respected. So he turned back, and begged pardon, and asked what she wished of him.

"Tell me, Prince," said she, "why are you so sad looking?" "I am anxious," said he, "to get a good war-steed, and good battle armour, for I have to go abroad to seek my brothers."

"Well," said the old woman, "there is in the forbidden meadow, concealed behind twelve doors, the

* We follow the spelling of the German version.

war-horse, and the knight's armour, and the battle sword, but the horse is fastened by twelve chains."

The young man thanked the wise woman, and came to the meadow field where the treasures were. There was the horse bound by twelve chains, and twelve doors were to be broken open to free him. He neighed when he saw the Zarewitsch, and he broke a chain for every door the Prince forced open, and at last he got to the steed, and the armour, and the sword, and joyfully presented himself mounted and armed, before the Zar Elidar, and the Zarina Mili-tissa.

"Dear father and mother," said he, "I was very anxious about a horse and arms till an aged woman showed me where I might get them. Now I only need your blessing on my journey. This they gave with full hearts, and away he rode on his good steed.

After some hours he felt weary, so he alighted, set up his tent, and sat down to refresh himself, when all at once he saw a flying wolf coming at full speed from the west. He sprung on his horse, drew his sword, and defended himself so well that he disabled one of the wolf's wings, and down he fell. He was about killing him, but he cried out with a human voice, "Do me no further harm, and I will be your true servant." "Where are my brothers?" said the Prince. "They were slain long since, but once we have won the Beautiful Princess, and got the water of life and death, we shall waken them. Leave your horse here, he would be useless to us. For cords stretch from the wall where the Princess is confined to all the bells in the steeples, and we must get over these, or fail in our design." He then instructed the Prince how he was to act.

So they set out, and when they came to the high white walls of the palace, over the wolf sprung with the Prince on his back into the court, without touching a wire. Then the Prince passed into the palace, and in the first room there was a number of maidens all asleep. The Princess he found not, and when he passed into the second chamber he found the companions of the outer maidens all asleep too. He passed into the third chamber, and

there lay asleep the most lovely princess that ever breathed. His whole heart was given to her from that moment. He kissed her white hand, but he passed at once on into the garden for fear of being surprised, and bathed himself in the fountain of the water of life. He then filled two bottles, one from the water of life, the other from the fountain of the water of death that was near, and then returned through the three chambers to where the wolf was waiting for him in the court. The wolf then told him how to go through the next adventure, and when the Prince got on his back he gave a mighty spring, and cleared the walls. But they broke the wires as they came down, and every bell in the city steeples clashed and clanged.

All the warriors in the city awoke and seized their arms, and ran to the palace. The Princess awoke also, and knew by her skill that a young knight had passed through her chamber, and kissed her hand. "Hasten," said she after the insolent stranger, "and do not return without his head." "We shall cut him in small bits," said the captain of the guard, "if he had a whole army with him." So they pursued Prince Ljubim, and the Princess looked from her high window to catch a sight of the intruder.

When the troop approached the Prince he was filled with fury, and mounted on the noble wolf he charged through them with his invincible sword, and mowed them down like grass, and he scarcely slew more than his steed crushed to death. At last a knight with a head as large as a beer-barrel, and mounted on a white horse, encountered him, but was at once slain. All that were able, returned to the city, Ljubim mounted the white horse to give the wolf a rest, and they returned to the tent.

The Princess who had seen her army destroyed, ordered another to be collected, sent it against the Prince and sat in her high chamber to behold the fight.

When the Prince and the wolf arrived at the tent, the latter changed himself into the finest man for face and form that could be seen, or imagined, or told of in a story. And when the new army approached, he took the left wing and the Prince the right, and made great slaughter. At

last those who wished to save themselves fled.

While the two conquerors were resting themselves from their fatigue they saw the Princess approaching. Then the wolf spoke. "I have stayed with you, and served you while you were in need. Your danger is past; now give me leave to retire to my own kingdom. The Prince thanked him and embraced him, and in the next second he was not to be seen.

Soon the Princess came up, and the Prince went on his knee, and told her how his heart was filled with love of her, and asked her to be his wife. She accepted him, and they held loving discourse for a while in his tent.

Then he bethought him of his dead brothers, and begging the Zarina to wait for him in the tent, he found their remains behind some shrubs where the wolf had told him they lay. He sprinkled them first with the water of death, and the parts came together. Then he sprinkled the bodies with the water of life, and they arose and cried out, "Have we been long asleep?" "Only for me," said Ljubim, "you would have slept for ever."

They came to the tent, and after a while all set off to their father's kingdom, but they had not travelled far, when the two elder brothers plotted the death of Ljubim; "they would make such a poor figure on their return, and it would be such a fine thing for one of them to get the princess for wife." So they slew him when he slept, and threatened the princess with death unless she swore to keep this secret. They then drew lots, and the eldest got the Princess, and the other the waters of life and death. The Princess wept and wrung her hands, but all in vain.

When they arrived there was great joy, and the brothers made the Zar and Zarina joyful by telling them how they won the Beautiful Princess and the waters of life and death. Zar Elidar and Zarina Militissa inquired after their youngest son, but they could give no information, and after a few days' feasting, the marriage day was fixed on.

But the wolf knowing by his skill what had happened, went to the enchanted palace, got the waters of life

and death, and restored his friend Ljubim again to life. He changed himself once more to a wolf, and went at a swift pace, till they met the procession as it was passing to the church. The wolf vanished, and the Prince drawing the hood of his mantle over his face, and leaning on the low wall of a yard before a house, began to play on his small harp. This had been provided by the winged wolf. All stopped to look at himself and listen to his music. "Zar Elidar and Zarina Militissa," said he, "will you allow me to sing a ballad for the noble company?" Leave was granted, and he sung the adventures of Zarewitsch Ljubim from the time he left his father's court till he was slain by his wicked brothers. The bride was silently weeping under her veil, till he came to the death of the Prince, and at that point she gave a loud cry and fainted. The Prince sprung to the carriage, flung off his hood, and soon brought his Princess back to life. There was great joy and great confusion for a while, and when all became quiet the wicked brothers were not to be found. Not to have so much trouble in vain, they proceeded to the church, and the marriage was celebrated. Thus had Zarewitsch Ljubim great trouble in winning the "Beautiful Princess," but she was worth it. They lived happy, and our story is at an end."

Some parts of this story correspond to portions of the "Fire Bird and the Gray Wolf," which is one of the best of these fireside chronicles, but as much Danish or Irish as it is Russian. We have given it however as other parts have a certain originality about them. The circumstance of the elder brothers killing or endeavouring to kill their younger brother on his return, is common to four or five stories in our Irish and European collections. He will deserve well of society who will publish either at his own expense or that of the public, five mighty volumes presenting the genuine household fictions of the five divisions of the globe, no story being identical with another either in whole or in part.

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